provided they stick. But I don't pretend that the outfit will be as good as new, or as it was before it was broken up.

Eva (with remorse): Ninety-one, ninety, eighty-nine, eighty-eight, eighty-seven, eighty-six.

Alfred: 'T was not your fault. You could n't help it. I did not deserve you; only I loved you with all my soul, as,— heaven help me! I love you, love you now!

Eva (in extreme agitation, very pale, rattles off the numbers down to sixteen, and stops there for want of breath).

Alfred: Poor beautiful child, do not be afraid. I will not offend in this way again. I only meant to tell you that amid the ruins of my fallen castle there blossoms an imperishable flower— my affection for you. Everything else is shattered and destroyed; but that love, once sprung up, is immortal. It bloomed, it still blooms, for your hand; but the little hand will not deign to gather it. Its perfume is always shed for you, but you prefer the incense of the crowd of worshipers. You have heard me patiently and courteously; you have kindly seconded my attempts to act a sad little comedy of good will, for the sake of our hostess and her guests. For so much, I thank you. Now everything is ended. See, Mrs. Leclerc is looking around the table to rally her feminine troop.

Eva (counting desperately, and ending with the number) three.

Alfred: And so, it is good-by — definitively. Because when we meet in future, if ever, it will be as mere acquaintances who have nothing to say to each other except the commonplaces of society. We, who were to have been united, must henceforward be (he stops short, surprised by an emotion that chokes his voice of a man of the world) —

Eva (boldly skipping a number): One! (She recklessly drops her bouquet as she rises with the other women.)

Alfred (stoops to pick up her bouquet, kisses the hand of Eva under the table, and says in a rapturous undertone): One forever!

E. Cavazza.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF GOLF.[1]

"Habent sua fata libelli."

GAMES, too, like nations, religions, arts, forms of government, and other ephemeral things, have their day, emerge from obscurity into renown, pass away, are forgotten, and in some cases rise again, only to be superseded once more; for although there is nothing new under the sun, nothing that has not some false air of novelty will please the fickle race to which we have the honor to belong.

Now it has long been the especial boast of golf that it is not a new game. In Scotland, the land of its misty origin, it is known by the appellations of "Royal and Ancient," being able to show a fair claim to both titles, inasmuch as King James VI. of that country and I. of England is said to have been a keen player, while everybody has heard the story of how Charles I. was interrupted in the middle of a match at Leith by a despatch which brought him the news of the Irish rebellion. From those times down to our own the game has been played and loved upon those long Caledonian stretches of waste land which border the sea, and which are, indeed, essential to its highest development; but it can hardly be said to have made its way south of the Tweed until the other day. There have, of course, been for many years past a few English clubs — such as Blackheath, Wimbledon, and Westward Ho; but for some reason or other the game did not commend itself to the average Englishman (whom, as being myself an average Englishman, I may perhaps be permitted to call a prejudiced being), and it is only now that golf has suddenly become popular among us.

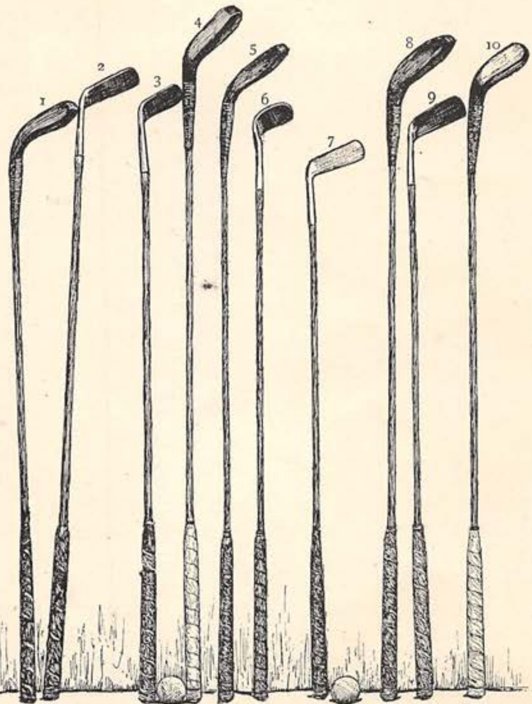
It is, however, exceedingly popular now. Not only at every seaside watering-place, where the natural features of the locality may or may not be suitable for the purpose, but on inland commons, where they cannot be, and even in private parks, where there are no "hazards," and where the putting-greens are rolled once a month or thereabouts, enthusiastic gentlemen, with scarlet coats and complexions, may be seen vigorously plowing up the turf with misdirected strokes, while as often as not they are accompanied by their wives, their sisters, their female cousins, or the young women to whom they are engaged to be married, these also being armed with golf-clubs, and apparently taking an active part in the pastime.

The old golfer looks on at such exhibitions and shakes his hoary head. It is all very fine, he says, but it is not golf — which is much as though an old whist-player should inform you across the card-table that your game is not

[1] All the pictures except the first are drawn by H. D. Nichols from photographs made for this article.

whist. Most of us know how very offensive and uncalled for remarks of that kind are; but the young players don't seem to mind the old golfer. Possibly, for the matter of that, they don't so very much care whether they are playing golf or not. They have at least discovered a recreation which for them has the charm of novelty (it has something of the same charm for those who watch them, too), which is undoubtedly healthy, and which makes them happy for the time being. What more can be asked or required of any game?

