GOLF AND GOLFERS AT BEARNESE PAU.

The Ancient Club Whose History Is as Proud in Names as the Chamberlain's List of Louis the Grand.

HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED.

Portraits of Passed Champions and Sketches of Those Who Play Scotland's Game Within the Shadow of the Alps.

[From the European Edition of the Herald].

PAU, Jan. 3, 1891.—Golfing, next to hunting, absorbs the available interest of Pau, and every one I have met there who is not a huntsman is an enthusiastic golfer. Even those who are physically incapacitated from the sport come to the links to look on and enliven the scene. With the view of making myself familiar with the game I left the Beau Séjour the other afternoon and visited the Plain of Beillore, which lies below the town on the banks of the Gave.

Arriving at the links I found that the golfers were out in full force. Members of the Golf Club hurried about in scarlet uniform "blazers," and a

MR. MACNAB ("THE CHIEFTAIN"), PAST CAPTAIN OF THE GOFFERN.

score of pretty girls, in tight fitting walking dresses or tennis costumes, were "putting" and "driving" the ball about and enjoying it thoroughly.

I soon found out that there are no end of pretty girls in Pau and that they all play golf.

One young lady, with a white waist, a blue skirt and a crimson parasol, particularly attracted me—she made such a gay bit of color in the scene. I also noticed the wearer of a trim tailor made suit, with an enormous boa and a neat, little, red hat that I never lost sight of while on the field.

THE VINECLAD CLUB HOUSE.

As to the view of the Pic du Midi and of the snow crested Pyrenees, it was perfect. Moreover, the vineclad, Queen Anneish looking club house had a homelike appearance, suggestive of refreshments, while the temperature recalled Cannes or Nice.

For the benefit of those who have not seen it it may be explained that this grand old Scottish game is played with hockey shaped clubs of wood or steel and a hard little ball no larger than a hen's egg. The golfer, starting from his "tee," lustily makes a "drive" in the direction of some hole known only to himself, almost beyond reach of the naked eye. He then journeys after the ball and his next object is to drive it into the hole itself. This accomplished, he makes another "drive" toward some other hole, equally distant from the first, and in the course of a good day's golfing he has

"BEFORE THE BUNKER."

covered an extent of territory that would make a professional pedestrian shudder. To be hit in a vital spot by one of the balls means instant death or injury for life.

To render the golfer's labors more trying, mounds or redoubts are constructed in imitation of the sandhills of Scotland, over which the ball must pass cleanly. Should it light in the trench before the "bunker," only prodigious skill and patience will "put" it out, for the stroke required is one with the steel that must strike the turf below, sending the ball high in the air above all obstacles.

For some people golfing is said to possess much of the wild fascination of croquet. Others would prefer placidly sawing wood. At all events it is a sturdy, health giving game and one well calculated to brace young ladies against the wear and tear of a gay season.

I cannot positively affirm that Henri IV. founded the Pau Golf Club, for some persons claim that honor for Gaston Phébus in 1349—and it must be admitted that there is as much to be said in favor of one side as of the other. Careful search among the archives of the Château has quite failed to clear up this vexed question.

ITS MODERN GREATNESS.

Coming to much more modern times, we are still left in uncertainty, even as to what passed on that memorable 7th of March, 1814, when General Fane, commanding the British forces, "stimied" the French General sent by Soult to take Pau. Little do the golfers, who use choice language when their ball rolls into that stubborn wiry bush between

TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE BUNKER.

the first and second holes near the bunker—little do they think of the story attached to this historic bush. The very name it used to bear—"Goddum Salad"—is only faintly remembered.

Tradition has it that Fane, playing a "foursome" with one of his subalterns for partner, and Ross and Stewart (who had ridden over from Aire) as antagonists, was interrupted just as he struck off the "tee" from the gate hole by a messenger sent to warn him of the approach of the French. The messenger, regardless of the printed rules put up by the honorary secretary, rode wildly over one of Pau's best "putting greens." Fane naturally "topped," and his ball rolled into the aforesaid "salad."

That his language was choice no good golfer can doubt, the more so as he was playing "Napoleon holes, with five on the match."

Fane hurried off, leaving Ross and Stewart to play a "single," but having quickly settled with the French returned before they had got far; for Ross, the old chronicler says, was a most deliberate player, and loved to make many quaint and fanciful passes with his club, and no one could hurry him.

I believe Fane won the match after all, with three up and two to play, and left for Toulouse. But we have no authentic records of the earlier doings of the club, though some think they may some day be found at the Villa Jouvence, hidden in some secret long forgotten chamber.

ITS RECENT LIFE AND GLORY.

