

THREE GENERATIONS OF GOLF CLUBS COMPARED

GUTTY PERIOD HARDEST ON WOODEN WEAPONS

If one looks at the golf clubs of three generations, ranged together for purposes of comparison, one may observe various points of interesting difference, and one especially for its bearing on the question of the relative flight and resiliency of the balls used at different periods. The generations are those represented by the clubs of Hugh Philip which was regarded, by common repute, as master craftsman that he was universally looked on as the Stradivarius of the "mystery"; in the second generation there are the clubs of thirty or twenty-five years ago, and in the third those which are used, misused, and abused to-day.

Other differences apart, this point may strike the observant ones: Supposing that the clubs compared have all been through the mill of tolerable getting use, it will be seen that whereas the faces of the wooden clubs of our own time are smooth as the day they came from their creator's hand, the faces of those in the second generation are in different condition. They are worn—bitten away at the spot on which the ball has repeatedly been struck. The reason is well known: that those clubs were used to beat a solid ball of gutta percha; ours of to-day for light-hearted things of rubber core that jump away with little resistance when they feel the force of the club behind them.

SMOOTH FACES OF CLUBS
But to go back to the creations of Philip, they have again the faces smooth and nice, as if getting life had been comparatively easy for them. The inference seems to be obvious, that the old feather ball was a light thing that went away with a pleasant resiliency, not much if any less than that of our present rubber balls. The "guttery" ball period was exceptional, rather than normal, in the weight, solidity, and inertia of the sphere that it was the golfer's whole duty in life to hit. Nor is the smooth contenance of the Philip clubs the only argument to the effect that the feather balls must have been of the light calibre. For one thing, those clubs are very pretty, delicate instruments, and it has always been the wonder how they could have stood hard hitting. There is no doubt that our forefathers put muscle into the hit, but the object which they hit was light and lively, and did not make any heavy indentation on the long faces of the old-fashioned spoon.

Granting that the feather ball flew at least as well as the gutta percha ball, and probably a little better, the first question that occurs is, "Why were the scores in tournament so high?" Not so many years ago anything under 90 for an eighteen-hole round indicated good play. From 1860 to 1870 the man who could do eighteen consecutive holes on any course laid out at that date in less strokes than 90 had a right to take a pride in himself as a good golfer. In days of the feather ball the man who went round under three figures was the match for anyone. It is rather interesting to try to reconstruct golf "as she was played" in the early part of the nineteenth century and away back for one hardly knows how many centuries before that.

COURSES HAD LITTLE CARE
The first point, perhaps, that it is interesting to note is that the course certainly did not undergo anything like the preparation for the game that is bestowed on it now. Even at St. Andrews, as far as on the later years of old Tom Morris's Consularship, it was not the habit to have any mowing done "through the green." Morris himself, was all against it, though he often bitterly lamented when his shot was spoiled by "they wannelstraws," as he called them, meaning the "windstraws," or stalks of the long grass which would wind about his club. But he was against the mowing, for what seemed to him the absolutely sufficient reason that "if you once began to mow you would have to go on." That argument appeared to him unanswerable. That any man should be so recklessly imprudent as to say, "Very well, then, let's go on," was quite unthinkable.

The further one goes back the more one is struck by the "unpreparedness" of the manner in which golf was played. Mary, Queen of Scots, it is said, solaced the tedium of her life by playing golf "in the fields about Beaton." There is no indication that it was a "mild course." The term fields suggests that it was not, and that it was the kind of play that would be spoken of now as "knocking the ball about." Then there is the tale told a few years later on, of Mr. Carlyle, or Inveresk, happening to be in London, and going down to Garrick's house, at Hampton, with John Home, Parson Black, of Aberdeen, and others who were non-golfers. They played golf on what is now Molesey Hurst, and the interesting account would indicate that they found the ground very good for play. It is rather a pity that the account does not go into more detail, but it rather looks as if the idea was that if you saw the right piece of ground anywhere you might go forth, perhaps cut holes for yourself, and still be able to pronounce it good grounds for golf, even though it had been through no previous process of preparation. That is

a condition of original sin which would not fulfil the higher expectations of a later golfing day.

