up the less familiar club first and acquires a mastery of it, he runs the risk of losing all he has acquired, while he is trying to get back his form with the other. But, on the other hand, if he plays first into form with the familiar club, he is less likely to lose it again so quickly. Moreover, it is always an advantage to take the familiar stroke first, since there it offers a much greater chance of immediate success, and the confidence born of a good start is worth half the battle.

Mixed Bogey Foursomes.

With all due deference to the stronger sex, including that venerable gentleman Colonel Bogey, one cannot partake in a merry round of prize competitions under varying conditions without coming to the conclusion that for exquisite golfing torture mixed foursomes against bogey bear off the palm.—"Yorkshire Post."

One Way of Playing Stymies.

On some of the courses permission is given to lift a ball on the putting greens and free it from any accumulated mud. (The rule is, of course, vicious—but that is neither here nor there, for the moment.) They tell a story of a player who was confronted with a dead stymie. The ball was lifted, carefully bereft of the few dobs of attached mud, and replaced. . . . . Whereupon the player exultantly exclaimed, "Why, it wasn't a stymie at all—there's plenty of room!" . . and promptly holed. The moral, of course, is: play the ball as it lies.

Bogey!

As a personal opinion, how can one see pleasure in playing against an opponent who is unaffected by head or side or tail winds, who is dry while his opponent is suffering the discomforts of pouring rain, who never gets into a bunker never makes a brilliant recovery, never sinks a long putt—certainly there is no equity in the arrangement. Such a perfectly monotonous person is only fit to adorn the moral of a tale for children or to take his seat in Elijah's chariot.—Mr Anthony Spalding in the "Manchester Courier."

Golf a la Francaise.

"I am off my iron shots" is a miserably bald statement as compared with "Mes coups de fer sont detraques," in which there is the true ring of despair. "Pelouse d'arrivee" is a magnificent equivalent for putting green, and I confess I much prefer the quiet, respectable "normale" to that singularly objectionable term "Bogey." Again, how glorious a person does the caddie master appear when he is called "chef de cadets;" he could hardly do less than wear a gold laced coat and a cocked hat. —Mr Bernard Darwin in "Country Life."

The Bounce of the Ball.

It is curious how custom survives. A decade ago, when we were playing with gutta balls, one of the earmarks of a good ball was it resiliency, to test which the ball was bounced. If it was a good "stotter," i.e., a good bouncer, the probabilities were that it was a good ball, more especially if it floated pretty high in water (all guttas floated). Now this quality in a gutta ball, a virtue in itself, is more or less likely to be an absolute vice in a rubber-core. Balls that bounce high are not necessarily capable of being driven relatively further. Frequently the opposite is the case. One need only take a pure rubber ball for comparison. It will bounce very much higher than any rubber-core, but it cannot possibly be driven anything like the same distance. The bounce of a ball is no criterion as to its playing qualities.

Musicians Profit by Phonograph

If Caruso, the great tenor, happens to lose his voice or become incapacitated because of such illness as has kept him off the operatic stage the last half of two seasons, he will feel consoled by the knowledge that his royalties from a phonograph company will exceed 100,000 dollars a year for many years to come; while Madame Tetrazzini is grateful that the same company refused to pay her 1000 dollars five years ago for the very same effort that they are now paying her 35,000 dollars a year for. Then the diva was willing to take the lower figure outright for her records, but a year ago she demanded a bonus of 25,000 dollars, besides the royalties, and she got it.—From the "Popular Mechanics Magazine."

BOXING.

Pleasures of Pugilism.

DELUSIONS ABOUT PRIZE-FIGHTS.

The notion that boxing is an agonizing business originated, according to a competent authority vouched for by the London "Times," in the highly-coloured accounts of prize-fights with the naked fists. These accounts first imparted to cultivated people their notion that the experiences of a pugilist in the ring, dealing and giving blows, must be physically painful. Endurance and the capacity to endure pain were unquestionably the old-fashioned prize-fighter's chief assets. The bare knuckles cut and bruised in a way quite impossible when the gloves are on. But it is by entering the mind of the prize-fighter in action, by considering the psychology of pugilism, that the common impression of pugilism as a prolonged ordeal of nerve-shattering pain—giving rise to a kind of homicidal mania in the breast of either combatant—is most effectively confuted. To quote from the article in the London "Times":

"The writer, who has enjoyed many a strenuous bout with the gloves, and, in a remote and adventurous youth, even took part in two glove fights in Western America (being knocked out in the first, and winning the second on points), speaks from much-cherished personal experience when he says there is absolutely no truth in the impression. In the first place, even the pain of a very severe blow (provided it does not disturb the solar plexus—in which case the shock, though it soon passes off, may mean taking the count) passes unnoticed in the exhilaration of the game. It is not the other fellow's hitting, but one's own, and the perpetual motion which is the exhausting factor in the sport; there are times at the end of a particularly strenuous round when one has the feeling that the sprinter has in the last few yards of a sternly-contested quarter-mile.