Coming down to the year 1856, we find a gallant little band of golfers, who inaugurated what may be called the modern life of the Pau Golf Club. These were Pontefex, Hutchinson, Sapte, Anstruther and others. Major Pontefex is still with us here, hale and hearty, and Colonel Hutchinson and Archdeacon Sapte, the two other survivors, have this year shown their remembrance of the old green by sending a large and excellent photograph of themselves, which hangs in the club dining room. All the others have joined Gaston Phébus and Henry IV. on those Elysian links where bunkers "cease to trouble" and niblicks "are at rest."

On the left of this picture there is a really remarkable tapestry painting (the work of the well known golf artist, Major Hopkins, of Westward Ho), representing many prominent members of the club in 1880. The gallant captain, Sir Victor Brooke, in the act of "driving," is the central figure. That good all round sportsman, Mr. John Stewart, one of the '56, is on the right; "Chieftain" D. M. Macnab stands a little back—he was last year's captain, and a good one he made. How all the golfers love those fine bass tones, "*Garçon, mettez-vous dans* " " ?" But I dare not say where the unfortunate culprit is to put himself to please the irate "chieftain" who brooks not that man, beast or bird stir, or even wink, while he raises his trusty club!

Mr. Morris Post, most cheery of honorary secretaries, stands near. It is not a first rate likeness of a good golfer, who is also hard to beat in the tennis court. His predecessor in office, Foster-Barham, is on the extreme right. The ex-secretary does not much fancy himself, but thinks the artist has made him rather pudgy and been grudging as to the calves.

Buscarlet, on the left, with Mr. Armar Corry and Lord St. Levan, is "putting" in his most approved style. Henry, a big black figure in the foreground, mars the effect of the picture, but is not to be despised as a partner.

But I must leave the canvas and go on the green. Here are Robert Boreel, Willie Lawrance, Horner, Malcolm-Patton, Gouldney, the club's three parsons, Troyte, Sharpin and Bell (the canon is chaplain to the club, or ought to be), and here comes with flowing locks and broad brimmed hat the club's dear old ex-Captain Frank Lawrance, most hospitable of golfers, a little off his game, but fast coming up to time, thirsting for Havemeyer's blood (or louis)—Havemeyer, who has deserted us for sugar, making dollars in Brooklyn instead of losing louis at "one on the hole and five on the match." Jim Mellor next, who very nearly did it at St. Andrew's this summer—there must be no if next year, friend James.

TRUE TO GASTON AND HENRY IV.

The colors of Béarn must fly over the "Royal and Ancient." Royal and ancient indeed, say Pau golfers, who are to a man quite ready to back their Gaston and Henry IV. against St. Andrew's Roberts and James.

Bob Hutchison is coming for the "Town Medal," and a "scratch" player from Hoylake and the "ancient caddie," Sir Hedworth Williamson.

I must not forget that keen sportsman Ross, chairman of the Ladies' Club. Not the Ross of 1814—he could hardly have been "addressing" his ball quite so long. This gentleman—for he holds the most arduous position in Europe, bar none—he has to please some hundred or so of the fairest

THE GIRL WITH A BOA.

girl golfers in the world and to handicap them in the matches. He deserves the reward of valor.

Of the players as I saw them the other day, Sir Victor Brooke, captain of the club, is a striking figure. He is a tall man with a blue eye and a brown beard—a good player, though at times a little uncertain. Sir Victor does not depend on his golfing record, however, for he is an excellent all round sportsman, has shot almost every variety of wild animal that exists, and is a noted follower of the hounds.

Mr. Macnab, "The Chieftain," an ex-captain, is a tall, hearty Scot, with a deep bass voice, a vigorous beard and a ubiquitous pipe. He wields the knib-link as William Wallace wielded the claymore, and is noted for his hard driving and command of the French language.

Mr. Post, secretary of the club, is a strong, able player who drives the ball to tremendous distances and enjoys the sport hugely. It is said that the oldest inhabitant of Pau has never heard of his getting out of temper.

Another Ajax in the field is Mr. Foster-Barham, British Vice Consul, who has been for ten years secretary of the golfers, and takes as much interest in the game as the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour.

Mr. Foster-Barham is the proud owner of Robey—the "Link Dog"—universally admired on account of his sagacity and good breeding.

Mr. Lawrence, in a gray jersey and knickerbockers, is another pillar of the club, and has been twice captain.

Then there are Mr. Galdne, Mr. Horner, the handicapper—who will cheerfully give odds to anybody on anything—and young Mr. Willie Lawrence, the Anglo-Franco-American, who comes to the links very seldom, but shines when he does come.

HEALTHY, A GENIUS AND A WHIP.

Mr. Boreel is a brilliant and jolly player. He is something of a heavy weight and his exertions make him the healthiest looking man in the field. He is a universal genius, is an excellent whip, hunts well and made a Garrick-like reputation last season in the character of the Judge in Gilbert's "Trial by Jury."

