

FEW GOOD WOMEN GOLFERS

BUT MORE WORKERS ARE TAKING TO THE GAME.

The Public Links See Many Players Who Use a Club to Turn Their Holiday Free American Women Who Have the Time Aren't Willing to Practice.

Golf clubs and balls have been among the most salable sporting goods for the last month owing to the unusually mild March and attendants at the Van Cortlandt Park links and clubhouse have had to stop lively to get things in shape for the unusually early turnout of golfers, including some of the best all around women players in this part of the country.

This man, who was instrumental in introducing golf to our country twenty years ago, thinks with several other golf teachers that speaking generally American women have not distinguished themselves in this game and that with few exceptions they play an inferior game to the English women.

"Of late years the number of men players has increased enormously," one teacher declared, "while there has been little or no increase in the number of women players in the last five or six years, especially in the class which aims to play a game."

"During the money panic of 1897 the conditions for the men golfers were large. A man who never before had looked at a golf club with any personal interest suddenly found himself with a bagful and started to learn the game, giving as an excuse that anything was better than sitting in an office doing no business and worrying; but neither then or at any other time in the last half dozen years has there been a corresponding increase of women."

"When the game was comparatively new in America the fashionables made a great fuss over it and other women followed suit. Most beginners acted as though they really wanted to show the English women that we were not so slow over here when it came to outdoor sports, and a few women did climb up into the champion class in wonderfully short order. There are now some fine golf players among American women but compared with the number of poor players the showing isn't remarkable."

"The American woman's fault? Well, here are some of them. To begin with she's lazy, practicing one day and then sitting all sorts of engagements keep her away from the links for a week at a stretch and longer. I never knew or heard of an American woman who would rise at 6 o'clock in the morning rather than miss the pleasure of going around the course or lose the advantage of systematic practice."

"The average woman player is easily discouraged. Some expect to learn in a day, forgetting that there is no rule about the number of lessons required, some women needing many more than others. Many of the best players I have known, in fact, were slow at the start, having to overcome extreme awkwardness and a lack of conviction that to strike a ball as desired would certainly send it into the bushes instead of in a straight line."

"A certain kind of mental as well as physical process is needed to play good golf. Lack of nerve or great timidity are among the serious drawbacks to success. Afraid or unwilling to acknowledge awkwardness many women start out to play without being coached at all, expecting to pick up information as they go along and by practice to overcome their faults. Sometimes this works out pretty well. Often it leads to the acquiring of bad habits hard to overcome when the player gets where she begins to take pride in her game."

"Why don't you enter for the tournament? I asked a young woman who I have played with for some time. She looked alarmed. 'Oh, I haven't the courage. I don't play well enough' was her answer. 'I was surprised until I saw her not long after on the links. Then I understood. This young woman had not learned to move her hips at all, holding her body as stiff as a stick, when making a drive, consequently the results were far from ordinary to justify her entering any kind of tournament. And yet she had worked conscientiously and really loved the game. She had been badly taught by friends, not taught at all by a professional."

"Perhaps all told there are not more than thirty really fine women golf players in this country when there ought to be at least ten times that number. I don't mean to say that beginners will make a good player or fewer even will help prevent some of the faults beginners drop into. In my opinion if the private golf clubs near New York and other large cities did not prohibit women from using the course Saturdays afternoons and Sundays more women would be attracted to the game. An increase instead of a falling off in the number of beginners, but I suppose this rule can't be changed very well if it is in the hands of the men. In England it is different."

"At the Mid Surrey links at Richmond, for example, there is a woman's course beside the men's. The women who are being on the tees of the other. Women like to play on the links with men. It spurs them to do better work. Fortunately at the Van Cortlandt Park links there are no men's days. As a general thing, in fact, men have the worst of it Saturdays and Sundays, which naturally are the best days for the women; and if golf is losing its popularity with women it can't be proved at this links."

Ten years or so ago, when the course was opened free to the public, a rule was made that intending players must write to a Park Commissioner for a permit; and this rule was enforced quite easily in the case of women applicants who were few and far between. Since the subway was extended to the entrance of the park this rule is more honored in the breach than in the observance. We couldn't keep it up," an official said. "Women arrived in bunches loaded down with clubs and said they had forgotten to bring their permit along or told boldly that they had none, and to send them away seemed unkind with 187 acres of golf course lying idle."