"The writer will never forget the penultimate round in a ten-round affair which he lost on the other side of the Atlantic through ducking carelessly into an upper-cut. It was a species of dream; everything in and about the ring seemed phantasmal and shadowy; the cries of the spectators, rejoicing in a sequence of swift exchanges, seemed to come from very far away—a weird, other-world ululation that really did not matter at all. The call of time was a joy in itself: to sit on a chair and be sponged and fanned was the sum of all possible and impossible luxuries. And the luxury of a minute's rest was emphasized by the remark of one of the seconds, a grim old fighter who gave one good advice in the intervals—'Say, you kept that English left going in good shape; you nearly had him twice, but he's surely tough!'"

The way out, proceeds this competent authority, was opened "silently, invisibly in the next bout." After the knock-out it was an awakening in a land of peace and pleasant fatigue. The winner came over, and shook hands affectionately. The loser felt that he had never known a man so well in his life, and never liked a man so much. As for two or three bruises and a cut lip—what did they matter?

"But they mattered a good deal; they were honourable marks, mementoes of an occasion when one had proved that a good physique is worth working for, that there is a moral factor in physical courage, that there is no such thing as a 'miserable body' unless one misuses it.

"Personal animosity simply does not exist in a contest between two boxers who have acquired the basis of their art—the ability to keep their temper unruffled in adversity. Their feelings are impersonal, as those of two chess players: it is the situation, not the adversary, which is the real objective of attack. Indeed, boxing is the chess of athletics; like that 'gymnasium of the mind' which is the finest of sedentary games, it matches what a man is against what he is not, as well as providing a drastic comparison of the physical, mental, and moral qualities of two individuals. To get in a good hit is, of course, a joyous bit of good fortune; not because it shakes the other man so much as because it is an artistic achievement. A good late cut or off-drive or a fine approach to a well-guarded hole gives one precisely the same thrill of pleasure. Really to hurt his antagonist is never the intention of a boxer in the English style.

"In a word, there is no more agony in a boxing bout than in a well-contested sprint or a wing three-quarter's run down the touch-line—not a particle more. Many famous boxers of whom the writer has inquired have ratified his impressions of the boxer in action. The difficulty in persuading the non-experienced of the truth thereof consists in the fact that they have not been through the mill. If they see a bout, they measure the effects of blows exchanged by thinking how they would feel if compelled to receive them. But, untrained as they so often are, and without a suitable physique for the game, they necessarily exaggerate the painfulness of it all. The physical pains of boxing let an eleventh-hour convert to another personal pastime confess—are as nothing in comparison with the mental anguish and reiterated irritations of a beginner at golf. Yet who calls golf brutal and demoralizing?"

In these considerations, finally, lie the failure of all homilies against pugilism. The makers of such homilies reveal in every word that they know nothing about the thing they criticise by actual experience. The physical effects of the blows which one pugilist can legitimately deal another would never be permanently disabling. In any event, concludes the pugilist who writes thus in the British organ, recent outcries against the cruelty of the sport are "highly unscientific." The masse of the people are better informed upon this point than are the cultivated and refined.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

AUCKLANDER BEATEN IN FINAL.

Among the candidates for heavyweight honours at the Amateur Boxing Association's championship meeting, held at Alexandra Palace last Wednesday (writes our London correspondent) was Mr. P. L. Foote, of Wellington, who is now studying at the London Hospital. The competitors in the event in question were nine in number, and the form displayed was very moderate indeed, but nevertheless the New Zealander, who was looked upon as being the best of the batch, failed to realise expectations, being beaten in the final series by R. Smith of the City Police, on points, after a vigorous bout.

Foote, who drew a bye in the first round, met in the second series H. B. Grain, of the Cambridge B.C. The latter appeared overtrained, and was decidedly weak in his legs. The bout was short, sharp and decisive. Sailing in at once, the New Zealander had his man in difficulties from the first blow, and after Grain had made contact with the floor half a dozen times, the referee very properly stopped what was a farcically one-sided bout.