In another end of the field I saw the Hon. Mr. Hanbury Lennox—a tall, stout man, with the *gravitas* and development of a Roman Senator—held together by a huge strap. Though hearty and genial the Hon. Mr. Hanbury Lennox seems to share the opinion of the old school that the game is not played as it used to be fifty years ago.

Mr. James Mellor is another excellent player. He is a tall, well made man, with a fierce mustache. Mr. Mellor usually wins at golf, and when he does not there is always a good reason for it.

Another striking figure is "The Church Militant," the Rev. Canon Bell, who plays a good canonical game and has many doughty skirmishes with Major Patton, surnamed "The Army."

Major Malcolm Patton is a very trim figure, the neatest of men in dress and appearance. He is noticeable for the symmetry of his calves, and it is said that he owns twenty-nine different hats.

In a remote part of the field I found Mr. Graham Stewart, son of Mr. Charles Stewart, one of the founders of the club, practising the intricate "drives" and "putts" under the instruction of Mr. Joseph Lloyd, the resident professional, of a high golfing reputation. It is whispered that Mr. Stewart is in training for a match to be played shortly with Mr. Foster-Barham.

As the sun began to decline golfers and spectators forsook the links and flocked to the clubhouse, where Joséphine, the cook, prepares delicate refreshments of all sorts, while others returned to town by the gardens of the Chateau and the Terrace or Boulevard du Midi.

DISPENSARY FOR DESERVING POOR.

BENEVOLENT LADIES EXTEND THE BENEFITS OF KOCH'S DISCOVERY TO THE MOST NEEDY.

A number of well known and benevolent ladies of New York have established a Free Dispensary for the Deserving Poor at No. 23 West Forty-second street, where they may receive the benefit of Koch's lymph and other late remedial discoveries. The ladies say:—

"The poor are the very ones who first should get the benefits of every new discovery that tends to lessen disease and promote health. They are generally helped last. If not for a humane certainty for a selfish reason the poor should be treated. If the germ theory is correct bacilli propagate most vigorously in filth and where sanitary conditions are bad. A germ born, bred and reared in Hester street may be easily wafted to Fifth avenue and poison a daintily reared child or kill a gouty millionnaire."

Poor women have no time to think about themselves and do not seem to know that health depends upon cleanliness of person, surroundings, thorough bathing, clean and well cooked food. It is the aim of the workers in the new dispensary to teach their patients as much as possible about the necessity for cleanliness, pure air and decently cooked food.

Dr. Augusta Brown who did such brave service for humanity among the sufferers from cholera in France in 1884, and who has studied with Pasteur, Brown-Séquard and Koch, gladly gives her time and services free. The "deserving poor" includes the poverty stricken sick and disabled, suffering from consumption and all contagious diseases, especially fevers. Recruits will be sent out in certain districts to provide medicine and comfort for the needy sufferers

NATIVE DEPRAVITY OF SLOT MACHINES.

Tendency of a Mechanical Device to Monopolize the Commerce of the Country.

REVERENT VIEWS OF A FARMER.

Irreverence of a Man Who Has Had His Cent Snatched and Been Lied to About His Weight.

One day not very long ago I received a polite note from General Dan Sickles, the then Sheriff of New York, urging me to be at the County Court House in City Hall Park at ten P. M. on the following Monday, to begin serving out a term of imprisonment in the jury box.

It may occur to the reader that this is a cynical view to take of our jury system, the palladium of our liberties, and the keystone of the arch on which rests, as it were, our entire social fabric; but, somehow or other, I got that estimate of the jury system into my head during the trials of the boodle Aldermen, when I had occasion to observe that the jurymen were about the only people connected with the case that were actually locked up.

However, I humored the whim of the Sheriff, and showed up at the Court House as requested. While sitting in the court room awaiting the coming of the Judge, who was evidently not running on schedule time, I struck up an acquaintance with an old fellow whose brow was furrowed with care, and who otherwise so much resembled a New Jersey farmer that I was surprised that there was no hayseed in the infrequent locks that dangled from his otherwise unencumbered dome of thought.

In a short time we became quite confidential, and he told me that he had been a farmer almost all his life. He also intimated that while life on the farm had silvered his locks it had not done anything of the kind for his pocket, which was one of the reasons why he had moved to New York and was living with his "darter" who was a "widdy," and kept a select boarding house on Lexington avenue.

We got to talking about the tuberculosis microbe and other triumphs in the march of modern improvement, whereupon the venerable old granger closed one eye and with speculation in the other said:—

"Dew yer know what I would dew if I had the scads?"

I ventured the prediction that he might possibly tackle the bulls and bears on Wall street.

VIEWS OF THE FARMER MAN.