Without going into the dim realms of history the memory of some of the present-day golfers will suffice to recall the golfing conditions of the last half of the last century. Nothing at all, on the links soil, with its naturally short turf, was done to the "going through the green." It was left as nature made it, and as the sheep and the rabbits cropped it. The putting greens probably had nothing done to them either; but they were worn a little less ragged by the tramp of the players' feet. The holes were cut as they are now, but not nearly so often, with the result that they soon wore larger than their original circumference, which also showed at the edges. Little bays and gulls, so that a man might putt his way through the inequalities of the ground, into the hole by the east side, or by the west side. That is the only circumstance that tended to make the game at all easier—the raggedness and the size of the holes. For the rest the raggedness of the putting greens, such as they were, and their size, which was very minute, aided the general roughness of the ground to make the game a very difficult one, and any score under the three figures for eighteen holes was a very respectable one.—*The New York Evening Post.*

THOUSANDS OF MEN IN NAVY

MANY CANADIANS HAVE JOINED VARIOUS NAVAL SERVICES SINCE WAR BEGAN

Ottawa, Sept. 29.—Since war began, Canada's men of fighting age have paid considerable attention to the navy. Naval service has become an important feature of the nation's war activity.

From the start of the war, 4,300 officers and men have joined the Canadian Naval Service, cruising in home waters. Canadians to the number of 400 are officers in the motor boat patrol section of the Royal Navy, which includes in its duties the exciting task of looking for U-boats off the British coasts and elsewhere. Thirty-six cadets have gone from the Royal Naval College at Halifax to be officers in the Royal Navy and 40 are taking the course of training there now before joining the navy.

Canadians are particularly well fitted for such duties as those of the motor boat patrol service, owing to the abundance of waters and the great vogue of water sports in summer throughout the country. Canada is doing much essential work for the Allied cause through the medium of naval service.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

The following letter from a fellow townsman has been received by the editor together with two remarkable photographs of the placing of the centre span of the Quebec Bridge. It is much to be regretted that it is impossible to print the photographs, but the letter will prove of special interest to readers of the BEACON.

Riviere Des Roches, Quebec.
Dear Mr. Broad:— I am enclosing herewith two photo post-cards showing the placing of the new steel span in the Quebec Bridge; these photos were secured in Quebec yesterday and were probably taken on the 19th, one shows the placing of the span in position on the scows and the other shows the span when almost in place.

I left Montreal on the evening of the 18th on the Steamer Quebec. Leaving Montreal at 7.30 p. m., after a night's sail in the St. Lawrence, we arrived at Quebec at 7.30 in the morning. Everybody was on the alert at an early hour that Thursday morning, as we were to pass under the famous bridge at about 6.30. Owing to the fact that our boat was half-an-hour behind her schedule time, it was 7.00 a. m. when we went under the bridge.

These photos were taken from the Quebec side opposite Levis. Our steamer passed under this end of the new span, a few feet from the edge of the water. It was high tide when our boat went under and as these photos were taken at low tide in the afternoon, there was about fifteen more feet of water than when the photos were taken.

As you are an engineer and understand the difficulties encountered in accomplishing this great feat of engineering, I trust the enclosed photos will prove of interest to you.

Yours respectfully,
A. A. SHIRLEY.

HARRY LAUDER COMING TO U. S.

New York, Oct. 1.—Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, will arrive in this country on or about October 21 for a tour of American training camps and the principal cities, the National Secretary League announces.

The majority of Mr. Lauder's time will be devoted to the meetings being held throughout the country in the Security League's patriotism campaign. He will make no professional appearances.

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MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER V

BEAU Nash stood at the door of the rooms, smiling blandly upon a dainty young man in the pink of his finery and gay furbelows. The great exquisite bent his body constantly in a series of consummately adjusted bows—before a great dowager, seeming to sweep the floor in august deference; somewhat stately to the young bucks; greeting the mix with gracious friendliness and a twinkle of gallantry; inclining with fatherly gallantry before the beauties; the degree of his inclination measured the altitude of the recipient as accurately as a nicely calculated sand glass measures the hours.