Well, some people ask for a little more than that; and there is a great deal more than that in golf—so much more that the subject cannot by any possibility be fully treated of in a brief article. Books—very long books, some of them—have been written upon the subject; paid professors of the art are scattered broadcast over the land. As well might one attempt to teach a man how to play the fiddle in a few pages as to initiate him within so limited a space into the mysteries of driving, approaching, lofting, and putting. Yet I suppose that no man ever yet learned to play the fiddle by means of treatises, long or short; so that there is not, I trust, any unwarrantable presumption in this effort of a very mediocre performer to urge his readers toward active study of one of the finest games in existence. Nevertheless, I should feel greatly obliged to the well-informed if they would kindly turn their backs upon me. Not to masters of the craft do I venture to address myself; not to players of the second or third class; not even to those who have taken to the game within the last year. These latter know all about it,—or, at any rate, they think they do, which for practical purposes amounts to the same thing,—and they cannot wish to hear again what their instructor, if he has been in any degree a conscientious man, must have told them so many times already. Readers of the following remarks must be assumed to be in a state of blank ignorance, so far as golf is concerned; and I am assured that quite a large number of such persons may be found on the other side of the Atlantic, though perhaps only a few yet remain on this.



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

SPECIMENS OF CLUBS.

1, Wooden putter; 2, Cleek; 3, Mashy; 4, Driver; 5, Short spoon; 6, Niblick; 7, Iron putter; 8, Long spoon; 9, Sand-iron; 10, Brassy.

In that volume of the Badminton Library which is devoted to golf, Mr. Horace Hutchinson quotes the statement of an Oxford tutor that the game consists in "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill adapted to the purpose." To assume that the instruments used were ill adapted to their purpose was natural enough on the part of an erudite, and probably impatient, gentleman who had not learned how to use them: otherwise, his definition may be accepted as substantially correct. The game consists in that; and the player's object is to place his ball in the hole in fewer strokes than his opponent. This sounds a little dull; and doubtless the amusement would be as dull as marbles, or duller, if it were engaged in upon a smooth-shaven lawn. What lends golf the variety which is its chief fascination is that the game is played, not upon lawns, but over long reaches of broken country, the surface of which is diversified by sand-hills, patches of "whins" or gorse, rushes, stone walls, coarse grass, cart-ruts, and other obstacles, upon which has been bestowed the generic name of "hazards." During its progress from one hole to another the "little ball" is only too apt to land in a hazard, and, when there, it must be played out—an operation in performing which a good many strokes are sometimes expended. On some greens the player is permitted to lift his ball out of a hazard and to drop it over the back of his head, so that it falls on clear ground, and for this privilege he has to pay a penalty of one or two strokes; but at St. Andrew's, which may be considered the headquarters of golf, this is not allowed, nor (as is the custom in many places) may a player who cannot find his ball drop

PREPARING FOR A DRIVE.

another as near as possible to the spot from which he struck it, under a penalty of a stroke. By the St. Andrew's rules, a lost ball is a lost hole.

The course consists either of eighteen or nine holes,—it is a question of available space,—and in the former case it usually measures about three miles in length, while in the latter it would be something like half as long. But there is no fixed rule upon the subject, nor are the holes equidistant from one another. At Westward Ho, to take the first typical example that comes to hand, the longest hole is 462 yards, the shortest is 205, and the average length would be 320, or thereabouts. A match may be played either by two or by four persons; but only two balls are used, and in a "foursome" the partners play alternate strokes. When it has been added that the holes are 4¼ inches in diameter, and that the balls, which are made of very hard gutta-percha, have a circumference of about 5½ inches, enough will perhaps have been said upon the subject of measurements.

Now, it is obvious that, in order to propel the ball over such a course as has been described, and to accomplish the round in an average of five strokes to each hole (which, although creditable, would not be an extraordinarily good score), more than one species of implement is requisite. The ball may be lying beautifully on close-cropped turf, where you can get a good sweeping stroke at it, or it may, by reason of your bad play or bad luck, have landed in sand or in a wilderness of gorse, out of which you must force it as best you can. Again the surface of the turf is uneven, and a "cuppy lie" is apt to be a more troublesome thing than it looks to beginners. As you approach the little fluttering flag which marks the position of the hole, and when you are within, say, sixty or seventy yards of it, your natural ambition is to land yourself upon the smooth putting-green that surrounds it in your next stroke, and you will find that there is practically only one way of accomplishing the desired object; namely, by a lofting-stroke, which, sending the ball high into the air, causes it to drop perpendicularly, and to roll but a very short distance after it has pitched. Finally, having reached the apparent but deceptive security of the putting-green, you have to "hole out." That is, unless your opponent happens to be one of those rare and generous beings who take it for granted that you cannot miss at a distance of eighteen inches from the hole.

Each of the above-named strokes demands a special club, which, notwithstanding the Oxford professor, is as well adapted to its purpose as experience and ingenuity can make it. Clubs, patent and other, are innumerable; but a good player seldom favors patent devices, and the beginner will do very well if he provides himself with the following equipment of ten: (1) driver, (2) long spoon, (3) short spoon, (4) brassy, (5) driving-iron, (6) lofting-iron, (7) mashy, (8) cleek, (9) niblick, (10) putter. Of these the first four have wooden heads; the remainder, with the exception of the putter, are made of iron. Putters may be constructed of either material; but the metal putter seems to be gradually superseding its wooden rival. It is scarcely necessary to add that somebody is wanted to carry this sheaf of implements for the player, who will probably not care to tuck the burden under his own arm, and upon every golf-links there has sprung up a race of individuals whose mission in life it is to perform this service for a moderate fee. They are called "caddies,"—why I cannot say,—and they may, as is usual in England, be small boys, or, as is more usual in Scotland, be tipsy

THE ACT OF DRIVING—FRONT VIEW.

old men. A word or two shall be said about them presently.

