The bunker was well nigh full of casual water, and Lieutenant Tait's ball was floating placidly in the middle of it. Mr. Ball, one degree less unfortunate, found his near the sleepers, but lying well on the damp sand. The soldier's only chance of saving the match was to play his ball from the water, and he proceeded to wade in to where the ball was rocking gently on the surface of the water. And then a mighty cheer from the watching crowd greeted a splendid and plucky shot, which laid the ball fairly on the green. Mr. Ball also recovered beautifully, and the hole was halved in 5, but Lieutenant Tait squared with a long putt for a 3 on the home green, and the match went to the thirty-seventh, where the soldier lost what was to prove his last chance of winning a third Championship; he was killed at Koodoosberg in the beginning of the following year.

Since the rules on the matter are not so generally known as they ought to be, it may be well to mention them here.

A ball in a recognised water-hazard may, of course, be lifted and dropped under a penalty of one stroke, either behind the hazard, or in the hazard behind the part of the water in which it lay. Obviously there may be occasions when the player cannot afford to submit to the loss of the penalty stroke, and must perforce try to win clear as best he can. Similarly, although he may lift from casual water without penalty, this does not apply in the case of casual water in a hazard, and here, again, it may often be worth while to make an attempt to play the ball rather than incur the penalty.

The Water Stroke.

How is it to be done? When, in my hot-youth, I pretended to solve this difficult problem, I suggested that all that was necessary for the negotiation of the water-hazard was confidence, a firm wrist, and a towel. But it is scarcely so simple as all that. The great thing to remember is that you must not allow your attention to concentrate upon that small spot of the cover which is bobbing dubiously above the surface of the water, nor even upon the dim globe discernable beneath it. Remember that you have to get your club down to the ball no less completely than if it were perched high and dry, and to this end you must not be afraid to drive the club-head into the water some inches behind the ball.

In short, play the shot much in the same fashion as you would were the ball lying completely buried in loose sand. Your aim must be not to get the club on to the ball, but rather to drive it well down into the water behind it, and leave it to the force of the displaced water to throw the ball out.

Another hint that I might give is, not to shut your eyes too soon, and also, for your own comfort, not to shut them too late.

The Base Uses of Bogey.

The feature of Colonel Bogey, which makes many otherwise placid citizens rage with impotent fury, is the base use to which his score is put by some of his devotees. They regulate their entire ideas of any particular hole, its merits or demerits, and the way in which it should be played not (says the "Times") by such intelligence as they chance to possess, but merely by the number of strokes assigned to the hole in an imaginary score, that score being frankly and obviously the merest compromise made between the unattainably good and the moderately bad. A "Bogey 5" may mean a hole of such a length that it can be reached with a drive and an iron shot, or it may demand two drives and a pitch. Yet there are hundreds of golfers gifted with intellects so curious that they deem the doing of a 4 at the one an achievement exactly as meritorious as it would be at the other. When one of these singularly-constituted individuals, having played a hole by means of five most indifferent strokes, pats himself metaphorically on the back because the holey is a Bogey 5, the irritation produced is but slight; it is possible to say to oneself that if this rather fatuous person is pleased there is no real reason for anyone else to be otherwise. Patience, however, has its limits, and if the golfer who has played the indifferent five strokes is oneself, and this idiotic form of consolation is administered by an opponent, then anger is apt to boil over.

A discussion once took place as to the proposed putting forward of a certain tee by a comparatively small number of yards. It was agreed on all hands that the hole would be improved out of all knowledge, since two good and difficult strokes would be required to reach the green instead of three dull and featureless ones; but this objection was gravely raised by one party, "Would it not make it rather a short hole for a Bogey 6?" Comment is superfluous, but it is observations of this sort rather than the nature of the competition itself that have fostered in many breasts such an implacable hatred to Bogey and Bogey worship. As regards the competition itself, the wisest and most peaceable course for the Royal and Ancient Club would be to make the rules and be done with it.

Brassie and Cleek Hints.

Here are some hints, collected from wise and successful men of the links. One-club practice is of use. Go wandering over the links playing the ball from wherever it may lie with either a cleek or a brassie. The latter is good, because it demands most accuracy of hitting, and as full swinging as the golfer ever does. Cleek practice, in the same way (it is the "Wandering Player" in the "Daily Mail" who speaks), is particularly good, not only because the cleek in itself is a most valuable instrument, and seldom well understood, but that practice with it at this stage of recovery from neglect induced the man to follow through well with it, and he may be led by this means to following through properly with his driver in a way that he might not otherwise have done. A tendency is created, and this stage of slow recuperation is a most valuable one for creating good tendencies in the golfing system.