The king of Bath was happy, for wit, beauty, fashion—to speak more concretely, nobles, belles, gamesters, beaux, statesmen and poets, all his fairland (or opera bouffe, at least) in his dominions; play ran higher and higher, and Mr. Nash's coffers filled up with gold. To crown his pleasure, a prince of the French blood, the young Comte de Beaujolais, just arrived from Paris, had reached Bath at noon in state, accompanied by the Marquis de Miroslaw, the ambassador of Louis XV. The beau dearly prized the society of the lofty, and the present visit was an honor to Bath, under the three figures for eighteen holes. What was better, there would be some profitable hours with the head and neck. So it was that Mr. Nash smiled never more benignly than on that bright evening. The rooms rang with the silvery voices of women and delightful laughter while the fiddles went merrily, their melodies chiming sweetly with the joyance of his mood. The skill and brazen effrontery of the ambassador's scoundrelly servant in passing himself off for a man of condition formed the point of departure for every conversation. It was discovered that there were but three persons present who had not suspected him from the first; and, by a singular paradox, the most astute of all proved to be old Mr. Bickset, the traveler, once a visitor at Chateauroux; for he, according to reports had by a coup of diplomacy entrapped the impostor into an admission that there was no such place. However, the poor Captain Badger, the worthy old man had held his peace out of regard for the Duke and Winterset. This nobleman, heretofore secretly disliked, suspected of irregular devices at play and never admitting his own admiration and popularity by his remarks for the impostor and by the modesty of his attitude in endeavoring to atone for it, without proclaiming upon the privilege of his rank to laugh at the indignation of society, an action the more praiseworthy because his exposure of the impostor entailed the disclosure of his own culpability in having stood the villain's sponsor. To-night the happy gentleman, with Lady Mary Carlisle upon his arm, went grandly about the rooms, sowing and reaping a harvest of smiles. "Twas said work would be begun at once to rebuild the duke's countryseat, while several ruined Jews might be paid out of prison. People gazing on the beauty and the stately but modest hero by her side said they would make a noble pair. She had long been distinguished by his attentions, and he had come brilliantly out of the episode of the Frenchman, who had been his only rival. Wherever they went there arose a buzz of pleasing gossip and admiration.

Mr. Nash, seeing them near him, came forward with greetings. A word on the side passed to the nobleman and the exquisite.

"I had news of the rascal to-night," whispered Nash. "He lay at a farm till yesterday, when he disappeared; his ruffians too."

"You have arranged?" asked the duke.

"Fourteen balliffs are watching without. He could not come within gunshot; if they clap eyes on him, they will hustle him to jail, and his cutthroats shall not avail him a hair's weight. The impostor swore he'd be here by 9, did he?"

"He said so, and 'tis a rash dog, sir."

"It is just 9 now."

"Send out to see if they have taken him."

"Gladly." The beau beckoned an attendant and whispered in his ear. Many of the crowd had edged up to the two gentlemen with apparent carelessness, to overhear their conversation. Those who did overhear repeated it in covert asides, and this circulating undertone, confirming a vague rumor that Beaucaire would attempt the entrance that night, lent a pleasurable color of excitement to the evening. The French prince, the ambassador and their suits were announced. Polite as the assembly was, it was also curious, and there occurred a mannerly rush to see the newcomers. Lady Mary, already pale, grew whiter as the throng closed around her. She looked up pathetically at the duke, who lost no time in extricating her from the pressure.

"Wait here," he said. "I will fetch you a glass of negus," and disappeared. He had not thought to bring a chair, and she, looking about with an increasing faintness and finding none, saw that she was standing by the door of a small side room. The crowd swerved back for the passage of the legate of France, and pressed upon her. She opened the door and went in.

The room was empty save for two gentlemen, who were quietly playing cards at a table. They looked up as she entered. They were M. Beaucaire and Mr. Molyneux.

She uttered a quick cry and leaned against the wall, her hand to her breast. Beaucaire, though white and weak, had brought her a chair before Molyneux could stir.

"Mademoiselle—" he said, with such frozen abhorrence in her voice that she stopped short. "Mr. Molyneux, you seek strange company?"

"Owing to the transposition of part Chapter V in last week's issue we reprint the whole chapter this week."

"Madam," replied Molyneux, bowing deeply as much to Beaucaire as to herself, "I am honored by the presence of both of you."

"Oh, are you mad?" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"This gentleman has exalted me with his confidence, madam," he replied.