The first stroke to each hole is made from the "tee"; that is to say, from a selected spot which is, or ought to be, nearly level, and where the player has the privilege of raising his ball slightly above the surface of the grass by means of a pinch of sand, so as to increase his chance of hitting it clean. His chance of hitting it clean is, unhappily, a very poor one during the early part of his golfing career. It looks simple enough. Anybody could hit a ball of that size with his walking-stick, and, by hitting pretty hard, ought, you would think, to send it a considerable distance. But what you want to do is to send it at least a hundred and twenty yards in a given direction from the place where you are standing, and a good player will make that small sphere of gutta-percha travel close upon two hundred yards—a figure which is not infrequently exceeded. Such feats are not to be performed by a "hit," properly so called, and the first thing you have to do is to divest your mind, if you can, of all idea of hitting. The long, supple driver, with its slender shaft and its weighted head, should sweep the ball from the ground and dismiss it on its flight through the air; and this it will do without the aid of any muscular strength on your part, provided only that you can contrive to manipulate it as it ought to be manipulated. That, alas! is a large proviso. Space will not permit of detailed instructions here, and whoso hankers after these, let him purchase the admirable Badminton Library volume or "The Art of Golf," by Sir W. Simpson, in both of which books he will find the matter fully and scientifically explained. But the fact is that a few days of practical instruction are more serviceable than hundreds of printed pages, and when once the tyro has realized that he must grip with his *left* hand, not with his right, that he must let the club swing easily back as far as it will go, keeping his arms extended at full length from his body, and that he must on no account allow his eye to wander for the fraction of a second from the ball, he has taken a long step toward the mastering of essentials. The accompanying illustrations of a professional golfer in position for a drive and in the act of driving, from two points of view, will convey an idea of what the swing ought to be. The tyro, however, must not, unless he be very young indeed, expect to acquire so long a back swing as that; nor is it necessary that he should. The main thing is to hit the ball clean, and I should say that his best plan would be to concentrate his attention upon that end, beginning with a half swing and lengthening the segment of the imaginary circle by degrees, should he find himself capable of doing so. As for the position of his hands, his feet, and his body, these must needs be studied; but until they become a second nature the study is very grievous and perplexing. There was once a painstaking but not particularly brilliant golfer who was wont to declare that a man should think of thirty-six things before making a stroke, and he affirmed that he actually did try to think of the whole six-and-thirty every time that he placed himself in position. I am very sorry to add that this amiable gentleman is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum. And the worst of this story is that it is true.

THE ACT OF DRIVING—BACK VIEW.

The "drive" is not the most difficult, nor even the most important, stroke in the game; but it invariably appears to the uninitiated to be both, and even those who know better are fain to admit that the joy of making a long, clean, straight drive is not quite equaled by that of dropping the ball close to the hole with a well-judged loft from fifty yards. The sensation of sweeping the ball off the tee, neither topping it nor scraping the ground, and of watching it cleave the air like a bullet until it drops beyond the happy striker's ken, yet in the exact direction of the point aimed at, is a thing apart, and is so delightful that the natural exultation caused by winning a hole sinks into insignificance by comparison. So, at least, I am assured; but I may as well confess at once that I am not personally very well acquainted with the sensation referred to. I decline to gratify a purely impertinent curiosity by stating what is the utmost distance to which I have ever succeeded in driving a golf-ball; but I do not mind admitting in general terms that when I win a match (as I sometimes do), the result is not due to my proficiency in that particular line.

A year or two ago I chanced to be playing on the Musselburgh links, attended by one of those aged caddies to whom I referred just

THE APPROACH.

now as being indigenous to Scottish greens, and I shall never forget the look of sorrowful contempt which spread itself over his ill-favored countenance as I made my second tee-shot. The first he had allowed to pass without comment,— probably he thought that I was nervous under his critical scrutiny,— but when I did it again, his opinion of me found vent in language the plainness of which left nothing to be desired. The right of free speech, which is doubtless one of the greatest boons resulting from a constitutional form of government, is exercised in a remarkable degree by these stern and wild Caledonians, and my attendant did not spare me. I was not playing so badly in other respects; but never a word of praise did I get from him, and at each successive tee he fell back, while I placed myself in position, murmuring sadly, "Eh! ye 're no driver!" At this distance of time I can speak of him, I trust, without undue prejudice or resentment; but I must say that he was the very dirtiest old person with whom I have ever been brought into close contact, besides being quite the most uncivil and unfeeling. Nothing could excuse his remarks; but what may perhaps have rendered them especially objectionable to me was that I could not possibly contradict them. For it is a lamentable fact that I am no driver. Happily, however, for me, and for others who resemble me, golf does not consist solely of driving. Your adversary may outdrive you by thirty yards or more, he may increase his lead with his second shot, and yet you may easily catch him and beat him at the hole. As a general rule, it may be said that the driving-club is best reserved for the tee-shot; in playing through the green you will be safer with your spoon or your brassy, which are clubs somewhat similar in construction, but which have the face slightly scooped out, so as to lift the ball, if it be not lying well. The brassy, as its name implies, is soled with brass, to protect the head from injury by small stones or other "break-clubs," as they are called. You may require to use your cleek — indeed, you may require to use every weapon in your armory — before you reach the putting-green; but we will assume that you have arrived safely within sixty yards of your goal; and this will bring you to the approach-stroke.