He replied with unconscious humor that the brokers were all rascals of the first water, and that he would have nothing to do with them. If he had money he would invest the last cent of it in some slot machine manufacturing company. He said with emphasis:—

"I tell yer that's the stock yer want to buy to git yer money back. Jest look at them mersheens. They air spreading all over the country. A few years ago they was scarcer than hen's teeth, and now yer see 'em standing on the corners, and in the vestibools of the theayters, looking at the wimmen that go to the mattineys, and they are getting more intelligent and complicated every year."

"What—the women?"

"Naw; I'm talkin' about the mersheens. When I was a young feller, and I was told that mersheens had been invented tew dew sewin', and all about the electric telegraph, I jest laft and grinned like a poorhouse idjit, but I know better now. After a while almost everything will be done by these here slot mersheens."

I ventured to suggest that there was a limit to the scope of the slot machine.

"That's what I said about the cable under the ocean, and I made a fool of myself, but now I swar by science. Already the mersheens have begun tew crowd the doctors. Didn't I have all my rheumatiz chased outer my system by putting a nickel in one of these electrical mersheens? What will become of the medical gents when the mersheens has caught on tew treatin' sour stomach, kidney troubles, carbuncles and the like? The mershеen don't have tew pay no office rent, nor wear stylish close and a high hat, nor hire no hoss and buggy. Same way with the artists. What will become of the old masters after a while, when already you can put a nickel in the slot and get a picture of yourself?"

Again I gently hinted that in attending to the details the slot machine might be found lacking.

"That's the way I talked, like a blamed fool, when the papers said locomotives could be made tew run thirty miles an hour. Why, lands sakes, I saw a mershеen at the American Institute Fair that offered tew tell for a cent when a person was going tew get married. After a while a young feller will be able tew find out all about his future family before he gits married. Talk about the mersheens not havin' sense, yew never hear of them deliverin' any goods before they are paid for, which is showin' more business sense than lots of business men in New York dew. Some of them financiers oughter git inter the conferdence of them slot mersheens, and get some pointers, and mebbe they wouldn't need tew have a receiver appointed."

The old man was growing quite eloquent, when the flow of conversation was checked up suddenly by a court official with a voice like a fog horn with the croup bawled out:—"Hats off in court!" and the presiding judge sailed in and took his seat, which prevented me from telling my aged friend what my opinion of slot machines really is.

WHAT A VICTIM THINKS.

I have had several business transactions with slot machines, and my candid opinion is that some of them should be sent to the Reformatory at Elmira before they become hardened convicts. Because a slot machine makes more money than I do, and makes it with less effort, that is not why I write the way I do. I don't hesitate to denounce certain slot machines as public enemies, liars and swindlers, and unless something is done to call a halt on them, it will not be long before a machine with a pair of automatic hands will be turned loose on the unprotected public, that will hold a man down with one hand while with the other it explores his raiment for small change.

My first experience with a slot machine was with one that did business on the corner of 112th street and Third avenue. I supposed everything was all right, and neglected to hunt up his rating at Bradstreet's. That was two years ago, before the present panicky condition of things prevailed, and I had money to spend in mirth and frivolity. I stepped gayly on the vestibule of the weighing machine, and prodded the aperture with my penny. Like a walking delegate, the machine declined to work. According to the indicator I had no weight whatever in the community. When, while suffering from rage, I tried to get my money back, I discovered that I had made a permanent investment. The machine had evidently been instructed by its lawyer not to pay depositors anything.

About a year afterward, I made a similar experiment in the interests of science. The machine kept my money and lied about my weight, making out that I only weighed 37 1-2 pounds, when my human skeleton alone weighs more than that. Another machine that does business within twenty yards of the Salvation Army headquarters on Fourteenth street, has also a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading character.

It is a wonder that certain editors do not attach one of these automatic cast iron prevaricators to their printing presses and have it exaggerate about their circulation. At present that work is done by hand. If the machine could be taught to attend to this daily, it would act as a kind of conscience elixir.

MACHINE MADE IMMORALITY.

It seems to me this is a subject for the grand jury to explore. The weighing machine publicly announces in large letters that if you slide a penny into the slot, you will be supplied with reliable data in regard to your weight, which is virtually a contract. If the party of the first part feeds the machine with a coin, and the machine keeps the coin and refuses to supply the statistics, the aforesaid party of the first part has a legal remedy. See Blackstone's Commentaries, chapter 32, verse 14.

Under the circumstances, is not the dishonest slot machine in the position of a highway robber, and has not the victim the right to shoot large apertures into the machine with an axe and recover his stolen property? I trow that he has. The slot machine may think it is a good joke to pocket a man's hoarded savings, and then tell him that he only weighs 37 1-2 pounds with his overcoat on, but many of us will fail to see it in that light.

