



Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor.

# Golf as a Game for Women

By Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor

Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, who is a Golf Player of Renown as well as a Leader of Society, Speaks With Authority Upon the Game of Golf and What It Offers to Women as a Healthful and Delightful Pastime—The Daughter of the Late Senator Charles B. Farwell, of Illinois, and the Wife of the Talented Author of "The Crimson Wing" and Other Novels. She is Well Known.

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(Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, who is a golf player of renown as well as a leader in society, speaks with authority upon the game of golf and what it offers to women as a healthful and delightful pastime. The daughter of the late Senator Charles B. Farwell, of Illinois, and the wife of the talented author of "The Crimson Wing" and other novels, she is well known.)

When American women took up golf they did it as a pose; in a short time it became a purpose; it is now merely a pastime.

All this alteration may seem meaningless, but those who remember the various stages through which golf in this country has passed cannot fail to recognize the truth of it. The pose period was when golf began. Then it was a new fad—the thing to talk about, the thing to do. Women—and likewise men—wore red coats; they flocked to the golf links as they would to afternoon teas, and the professionals were busy from early till late teaching women, regardless of weight, age or previous condition of servitude, to drive gutta-percha balls off little piles of sand. Every woman must take up golf, and take it up she did with a vengeance.

Out of the pose period grew the purpose epoch, when home, husband, children and even best young men were forgotten in the daily chase of that same gutta-percha ball. We dreamed of golf scores by night and we struggled to lower them by day. Our intimate friends became our hated rivals and our sole object in life was to lower a record or "hit" a cup. One can hardly think of those days without restraining a smile. A woman's popularity was gauged by her success on the green, and she never so beautiful or attractive, she was forced to give the palm to the local champion. As for the woman who had attained national honors, she was the envy of everything in petticoats, and consequently the detested during that purpose period of golf the woman who had not reached the first flight still cherished hopes, and the only object in life for the average woman of that day was to bring in a lower score, by fair means if possible, or—dare I say it?—sometimes by foul.

But in time a feeling of discouragement came over those who, having tried, had failed. They had gone through the posing period, with its red coats and silver scorebooks; they had made of golf the only thing in life, but they had not made good scores and, after two or three seasons of perspiring persistence and graceless gyrations, they dropped out of the game. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," does not apply to golf. Golfers are born, not made, and if you haven't the eye and the suppleness of wrist the game calls for it is wiser to play skittles. It has taken American women years to find this out, but at last those who can't play, and never could play, have become contented wives and mothers once more, and those who can play take golf as one of the many diversions of life and not as its sole object.

The game has now reached what I call the pastime period. We are content to take it as an amusement, and those who have any chance of winning make it a genuine sport. The contestants for championship honors are those who really love the game, and they play to win. If they are beaten they don't scratch their opponents' eyes out, but they go to work to try to "do her up" in the next match. For a number of years there were but two classes in American women's golf: Miss Beatrix Hoyt, and the others. No one else, except Mrs. Butler Duncan, who did not enter tournaments, had the slightest chance of winning the championship, and it was only a question of who would be the runner-up.

For three years Miss Hoyt reigned supreme as queen of golf, but that was the time when golf was a purpose. So that out of the throng of persistent women who crowded the

courses from morning till night, getting in the way of the men and making themselves generally obnoxious to the world at large, came a group of first-class players who become the stars. There was little to choose among them, but even they have not things their own way, for young, supple girls are always coming to the front, and in the keen competition of the present day to hold one's own at all becomes a task calling for all the qualities of the sportsman.

With the development of the game from a fad to a sport the quality of American woman's golf has improved immeasurably, particularly in the long game. One hundred yards used to be a long drive for a woman, and one of that length would bring forth applause from admiring onlookers, but to-day a woman who cannot clear a 120-yard bunker would not even figure among the "also rans" in the published accounts of a match. Putting is the part of the game women learn most readily, and the part in which they excel. Women putt as well as or better than men, but they never drive as well because they are handicapped by the element of strength. In the development of the game there has been little improvement in the putting department since the early days. All who had any eye whatever quickly learned to go down in two when on the green, but in reaching the green the women of to-day have advanced wonderfully over those of a few years ago.

The little, delicate, ladylike attempts at driving, or the strange contortions with which women beat the air, are seldom seen on golf courses now. Women swing out like men and put snap into their wrists and the ball goes. The only difference between their driving and that of the men is the actual muscle behind the ball, and that is a handicap nature has made.

