



MISS UNDERHILL AND MISS BOARDMAN ON THE 18TH GREEN.

GOLF AND THE AMERICAN GIRL.

BY H. L. FITZPATRICK.



THE COX CUP.
Women's Championship
Trophy.

WITH a swiftness that is truly characteristic of her race, the American golf girl has arrived! Not merely in the thousands who play a fair game on the hundred and one links that dot our broad domain from sea to sea, but in a small army who can, at a moment's notice, equal in the highest skill the product of the lands where golf is a plant of centuries of growth, and a select band who could be pitted against the pick of the golfing women of the rest of the world, and win!

Yet it is but nine years this month since one of your valued contributors ventured to lay before your readers a plea of "Golf for Women" and to fortify his plea with hope—for there was not then a link in the United States.

The next summer heard for the first time the swish of the club and the whirl of the golf ball over the hills of Shinne-

cock, and the club was formed which has produced, besides many another, the peerless champion, Beatrix Hoyt.

It is a great achievement in these scant years of preliminary play, but the end is not yet; for, as clever in skill and sound in golfing tactics as the Ardsley players proved themselves, there was in the watchful "gallery" each day some little maids hardly out of the nursery, with hair in braids and simple frocks, who already are noted as players in junior matches on their home links and who may be relied on to show strong and capable golf whenever they enter for national honors. The appearance of these embryo golf girls from Wee Burn or Westbrook, Tuxedo or Morristown, under convoy of parents or big brothers, was a most interesting aspect of the competition and a most cheering one to those who would see golf "do well and prosper" under our flag.

The taking up of golf has a deep significance. There is nothing of the craze about it, as time will prove, for, while now, with the exception of Van Cortlandt Park, New York, Franklin Park, Boston, and similar public links at Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Providence, it is a sport restricted to the richer classes

in this country, the next progress of the game will be the general establishment of village links, virtually free, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and, once the pastime broadens from a class pursuit, on these lines, it will never die out. "We Scots do not call golf a sport," said Willie Parks, Jr., tome once; "we regard it as an institution like the auld kirk."

One thing is certain, frills and finery will never smother golf, for in this sport women insist on thick boots, stout and untearable frocks, and the comfortable shirt-waists, jerseys and hats. In the name of golf, too, often they brave the weather bare-headed and bare-armed, careless of tan, freckles or sun-striped hair; but this does not mar the effectiveness of a state toilet, as all men who attended the golf balls at Ardsley or Morris County will swear with hand on heart. Beauty lies in the beholder, and it may be that the young women of our day are playing to the masculine "gallery," formed of the athletic youth of their "set." Golf will not tolerate the fripperies. No sight more odd may be conceived than the women at a certain seaside links last summer who wrapped bandages of veiling about their chin,

nose and cheeks for the complexion's sake, while leaving the eyes and the rest of the face to be protected only by the hat. One thought of the veiled women of the harem in the Cairo market place, or, if of frivolous mind, of the half-masks of a fancy-dress ball.

It must not be supposed, however, that the golf woman makes no distinction in what she wears. She has an array of colors on which to base her costumes—the reds and greens and blues of golfing clubs—which, with the whites of summer and the tweeds of colder seasons, give an ample opportunity for changes and rearrangements of the feminine golfing garb. An appearance of the careless and unstudied is the way it seems to a man amazed to see for once comfort and fashion united in the attire of the sex.

Our men had been yearning for championship honors at golf for nearly two years before the golfers feminine aspired to such laurels. The first links to be graced by the women on such a mission were Meadowbrook, where, on a misty, drizzling morning in the late fall of 1895, a baker's dozen met to compete for the title and a cup presented by R. D. Winthrop and W. H. Sands.



Photo by T. C. Turner.

MISS HOYT DRIVING FROM THE 2D TEE.

The favorites, who had all been winning cups on their home links, were Miss Nina Sargent, of the Essex County Club, Manchester-by-the-Sea; Miss Anna Sands, Newport; Miss Anna Howland Ford, Morris County; Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltimore, and

faced the tee the previous year, when the meeting was held at the Essex County Club, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and thirty-six less than the sixty-one who started at Ardsley last October.

So much for statistics, except that it is interesting to note the four best medal-



MISS HOYT PLAYS ROUND THE ALPS.

Mrs. Arthur W. Turnure, Shinnecock Hills. The course is one of the longest of nine holes in the country, and was quite unsuited to test the skill, at least in an eighteen-hole medal play round, of the competitors, who had learned on much easier links. The winner proved to be Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Shinnecock Hills, while Miss Sargent, who had luck on one or two holes, was second.

By the time the next meeting came due, the United States Golf Association had formally assumed charge of the fixture, an action undoubtedly stimulated by the gift from Robert Cox, a Member of Parliament from Edinburgh, of a very valuable trophy to be the perpetual emblem of the championship. It was one of the generous acts in the cause of golf that Scots have a way of perpetrating the world over. The only condition of the donor was that the first contest, at least, should be played at the Morris County links, where he had played during the summer of 1895.

This second meeting was national from every point of view, and since then the championship has maintained the high standard then established. There were twenty-five starters, seven less than

play scores in each of the contests to date:

Meadowbrook, 1895—Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Shinnecock Hills, 132; Miss Nina C. Sargent, Essex County, 134; Mrs. W. B. Thomas, Essex County, 141; Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County, 145.