The fact that I have been robbed of only a cent may excite the derision of the millionnaires of the country, but a cent is a matter of considerable importance at times. A friend of mine once arrived at New Orleans from the East, on his way home to Texas. He did not have the cent to pay at the ferry, so he had to walk up the east bank of the Mississippi River to Vicksburg, several hundred miles, where he had wealthy friends who advanced him the money to cross the river. One cent is very small when you put it in the plate on Sunday, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on stock it possesses a stern, magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music.

As far as I can see there are no mitigating circumstances. It cannot plead that it has an extravagant wife, or a starving family, or that it is young and inexperienced and has been led astray by vicious associates, or that it has been lured into speculation on Wall street. It cannot say that it has not got sufficient intelligence to distinguish right from wrong. What will the wretched slot machine say when Recorder Smyth sternly puts the question:—"Do you know of any reason why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?"

However, there is one mitigating circumstance, which I have overlooked in my anguish caused by my funds being swept away at one fell swoop. Possibly, it is with the slot machine as it was with our great ancestor, Adam. When he was first created he was truthful and reliable, but Satan gave him indigestible fruit, and ever since his descendants have been addicted to all manner of vice. Pants bag at the knees, which was not the case in the Garden of Eden. Man votes the wrong ticket, goes to bed with his boots on, and needs watching continually. Very likely the slot machine, when it emerges from the factory is honest and reliable, but Satan, in the shape of the small but bad boy feeds the machine on tacks and other foreign substances until it becomes as tricky as the human species.

ALEXANDER E. SWEET.

ORDERING FRIED EGGS IN SIBERIA.

AN AMERICAN WHO FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO MASTER THE SIMPLE RUSSIAN EXPRESSIONS.

A young lieutenant of the United States Navy was recently narrating some of his experiences of an overland Siberian trip.

"There were three of us on the Japan station," he said, "who received the privilege from the Secretary of the Navy of returning home by the way of Siberia.

"We had unusual privileges for the trip granted us by Baron Struvé, then Russian Minister to Japan.

"We knew no Russian, and to prepare for the trip each one of us attempted to master a portion of the language. I being the poorest scholar undertook to learn Russian nouns, another struggled with the verbs and their conjugations, while the third, an unusually fine linguist, made an attempt to accomplish the almost impossible—the construction of a Russian sentence.

"The Russian language is particularly difficult to an Anglo-Saxon. The slightest change of accent on a verb may change the entire meaning of a sentence. We found this particularly true in our attempt to order fried eggs.

"I had no difficulty with the Russian equivalent for eggs. The authority on verbs could easily run through the conjugation of 'to fry,' but when it came to ordering 'fried eggs' we slipped up.

"We secured eggs cooked in every conceivable style—soft boiled, hard boiled, poached, shirred, scrambled and roasted—but we never could get a fried egg at the ordering. We called for them at each meal and at every inn or farmhouse at which we dined. We couldn't understand where the difficulty lay.

"The subject of fried eggs became a mania with us, until we dreamed of them at night and talked of but little else by day.

"One morning we ordered them of a pleasant faced Russian woman in whose house we had passed the night. She smiled and disappeared into the kitchen. When she returned she brought with her a portion of scrambled eggs. It was maddening.

"We all shook our heads and constructed a Russian sentence the English of which was, "We want fried eggs!" The woman failed to comprehend.

"At last we entered the kitchen ourselves. We found a frying pan, prepared it and fried our own eggs. They were grand.

"Then we asked what the Russian sentence was for eggs cooked in that style. The woman repeated the selfsame sentence that we had attempted again and again. It was accented a little differently, however, than anything we had encountered in our study of Russian. Perhaps it was an idiom. We never knew.

"We were delighted with our achievement, and all day long we sat in our springless vehicle, repeating to each other, like three nodding automatons, 'fried eggs, fried eggs,' in Russian. At evening we arrived at a post station, where we were to spend the night.

"'What shall we order?' I asked at table. 'Fried eggs,' 'fried eggs,' was the reply in Russian. So we ordered them. The innkeeper shook his head.

"'He has no eggs I imagine,' said the authority on verbs. 'We certainly know how to express the order.'

"Thinking they were out of eggs, we then asked for something to eat—anything, so long as it was food.

"Back came the innkeeper, and behold, he carried half a dozen boiled eggs with him. We were disgusted.

"We never knew what the trouble was," said the Lieutenant in conclusion, "but we never could make them understand what we wanted. Throughout that entire trip we ordered fried eggs at every opportunity, but unless we had previously shown the cook the style in which we desired them served we never got them.

"Again and again we asked for the proper expression and thought we had mastered it only to find ourselves at fault when we tried it on a green hand.

"It was something about the accent on a certain word. We heard other people order them and saw them served, but when we tried we always failed."

AT THE OPERA.

Mrs. Parkey (admiringly)—What an elegant costume Mrs. De Newd has on. They say she pays her modiste $300 apiece for her robes.

Mr. Parkey (aghast)—Land sakes! A whole dress would cost a fortune to make.