In the semi-final Foote ran up against a very different proposition in H. Johnson, of the City Police. Foote boxed in crouched fashion, but nevertheless, whenever he opened out there was no mistaking the accuracy of his blows. Every time the policeman attempted to lead, Foote drove the left to the face and body, and gained a marked advantage in the first round. Coming up for the second, Johnson became the aggressor, but was soon steadied by his opponent's left, and the New Zealander continued to score well at long range. The last round produced a rare slogging match. Once Foote got Johnson on to the ropes, and belaboured him freely on head and body, getting home, among other hits, a right to the jaw, which would have finished most men off. But the policeman was made of tough material, and getting free, he went for Foote, who, owing to his exertions was a trifle weak. He, however, managed to stall off the policeman's vigorous assault, and the latter also weakened. It was odds on one or the other being put out in the last minute, but they both stood up to the end, when Foote was, very rightly, given the verdict.

There can be no doubt that the New Zealander's exertions in this bout told their tale in the final, in which he met R. Smith. He opened well, and with his first blow—a stiff jolt on the chin—sent the policeman down. Smith was again up in a twinkling, and getting close, brought both hands into play on the body with effect. At the second meeting Foote several times led short, and was thumped hard on the body until, adopting long-range tactics, he began to score freely with the left on the face. There was not much in it either way, when they came up for the final round, but Smith looked the fresher. The New Zealander, however, opened in his customary aggressive fashion, but he found Smith quite his equal at long range boxing, and his superior at close quarters, the policeman's body punches being particularly effective. At the finish Smith was doing much the better work with both hands, and the championship was very properly awarded to him. He is not by any means a finished boxer, but he is strong as a bull, full of pluck, and possesses a splendid capacity for taking punishment. It was no disgrace for the New Zealander to lose to Smith after the "gruelling" he had with Johnson, which certainly took a great deal out of the hospital champion.

FIFTH OLYMPIAD.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STADIUM

STRUCTURE COST £50,000.

The Olympic Games of Stockholm are being held in the permanent stadium, which was erected during the years 1910-1911, in accordance with the drawings of Mr. Torben Grut, the architect, and at an expense of about £50,000.

The stadium is built of grey-violet Swedish brick and undressed granite. The plan shows a typical amphitheatre in the form of a horseshoe magnet, only the arena being open to the sky. The two arms of the building rest against a rocky slope at the north, being there built into the hill by means of two watch-towers, behind which lie the administrative buildings on the flanks of the sloping background. This slope is crowned by an arcade, which completes the frame of the arena, and the united buildings at the flanks. Under the amphitheatre and along the corridor there are arranged the Royal foyer, all the dressing-rooms, shower baths, and toilet rooms for the athletes, the luncheon-kitchen, the promenade arcades, etc.

The seats in the amphitheatre can be reached only from the outer promenade, by means of 12 staircases, each of which leads to the centre of a section of the amphitheatre. Admission to the interior competing fields is gained through four portals, one at the southern end, distinguished by two octagonal entrance-towers, one in the middle of the northern arcade, and one at each end of the eastern and western watch-towers. Admission to the park is gained by three groups of entrances for the amphitheatre and one for each half of the northern slope, one at the north-east, and the other at the south-west corner.

The arena contains a football field, places for the jumping and throwing competitions, with, round all these, a running track, the inner circumference of which measures 383 metres. During the winter, the arena can be used as a skating rink.

The composition of the building is a modern, independent organic development of early mediaeval Swedish architecture. Round the southern end runs an outer open arcade, looking towards the park. Its centrefort is crowned by granite blocks intended for sculptured figures, cyclus of 30 erect figures in life size. The eight side walks are flanked in pairs by similar blocks.

On the great eastern tower there is an immense block of black hammered iron, with two granite figures representing the first pair of human beings belonging to northern mythology, Ask and Embla. The pillars of the sides are crowned by cubical blocks, which will be hewn into grotesque heads.

In the middle of the northern arcade will be hoisted the flags of the prize-winners. The numbers of the events and the names of victors will be cried from the watch-towers by means of horn signals and megaphones. Right over the southern portal is the music gallery.

The masts supporting the roof of the amphitheatre are of pine, coated with vandyck brown and with white and coloured ornaments. The seats in the amphitheatre are of pine, painted a pearl-grey.

From the masts there will hang wreaths and garlands, while from the roof there will project flagpoles, with flags of the different nations. All the entrance towers will be decorated with Swedish flags, and also with flags bearing the section letter of the tickets.

The Stadium will become a centre for northern athletes, and it will also be a forum for open-air festivities of every kind. As its acoustic properties are excellent, it will be possible to have choir festivals, public meetings, and open-air theatrical representations there. During the Olympic games there will be room at the Stadium for 25,000 spectators.