

local taxidermist. No sportsman will wantonly destroy this bird, which is one of the most graceful and pleasing inhabitants of our marshes.

While I am quite prepared to admit that he destroys great numbers of small fish, and that he will follow the stream to where the fish are congregated. I still think that his beauty more than repays for the harm he does. The trouble with him is that he forms a big, easy target which few green hands can resist. Hawking him might fairly be termed sport, but shooting him—never!

THE COMING SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

Much is promised for the edification of patrons of the fifth annual Sportsmen's Show, to be held under the auspices and management of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, March 2d to 11th, 1899. For some time these shows have presented too marked "trade" features to satisfy New Yorkers, but this time the powers that be promise a "Genuine Sportsmen's Show," embracing many new and attractive features.

I anticipate a treat. Those who were so fortunate as to attend the Boston affair, doubtless will agree with me that a sportsmen's show may be made a very enjoyable thing and that the gentlemen sportsmen of the "Hub" did it about right. Now we are to learn what the gentlemen sportsmen of Gotham can do, and no doubt they will agreeably surprise us. This show is to, among other things, illustrate life in the woods. Among notable features are an artificial lake, amply large enough for the holding of water polo, swimming an other contests of interest to sportsmen, and for the exhibition of launches, canoes, ducking-boats and other small craft; log cabins, presided over by professional guides; sportsmen's camps and Indian camps; a big game park and exhibits of game, birds and fish. Shooting contests, bowling alleys and kindred sporting attractions will furnish entertainment in variety. The show will be kept free from the formerly too pronounced "trade element," and the decorations will be of a suitable nature. It looks as

though the management had at last gotten upon the proper trail, and, if so, there is no good reason why Boston's great effort should not be equaled, if not surpassed.

SPORT IN MUSKOKA.

So far as I have been able to learn, the season just completed has been an unusually good one in the Province of Ontario, where so many Americans now make holiday. The Provincial law-makers are wise in their generation, and they not only make good game-laws, but those laws are properly enforced. According to a Toronto paper, fully six thousand sportsmen have been the past season in Muskoka and the adjacent northern country. A host of visitors like this means much to the poor residents of the backwoods, for each visitor *has* to spend some money for board, supplies, teams, guides, boats, and so on, and the people who most require the money thus get it. And in spite of this army of invasion the deer are said to be increasing in numbers, all of which goes to show that it pays to properly protect game, and that rational, carefully enforced laws will do the business.

FISHING.

To judge from correspondence recently received, there appears to be considerable misunderstanding in certain quarters regarding the size of that noted acrobat, the ouananiche. For the benefit of all interested, and for one esteemed correspondent in particular, let me say that I never saw a ouananiche of ten pounds weight, and I am not at all sure that I ever saw one of even half that weight. The stories of the fish's leaping powers are in the main not exaggerated, and a fish of two or three pounds' weight is a hard, fast fighter, that can keep an expert fully employed. It is not the size of the fish which furnishes the sport. For rapid sport I should prefer a trout of two pounds, or a bass of two and one-half pounds, to logy specimens twice as large. It is not all of fishing to catch fish, nor is it one-half of fishing to catch big fish.

ED. W. SANDYS.

GOLF.

SOME SPECULATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

IF it be true, as critics assert, that "the man who wasn't there knows most about it," whether the subject be golf, or anything else, then the present writer's knowledge of his subject is complete. During practically the whole golf season, from the middle of May to the middle of September, the chronicler was watching

various Spanish harbors from the deck of a United States auxiliary cruiser. During part of that time the amateur champion, Mr. Whigham, was writing from a Spanish prison at Cabañas that the blockade off Havana was evaded frequently by Spanish vessels. If Mr. Whigham had known that a golfer was on the watch off the ports, without another golfer near to talk to, and with hundred-pound golf-balls ready to be sent away by a driver in the shape of a six-inch rapid-fire rifle, he would not have said such derogatory things. He will now take the word of a golfer that nothing came out of those ports, except sharks and dolphins, and apologize! Aside from this journalistic incident, which, by the way, came *via* London, in a newspaper four weeks old, the writer saw nothing and heard nothing of golf—for the first time in seven years—for twenty-one hundred and sixty con-



secutive hours. One returns, therefore refreshed and invigorated to the more serious and engrossing duties of golf. One wearies of idle discussions of armor-plate, gun-carriages, rifle-trajectories, new systems of signaling, colonial policies; and hears with delight again the familiar *patois* about *Silvertowns*, remade balls, goose-neck putters, one-piece drivers *et hoc genus omne*. The ward-room stories of the quartermaster who reports a red and a green light dead ahead, and when asked what it is, replies that it must be a drug store, give way to the familiar bits of golf mythology so dear to the fireside lore of the golf club! What a relief to hear no more of Schley, and Sampson, and Dewey, and Watsonk and to revel once more in criticisms of Douglas, and Travis, and Tyng, and Smith! Life is real, and life is earnest once more; the flippancies of war, and the light exigencies of discipline on board a man-of-war, give place to the stern realities of stance and swing! Welcome these new duties, these hard necessities, after the playful panorama of blockaded harbors, and the tragedy of burials, on sea and land, of the scores of men done to death by bungling, neglect, or worse.