"Will you add your ruin to the scandal of this fellow's presence here? How he obtained entrance?"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," interrupted Beaucaire. "Did I not say I should come? M. Molyneux was so obliging as to answer for me to the fourteen ladies of St. de Winterset and Mousaire Nash."

"Do you not know," she turned vehemently upon Molyneux, "that he will be removed the moment I leave this room? Do you wish to be dragged out with him? For your sake, sir, because I have always thought you a man of heart, I give you a chance to save yourself from disgrace—and—your companion from jail. Let him slip out by some retired way, and you may give me your arm and we will enter the next room as if nothing had happened. Come, sir."

"Mademoiselle—"

"Mr. Molyneux, I desire to hear nothing from your companion. Had I not seen you at cards with him, I should have supposed him in attendance as your lackey. Do you desire to take advantage of my offer, sir?"

"Ah, it is gentle to taunt one with his birth, mademoiselle? Ah, no! There is a man in my country who says strange things about appearing; a man is not his father, but himself."

"You may inform your friend, Mr. Molyneux, that he has a chance to defend himself against accusation; that he said all—"

"That I did say all I could have strength to say, Mademoiselle, you did not see—as it was right—that I had been stung by a big wasp. It was nothing, a scratch; but, mademoiselle, the sky went round and the moon danced on the earth. I could not say that he was to see he had stung me; so I must only say what I can have strength for, and stand straight till he is gone. Besides, there are other rixons. Ah, you must believe! M. Molyneux I see, for, and tell him all, because he shows courtesy to the young Frenchman, and I can trust him. I trust you, mademoiselle—long ago, I should have told you everything, except just because—well, for the romance, the fon! You may inform your friend, Mr. Molyneux, that he has a chance to defend himself against accusation; that he said all—"

"She did not even look at him. M. Beaucaire looked appealingly toward her. "Can there be no faith in—"

"She was silent, a statue, my Lady D'Arden."

"If you had not believed me to be an impostor; if I had never said I was Chateauroux, if I had been just that M. Beaucaire of the story they tell you, but never with the heart of a man, a man, a man, a man, the man you knew, himself, could you—would you?"

"He was trying to speak firmly, yet as he gazed upon her splendid beauty he choked slightly and fumbled in the lace at his throat with unsteady fingers. "Would you—have let me ride by your side in the autumn moonlight?" Her glance passed by him as it might have passed by a footman or a piece of furniture. He was dressed magnificently, a multitude of orders glittering on his breast. Her eye took no knowledge of him.

"Mademoiselle, I have the honor to ask you: if you had known this Beaucaire was honest, though of peasant birth, would you?"

"Involuntarily, controlled as her joy presence was, she shuddered. There was a moment of silence."

"Mr. Molyneux," said Lady Mary, "in spite of your discourtesy in allowing a servant to address me, I offer you a last chance to leave this room undisturbed. Will you give me your arm?"

"Pardon me, madam," said Mr. Molyneux.

Beaucaire dropped into a chair with his head bent low and his arm outstretched on the table. His eyes filled slowly in spite of himself, and two tears rolled down the young man's cheeks.

"An' live men are jus'—names!" said M. Beaucaire.

(Continued Next Week)

A SOLDIER'S WILL

"I was looking through a man's dossier the other day," a medical friend in khaki tells me, "when an unusual paper attracted my attention. It was inscribed outside, in Gothic characters: 'My last Will and Testament.' Inside, without preamble, was the following: '(1) My Will: I bequeath, in the event of my being killed, everything I have, and that ain't much, and it will be less by the time it gets back home, to my mother, Mrs. —; (2) My Testament—which mother gave me, I give to my sweetheart, Miss Daisy —. She don't know I'm sweet on her, but I am! That's all. (Signed) —."

"He did not die," my friend goes on to say, "and I discharged him from the army, when he appeared before me, and when I asked him, very officially, if he had a sweetheart, he earnestly assured me that he had not. I suppose when his life was spared he weighed the girl against the Testament and Holy Writ won."—*Westminster Gazette.*

GENESIS AND "REVELATIONS"

The Serpent, expelled from the Garden of Eden, Went off on a voyage and landed in Swedlen, Where, weary of playing with apples and pears, He entered the office of Foreign Affairs. —A. W., in *London Chronicle.*

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