Morris Count 1896—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, 95; Miss F. C. Griscom, Philadelphia, 102; Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County, 102; Miss Anna Sands, Newport, 103.

Essex County, 1897 (stormy day)—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, 108; Miss Nina C. Sargent, Essex County, 114; Mrs. R. C. Hooper, Essex County, 121; Miss Margaret Curtis, Essex County, 122.

Ardsley Club, 1898—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, 92; Miss Edith B. Burt, Philadelphia, 100; Miss Madeline Boardman, Essex, 102; Miss Grace B. Keyes, Concord, 102.

At Meadowbrook, in 1895, the medal play settled the issue, but in the next two contests the first eight, and this year the first sixteen, had to fight it out at match play. With these details in mind some comparisons and deductions may be made on the play of the past an present.

Miss Hoyt who has held the center of the stage for three seasons must be mentioned first of all. The high position she has gained is the reward

of intelligent practice backed by an aptitude for golf and a genuine fondness for the links. Her friends whom she has beaten have practiced as much, and, no doubt, love the game as well, but it has been Miss Hoyt's good fortune, as well as good play, to reach the winning line first, and to retain the lead for three meetings, as Lady Margaret Scott did at the start of the Ladies' Golf Union of Great Britain.

Miss Hoyt owes her series of triumphs primarily to her natural aptitude for golf and in the second place to the spur of success which changed a natural gift to a finished game. Her first golfing was under the coaching of Willie Dunn, the Shinnecock Hills professional, in 1895;

County Club those who saw her play noticed that her aim was to obtain a full, clean swing with driver and brassy and to follow through with the ball until, at the end of the stroke, she would often move on a step with the force of her finish. It was an exaggeration in style, but it gave to her both distance and greater accuracy in the tee shots and with the brassy.

After her second victory, Miss Hoyt labored to tone down what had been shown to be extravagant in her swing and follow-through, and, when she stepped on the tee at Ardsley this year, her style would have been pronounced most finished and effective by the most captious critic of old St. Andrew's.



MISS KEYES DRIVING ACROSS THE POND.

and, prior to the woman's championship in 1896, the next professional there, R. B. Wilson, one of the best players with the iron clubs ever seen in this country, had a hand in framing Miss Hoyt's style. Her 95 was good golf, for the times, and it can be ascribed only to good coaching and the zest with which she played. Her best playing then was with the iron clubs. In driving, nearly all of those who qualified could surpass her, but in the short game Miss Hoyt was quite unsurpassed.

This championship marked the turning point in Miss Hoyt's style. Throughout that autumn and in the following season until the '97 meeting at the Essex

Miss Hoyt in driving has a low, round swing, and the most beautiful follow-through to be imagined. In four days of eighteen-hole matches she made but one bad drive, a topped ball from the ninth tee in the finals with Miss Wetmore, which, as luck would have it, carried the brook on the bound and reached a safe lie, from which she carried to the green with a cleek. In short mashie approach shots, or in playing out of a difficult lie, Miss Hoyt is absolutely deadly; and, as this effectiveness is shown not only in the use of the other clubs, but also in judgment of the time and place to use each club, one can see that it is hard to beat her.

Miss Hoyt's nerve is simply superb. At the tenth hole in the finals she and Miss Wetmore were square. No Park nor Vardon could have shown more serenity in the trying situation, yet, for the next four holes, Miss Hoyt ceased to chat with her brother, who was her caddie, and to exchange smiles with the girls she knew in the "gallery;" she trudged along as if the game alone was the thing. She won out in 4, 3, 5, 4—all good holes—and won the title by 5 up and 3 to play, neither player holing out on the fifteenth green.

A knowledge of the technique of the game, of the uses for all the clubs as well as how to use them, would seem to be the only advice worth imparting to the girls and wives whom Miss Hoyt defeated at Ardsley. Both in the first sixteen and in the unqualified fifty were girls and matrons who played certain holes as well as Miss Hoyt could have done, and who had certain shots down very fine, but there was not one who possessed her all-around style.

Practice and a competent coach are all that is needed in most cases to conquer the existing faults.

The American girl is seductive, but King Golf can neither be coaxed nor scolded, for he is a master to be served submissively before the jewel chests will be opened, A daily lesson on the

links would soon bring the monarch to terms.

Unexampled was the widespread interest in the championship. There were competitors on the links who had journeyed one thousand five hundred miles or more to play, some of the travelers still schoolgirls under charge of their parents. Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Paul and Scranton each sent starters, not to speak of the numerous clubs represented from the Boston, Newport, Philadelphia and New York groups.

In its lighter side the whole meeting was one grand success. The "gallery," walking at times in a solid line along the rope that extended clear across the fair green, in which the red of golfing coats added color to the panorama of gown and bonnets, made a brilliant picture; and, in the lulls of the game, there were whispers, tenderly or jestingly, that contained no golfing lore. In the grandeur of Nature's part, the glory of the turning leaves, the drifting clouds, the gloomy ravines that divide the sun-kissed putting greens on the Hudson's bank, true fairy rings, the magnificent sweep of wooded hills backed by the gray Palisades and distant mountains, viewed from the highland greens and tees, those were joyous days indeed. May our ladies who golf have always such blissful weather!



THE HALF-WAY HOUSE AND QUARRY.