The "approach" is generally admitted to be the most telling stroke in the game, and it is by their deadly approaches that professionals are wont to discomfit the vainglorious amateur. To lay the ball within a foot of the hole from distances varying between seventy and thirty yards is not an easy thing to do; yet they do it, time after time, with marvelous accuracy, and if one is asked how they do it, he can only reply rather feebly that practice has made them perfect. One assertion may be made without fear of contradiction — that they seldom or never do it with a cleek-stroke or a putt, which methods are sometimes employed successfully by the amateur. Strictly speaking, the approach should always be a lofting-stroke. Very often the necessity for this is made obvious by an intervening sand-bunker or group of whins; but even when nothing but a space of grass separates you from the hole it is risky to attempt running a ball along the ground with a cleek or a putter, the inequalities of which are very apt to stop it short or to divert it from its course. If, then, you wish to play the game in the proper way, you will have the choice of three clubs with which to make your approach, the driving-iron being usually employed for the longer, and the lofting-iron or the mashy for the shorter, distances. All three are iron-headed clubs, the lofting-iron being somewhat shorter

PUTTING.

in the shaft and more sloped back in the face than its elder brother, while the mashy, which is a sort of compromise between a lofting-iron and a niblick, and was originally intended to assist the player in getting out of bushes, rushes, and rough ground, ought not properly to be classed among approach-clubs at all. It is, however, a useful little weapon, and, for some reason or other, is, I think, rather easier to play than the lofting-iron.

Lastly comes the difficulty of "putting"; and this, which looks almost ridiculously simple, happens to be, if not the most difficult stroke in the game, probably that by which more holes are lost than by any other. A stroke, it must be remembered, is always a stroke: consequently, if you miss the hole by the eighth of an inch you are just as badly off, though you may not feel quite so furious with yourself as if you had driven a ball twenty yards, instead

STIMIE-LOFTING.

But all approach-shots are hard to play. The beginner invariably makes a mess of them, and the experienced player does so far more frequently than he ought. The attitude which you must adopt in playing them is altogether different from that which you will hitherto have been told to take up. The ball, instead of being almost in a line with your left foot, will now be almost in a line with your right; your left leg will be advanced, and you will stand nearly facing the hole. Your object will be to raise the ball high in the air, so that when it falls it may remain as nearly as possible stationary. The length of your stroke must be regulated wholly and solely by the length of your back swing: under no circumstances must you yield to the temptation to play gently. It is scarcely an exaggeration, in these days, when everybody has taken up golf, to say that the majority of players abandon the correct approach-stroke in despair, and scuffle up to the hole as best they may, trusting to Providence and the chapter of accidents. Nevertheless, the right method remains right, and it is worth persevering with, although no hope of speedy proficiency can be held out.

of six times that distance. And balls have a terrible tendency to miss the hole. The putting-green is carefully mown, rolled, and swept; but it is not absolutely level, and is not intended to be so. Tiny acclivities and depressions have to be taken into account; the dryness or moisture of the turf must be borne in mind; twigs, worm-casts, and other small obstructions (which may be removed with the hand, but not with the club) must be looked out for, and should you be provided with an intelligent caddie, you will do well, before making your putt, to ask him to "give you the line." As often as not — probably more often than not — he will tell you to aim to the right or left of the hole, not directly for it; and if you have faith enough to obey his instructions, you will find that his practised eye has not deceived him. Of course, if you should chance to hit your ball a little too hard, overrun the hole by a couple of yards, miss a second time, and then lose your temper and the hole, you will not be so unreasonable as to blame the poor fellow. Nobody ever does that; and I cannot think why, under such circumstances, caddies are apt to display a mar-

IN A STONE-BUNKER.

velous agility in placing themselves beyond the reach of their employer's club.

Positions for putting are so various that one feels something more than one's accustomed diffidence about dogmatizing on the subject; but I believe any professional would say that the putt ought to be made "off the right leg"; that is, that the weight of the body should rest upon that leg, the left being slightly in advance, with the toe pointing toward the hole. The right elbow should be kept close to the side, and the putter firmly gripped with both hands. Personally, I own to having adopted a style of putting which is considered heterodox; for I am in the habit of laying the forefinger of my right hand down the shaft of the putter. I think that this gives steadiness to my stroke and accuracy to my aim; but I am told that it cannot do either. However, as I remain unconvinced, I benefit, no doubt, by my credulity after a fashion akin to that claimed by the numerous persons who assert that they have been cured of divers diseases by the use of patent medicines that, according to the doctors, could not possibly have cured them.

Nervousness is answerable for many melancholy failures on the putting-green. The match, it may be, is drawing to a close; you are, we will say, "all even" so far, and only one more hole remains to be played after this. Should you lose this one, your antagonist will be "dormy," that is to say, he will be one hole up with one to play; so that, although you may yet halve the match, you will not be able to win it. It is, therefore, essential that you should hole out from a distance of three feet, and there is no earthly reason why you should miss. Yet, alas! you do miss. You played too hastily, or you waited too long, or you loosened your grip of your putter — there are fifty things that you may have done; but the cause of your having done one or all of them is not far to seek: it is that your nerve has forsaken you at the critical moment. There is no use in thinking about it; but if you must needs think about it, comfort yourself with the reflection that scarcely anybody is exempt from this humiliating malady, and that the man who can be relied upon to hole out at three feet is an awkward customer to tackle, even though his driving be feeble and his approach-play indifferent.

