

GOLF.

WINTER has no terrors for the golfer of the States. If he be more or less restricted in his location, and robust, he can find opportunity in plenty, and competitors in abundance on the snow-covered links. If he be a man or woman of leisure and can follow the season South, play in continuous abundance, and under the best of management, can be had on the chain of links of the East Coast Golf Club, ranging from St. Augustine to Nassau in the West Indies.

This combination of links marks a development in the game that is characteristic of the trend of modern events, and brings to the player that maximum of opportunity and comfort and minimum of cost, which are the claim of combinations and trusts in commercial matters. Whatever may be the pros and cons of such organizations in the field of production and distribution in the world of manufacture, there can be no doubt that in golf it is entirely to the interest of the golfer to be able to follow the game on well-appointed links in competent hands, and to enjoy the best of society and creature-comforts over a series of localities each differing, yet all containing exactly what, as a golfer, he needs.

The links at St. Augustine, for instance, are in the hands of D. H. M. Findlay (a brother of A. H. Findlay), whose strong point is teaching, and where could the novice find a pleasanter entry into the game than fair Augustine.

A few miles farther down the coast is Ormonde, where the incomparable sands by the sea unite all the advantages of good golf with the inexhaustible pleasures of cycling by the sea on roads, pounded by nature on the margin of the ocean. Here play will be continuous, and cared for by George Merritt, who brings his knowledge from the "land o' cakes."

Arthur H. Fenn will take the golfer in charge at Palm Beach, and if trolling on Lake Worth and bass fishing from the Ocean Pier pall on the sportsman, he can pull himself together on the excellent links in an atmosphere that defies the breath of winter and brings healing on its wings, or if he would go farther South Miami bids him put the finishing touches on his practice ere he take the wings of the morning and fly over sea to Key West or sub-tropical Nassau. An organization so widespread and so well managed must indeed be not only tempting but satisfying.

At Lakewood, the fall of the earliest snow seems to bring to life all the flagging zeal that a long summer may have dulled, and on New Year's day eighty-six lusty wielders of the club met on its snow-covered links, where although the greens were white and the balls were red, the game went merrily through a series of well-fought contests for the Gould Cup, won by H. A. Dailey, Jr., of Ardsley, with a net score of 76, with E. L. Chetwood of Richmond Hill second, with 78 net, and I. C. Renard, of Tuxedo, won the cup for the best gross score of 88. The remaining players covered a wide range of home clubs, and nearly all the eighty-six starters handed in cards.

The Baltusrol players were out in the snow on the same day, and Tyng maintained his summer's form by playing from scratch and

winning from a field of a dozen with a score of 97.

The close of the past season still offers points upon which it is profitable to ponder, for instance: The ridiculous custom of approximating a medal-play score from a match-play card was solemnly observed, with the result that one competitor had a card of 80, about half a stroke better than his card in the medal-play round, and several strokes better than he would do once in fifty times over the same course, with every ball holed out, and every stroke counted. Still it is a pretty custom and permits a man to recall to humble listeners, that he did such and such a course in so many strokes—something he did not do—but in a hard and critical world certain forms of lying are spiritual emollients, good and soothing to the mind of man, as is cold cream, or vaseline, or mutton suet to a dried and painful skin. Let us be the last to suggest that we abolish the gentle art of lying at golf, only may we beware of believing. Many an able golfer has

"Made such a sinner of his memory.
To credit his own lie."

It adds zest to appetite, makes smiling faces, brings sound sleep, lends confidence to the shy and awkward, to make such a sinner of memory that it can make a score of 90 look like 80; and after all, what's the harm? Better—if one needs must—lie about golf scores, than about one's neighbors!

Whether it be the quality of our turf, or the American temperament which dislikes taking pains with details, the writer, who has seen very little of golf courses this summer, is unable to say; but our short game is still woefully weak and uncertain. Men who with the wooden clubs and at the long game are worthy competitors of the best players, are still puzzling over approach shots and puts. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether with our swift climatic changes and the hard ground of most—practically all—of our links, we shall ever be able to acquire the billiard-like accuracy of the short game that is possible on softer and springier turf. Certainly up to now, practically none of our men has mastered this department of the game. It is not only the quality of the ground upon which the ball is to land that counts, but, as so many players forget, the ground from which the ball takes off, so to speak. There is a certain spin given to a ball struck by an iron club, when it is lying upon tough, wiry grass, that it never gets when lying upon hard, baked soil. The ball is so much more manageable, so much more amenable to delicate treatment when it is teed upon spears of grass than when it is played from an unyielding surface, that this difference alone marks a difference of many strokes in a game.

It is to be hoped that soon we can persuade half a dozen of the best amateurs from the other side to come here and play over a number of our golf courses. Their comments upon our turf and the quality of their play would enlighten us as to this, as nothing else can.