In the height of the season figures show that anywhere from 100 to 200 women use the links on Saturday and on Sunday, the number being regulated by the weather. There are no women's clubs in the city except the eighteen holes, which takes them over three miles of territory, they place their bag of clubs at the end of the strange row of seventy-two one hinged more bags and settle down to rest and wait their turn to do it all over again. These are the sort of players golf teachers like to see, although in some cases the player may not be enthusiastic to the highest standard if her enthusiasm is. Said a teacher:

"There are young women who play at Van Cortlandt Park Saturdays who with proper coaching would soon be in the champion class. They are self-sufficient and haven't time to practice except on the Saturday half holiday. Among the young married women who use the links on other days there are also some excellent players who practice regularly and work conscientiously, keeping their outfit in one of the 200 lockers contained in the clubhouse, which are rented by the season for a reasonable price. Saturday and Sunday players mostly carry

their clubs to and from the links and act as their own caddies besides.

"If the price of balls keeps on soaring I don't see how I can afford to play at all," one young woman complained last Saturday. She had just learned that the price of balls had been jumped up \$1.50 a dozen, the best quality now selling for from \$2.50 to \$3 a dozen.

"This course is so open, though," she reflected, "that with care you need not use many balls. When I began playing I used one a day, but now I seldom lose one a week."

"Judging from our experience here golf is getting more and more popular with self-supporting women and with married women who don't find it convenient to patronize the out of town golf clubs or can't afford to belong to them."

"When golf was first started in this country very few self-supporting women paid any attention to it, thinking it was one of the fads intended only for the rich. Now it is different. The rich are so taken up with motoring and airships that they are neglecting golf and the women who can't afford a motor are taking up golf."

"The time here golf course opened recently at Pelham Bay Park would be used by twice as many women were it not a stiff one mile walk to it after leaving the trolley. Before long when the proposed new trolley line which goes to within a few yards of the park entrance is put in operation the golf course will be a boon to one section of the city."

SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

PICTURES AND PRICES AT THE YERKES SALE.

Interesting Figures From the Sale in Parts of Manets Which Found No Purchasers Here—A Show of Spanish Pictures and Other Current Exhibitions.

"Hats off, gentlemen! A genius! was the brusque fashion in which Robert Schumann greeted the first fruits of the sale of the exhibition 'Hats off, gentlemen! A genius!' and bowing in the direction of Thomas E. Kirby. After the magnificent generalship of Brother Kirby at Mendelssohn Hall last week there will be no disagreement with the statement that if it had not been for him the Yerkes sale, despite its antecedents, would not have been the record breaker it was. It is a marking stone in the history of picture sales."

Let us now quote from a communication from no less an authority than August Jacquet. Mr. Jacquet was good enough to correct us about that Degas anecdote printed last Sunday. It may be remem-

bered that Degas showed William M. Chase and J. Alden Weir the portrait of a woman who had ruined a near relative, refusing to sell it. That picture still hangs in his atelier and not, as Mr. Chase supposes, in Mrs. Gardner's gallery. The Gardner portrait is that of an actress in the Gymnase first exhibited at the Salon of 1869 (portrait of Madame G.). Mr. Jacquet saw the other picture at the home of Degas a couple of years ago. We have written of the recent dispersal in Paris of the Pellier collection of Manets. Mr. George Durand-Ruel gave us a few facts as to the purchasers, and now, thanks to Mr. Jacquet, we are able to furnish some interesting figures. German collectors paid big sums, for in the matter of Manet appreciation America is still in woolly ignorance. (We pay more for a Breton or a Meissonier than a Manet!)