One more distressing and not uncommon experience remains to be noticed in connection with the putting-green. Your opponent's ball may be lying directly between yours and the hole, in such a manner as to bar your passage; and as, by the rules of the game, the ball farthest from the hole must always be played first, your situation is not a comfortable one. If by good luck the obstructing ball should lie within six inches of your own, you will be entitled to remove it; but if not, all you can do is to hole out either by circumventing the obstacle or by playing over it. To circumvent it is only possible when the slope of the ground happens to favor you, and the alternative course, which is called "stimie-lofting," partakes of the nature of a forlorn hope. Nevertheless, this stroke is performed with great accuracy by professionals, and I have often seen it successfully accomplished (though I have much more often seen it missed) by amateurs. It can only be described as a lofting-stroke in miniature, and the best advice that can be given with respect to it is that, like every other stroke in the game, it must be played firmly. No matter how short the distance to which you may wish to send

IN WHINS.

your ball, you will never attain your object by means of a feeble tap. To hole out in the manner described is highly satisfactory, while failure can scarcely be called disgraceful. There is a general and rather strong feeling that stimies are unfair, and the question of abolishing them, by compelling the obstructionist to lift his ball while the stroke is being played, has more than once been mooted. It is, however, unlikely that this will ever be done; for the difficulty, as we have seen, is not insurmountable, and no game is improved by the elimination of surmountable difficulties. At the same time, if, after losing a hole through a stimie, you feel as if it would do you good to call such a mishap "very hard lines," or even to substitute emphatic adjectives for the word "very," your adversary, having won the hole, will probably forgive you.

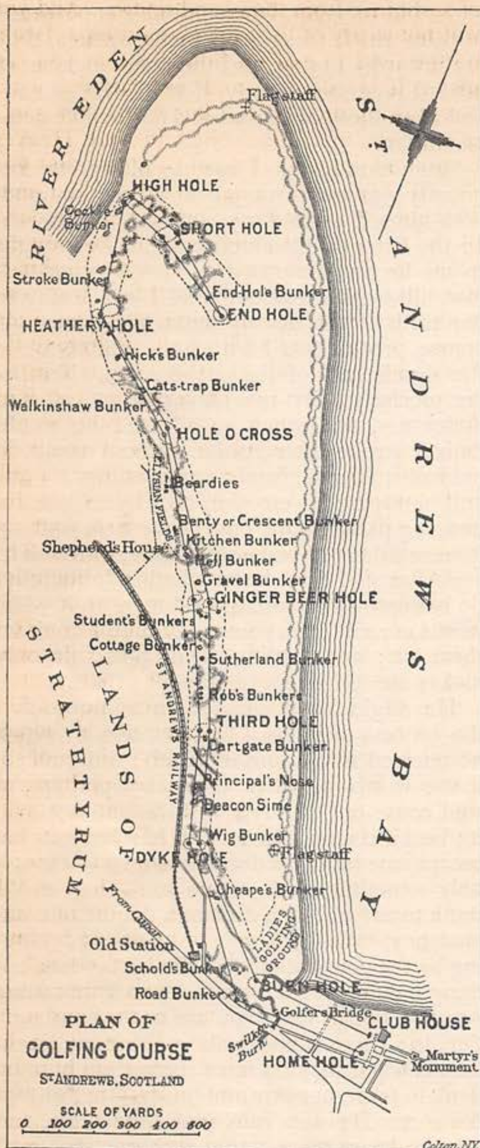
But this is really the only occasion on which you ought so to express yourself, though you will hardly play a round without being tempted again and again to break out into violent and unseemly language. I do not know why of all games in the world golf should be the most trying to the temper; but of its preëminence in that respect one is soon persuaded, not only by observation of others, which is merely amusing, but by personal experience, which is humbling to the pride. For one thing, it is extremely exasperating to find that what looks so easy is in reality so difficult, and, for another thing, each stroke is made with such deliberation as to render a resultant "foozle" doubly ridiculous; still, one must admit that clumsiness and ignorance merit defeat. What causes a man's gorge to rise against the injustice of Fate is to make a splendid drive, and to discover his ball firmly embedded in a sand-bunker, or buried beneath a stone wall. It is at such moments that he is conscious of a tendency of blood to the head, that he slashes and whacks furiously at the insensible gutta-percha without taking due aim at it, and that by his lack of self-control he converts a misfortune into a disaster. "Keep your temper," like "Keep your eye on the ball," and "Don't press," is one of the elementary precepts which are sure to be instilled into the would-be golfer; but how to put the advice into practice nobody can tell you, because nobody knows. You must do it, or else your play will suffer, that is all. Man being an imitative creature, example is, in this as in all cases, more powerful than precept; but examples of the right kind are not to be met with every day, and at the present moment I can think of only two players whose serenity may be counted upon to remain unshaken by any ordeal. I am acquainted, to be sure, with a large number whose wrath does not find expression in vehement expletives, or in ludicrous onslaughts upon inanimate objects; but in spite of the creditable appearance of calm which these gentlemen maintain, they are inwardly raging, and the consequences of inward rage are scarcely, if at all, less calamitous than those of an outward and visible demonstration.