TAK YOUR CHOICE.

A sea of trouble—The Behring.

Uttering false notes—Falsetto singing.

A Knight of Malta—An evening spent in a beer tunnel.

A passage of arms—A promenade through the United States Arsenal at Springfield.

"GOODNESS! THERE GOES MY HAT!"

"I THINK I CAN REACH IT."

"YES—I CAN JUST ——"

OH!——

"GOOD BY!"

NEW TENNIS COURT OF THE RACQUET CLUB.

Worthy Accommodations Preparing for the Now Americanized Game of Kings.

OLD MASTERS OF THE GAME.

Description of the Objects Sought in the Construction of the Ideal Tennis Court.

It seems extraordinary that a city like New York with its immense number of athletes should have gone for so long without a tennis court.

Both Boston and Newport have owned courts for a long time, but New York has not only possessed no tennis court but has only had two racquet courts in its limits.

The New York Racquet Club has outgrown its present quarters. There is a long list of men wishing to enter and last year it was decided to purchase land, build a new house and largely increase the membership as well as to raise the dues.

This was done and land was purchased on Forty-third street, on which stood the Fifth Avenue Car Stables. The plans for the building were made by Mr. C. Eidlitz and include every accommodation necessary for a building of this kind.

In the two wings are the Racquet Club courts, which are the same size as those in the old building.

Across the front of the building on the third floor is the tennis court which is the subject of this sketch, and will be watched with great interest by everybody, as the game is one that has been seen by but few people in New York.

THE GAME OF KINGS.

Tennis is the "game of kings" and its origin can be traced to the earliest times, though the name of the inventor is not known. Pliny attributes it to Pythias, but does not give the date. However, though its origin is shrouded in antiquity the game was brought into England from abroad and was not invented there.

France for many years was the home of tennis, and the kings of France have most of them been great players of the game. Henri II. was the best player of all the French kings, and Charles V. is said to be nearly as good a player.

Of recent times one of the best players in the world was J. Edmund Barre, who was born in 1802 at Grenoble, and for many years he was the great player of the world. He lived until 1873, dying in poverty. It is extraordinary that the game has continued for nearly three hundred years without the form of the court being greatly altered. The racquet at first used was but a miserable imitation of that now in use, and the ball also was very different from that which we use nowadays.

KINGS OF THE COURT.

After Barre the best player of this century is said to have been Edmund Tompkins, who defeated Barre in 1862—the old man being then along way past his prime.

After Tompkins the shining light was George Lambert, and he for many years was champion.

However, he, too, succumbed in time, and in May, 1885, was beaten by Pettit, who, it will be remembered, beat Saunders last May at Sir Edward Guinness' court in Dublin—Pettit winning on the first and third days.

In an interesting article on the subject Dr. Dwight says that Lambert made the remark to him after his match with Pettit that "Old Barre was the greatest player that ever lived. Then Edmund Tompkins came along and he played a faster game than Barre and beat him. I was faster than Tompkins, and now here is Pettit, who is a bit faster still."

Of course, for some time we can hardly expect that there will be many good players in New York among those who have not learned the game. But there is no doubt that this will not long be the case.

Mr. Foxhall Keene is one of the best players in this country, and when there has been time to learn the game—for it is a game that takes a tremendous lot of practice as well as bodily strength and activity—there will be plenty of men who will give Mr. Keene a hard fight.

TENNIS FREE QUALITIES.

Judgment is a quality in tennis the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. It takes precedence of execution, for unless a ball be accurately judged it cannot be well played.

Mr. Lukin, in a treaty on tennis, gives his ideas of the quality chiefly required. "The qualities of the mind," he says, "upon which I would insist are those of patience, perseverance and good temper. A player will find these his best allies, and whenever his own powers of execution shall from whatever cause for a time desert him or those of his adversary exceed their usual measure, on these occasions let him summon all his equanimity; let him be calm, patient and persevering neither the superiority of his antagonist will abate or his own play rise to his usual standard. If, on the contrary, the player once allows his mistakes and disappointments to irritate and disturb his mind—if, what is still worse, he allows the heat of passion to take possession of his mind—it can hardly be calculated to what extent his game will suffer, for so directly and immediately does the mind operate on the body that the head never loses any portion of its judgment without detracting in an equal degree from the accuracy of the hand."

The addition of a tennis court to the Racquet Club court, or rather the Racquet Club as it is now called, will make that place immensely popular and increase largely the applications for membership to this already popular club.

STUDY OF THE GAME.

In order to understand the game of tennis one should first of all become acquainted with the arena or court in which it is played, and the implements, the rackets and balls which are used in playing it.

To begin with the court, it must be observed that there are scarcely two courts of the same size in existence, even when one has been copied and built upon the plan of the other. This is, of course, unfortunate in the case of so difficult and complicated a game as tennis; and hence it becomes very hard for a player who is accustomed to his own court to learn to play with the same facility in one which is new to him.