For the portrait of Desbottines (the defense against the stupidity of several English art critics), painted in 1875, the sum of 250,000 francs was paid by G. Arnhold, Berlin. The Monet family in the garden (1874) was sold to the same collector, who is the lucky possessor of 'La Bon Boek' (originally from the Faure collection). For this 200,000 francs was paid. The 'Dejeuner dans l'Atelier' (1869) went to the Munich Museum for 300,000 francs, thanks to Prof. Tschudi. 'Barque Monet' (1874), 100,000 francs, same museum; the notorious 'Nana', 200,000 francs, to Theodor Behrens of Hamburg (Durand-Ruel a few weeks ago had in New York a study for this wonderful picture. The price asked was moderate, \$12,000; 'La Petite Argenteuil' (1874), 100,000 francs, to Herr Behrens; smaller canvases, such as 'La Femme fourroure, fond vert', to E. von Mendelssohn, Berlin; 'La Brioche' (the light one, not the dark one), 25,000 francs, to Paul von Mendelssohn; 'La Modiste' (1877), 75,000 francs, to F. Schmitz of Dresden; 'Les Suicides' (1877), 5,000 francs, to Prof. Max Liebermann of Berlin, and the big study for

Faure in Hamlet, 20,000 francs, to the Kunsthalle at Hamburg. (The finished picture was here several months ago at Durand-Ruel's.)

The sad thing about these wonderful Manets (and that could be compared with them for quality except the Turner) is that they were once in American hands and several of supraclass quality in the Metropolitan Museum; but the majority of American collectors couldn't see Manet. He wasn't 'showy' enough. His subjects weren't pretty, like Cabanel's, Bouguereau's or Alma-Tadema's, nor was he as 'particular' ('neat' is the usual word) as the glacial Gérôme. Only think of the 'Promenade', 'The Bar at the Folies-Bergères', the 'Nana' going back to France, there to be bought by M. Pellierin. The Dublin art gallery owns the portrait of Mlle. Gonales (of which we wrote some time ago) and 'La Terce'—the latter, as well as the 'Concert aux Tuileries', was in New York. Durand-Ruel, the Marquis de Ganay and Duna Cochon bought examples at the Pellierin sale, as did the Bremen Museum—the latter a portrait

ings for his ambitious picture at the Metropolitan Museum are here, also several of the charming models he was so fond of putting on canvas. Her hair and hair and tints are not missing in the little sketches. Never reveal the conscientious craftsman than was Louis Robert Thomas may be viewed in one of the Knoedler galleries. Mr. Thomas is an American artist who studied in Paris and there won medals and honors at various salons. His forte is the masculine head and figure, though there are delicacy and distinction in his portrayals of Miss Mildred Lee and 'La Châtelaine'. The Hon James Bryce, British Ambassador; Duca di Torlonia, Dr. William Osler, now of Oxford; Viscount de Masserive and the late Gen. Sir W. de Masserive are a few among the successful portraits of this artist. His paintings in a sober way, his chief preoccupation being the character of his sitters; in a word, not merely a painter of faces and fabrics.

The Macbeth Galleries are occupied by two groups of pictures by Frederick J. Waugh and Chauncey F. Ryder. Mr. Waugh is very much in the public eye this spring; he might be called notorious because of his terrific tirades at the present Academy show (it is said that Mr. Allison has his hands full keeping romantic, but sensitive boys from attempting to board that ship in the foreground and jolping in the bloody fray). But there is better art of Waugh's at Macbeth's. He is prominently a sea painter; he loves its fury, its foam, its sounds and its curling swirls. There are more than twenty pictures of surging water and rocky headland, and the coloring in some is very lush.

The rhythms are skillfully suggested. The landscapes of Mr. Ryder are in a gentler mood. That valley at Assisi is poetic and quaint and extremely attractive. Next Thursday the long expected exhibition of the works of George Luks will open in these galleries. Mr. Luks need not regret that he did not appear at the Independents on Thirty-fifth street. He is a whole show in himself.