Some months ago I used to play pretty frequently against an opponent whose struggles with himself excited my constant admiration. In the letter of introduction which he brought to me he was described as "a very good fellow, although a parson," and I can testify to the truth of the description, while I must, of course, protest that I am wholly unable to see the significance of the qualification. Not being precisely a first-rate player, he was often in difficulties, and when so situated he would deliver stroke after stroke, without result, in unbroken silence, firmly compressing his lips and betraying his emotion only by an ever-increasing pallor. One day, as we were walking homeward together, he said to me, with a sigh:

"After all, I don't know whether I should n't do better to swear and have done with it. The words are all there, you see, though I don't let them out; and bottling them up as I do only makes me feel like a humbug."

He might have pleaded, in addition, that the process of internal fermentation to which he referred is injurious to health; and indeed, if the words be there, they may perhaps as well come out. Only I wish he had not said it; because now, whenever a hasty expression escapes me (and this does sometimes — though only sometimes, I do assure you — happen), I think to myself, with a certain degree of complacency, "Well, you may be an ass, and, judging by the countenances of the bystanders, nothing but politeness restrains them from calling you so; but at least you are not a humbug." Oh, no; there is no humbug about my ejaculations when they do force themselves into articulate form, nor any ambiguity — nothing of the sort! He who runs may hear them, and he who hears them — that is to say, the small boy who carries my clubs — very often begins to run. I dare say he is right; for there is no knowing what a fool who has lost command of his temper may do next.

But although, like Horace, *deteriora sequor* (occasionally, only occasionally, mind), *video meliora proboque.* It is not only ignoble but supremely silly to get into a passion with bad luck. One may almost lay it down as an axiom that you will not get out of a bunker while you continue in a passion, and there are even some who maintain that you will never get into a bunker through bad luck alone. These deny the existence of such a thing as bad luck, and trace every imaginable misfortune to bad play. If you did n't know that the bunker was



in your line, or if you did n't know that your ball would roll quite so far, or that the wind would set it round in that direction, then you ought to have known, they say. To such unfeeling persons we will only reply, as Job replied to their prototypes, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." We will not waste our noble ire upon them, but will turn our whole attention to the ball, which we will suppose to be badly bunkered, and therefore in need of it. It lies in one of those sandy hollows, surrounded by miniature cliffs, which are to be met with on all golf-links of the orthodox type, and your first impression will doubtless be that if you can only hit it clean and hard with your iron, it will sail away from its predicament like a swallow on the wing. But to hit the ball clean is exactly what you must not dream of attempting; nor, if you are wise, will you use the iron in a bunker until you have become a player of the first class. The only weapon for you is the niblick, a powerful little club with a stiff shaft and a short, rounded iron head; and as for hitting the ball clean, you would only bury it, were you to do so. What you must do is to deliver a sharp, downward blow, not upon the ball itself, but upon the sand a couple of inches or more behind it, and in this instance you may use all the strength that you possess. Of course it requires some faith to believe that such a stroke will move the ball at all, but, as a matter of fact, it does; and any other kind of stroke will almost certainly get you into still worse trouble. Unfortunately, it is not at all easy to strike two inches behind an object at which you ought not to be looking, but at which you can hardly restrain yourself from looking, and the difficulty is greatly increased by the rule which forbids you to touch the ground with your club when in a hazard. But for this cruel rule, you might make a nice little mark on the surface of the sand to guide your eye; and indeed you are not at all unlikely to do this accidentally—thereby, on some greens, losing the hole, while on others you will be let off with a penalty of a stroke. If you manage to extricate the ball at your first attempt, you may well be thankful: as for dismissing it any distance on its way, you are not trying or expecting to do that. It is far more probable that you will ineffectually belabor the earth for several minutes, that you will fill your mouth and eyes with sand, and that you will emerge at length, heated and infuriated, to find that you have played "six more."

All bunkers, however, are not sand-bunkers, and on many links there is no sand at all. Those on which I am accustomed to disport myself are situated in the west country, on downs high above the sea-level, and the only luxuries that we can boast of in the way of hazards are walls, cart-ruts, whins, and stone-bunkers. Not that a stone-bunker is a thing to be despised, or that a ball which has perversely dropped into it can be made to leave it with ease. The niblick, if properly handled, will accomplish wonders; but not even the niblick will avail when the wretched little ball has wedged itself firmly between two fragments of rock. In such a case there is nothing for it but to lift and lose a couple of strokes—which is usually tantamount to losing the hole. I have a very kindly and sympathetic friend who, when he is in these parts, is sometimes good enough to play a match with me, although he is my superior

by a long way. He is always very sorry when I come to grief.

"In the stone-bunker again!" says he, with an air of mournful consternation. "Dear, dear! But not *badly* in, I trust?"

Now, he must know perfectly well that whenever I am in anything (were it only an investment) I am sure to be badly in; but this does not deter him from cheering me up with suggestions of bright possibilities as we draw near to the fatal spot, nor from standing over me and smiling pleasantly while, after having reached it, I essay obvious impossibilities. Yet I have never picked up one of those stones and hurled it at his head; I feel convinced that I should never be able to forgive myself were I so shamefully to forget myself. All the same, the momentary enjoyment would be intense.