Without these differences of proportion quite sufficient dissimilarity is always sure to arise from the variety of materials—stone, cement, stucco or wood—used by the builder, and this can scarcely be avoided. Tennis courts, however, differ from each other in more important points than this; and as it is impossible to say which court is right or which is wrong in its dimensions it is equally impossible to select one as an example from which to explain what the true proportions of a tennis court should be.

IDEAL TENNIS COURT.

The tennis court is enclosed by four walls, within which again are built three lower walls, one on one side of the court and one at each end. The space between these outer and inner walls—seven feet in width, including the thickness of the latter—is covered with a sloping woolen roof called the pent house.

The extreme length of the court from one outer wall to the other is 105 ft. 10 in.; the length, therefore, from the inner wall at one end to that at the other is 93 ft. 6 in. The width between the two outer side walls is 37 ft. 8 in., and the width, therefore, from the inner to the opposite side wall is 31 feet. The latter is called the main wall. Its face projects into the court at an angle of about 38 degrees, and is then continued in a direction parallel with the opposite side wall to the nearest end wall of the court. This projecting angle is called the tambour, and the main wall between the tambour and the nearest end wall may be called the tambour wall. At each end, on the top, and flush with the outer face of this tambour wall, an upright wrought iron stanchion or rod is fixed, the top of which is level with the tops of the outer walls. Between these rods is stretched a net called the wing net.

Enclosed, therefore, by this main wall and the three lower walls there is an area—the floor of the court—which is narrower at one end than at the other on account of the thickening of the main wall between the tambour and the end wall, where the floor is only 29 ft. 7 in. in width. The inner walls are 7 feet in height; in the rest of their extent they are only 3 ft. 8 in. high and are there called the batterics. The walls are each 12 ft. 7 in. in length. Resting on the tops of the walls is the plate which bears the pent house, supported also by the posts fixed in the batteries. From the height of 7 feet the pent house slopes up to the outer walls, which it meets at the height of 10 ft. 7 in. from the floor. The openings between the posts are called the galleries, and are thus distinguished. The posts are called in order from each end second gallery post, door post, first gallery post and line post. Each last gallery is 10 ft. 3 in. in length; each second gallery, 10 ft. 3 in.; also each door, 4 ft. 3 in.; each first gallery, 6 ft. 6 in., and the central opening between the line posts called the line opening is 6 ft. 3 in. in width.

The low wall, or dedans battery, below the opening is the same height as the other batteries; the height of the opening is the same as that of the galleries, and its length is 21 ft. 4 in. At the other end of the court, in the wall, there is a square opening called the grille, and measuring 3 ft. 3 in. each way. One side of it is made by the plate bearing the pent house, another by the main wall, and the lowest side of it is, like those of the other openings, 3 ft. 11 in. from the floor. The inner walls may be thus named:—The dedans walls, the gallery walls and the grille wall.

FEATURES AND DIMENSIONS.

A net hangs across the middle of the court from the net post to a hook sunk in the main wall and divides the court equally as to its length; that half which contains the dedans is called the service side, and the other the hazard side. The galleries on this latter side are called hazard side galleries—as hazard side first gallery, &c.—in order to distinguish them from the galleries on the service side, which are called simply first gallery, second gallery, &c. The net is hung at the height of 5 feet from the floor at each end by means of a rope to which it is attached, and which, passing through a hole in the net post, is made fast to a winch at the foot of the post, by which it can be tightened or slackened so as to cause the net to hang in the centre at the height of 3 feet from the floor. Nets are also stretched along the back of the dedans and galleries and the nets of the latter are connected by cross nets with the posts.

The floor is paved with Portland cement laid on a good bed of concrete. Some persons think that stone makes the quicker floor, but there is always this disadvantage in a stone floor:—That some stones sink and some prove harder than others, and so, wearing irregularly under the constant friction of daily play, they soon make the floor uneven. Some of them, too, will crack and have to be replaced, and it is always difficult to keep the joints sound between them. A well laid floor of Portland cement, on the other hand, may be finished so as to be as quick as stone and is liable to none of these defects; it is perfectly homogeneous, without joints, and can be made of any color by the admixture of a pigment with it while moist.

The marking of the ground plan of the court is too complicated to record and would not be understood except by a past master of the game.

LIGHTING PROBLEMS.

Tennis courts are usually lighted by windows on each side immediately above the play line. This plan is open to several objections. The chief of these is on the score of the glare of light admitted directly upon the player's eyes from the very place from which the ball frequently flies toward him. On this account either blinds must be provided or the windows must be covered with white paint. In the former case, besides the labor of pulling the blinds down or up each time that the sun shines brightly or goes behind a cloud, the windows cannot be opened when the blinds are down because the wind would then cause the latter to flap about and to allow long and dazzling shafts of light to shoot across the court. In the latter alternative the painted windows on the sunny side of the court cannot be opened at all to admit the fresh air for which one longs in sultry weather as they would admit with it the broad blaze of the sun.