At the Oehme Galleries the recent work of John C. Johansen is to be enjoyed. The pictures which they were seen at the Madison Art Gallery a few weeks ago were praised in these columns, are all at Mr. Oehme's, including that forthright presentation of Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin. The Yersian scenes are as alluring as ever. Mr. Stieglitz has Rodin drawings and a reduced version in bronze of 'Le Penseur' in his Photo-Secession Galleries. Drawings that date from 1880 to 1890 are there, also some as recent as 1910. To miss seeing them is to miss the memoranda of a master. It's a pity Mr. H. Phelan Gibb did not keep open longer his exhibition of colored monotypes, water colors and drawings (in portfolios) at the Leaventritt Gallery. He is an Englishman who lives in Paris. He works, while not the drier, or, is very advanced, but is always intelligible. These are portraits of a fellow that is as good as any I have ever seen. In its expression of veiled ferocity the big cat recalls a Delacroix. The night life of Parisian cafes Mr. Gibb is happy in delineating.

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"Behold," said he, "how the police Gaul can sweat the architects while appearing to hand them a bouquet and with what directness of perception a man from an artistic nation gets at a surprising weakness in our development."

And he read the words of Henri Le Sidaner, the French artist who stopped here early in the week on his way to be one of the Carnegie judges at the Pittsburg exhibition and who said: "I have made up my mind whether I should call it artistic or not. It impresses me mainly by the marvelous way of its buildings and the way in which your architects have taken the architectures of other countries and other ages and adapted them to the great towering structures of New York, displaying 'and here's what rejoiced my heart and carried me back to France,' said the New York painter—'displaying a facility in adaptation which would doubtless stagger the originators of the ancient schools and the Renaissance."

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One of the women painters of the

MISS MAY MORRIS, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM MORRIS. BY JO DAVIDSON.



TESTING FISH'S MEMORY.

Sense of Color—Recognizing and Avoiding Danger.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Even the fishes of the sea have pictures on memory's wall. Experiments have been made with several fishes as their faculties for remembering, but the most striking results have been obtained with the gray perch, which lives chiefly on a small silvery hued sardine. Some of these were taken and colored red and were then put into the tank where the perch was, with several silver colored sardines. Of course the normal sardines were at once seized and eaten, but it was not until hungry that the perch made a tentative meal of one of the red colored victims. On recognizing the sardine flavor, however, he promptly demolished the remainder. Later the perch devoured the sardines irrespective of color, thus showing not only traces of a memory but also the power to differentiate color.

Subsequently sardines colored red and blue were placed in the tank together with the silver ones. The same scene was repeated, the blue sardines not being attacked until the others were eaten and a longer and more careful investigation of the newcomers. After this introduction the perch ate the sardines of all three types without any difficulty.

Some species of the sea nettle were then fastened to the blue sardines. These were at once avoided by the perch, who promptly got out of the way of the newcomers. This showed traces of memory, as the results of contact with the sea nettle were shown and recognized.

An Easy Cure.

From the Nautilus.

A correspondent for a local paper writes that his sister sent him four fun lines which are guaranteed to cure any case of strenuousness in the family. The lines are to be repeated three times heartily, in the face of any domestic difficulty. Here they are:

The dog is in the pantry.

The cow is in the hammock.

What difference does it make?

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In the chief gallery besides the Bol Bonnet and Dross there are canvases by Drouais, Pieter de Hooch—a brilliant picture suffused with light—a big Guardi, a Pierre de Mignard (portrait of Marie Mancini), a Sir Joshua Reynolds ('White the Paviour'), a Jan Steen—the 'Hurdy-gurdy Man'—Teniers the younger, Jacob Michterveldt, a Bonagioni—lovely in tone and feeling—an example by the master of the 'Death of the Virgin' (about 1500), a 'Madonna and Child' with cherubs, with a glimpse of an exquisitely painted Italian landscape, also a Naldini and a Donatello, the latter a sturdy bit of masculine portraiture. Mr. Ehrlich has just sold to the art museum of Worcester 'The Tailor Shop,' by G. Breikeienk (1620-1665), and for an indefinite loan to the Fogg Museum of Harvard University 'The Vision of a Nobleman' by Leonardo Bassano (1558-1625), and 'The Annunciation,' school of Melchior Broederlam (about 1500).