Perhaps the most notable contribution to golfing literature that this paper contains is the discovery that there is a fairly intelligent class of men, called sailors, very few of whom play golf, and also two islands within easy reach of these shores, Cuba and Porto Rico, where there are as yet no golf links. But of course that cannot last long; with more leisure for play, there will be opportunities for golf. No student of ethnic, religious has noted the coincidence, that in Africa, a non-golf-playing nation, the French, have been outgeneraled by those golf-players, the British; while in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, to those non-golfers, the Spanish, the same thing has happened at the hands of golfing Americans. No doubt golf is at the bottom of it! But these lighter subjects may well be left to ethnical and anthropological students, to the mere dilettante who does not play golf and has time perhaps to deal with petty international questions. To the real golfer, when one speaks of war, there are memories of Hamilton, Mass., where General Herd was victorious; of Morristown, where General Douglas overcame Smith; of Ardsley, where Commodore Hoyt nailed her colors to the mast-head. Assaults have been made upon bunkers, and brassie and cleek shots have been made, that echoed far and wide. If you mention Siboney, or Guantanamo, or Santiago, you are looked at askance, with the question: "Why, who played there?" What is a sugar-plantation or two or a million or so or Malays added to the national estate, as compared to the falling off in quality of modern golf-balls, or the added acreage in links!

No doubt there are eccentric people who have preferred to wear blue coats, instead of red coats trimmed with green and they have sailed away in ships to golfless wastes in the East and the South, but most of them have returned looking rather lean and hungry, and, worst of all, they have gone off badly in their golf! Nor have they apparently any golf news to tell, except that we have annexed eight or ten million brown and black caddies, who are no good to anybody, because they are too far

away from the links. Upon the whole, therefore, the war may be said to be a distinct failure from the gofer's point of view—the only broad and unprejudiced point of view. The army and navy will be increased, and apprentices, and sail-makers, and marines, who might some day make good golf clubs, or at least make over old balls, will be diverted from a useful occupation. Young gentlemen will go to Annapolis and to West Point, and afterward pace decks or garrison army posts, who might with patience and industry have become worthy rivals of Colonel Bogie. Thus it happens in a nation here there are so many as yet untaught in golf, a man may be elected to the Presidency who cannot tell you the difference between "one off two" and "two more." Who can calculate the benefits that might have accrued to the count had there been an honest golfer with a niblick in the War Department some months ago! As for the Secretary of the Navy, if he does not play golf, it must be laid to a youthful indiscretion—he was born before we had golf here. He would certainly make a very steady putter. And my dear old—I mean "old" as a term of affection—commander, Tram, what a companion in a four some; and the long-suffering navigator long-suffering because I was his chief of staff—what a companion in a bunker, if you were a little short of adjectives yourself; and the executive officer—what a beau-ideal he would be as chairman of a green committee!

But all this is of no interest to golfers, indeed it is with some timidity that a sailor like me ventures to return to discussion of matters of such serious importance as the golf and golfers of last summer. Messrs. Douglas and Travis seem to have been the Dewey and Sampson of the campaign. On September 12th, in the first round of the amateur championship, 189 qualified as the lowest score, while the top score, 175, was made by a Harvard man. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Jr. Eighteen players handed in scores within six strokes of one another, viz., between 180 and 186. There was a long list of the expected, like Shaw, Leeds, Talbot, Graham, and others, who did not qualify; and a number of newcomers, like Crowell, Lineaweaever, Billings, Cochran, who did. In the match-play which followed, Wright, Cutting, Sands, Menzies, Choate, and Toler were defeated in the first round, and Tyng, Thorp, Reid and Bayard in the second round; Keene, Stillman, Coats, and Fowle in the next, leaving Douglas, Travis, Smith and Macdonald for the semi-final round. Douglas beat Travis with more ease than was expected, though Travis had not had a hard field to play through, and Smith beat Macdonald.

Again this year the runner-up was an American-bred player, and his opponent an importation; the American was beaten by five up and three to play, Messrs. Douglas, Smith, Travis and Macdonald received medals, and without much question may be said to be the ranking four golfers for the year. Certainly Mr. Travis has earned his right to a position among the best three or four golfers of the year. He has played a great deal over many different courses, against many different players, and has played a consistent, and sometimes a brilliant, game. The best score of the tournament for nine holes

was 38 by Smith the runner-up; the best score for eighteen holes was also made by Smith, an 83. Only six of the thirty-two men who qualified did a round of nine holes in 88 or better; and when one remembers that anything much over 90 ranks a man as second or third class, it cannot be said that the quality of the golf shown was remarkable. On the other hand the number of men who can turn in scores for thirty-six holes close to the 185 mark is notable, and marks the great improvement of the mass of our American players. Even the professionals who took part in the open tournament handed in cards far better than these, and these men perhaps with two exceptions are by no means in the same class with the first flight of British professionals, whatever their assertions to the American neophyte may be. In this connection it must be borne in mind that there are half a dozen amateurs in Great Britain who rank with the very best of the professionals.