Another disadvantage is the shadow which is generally thrown on one side of the court or the other, according to the time of day, and especially at the seasons when light is most scarce in this dark climate.

LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

A preferable plan, therefore, is that of lighting the court entirely from the roof, by which means the most even supply and distribution of light are insured, and this Eidlitz has done in this case.

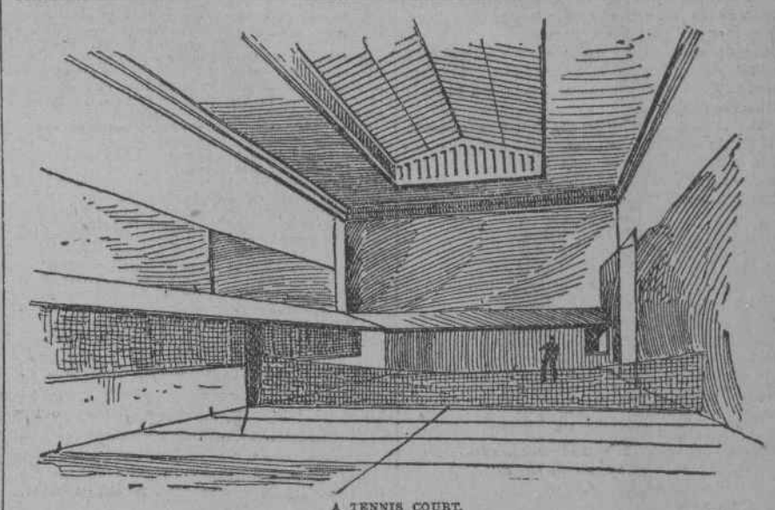
P. Barcelion, in his little treatise, gives all the weight of his authority to this system. He says that the court at Bordeaux (built about 1780) was lighted in this manner, "which is the best in all respects; the light is ever equal and soft, for one is never dazzled there, as one often is elsewhere by clouds and sun, particularly while receiving the service; the court is never wet, as neither wind, rain nor snow can penetrate, as it did through side windows at that time unglazed; the marker is not obliged to keep in repair a number of expensive curtains and nets; a considerable space of ground also, on each side, which would otherwise be needed in order to procure sufficient light, is thus saved, and, finally, the court being entirely walled round all the noises of the neighborhood are excluded."

Those who have played at Lord's on cricket match days will appreciate this last advantage. The outer walls, which should rise 15 or 16 feet above the play line when side windows have to be taken from their height, need only be built 12 feet above the play line when skylights are adopted—a great saving of cost. If ill managed, skylights will, of course, admit more heat into the court than side windows, because the sun shines more perpendicularly through them; but when air enough is admitted into the court from below and sufficient egress is provided for it in the roof this very excess of heat assists the ventilation more than anything else.

The walls above the play line, it has been said, will be covered probably with a thick, dark felt, the effect of which is twofold. It not only stops all balls which fly above the play line and strike the soft surface of the felt with a heavy thud—quite distinct from the sharp sound returned by the hollow, resonant play line or even by the walls below it—but it also does great and almost invaluable service in deadening the echo which, in nearly all modern courts, makes it very difficult to hear clearly what the marker says.

The walls below the play line must be black and not too smooth or shining. The net rope should be covered with green cloth.

CHARLES S. PELHAM CLINTON.



A TENNIS COURT.

A BALLAD OF BISQUE.

Oh! she is not in love with me yet:
Though for her I have filled portfolios
With the neatest verse I could compose—
'Tis a fact that I deeply regret.

The most obdurate maid I have met:
For I've written my love in rondeaux,
To her eyes I've indicted morceaux,
To her feet a demure minuet.

I have sighed in a sad triolet,
In a quatrain related my woes,
And my sorrow I've sought to disclose
In a couplet called "To a Coquette."

Oh! I know I can never forget!
And no sign of relenting she shows;
No appeal breaks her stony repose.
For alas! she's a bisque statuette.

For my love, shall my life pay the debt!
O, dear Venus, a swift spell dispose,
And transform me to bisque color rose,
By my love on the mantel to set.

M. THAYER ROUSE.

MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

Mr. Robertson—Say, Heedless, old boy, did you attend Highroller's wedding?

Mr. Heedless—Yes, indeed, I did. I made a lasting impression on the bride.

Robertson—How did that happen?

Heedless—Oh, hang it all, I tripped and spilled a glass of Burgundy over her Worth bridal gown.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Miss WABASH (from Chicago)—Ah, me, good fellah, sorry to disturb you, but will you kindly lend me that shoe buttoner?