At the Folsom Galleries there is a special exhibition of drawings and sketches by the late Louis Loeb which are very attractive. Preliminary draw-

ings for his ambitious picture at the Metropolitan Museum are here, also several of the charming models he was so fond of putting on canvas. Her hair and hair and tints are not missing in the little sketches. Never reveal the conscientious craftsman than was Louis Robert Thomas may be viewed in one of the Knoedler galleries. Mr. Thomas is an American artist who studied in Paris and there won medals and honors at various salons. His forte is the masculine head and figure, though there are delicacy and distinction in his portrayals of Miss Mildred Lee and 'La Châtelaine'. The Hon James Bryce, British Ambassador; Duca di Torlonia, Dr. William Osler, now of Oxford; Viscount de Masserive and the late Gen. Sir W. de Masserive are a few among the successful portraits of this artist. His paintings in a sober way, his chief preoccupation being the character of his sitters; in a word, not merely a painter of faces and fabrics.

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One of the women painters of the

Academy was discussing the varied character of visitors to the studios. "I can usually tell very quickly what their real feelings are so far as art is concerned," she said. "Plenty of them will come in and gush about art and never look at a picture even if they are in front of it. You can make a pretty good guess at how much they love or really care. And when an Italian or French workman comes in he gives me a heartfelt criticism of any painting that is in sight before he goes to work or I have a chance to tell him what to do. He feels art and goes at it instinctively."

Handicraft, which was started several years ago by the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts and was last issued six years ago, has been reestablished by a league of handicraft societies. In the first number of the new volume, issued this month, Lockwood de Forest writes of some "Suggestions on Industrial Education."

"It is successful education when the training is such that every piece of work well done is a source of happiness. Education begins with the careful training of the senses. Look at the new work habits they begin by seeing into their hands and then to taste them. I am sure from what I have observed of very young children that during the time between 2 and 3 years old, before they have received impressions other than through the senses, they really know more than they ever do afterward."

"One child I knew who was very fond of going to drive and her aunt who was getting into the carriage to take her. The aunt was going to attend a lecture and said 'No, I cannot take you because I am going to a lecture which lasts an hour.' The child replied without a moment's hesitation: 'I can think away most talk.' Her aunt grew up people would have thought of such a thing, and if they had how many could have expressed it so clearly? There was a large photograph of the child's Aunt in the dining room, and she turned on one of us and asked: 'How those women can walk as fast as those horses can gallop, how fast could they go if they were in the circus? I fully believe that some system could be evolved which would carry on this development of the thought and imagination of the child, as shown at this period, through the whole life.'

The Psychic Fakers, as they call themselves this year, the students of the Art Students League who get up the annual show of fakes on the canvases hung in the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, which is still running, will open their exhibition to-morrow. The exhibition is as their nineteenth annual session and it will continue until Friday, inclusive, in the rooms of the league in the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-fifth street.

The announcement, which is heartily stamped by the society, promises a 'triumph of scenic supremacy and dazzling wonders and wonders among other wonders'—'Señor Francisco de Brío, Marvel of Strength,' 'Airy Arabella, the Aeroplane Artist,' and 'Señora Slapdindini, Psycho Sensation.'

Spring has already warmed the cool Boston blood and it bounds and responds to art as exhibited there by Charles H. Davis, of whom one of the Hub critics writes: "No living American landscape painter shows in his work a sincerer or deeper sense of the solemnity of nature which Wordsworth expressed in his famous lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey on revisiting the banks of the Wye:

Of something far more deeply interwoven, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, Agassie blue as sea, blue as a sky.

"In the Times of the Red Winged Blackbird there is, as it seems to me, an unexpressed expression of the exquisite hopefulness and promise of spring. It is the poetical embodiment of the expectation of joy and new life, not the fulfillment but the germination; the first faint stirrings of the unspoken awakening, the divine whisper of the hope that springs eternal in the human breast. All the sweet associations of early May are interwoven with this lovely scene. In it we breathe the balmy airs of the warm earth and of the early growths, we hear the exultant and spontaneous song of the bird humming the joy of living in the sunlight. Which shows that Mr. Davis knew what time to go to Boston."

The Boston Art Club has celebrated the opening of its renovated clubhouse with an exhibition of pictures by members. The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy is exhibiting in the Albright Gallery collections of paintings by Ballard Williams, Childs Haasam and Emil Carlsen. Gifford Beal is exhibiting recent paintings at the Madison Art Gallery.

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