The eastern women outclass those of the west, because athletics have a firmer hold in the east. Eastern women are accustomed to riding, shooting, sailing and tennis. They play games from their earliest childhood, so that their muscles are more thoroughly trained, and they are accustomed to competitions. Golf was merely one more game to be learned, and they went about it in the systematic way which comes alone from experience. Golf is the first sport in which western women have indulged to any extent, and consequently they have not the sporting instinct fully developed as yet. The young girls in the west—the ones who have learned the game since golf became a universal craze, and consequently have had the benefit of the best instruction and example—are the only ones who can ever hope to compete upon an equal basis with the best women players of the east.

However, the sporting instinct is growing apace in the west, and golf is, if anything, more on the wane in the east than west of the Alleghenies. Other sports occupy the eastern mind, but in the west we have as yet only developed a taste for golf. New clubs are still being started, and new players are still making futile attempts to dislodge the ball from the tee. This may apply more to the men than to the women, but even the latter are still enthusiastic. Mixed foursomes are the best possible scheme to keep both men and women interested in the game. In fact, at many of the courses they have proved to be the only club events which called forth a large field. Mixed foursomes may be merely social golf, but they serve the purpose of keeping the golf ball rolling and for that, if for no other reason, they should be encouraged.

There is another point in connection with golf upon which I can never resist giving my views. I mean the practice of professional caddies in matches. It seems to me unsportsmanlike to employ such extraneous aid in matches.

To say the last word I have to say: Golf is a glorious game for women. The exercise is not too violent and it may be indulged in by the young and the old, the lame, halt—I was going to say blind, but one must keep one's eye on the ball. It is a game for all players of games and, if one is content to plod along in one's own class, a game to give pleasure to all. The difficulty in the road to championship honors is the necessity for constant and unremitting practice. Again, to play through a tournament is a terrible strain upon one's nerves and vitality; therefore, don't take golf too seriously, unless you wish to become a subject for a rest cure. Some women do take golf too seriously, and when their whole happiness becomes involved in the winning and losing of matches they become objects for compassion rather than emulation.

Play the game primarily for the sake of the game, not for the fleeting honors it brings. It is pleasant enough to be a champion, but not at the cost of health and happiness, and, after all, a champion is only a nine-days' wonder to a very small number of the world's inhabitants. Play the game for the diversion and exercise and play it squarely, if championships result, so much the better, but we can't all be champions, and even those who are sometimes get conceited and are therefore not the pleasantest people in the world to meet.

Golf is a game for women, than which there is none better, but we are to be congratulated upon the fact that it has reached the pastime stage. As a pose it was ridiculous, as a purpose insufferable, but as a game it is glorious—so long may it live!

# HIS WELCOME

"Well, Uncle Lem is gone," Burbank announced gravely as he drew his chair to the evening fire.



"Uncle Lem is gone."

"I never thought of his dying," she said. "I stayed up upstairs with the girls all the evening the last time he was here because I couldn't bear to have Margaret Prince see him use that horrid bandana handkerchief and know he was our relative."

"I'm glad, anyhow," piped Bobby from a hassock near the fire. "Everybody sat up in horror."

"Well" — defensively — "mother's often said he wasn't any real relation — just married father's aunt. That isn't much. And everybody was always cross about it when he came."

"Wish now I'd listened more to his tiresome old stories," said Dick. "I wish I hadn't been so mean about giving up my room to him, since it was the last time," Claribel said. "I thought he was going to keep on coming forever."

"Wish I'd tasted his porridge when he asked me to," Bobby put in, taking his cue at last. "I didn't like to eat out of his spoon, that's why."

Burbank shook his head. "He'll never make the rounds again," he said, with honest regret. "I must admit that I wasn't always as glad as I ought to have been when he came ambling into my office. Poor old uncle!"

A few days later, as Burbank sat at his office desk, his wife's voice came to him through the telephone. "Max Burbank!" it said. "What did you mean by saying that was an obituary notice of Uncle Lem? I just picked up that paper you brought home last night and it's an account of a surprise party his neighbors gave him on his eighty-fifth birthday. You didn't read it through!"

"Wha-at! N-no, I guess I didn't," Burbank admitted, lamely. "I saw his name and the two dates, '1823-1908,' and I thought I knew the rest. Well, well!"

This happened at two o'clock. Three hours later Burbank called his wife on the telephone.

"Mary," he said, his lips close to the transmitter, "we're saved. What do you think? Uncle Lem is here now in my outer office."

"Max! You don't mean it?"

"Yes; he'll be out with me to spend the night."

"But, Max, tonight's the children's party."

"I know." There was a pause. "It's a chance given back to us — and we mustn't miss it. Tell him — tell him we're delighted, Max."