Whins are not, as a rule, quite such stubborn enemies to deal with as stones. You may, it is true, find your ball in the very middle of a clump of gorse-bushes four or five feet high, and then your plight will be a piteous one; but generally speaking, it will be found to be more playable than it looks. The iron, the mashy, and the niblick are powerful weapons, and the ball, when rightly struck by the first of the three, will often travel much farther than the player has dared to anticipate. When it is not rightly struck — well, very terrible things may occur then. Yet golf would be hardly worth playing if there were no hazards, and it is possible that the careful man, who never goes straight for a difficulty in the hope of clearing it, but prefers to play short or to avoid risks by steering a zigzag course, may find his game as lacking in excitement as hunting is to those sportsmen who ride hard only along a road.

For my own part, I have no such complaint to make. Only once, when I did the eighteen holes in 86,— I am well aware that modesty ought to restrain me from referring to that historic event; but I can't help it, I never can help referring to it when I get a chance,— only that once, I say, can I remember to have played a round without falling into trouble of one kind or another. The game, therefore, provides me with quite as much excitement as is good for me at my time of life, and will, I trust, continue to fulfil that useful function as long as I am able to stand up and to swing a club. This, indeed, is the immense merit of golf — that age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety. You may play a very fair game at threescore years and ten; for no running is required of you, and although stiffened muscles may interfere with the freedom of your stroke, the ball and the club are very good-natured. They will do a great deal for you, provided only that you have learned — as surely you will have done by that time — how little they stand in need of assistance from thews and sinews. And you will not weary of their companionship. I cannot pretend to explain how it is that you can play golf day after day and year after year without growing tired of it; I know no other game of which as much could be said; but, Heaven be praised! so it is. I do not suggest that you should play all day long. Hard-worked men, who get only a few weeks' holiday in the course of the year, do this, and enjoy it, and are entitled to their enjoyment; but the ordinary individual had better be satisfied with one round, either in the morning or in the afternoon. This, including his walk or drive to the links and back, will probably occupy him for about three hours, which is neither too long nor too short a time to devote to exercise and oblivion of the manifold worries of existence.

Another merit which may be claimed for golf is its cheapness. You can buy all the clubs that you are likely to want for about $12, your annual subscription will probably not exceed $15, balls cost a shilling each, and the remuneration of caddies is in most cases a modest one. In Scotland, however, the caddie is usually a very different being from the ragged juveniles who carry clubs on English greens for sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling. Unlike them, he is a full-grown man; he has the game at his fingers' ends; he is acquainted with every inch of the ground; he knows a great deal better than you do which club you ought to take for any given stroke; he favors you with his advice when you ask for it,— sometimes even when you do not,— and in return for these valuable services he will certainly expect half-a-crown. I am not sure that he is not a little dear at the price; because his utterances are apt to be characterized by such painful frankness, and one's game is not likely to be improved at first by the consciousness that, in the eyes of the beholder, it is a deplorable caricature of what a game ought to be. Still, if you can accustom yourself to his little ways, you will find him very helpful, and you may learn more from playing a match with him than from the careful instruction of a full-blown professional.

Even in England the boys are becoming wonderfully adroit, some of them. Last summer I played two rounds at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, with a tiny scrap of a creature whose head hardly reached my elbow, and who beat me without any trouble at all. And, lest anybody should imagine that this does not necessarily imply a high degree of proficiency, I may mention that his scores were 87 and 89. The Bembridge course is a somewhat "trappy" one, the putting-greens were at that time rather difficult to play, owing to a spell of dry weather, and a good player would have had no reason to be ashamed of such a performance.

But that counting of strokes is a bad business, and some of us would not be as fond of golf as we are, if the winner of a match were he who had accomplished the whole round in the lowest score. Happily for us, it is not so. If you hole out in four, while I, through circumstances which I have been unable to control, have taken ten or twelve over it, you have, after all, only won the hole, and at the next hole the tables may be turned. Though I only secure that next hole by one, yet we shall then be all even, and thus the bitterness of memory will be assuaged. It is in what is called medal play, under which system the generality of prizes are competed for, that the score of the whole round must be kept; and it is obvious that under no other system could there be an equal certainty of gaging each player's capacity. That the capacity of every member of a club should be ascertained as nearly as possible is essential, since almost all golf-competitions are handicaps, and the handicapper (unless he wishes to render himself still more unpopular than the fact of his holding that office is already pretty sure to have made him) must be chiefly guided in his estimate of what a man can do by the record of what that man has done. The difficulty of his task is not lessened by the unfortunate propensity of some players to tear up their cards, instead of handing them in, on the conclusion of the round. It is mortifying, no doubt, to have to deliver up a duly attested document, setting forth the fact that you have taken 130 strokes over a round which, if you had been playing in your usual form, you would have accomplished well under 100; but it is rather unpatriotic, perhaps, also rather beneath a man of your well-known magnanimity, to blink that fact; and if you will not tell the truth about it, what is a poor handicapper to do with you? What he assuredly will not do, if he be a sensible man, is to increase your allowance.

There is doubtless satisfaction to be derived from the winning of medals, silver cups, and other trophies; there is satisfaction of a kind in merely trying to win them; but it is seldom upon such contests that the golfer muses, with a retrospective smile of contentment, when he is debarred for a time by circumstances from indulging in his favorite recreation, and when he is fain to solace himself with memories of past days spent upon the links. The hard-fought match which he just managed to win by the last stroke of the last hole; the foursome in which he and his partner worked so well together that they inflicted defeat upon a powerful couple who started by superciliously offering them odds; and the sunshine, the fresh breeze,—all links are breezy,—the springy turf, the pungent, aromatic odor of the wild thyme, the yellow whin-blossoms, the sense of space and freedom—these are what come back to a man at times, when he is compelled to breathe the exhausted air of some great city, and cause him to wonder why any human being who is able to live in the country should deliberately choose to take up his abode in a town.