At the open championship two new men—Fred Herd and Alex Smith—both from the Washington Park Club, of Chicago, took first

and second honors. They both affirmed during the tournament that the professionals of the first class in Great Britain would "simply run away" from the field of players who took part in this meeting. So let us not be too well satisfied with what we have accomplished thus far.

ALBION

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS.

The interest in golf is steadily increasing in California. Round San Francisco there are three strong clubs: the San Francisco, the San Rafael and the Oakland, The San Francisco Golf Club has a nine-hole links on the Presidio Military Reservation, where a commodious club-house is being erected. The San Rafael Golf Club has a temporary course of nine holes near San Rafael, Marin county, and is laying out a fine eighteen-hole course and building a handsome club-house in Happy Valley. The new links and quarters will be ready next spring. The Oakland Golf Club has a good course at Adam's Point, Oakland, a convenient club-house, and about 225 members.

Mr. Orestes Pierce has presented to the Oakland Club a silver trophy. Twice a year competitions among the men are held, and the player who makes the best score has the honor of having his name engraved on "The Captain's cup." A competition was held to decide who should be eligible to compete for the Cup on the following Saturday—eighteen holes, no one making a higher average than 50 strokes for 9 holes, to be eligible. The results in the two competitions, are given below:

Player	Qualifying Competition, November 5.		"Captain's cup" Competition, November 12.	
	Gross.	Average.	Gross.	Average.
W. P. Johnson.....	90	45	102	51
F. S. Stratton.....	92	46	103	51 1/2

Player.	Gross.	Average.	Gross.	Average.
G. D. Greenwood.....	94	47	95	47 1/2
J. McKee.....	94	47	103	51 1/2
R. M. Fitzgerald.....	96	48	93	46 1/2
P. E. Bowles.....	98	49	106	53
E. R. Folger.....	98	49	90	45
J. P. Edwards.....	100	50	118	59
R. Cooke.....	100	50	102	51
George W. Gow.....	96	48

E. J. Folger thus was winner, with a score of 90, or an average of 45 for 9 holes.

The first competition for the Liverpool silver medal, 18 holes, men's handicap, took place on the links of the San Francisco Golf Club. There were eleven competitors, but only nine of these made returns, which are given below:

Player.	First Round.	Second Round.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
H. D. Pillsbury.....	56	53	109	14	95
T. G. Roberts.....	59	54	113	18	95
Charles Page.....	50	53	103	6	97
William Thomas.....	52	52	104	6	98
S. L. Abbott, Jr.....	51	48	99	0	99
D. Hibbets.....	54	46	100	0	100
J. W. Byrne.....	60	53	113	10	103
S. Knight.....	74	71	145	18	127
C. E. Worden.....	78	78	156	0	156

To decide the tie between H. D. Pillsbury and T. G. Roberts, an extra round of nine holes was played, each player retaining his handicap. T. G. Roberts made the round in 50 strokes, or, with his handicap of 9, a net score of 41; H. D. Pillsbury, with a handicap of 7, made the round in 49 strokes, or a net score of 42. T. G. Roberts accordingly won the medal competition, and also a special prize open to the players making the six best gross scores in the 18 hole competition.

Besides the golf clubs mentioned, there are also links at Burlingame (San Mateo county) at Los Angeles, at Riverside and Santa Catalina.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH.



THE result of the final games in the South was productive of startling surprises, no less than those of the East, the far and middle West. Sewanee defeated Vanderbilt, Auburn defeated University of Georgia, South Carolina Polytechnic defeated University of South Carolina, and University of North Carolina defeated Virginia.

These reversals are closely connected with conditions that foreshadowed them.

Sewanee commenced the season with a good nucleus of old players, around which was built a perfect working team full of the same ginger that has always been a feature of her work, but adding to it a knowledge of the game heretofore unknown there. As a perfect machine it was the best in the South, and the record made will be a standard for her to work to in the future.

Vanderbilt University lost nearly all her players from the star '97 team, but around one or two old landmarks was gathered a team, which, though without victory, played through a hard schedule without overwhelming defeat; and the team exhibited such dash that, with

another year's training, an organization may be produced doing credit to the coach and the institution.

Alabama Polytechnic, Georgia's old-time rival, sprung a surprise in defeating the Crackers in Atlanta, before a great crowd. The game was exciting and the score close, Alabama winning 18—17. Both teams exhibited fast offense, but lamentable defense. The spectators were enthusiastic and regretted the disturbance that caused the empire to give Alabama the game, 5—0.

University of Georgia defeated Vanderbilt in the early season, and the enthusiasm at Athens seems to have worked against the future of the team, as later they met North Carolina and were defeated 53—0, Eastern rules. Walden, captain, deserves credit for his steady play during the season, but the star of the team was Jones at full-back, who is undoubtedly the quickest punter in the South.

South Carolina College, under able coaching, developed a good team, which when its string of adversities are considered, was deserving of more success. Polytechnic was also in fine form. The game between them was a good exhibition of sport, but South Carolina was unable to stand the hard plunging of the crimson backs, losing 24—0.