Our amateurs, with six exceptions, all handed in cards of 180 or over, while in the open championship the professionals, who would not rank as first-class in Great Britain, handed in cards ranging from 159 for thirty-six holes, up. A large number of cards showed 170 or better. It is no disparagement to our amateurs to say, therefore, that as yet they hardly show even second-class golf. The number of bogie men, that is to say men who can count upon doing their thirty-six holes in and around 190, has increased enormously—you meet them everywhere. Three years ago a man who could do eighteen holes in ninety or under was a valuable man to have on an golf team, but nowadays every wayside golf course can produce men to give him a close match if not a beating.

Of the inter-collegiate championship and the women's championship much the same things may be said that have applied to the amateur and open championship—that is: no first-class golf, but a better average all around. In the team matches Yale beat Columbia, and Harvard beat Princeton. Then after a tie Harvard beat Yale. In the play for the individual championship, the eight men to qualify handed in cards ranging from 83 to 91. In the match la that followed, Messrs. Reid and Smith both of Yale were in the finals, Reid winning by 6 up and 5 to lay.

The women's championship was played at Ardsley, October 11th to 15th. There were some sixty entries, and all but seven or eight turned in cards for the preliminary round. Sixteen were chosen, and of these the lowest score was 92, the highest, to qualify, 109. The highest score handed in was by a lady from Albany, where the New York Assembly meets, and was 160. The writer saw nothing of the play, but an enthusiastic, and, no doubt, truthful contemporary writes: "Miss Beatrix Hoyt will be handed down to posterity as one of the finest exponents of the game ever produced in this or any other country." This gentleman deserves well of my countrywoman, even though he has not studied Mr. A S Hill, of Harvard, who has written a valuable book on rhetoric, that I impertinently permit myself to recommend to his attention. Miss Hoyt, Miss Eidlitz, Miss Griscom, and Miss Wetmore reached the semi-finals, where Miss Hoyt beat Miss Eidlitz by 6 up and 5 to play. Miss Wet-

more beat Miss Griscom by 4 up and 3 to play, In the finals Miss Hoyt beat Miss Wetmore by 5 up and 3 to play, making her the champion for the third successive year. There were many disappointments and surprises at this tournament—a number of the competitors not playing within half a stroke of their usual game.

Now that we have spent such enormous sums in laying out links, in building club-houses, and the like, would it not be worth while to get over for next year two or three really first-rate professionals, say men like Alexander Herd, Vardon, Taylor, Sayres or their peers, and see what they can do for our golf? There are scores of third-rate men here now, making what is to them a fortune, teaching, and making and repairing clubs; and for the money spent upon them we could tempt better men over here, at least for a year or so.

It would not be a bad idea to broach to the Metropolitan Golf Association to attempt the formation of a golf club with a membership of several thousands, with a small club-house in town, and a good course in the vicinity, where the larger tournaments should be held. Five dollars a year dues and five thousand members would command all that is needed for such a plan. It will not be long before several of the too ambitious golf courses will be in the market, and that will be the opportunity for such an amalgamation as here outlined. Very few of the clubs nowadays care to have any one of the three large tournaments on their links; and there are enough golfers about nowadays to support this more or less public course. It will not be crowded, since most of the members will play mostly over their own links, and at the same time, if conveniently situated, it would prove a great boon to many golfers aside from its value as a place for tournaments, team matches, professional matches, and public exhibitions of golf, for which neither the club-house nor the links of private clubs are well adapted. In Great Britain there are certain golf courses where practically the whole town is a golf club. The inns and hotels depend solely upon golfers, and the inhabitants make their livelihood out of the game. A crowd at St. Andrews, or Hoylake, at Westward Ho or North Berwick, finds ample accommodation because these are, so to speak, golf towns. But with our clubs the entertainment and care of a large body of golfers are matters entailing hard work, and in many cases great inconvenience.

I am happy to say that on the whole the golf this summer has been an improvement over the golf of other years, not because there has been very marked improvement of quality, but more people play the game, and it seems to be played with less wrangling and friction. At one time it looked a little as though the semi-professional and the trickster might get in and spoil this good game, as the have spoiled other good sports like baseball racing, pigeon-shooting and boxing, but fortunately that has not happened. We have more and better links, more good players, and better influences at work to make and keep golf an honest sport; and the golfer can hardly wish better things to all golfers at this season than these.

PRICE COLLIER.