By practice of this kind he gains the necessary intervals for rest, but it is permissible, and even advisable, to play over again with another ball from the same place every shot that was not quite satisfactory. This may be instructive and beneficial; trying to repeat the good shots is often disappointing. If tee shots must be practised from the tee let not more than three at a time be done; the mental and physical systems will not stand more. The great mistake that Adolphus makes in his practising of tee shots is his slashing out in endeavouring to get length, and when he fails he becomes annoyed and slashes out the more. Given that the movements are right and the general system good, length will come of itself; it certainly cannot be forced. Therefore, above everything, the man practising with wooden clubs must concentrate on accuracy and think not of length, for by doing the former he ensures correctness of manner, and that will make for length of itself. So let him, if he has a clear course, as he should have, make two marks on the fairway, about fifteen yards apart and at such a distance from his striking-point as to be easily within his compass—say, if he is a moderate driver, a hundred and eighty or ninety yards—and let his utmost effort be directed to driving the ball through the passage indicated by those two marks. He may make a similar passage at the place where he drives from, and then, going forward to pick up the balls that he has driven, may drive them back, having thus had his time for recuperation, or he may play the returns with his brassie or cleek.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Putt to Practice.

If you really must putt solus, then I think that the most useful form of practice is simply holing out from a distance at which it is not satisfactory merely to get dead—say anything up to 7ft.—and the best distance of all to practise at is 4ft. or 5ft., because the ability to hole putts of that length in real golf is exceedingly remunerative.—A Wandering Player in the "Daily Mail."

Down With the Stymie!

In 999 instances out of 1000 a stymie means an advantage accidentally gained; it is nothing creditable to the culprit, and, unless the stymied person places himself or herself in the position, there is no common-sense sporting reason why this annoyingly ungolflike phase of the game should remain.—"Daily Chronicle."

The Unalterable Law.

The saying that it is on the greens that matches are won and lost will remain true for all time, whether the ball be standardized or improved so that a five hundreds yards hole will be a one-shotter.—"Manchester City News."

The Eternal Feminine.

A charming instance of the ingenuousness of the feminine nature was narrated to me (says Mr. H. G. Hutchinson) this week by one who saw the thing happen. A bogey competition was going on, and one competitor's ball hit the caddie of "the other lady." "Ah," said the one whose ball had hit the caddie, "that must be my hole as against bogey. You see, if I were playing against you I should win the hole from you, so, of course, as we're playing against bogey I must win it from him." And the one whose caddie had been hit quite saw that the logic was irresistible and agreed, and so the hole was scored.

The Nineteenth Hole.

The player who lets a long lead slip away from him is always in a more or less nervous, miserable, and peevish condition; he who has snatched a match apparently lost out of the fire is, on the other hand, confident and triumphant. It would seem that the nerve-racking experience of a 19th hole should only accentuate the difference between these two opposite frames of mind.—"The Times."

Anything for Length.

A sick man can hardly be blamed if, in his eagerness to regain health, he seizes upon any so-called remedy which has been proclaimed widely. And so it is with the golfer. He will buy any ball which promises him length.—Mr. C. J. Wilson in the "Court Journal."

Fully Provided For.

Of all golfing absurdities there is nothing like so original, or thoughtful, as the man mentioned by Mr. M. W. Mossop, who, in a heat of the Championship, walked on to the tee at the first hole with a bottle of whisky sticking out of his pocket, and when asked what in the world he was going to do with it, said: "Oh, it's only in case I do a hole in one!"

CRICKET.

ENGLAND'S ELEVEN.

England does not mean to take any chances in her efforts to come out on top in the series of triangular tests. The side that the Marylebone Club has chosen to play against Australia is a great one. The only player who might have been included with advantage is "Razor" Smith, the Surrey crack, and even then it is difficult to say who should be dropped.

The eleven is:—C. B. Fry (captain), P. F. Warner, R. H. Spooner, F. R. Foster, J. B. Hobbs, W. R. Rhodes, S. F. Barnes, F. E Woolley, and E. J. Smith. Either Gilbert, Jessop, or J. T. Hearne will fill the eleventh place.

Thus England has seven splendid batsmen, five first-class bowlers, and a clever wicketkeeper, and the balance of amateur and professional is well maintained. It is noticeable that of the cricketers on the side who in England are known as "gentlemen," in contradistinction to the professional players, and who are still, in many newspapers, vouchsafed the privilege of the titular "Mr." before their names, all have been cricket wonders during their scholastic careers, and have risen to greater things in the big game later on.