Next morning, as Uncle Lem started away from the house with his nephew, the Burbank children stood around their mother in the doorway.

"Be sure you come to our next party," Uncle Lem, they chorused sweetly.

The old man grasped his big cotton umbrella in one hand and reached the other to Mrs. Burbank.

"Mary," he said with a quiver of his chin. "I want to tell you one thing. There ain't a place in the whole rounds where I get the real welcome you give me here. God bless you!" — Chicago Daily News.

**Historical Find at Yale.**  
After lying hidden in a small closet at the Yale Divinity school for years, an interesting lot of manuscript sermons of Presidents Daggett and Clapp of Yale, delivered between 1741 and 1760, have been brought to light. While the small closet which is part of the bookroom at the school was being cleaned out recently, a cardboard box was discovered, and in it a number of old books, papers, and packages were found. The sermons have grown brown with age, and the ink has faded, but they are easily decipherable. The sermons, with the books and other papers, will be placed in the university library.

**Battleship to Be Used as Target.**  
One hundred and three men were killed and about 200 badly injured by the explosion aboard the French battleship Jena, March 12, 1907. Now the French armor experts are looking forward with unusual expectation to the use of the ill-fated craft as a target in the gunner experiments planned for the coming summer. The Jena, having a 14-inch belt of special Cresset steel, is counted on to give especially instructive lessons as to the resistance of modern armor to the different types of projectiles at various ranges. The old battleships Tonnere and Neptune also will be used as targets.

**Bird's Nest in a Skull.**  
A human skull, pierced by a bullet over the right temple, was found a few days ago among a lot of bones which were being loaded upon a car by junk dealers in the West Shore yards at Syracuse, N. Y. The bones had all been picked up in that city, and this discovery caused a great deal of speculation at the police station. The skull was apparently that of a man, and a few gray hairs could still be seen. One tooth remained in the upper jaw. Inside the skull field birds had built a nest and had apparently occupied their novel home for many years.

**Youngsters Evolve New Game.**  
The youngsters of Harlem evolved recently a game that is enjoying great popularity among them. A coin is placed on a crack in the sidewalk and the two players stand opposite each other and at an equal distance from the crack, usually upon the next one. A rubber ball is then thrown at the coin and caught on the bounce by the opposing player. The coin, or its equivalent, becomes the possession of the player hitting it. It is a gambling game, of course, but that is probably what gives it the vogue it enjoys.—New York Sun.

**New York the Venice of America.**  
It is a surprising thing to know that New York city, although not known as the American Venice, contains more islands than any city but Venice, for within its boundaries are 31 separate and distinct islands, most of which, encircled by deep water, will afford unlimited shipping accommodations and dockage for the commerce of future years, to reach undreamed of proportions, judging from past and present growth.—The Giant City New York, National Magazine.

**Honor Former Enemy.**  
The German soldiers at Strassburg have recently made an interesting find in the former French barracks. It is a fine portrait of Napoleon III. in full uniform, with white breeches. The portrait formerly adorned the officers' mess room, but it was taken down and hidden away on the eve of the fall of the empire in 1870. Gen. Hentschel von Gilgenheim, in command of the Fifteenth corps, has had the picture restored and it is now hung beside the portrait of Kaiser William II.

**Corn Long a Kansas Crop.**  
The earliest mention of corn in what is now Kansas is found in the account of Coronado's expedition in 1541-42. Prof. Williston found charred corn in the ruins of prehistoric Indian pueblos in Scott county, estimated by him to be at least 2 1/2 centuries old. Bourgmont found the Kaw Indians cultivating corn on the present town site of Doniphan in 1724.

**Oldest Spinster in England Dead.**  
The death has taken place at Peterborough of Miss Anne Mander, the oldest resident of the city and believed to be the oldest spinster in the country. She was within a few days of entering her hundredth year. On attaining her ninetieth birthday she had a letter of congratulation from Queen Victoria.—London Standard.

**Many Seek Advice as to Prayer.**  
The Bishop of London presided at the celebration of the diamond jubilee of Queen's College, London, and mentioned incidentally that on the first two days of every week he received sheafs of letters about the use of prayer. He devoted every Wednesday to answering them.

**Classes Anarchy as Disease.**  
Anarchy is a mark of disease, in the view of a Memphis physician. He finds an anarchistic ideas conclusive evidence of insanity and would commit all anarchists as dangerous lunatics, thus making them harmless.

**Large Price Paid for Goblet.**  
A small James I silver goblet, 6 1/2 inches high and only five ounces four pennyweights in weight, realized £140 in London.

**Government Telephone Service.**  
The telephone service of Switzerland is operated by the government.

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