Fortunately for the welfare and health of mankind, golf-links have now sprung up, and are springing up, in the neighborhood of most large towns,—I should be afraid to say how many are situated within easy reach of London,—and soon every citizen who wishes to keep his eyes clear, his figure presentable, and his digestion in good order will have only himself to blame if he is driven to resort to that most dreary of all expedients, a daily constitutional.

Perhaps one word ought to be said, in conclusion, about the dangers of the game. These are not serious, nor are accidents common; still accidents do sometimes occur, and they are likely to occur with much more frequency, now that the number of players has been so greatly increased, and that so large a proportion of them are apt to play with the carelessness of inexperience. A golf-ball, it is as well to remember, is a very hard missile which travels through the air at a high rate of speed, and by hitting a man in the right place with it you may kill him as easily as possible. I myself was once knocked over like a rabbit at St. Andrew's by a ball which must, I am sure, have traversed nearly a hundred yards of space before it came into violent contact with my head. In that instance my unintentional assailant, though he was extremely civil and apologetic, was not technically to blame, inasmuch as he had observed the rule of allowing me to play my second shot before he struck off. It was no fault of his that I had made a wretched drive, while it was at once his good fortune and mine that Heaven has granted me a thick skull. But that rule is not invariably observed, nor are players who chance to cross one another on the green always as scrupulous as considerations of prudence ought to make them. An impatient player is apt to think that when he has shouted "Fore!"—which is the recognized danger-signal—he has done all that can be required of him, and may go gaily ahead; but it is often difficult to tell from which direction the warning shout comes, and it is quite possible that the shouter may be himself invisible. The red coat, which is the time-honored uniform of all golf clubs, has its *raison d'être* in the desirability of rendering human figures as conspicuous as may be. Among the many golden rules which are usually impressed upon the beginner, three have been selected for constant reiteration: "Keep your eye on the ball," "Don't press," and "Swing slowly back." To these is sometimes added

an injunction which finds a ready echo in the hearts of all who are responsible for the maintenance and care of golf-links; namely, "Never, when you have cut out a portion of turf in the act of playing, omit to replace it." Finally, the present humble writer would venture to throw in, as a fifth admonition: "Don't drive at a fellow-creature, so long as there is a reasonable chance of your hitting him."

May all who shall have had the patience to read these remarks have the patience likewise to act upon the sage precepts contained in the foregoing paragraph! So shall they develop into good golfers, live long, and prosper.

W. E. Norris.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

VI. TRUTH.

IF all natural things make for beauty,— if the statement is well founded that they are as beautiful as they can be under their conditions,— then truth and beauty, in the last reduction, are equivalent terms, and beauty is the unveiled shining countenance of truth. But a given truth, to be beautiful, must be complete. Tennyson's line,

> A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,

will bear inversion. Truth which is half a lie is intolerable. A certain kind of preachment, antipathetic to the spirit of poesy, has received the name of didacticism. Instinct tells us that it is a heresy in any form of art. Yet many persons, after being assured by Keats that the unity of beauty and truth is all we know or need to know, are perplexed to find sententious statements of undisputed facts so commonplace and odious. Note, meanwhile, that Keats's assertion illustrates itself by injuring the otherwise perfect poem which contains it. So obtrusive a moral lessens the effect of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." In other words, the beauty of the poem would be truer without it. Now, why does a bit of didacticism take the life out of song, and didactic verse proclaim its maker a proser and not a poet? Because pedagogic formulas of truth do not convey its essence. They preach, as I have said elsewhere, the gospel of half-truths, uttered by those who have not the insight to perceive the soul of truth, the expression of which is always beauty. This soul is found in the relations of things to the universal, and its correct expression *is* beautiful and inspiring.

While the beautiful expresses all these relations, the didactic at the best is the expression of one or more of them,— often of arbitrary and temporal, not of essential and infinite, relations. We therefore detest didactic verse, because, though made by well-intentioned people, it is tediously incomplete and false.

POETS will interpret nature truthfully, within their liberties; they do not assume to be on as close terms with her, or with her Creator, as some of the teachers and preachers. They are content to find the grass yet bent where she has passed, the bough still swaying which she brushed against. They feel that

> What Nature for her poets hides
> 'T is wiser to divine than clutch.

The imaginative poets, who read without effort the truth of things, have been more faithful in even their passing transcripts of nature and life than many who conscientiously attempt a portrayal. Where they make comments, it is as if by anticipation of the reader; it is not so much their own conclusion as that of the observing world. The truth, moreover, is less in the comment than in the poetry,— is rather in the song than in the obbligato. With the epic or dramatic poet the motive is not truth of description, but truth of life. Yet how much surer the scenic touches of the best narrative and drama than the word-painting of the so-called descriptive poets! Compare the sudden landscape, the life of its populous under-world, the sky and water, the sunlight and moonlight and storm, in "A Winter's Tale" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," with the prolonged and pious descriptions in Thomson's "Seasons." In the dramas the scenic truth is incidental, yet almost incomparable for beauty; in the descriptive poem it is elaborate and tame. You are comparing, to be sure, the greatest of poets with one relatively humble, but the latter is on his chosen ground, and gives his whole mind to his business. Something more than sincerity

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