GOLF FOR GIRLS.

By GARDEN G. SMITH.

The origin of golf is lost in the mists of antiquity, and many theories have been advanced in regard to it. Without attempting to settle the vexed question as to who was the first golfer, there are those who affirm that the game was known to the early Italians, and that it owes its development to the Dutch, sundry works of art being produced in support of these contentions. Quite lately the ingenious Mr. Hutchinson has unearthed a drawing by Raphael from the Gallery at Venice which he says represents an Italian swinging a golf-club, and on the principle that there is nothing new under the sun, he points out that the said golf-club has a distinct resemblance to the modern bullog. This, however, is only a vain imagining. The drawing is nothing more than a study of a young athlete exercising himself with the Indian club of the period. As for the Dutchmen, here are a couple of illustrations of golf as it was understood by them, taken from tiles of the period (see figs. 1 and 2).

I can see no reason to doubt that the game originated in Scotland, where it certainly has been practised much in its present form for some centuries, and if the Dutch played the game in any form it seems much more reasonable to suppose that they copied it in their clumsy way from their merchant friends whom they would see playing on the links of Leith.

Since golf took serious root in England some five years ago, its popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. No week passes without some new green being opened or new club formed, and in view of the boon which thousands

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A FULL SHOT. (Drawn by Garden G. Smith.)
of the bored and bilious of both sexes and all ages and finding that the wonder is that it has taken so long to become popular.

It seems incredible nowadays, so widespread is the golfing epidemic, that there should be anyone in this country ignorant of the character and history of golf. And yet only last Christmas at a fancy fair in Edinburgh a bighatted coxcomb had a stall where for a penny one was allowed to hit a ball with a machete and per
cisively advertised as “The new game of golf.”

The other day too I met at dinner a young English lady who filled a place out of a very golfing causuee by asking the appalling question, “What is golf?”

It consists, as a prejudiced observer has remarked, in striking a small ball into a succes
cion of small round holes with a number of instruments very ill-adapted for the purpose. Though this is a limited definition it is strictly true as far as it goes. The golf club is not a weapon of precision. And leaving out of account the length of the club and its exceed
ingly restricted hitting surface, the small size of the ball, the state of the weather, the inequalities of the ground and the physical and mental infirmities of human nature, are all matters that make a successful stroke most difficult of accomplishment. Whence arise, pray, these painful divergences of style and address that the incompetent exhibit? What is the meaning of those weird and monstros
tions contortions which many a golfer’s body goes through in the act of striking? Are not these things the painful efforts of the earnest to adapt the awkward machinery to its work the result of their consciousness that the instrument is very ill-suited to its purpose, and that it is necessary in some way to compensate its un
directedness. Yet there is a right way and a wrong way to use a golf club. It is not, in fear and ignorance, out of attempts to counteract the effect of the weight of your club, that you should defeat the operations of natural law by the convulsions and contractions of your body that success will emerge. And here I would say that in its proper nature a golf stroke is not a hit but a swing. This hitting with a tight under
grip and a strong fore-arm that one sees so much of in England is cricket and not golf, and rather of skill and address that makes it of all recreations the most eminently suited to women. I can see no physical reason, except perhaps on the very longest and most trying courses, why women should not play golf as fully as men, and indeed one knows already many lady players who can play better than the gentlemen all towards.

In driving the club should be grasped firmly but not tightly with the fingers of both hands equally, the handle resting on the part of the palm just below the fingers and not with the hollow of the palm. The hands should rest on each other, and the thumbs should lie over the handle of the club, and not point down it. These points are important, simply extirpated. It is only necessary to hit it straight in the centre against the sand with any flat-faced club such as a putter or putting iron, and the resistance of the sand will cause it to jump upward and forward.

In putting a yard or under, many nervous people, and most people are nervous at these puts, make the mistake of aiming for the near edge of the hole, with the result that very often the ball either "lingers shiver
ing on the brink" and does not go in, or rolls off to one side or the other before reaching. This would be avoided in most cases if the point aimed at were the back of the hole, and the ball played firmly for that. In this connection it should also be remembered that in many cases of a yard, or thereby, owing to the nature of the ground, there are various ways of holing the ball. For instance, supposing the hole to be on such a slope as is shown in the diagram, it is obvious that the line chosen will be deter
cined by the speed with which the ball is propelled. If hit with the proper force it can be holed in a perfectly straight line, in spite of the slope; if with a lesser degree of force allowance will have to be made for the slope of the green. When a ball has been played on to the putting green, and is still some yards from the hole, it is well, before approaching the ball, to walk first to the hole and examine the geography in its immediate vicinity.

