

Two Young Dutch Lady Golfers.

AN INTERESTING PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

IN our issue of June 13th, 1902, we gave, thanks to a correspondent, a reproduction of the very interesting portrait opposite. The picture formed part of the collection of Mr. Edmond Huybrecht, which was dispersed at Antwerp in 1902. The owner of the picture ascribed it to Albert Cuyp, and gave its date as 1631, but it has acquired fresh interest from the discovery of the companion portrait, which we have the pleasure of reproducing below. As will be seen, the two pictures are strikingly alike, but our Dutch correspondent, Mr. Del Court, who has kindly sent us the photograph, informs us that the new one, which hangs near Rembrandt's famous "Night Watch" in the National Gallery at Amsterdam, is there attributed by the authorities to Verspronck, a little known artist of the first half of the 17th century.

Cuyp is a name which every owner would like to attach to his picture, but the works by which he is best known, and which command the highest prices, are not portraits or figure subjects, but those sunny landscapes in which he was unequalled. Looking to the similarity in treatment and arrangement of the two pictures, and in view of the verdict of the Amsterdam authorities on the new one, it seems probable that in the case of the first the wish was father to the thought, and that both pictures are the work, not of Cuyp, but of Verspronck.

An interesting feature in the new picture is the head of the club. In the other, part of the shaft only is visible, but any doubts that may have been entertained as to the golfing nature of the instrument are now dispelled. The club is obviously an iron one of the cleek species, with the shaft inserted in the socket, perhaps one of those "Scottish Cleeks" referred to in the Dutch poem unearthed by Mr. Martin Hardie some months ago. It seems to have a flat lie, and a thick sole, but what amount of loft it had, or even whether it was right or left-handed, is not so easy to deter-



mine. Mr. Del Court's opinion, judging from the pictures he has seen, is that golf in Holland was only a short game played on the ice and never on broad tracts of land with drives of a hundred or two hundred yards.

The reunion of these two pictures, apparently of two sisters, after so many years, in the pages of a foreign journal devoted to sport, is not without some little interest.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

THE GOLFER'S REPLY.

IS life worth living?"

He shall answer *Yea*,

Who—healthy-minded—spends a holiday
In golfing with a friend on sun-fleck'd links,
The players few.

Dour pessimist, methinks,
With soul of stone, he needs must surely be,
Who, from his daily round of duties free,
Treads the soft turf, or inland or by sea,
Yet hugs the notion in his thankless heart,
That Life to none can happiness impart—
A bilious, cross-grained wretch, to whom appears
This earth as nothing but a vale of tears!

Tho' sorrow, sickness, every sort of woe
Sadden the lives of mortals here below.
Rare, rare, the golfer who would hesitate
To laud as nobly planned the world's existing state.

—M. C. HIME.