A word or two concerning each of them may not be out of place at such a time as this. With the exception of Frank Foster, they have seen much cricket.

C. B. Fry's life-story and deeds were reported a week ago.

G. L. JESSOP.

Gilbert Jessop, "the croucher," is a more interesting product of the game, perhaps, than even Fry. He has an ugly stand at the wicket, his head just before he makes a stroke being pretty well on a level with his hips, and when he hits a sixer he seems to fairly jump at the ball and fling his whole body at it. He is unorthodox, and it has been well said that his success lies in his unorthodoxy. He plays strokes that no other batsman would dare to use. They are all and entirely his own. Even at school he was a demon, and in 1893 had the remarkable batting average of 132 for each innings, and took 100 wickets at a cost of two runs apiece. It is unnecessary to refer to all the great scores that he has raced through. As early as 1896, in the Freshmen's match at Cambridge, he knocked up 102 in an hour by means of 32 hits off 57 balls sent down to him, and after that he took five wickets for 39 runs. He bowled a fast ball in those days, but does little in this department of the game now. Another wonderful innings of Jessop's for the 'Varsity was against Yorkshire, when he got 101 out of 118 in 40 minutes, a feat that was more like conjuring than cricket, and in 1899, in another game against Yorkshire, this time on the University Ground, he hit up 171 in less than two hours. He once made 240 off 100 balls in 200 minutes against Sussex. But of the many meteoric displays that he has given that at Hastings in 1907 will take some beating, even by himself. Playing for the Gentlemen of the South against the Players of the South, he completed his 100 in 40 minutes, and knocked up 191 out of 234 in 90 minutes. Six times he lifted the ball out of the ground, and there were 30 fours among his figures. In a crisis Jessop exhibits a bulldog tenacity, and he has often pulled an England game out of the fire.

P. F. WARNER.

"Plum" Warner is another of England's great cricket names, and another of those who won their laurels at school, kept them through a University career, and went on to county and England and world cricket with a steady record of wonderful batting. The first of a long roll of centuries came from his bat in 1897. He is one of the most travelled cricketers, has been to the Cape, New Zealand and Australia, and as he was born in the West Indies, he has seen most of the corners of the world. It is now a matter of history that he succeeded where great leaders like Stoddart and MacLaren had failed to take back to England from Australia the mythical "ashes"; and not content with doing it once, he repeated the feat on his last visit, although he played in none of the tests, and did not captain the team that all the English critics said would fail. Warner always looks upon one game as the game of his life. It was for Middlesex against Essex at Lord's, in 1910, and in the second innings, when eight men were out for 102, his side wanted 100 runs to win. S. H Saville became his partner, and the pair put on 101 runs in an hour. For his 101 runs not out Warner stayed in four and a half hours.

F. R. FOSTER.

F. R. Foster is a cricketer who has come to the front in a flash. Nothing was known of him outside local games until 1908, but two years later he bowled in such form for the Gentlemen against the Players at the Oval that the best judges did not hesitate to describe him as one of the English cricketers of the future. Even up to the end of 1910 he was regarded as little more than a bowler. But in the summer of 1911 Foster improved out of all knowledge as a batsman, and was, by general consent, the best all-round player of the year. Moreover, he became captain of Warwickshire, and, more than that, was the youngest county captain then playing. When he helped to carry his side to the top of the championship table everything was predicted for him, and he looks like fulfilling all the prophecies. He is young yet, is the personification of youthful energy, bowls a ball that seems quite ordinary until it pitches, and then comes off the ground with a zip and spin that plays sad havoc with the greatest batsman. How he, with Barnes, went through Australia's ranks last year is now a matter of history. He is a fine bowler, and a splendid batsman, and it is a pity that England has not more youngsters of his type.

R. H. SPOONER.

R. H. Spooner was another famous public schoolboy, perhaps the most famous since his prototype in the Lancashire XI., A. C. MacLaren took the world by storm at the close of his Harrow career. He has always been high up in the averages. When he first played for his county, against Middlesex, at Lord's, Albert Trott and J. T. Hearne, then bowling at their best, had no terrors for him, and he got 44 and 83 in irreproachable style. He has assisted in a number of big partnerships, notable among them being 368, for the first wicket, with MacLaren for Lancashire v. Gloucestershire, in 1903, and 223, also with MacLaren, for the first wicket, for Lancashire v. Sussex, at Manchester in 1904. Last year he was third among the first-class batsmen, with 51.37 for 45 innings.