The reasons for this are obvious. In the first place a putting green is not like a billiard table,
It is quite true that the greatest care and the most skillful play will very often be rewarded by the worst luck imaginable, and that careless and poor players often have an aggravating way of escaping the punishment which their strokes deserved, but the fact remains that the careful player will in the long run have the best luck, and when hazards have to be negotiated will generally emerge quicker and better than his opponents.

The question of what ladies ought to wear in playing golf is one of such profound difficulty and to the male mind beset with so many impenetrable considerations that a positive finding is impossible. One may, however, without any presumption to point out that there are certain varieties of dress which ought not to be worn. Close-fitting skirts, tailor-made jackets with tight arms, stiff haw-fin and stick-up collars, heavy hats and high-heeled boots, however beautiful in themselves, and necessary as adjuncts to feminine attire, are not precisely the kind of articles that conducive to the freedom of motion so indispensable to the playing of golf.

**LIKE A WORM IN THE BUD.**

By ANNE BEALE, Author of "The Queen o' the May," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"AS YE MAKE YOUR BED, BEAR YE THE BALE."—VIA CRUCIS—"VIA LUCIS."

WHILE these conversations were going on at Tyrmyndyl, a chorus of lamentations was heard in Shanno's humble dwelling. She was taking away the foundling, and the little ones were using all their childlike eloquence in entreating her to keep him. Barefooted, shock-headed, dirty urchins! how they surrounded their sobbing mother, and kissed the new baby! and what Christian love and charity were in their overflowing hearts! But the sentence was spoken by all the authorities, and Shanno left her home with the child tightly swaddled in the sargas of the family.

She thought herself in duty bound to carry the baby first to Captain Herbert's, as he had requested, but when she reached his house he was not at home. She asked the servant to inquire of Mrs. Herbert if he had left any message, but no message had been left. Mrs. Herbert however begged to see her and the baby.

Shanno was ushered into a comfortable room, where she found Mrs. Herbert and her only daughter Angharad. The latter at once seized upon the baby and began nursing it energetically. Mrs. Herbert asked Shanno to sit down and tell her all about the foundling. Mrs. Herbert was somewhat of a character. She had been an heiress, and had married Captain Herbert for love, when, as she sometimes expressed it, he was only a crew of a sailor. This marriage had been such a happy one that both husband and wife had resolved never to cross their children's inclinations in marriage, and their offspring had made some incongruous matches. She prided herself on being essentially Welsh, and lineage descended from a remote prince, whose line of ancestry she knew by heart. She affected everything Welsh—the language, costume, music, names, and was in short, eminently patriotic.

When Shanno had finished her story, Angharad brought the baby to her mother, saying, "Mamma, it is a shame to send such a child to the workhouse. Let us adopt him if we can." As if to negative this proposal a pretty young woman came into the room, followed by four children, a girl and three boys, of off-spring of Captain Herbert's eldest son, who was a physician, and the one medical practitioner of Arnyon.

"Look at this lovely baby, Sophia," cried Angharad, rushing towards Mrs. Llewellyn Herbert with the foundling.

"Oh, what a darling!" said Mrs. Llewellyn, taking the child. "Is there a mother in the world who could forsake such a beauty? I would adopt it myself if Llewellyn would let me." "Do mamma dear!" cried the children pressing round their mother.

Another negative arrived in the person of Mrs. Rhys Herbert, who led a small boy by the hand. She was the wife of Captain Herbert's younger son, and the half-sister of the family.

"Look at this poor little foundling, Nina," said Mrs. Llewellyn. "I wish we could save him from the workhouse," he is not half as pretty as my baby," said Mrs. Rhys, flitting round the foundling. "I have heard all about him, I wouldn't touch him for anything. He was found in a ditch." "He is much handsomer than Lance-lot," said Angharad, taking the baby from her sister-in-law, and tossing him in the air. "You care for nothing but yourself, Nina." This was true. Angharad knew her sisters-in-law well, and loved Sophia best. They had both been portentious, both pretty, and both married for love. The worthy Captain and his wife had received them into their hearts and homes as they would have done Mara, but they had been prosperous. Their only fault was, in the eyes of Mrs. Herbert, their being English. The Captain had established Llewellyn and his wife in a good house that belonged to him, situated on the pier. He said that Sophia was a fortune in herself, and had made his son as steady as a compass. He had also furnished a pretty house for Rhys, not far from his own; and when the wind was boisterous he consigned his little fine lady of a daughter-in-law by assuming that it was as calm as cream where Rhys was. He commanded one of his father's merchant vessels.

While Angharad was dancing about with the baby, followed by five nephews, still barefooted and stick-up collars, heavy hats and high-heeled boots, however beautiful in themselves, and necessary as adjuncts to feminine attire, are not precisely the kind of articles that conducive to the freedom of motion so indispensable to the playing of golf.