Perritt on Edge For Big Series With White Sox

After Being Kicked About by Fate Poll Looms Large in Baseball

By W. J. Macbeth

William D. Perritt—he is better known to the fans, perhaps, as Poll—sticks out, among the right-handed pitchers of the Giants, like an ulcerated tooth against a "T" bone sirloin. In other words, he is provoking and troublesome. Sometimes he's mean and cantankerous to the Giants; at other times even more so to the enemy.

For let it be known Poll Perritt is a temperamental cuss. Just what he is going to do nobody ever knows. Least of all himself. He can pitch and pitch with the best. He has done it and is doing it. How far Perritt will go if he ever gets the notion into his head that he should go the limit only history will tell. Right now he looks like one of the very best bets of the Giants in the world's series with the Chicago White Sox.

Never Had Much Chance

Truth to tell, Perrit never had much of a chance. His major league associations always have been wrong. Fate kicked him in the slats when it asked him to horn into the big show by way of the St. Louis Cardinals. The St. Louis Cardinals of five years ago, mind you. One cannot possibly picture a less inspiring introduction to fast company.

Perritt may live down his St. Louis past. Anything may be expected of a fellow who can show such a reversal of form as Poll has shown this year. Until a short few weeks ago he was nothing to brag about as a right-handed pitcher. Indeed, his chief claim to fame lay in the fact that he was Jeff Tesreau's brother-in-law. Jeff became so unspeakably terrible himself that the boost turned into a knock. Maybe that is why the temperamental Poll reformed.

The unvarnished truth is that Perritt took himself by the nape of the neck and got down to brass tacks. He turned the tables on his big brother-in-law. Now Tesreau's biggest asset is the family relationship. Jeff shows signs of coming around. Both ends of the family may still figure in the classic.

Perritt is a pitcher of exceptional ability. He appeared a world beater with the mediocre Cardinals the two years he toiled in the Mound City. Not that he shattered any pitching records. But he won a far better percentage of games than the club he represented. He more than held his own two years ago with a very disappointing Giant team. And last year he almost approached greatness in New York.

The great trouble with Perritt heretofore has been failure to look upon his profession in all the seriousness characteristic of genius. Poll is a big, good natured boy, willing to get along with the world as easily as possible. It would be wrong to accuse him of laziness just because he was born and raised in Arcadia, La., where the sun scorches out ambition and the hookworm runs rampant.

Lean and Lanky

Still, it is possible the heat may have influenced his career. Poll is not so rotund as his well-fed brother-in-law. He is lean and lanky, almost to cadaverousness. He stands 6 feet 2 inches, but weighs slightly more than 170 pounds in condition. He has not the beef to stand up under rough usage in hot weather.

Perritt has shown his best form in the cooler weather of the season. He has always been at his best form in the spring and the fall. Hot weather seems to sap his strength. For that reason he was never satisfied with his berth in St. Louis. He enjoyed much the best season of his career with the Giants last year, and last year, it will be remembered, was particularly cool on the whole.

In many ways Perritt bears a striking resemblance to Slim Caldwell. He is not so irresponsible as is the Yankee star. Nor has he Caldwell's wonderful intuition. For Caldwell is possessed of exceptional pitching brains; he is one of the craftiest moundmen that ever toed the rubber.

Yet Perritt is built along the lines of Caldwell. He is of the wiry, whipcordy type, with long arms and fitting physical development of the torso. Like Caldwell, Perritt is possessed of wonderful speed and an exceptional curve ball to supplement it. With such a curve Walter Johnson would be unhittable.

Poll Perritt attracted the envy of McGraw when he first broke into fast company with the Cardinals back in 1912. He was just a kid then; just turned twenty. The leader of the Giants had to wait almost three years before he landed him. It is a sure thing Perritt didn't learn a great deal in those three years. He is only twenty-five now, and he seems to have picked up more this season than in all his previous experience.

A Fair Slow Ball

Of late Perritt has shown every earmark of greatness. He seems to be studying batters and making mental notes of their strength and their weaknesses. Heretofore this human slat thought only of buzzing his fast ball past the hitter. Now he mixes up his delivery. And he has a pretty fair sort of slow ball to toss in with the speed and the hook.

"Perritt," said Miller Huggins the last time St. Louis was in New York, "is the most improved pitcher I have known in a long while. He always had everything but pitching sense. That seems to have come to him. Let him once grasp the serious side of his profession, and he will prove a real terror."

In baseball, as in other walks of life, just about the same average can be struck. Many mortals are slow to round to the serious side of existence. Poll Perritt is one who retained his boyishness to a late day. He is just beginning to take himself, life and the game seriously. He is possessed of every natural attribute save perhaps the physical stamina to qualify for a place among baseball's "iron men." How far he will go depends entirely on whether or not he has lived down the care-free notions of his former untrammelled existence.

Perritt has it in him to become one of the great pitching figures of the age. To-day he is one of the finest right handed pitchers of the game. In his present form he strikes the close observer as the most dependable pitching choice of the Giants for world's series work. The White Sox are likely to be more flustered by Perritt than by any of McGraw's "Big Three" southpaws.

Games for Gilbert's Nine

Billy Gilbert's St. Agatha baseball team will play morning and afternoon games at the field, Fiftieth Street and Ninth Avenue, Bay Ridge, to-day. In the morning the opposing nine will be the Farmers, of Glendale, L. I., while in the afternoon the visiting aggregation will be the Chathams.

'Poll' Perritt, McGraw's Most Dependable Right-Hander for Big Series

The two pictures above, and the one to the right above, show Perritt in characteristic attitudes on the mound. The first shows him beginning his wind-up, the second as the ball is leaving his hand and the third after his delivery.

Above, at the right, is Perritt's playing face. He is just as serious on the mound as he looks in the picture. He is always out to win.

Below is shown how Perritt holds his fast-breaking ball, which has proved such a puzzler to batsmen.

Perritt isn't in the .300 class when it comes to hitting, but he is a dangerous man in that he often comes across with a wallop in a pinch. The camera man has caught "Poll" just as he faces an opposing pitcher.

"Poll" going away up in the air after a high bounder.

Record of Poll Perritt

Year.	Club.	League.	G.	I.P.	W.	L.	P.C.	S.O.	B.B.	H.	Ave.
1911	Homer (La.),	semi-pro	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1911	Minden (La.),	semi-pro	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
a1912	Vicksb'g, Greenw'd,	Cotton States	41	—	18	18	.500	—	—	—	—
1912	St. Louis,	National League	6	29	1	1	.500	14	10	25	4.73
1913	St. Louis,	National League	36	175	6	14	.300	64	64	205	5.25
1914	St. Louis,	National League	41	286	16	13	.551	115	93	248	2.36
b1915	St. Louis,	National League	35	220	12	18	.400	91	59	226	2.65
1916	New York,	National League	40	251	18	11	.620	115	56	243	2.62

a Sold August 28 to St. Louis. b Sold February 18 to New York.

White Sox Not Afraid Of Portside Twirlers

Record of Chicago Club Shows That Left Handers Have Fared Ill

Nominated for membership in the Ananias Club—the man who started the report that the Chicago White Sox could not hit or win against southpaw pitching, of which they will have plenty to face in the coming world series. The Rowlandites have run up a batting average of .260 against portsiders this season, and have landed twenty-six out of forty-one games in which lefthanders opposed them, a percentage of .650, since one of these games was a tie.

The Chicago Americans have had plenty of work against southpaws this year, fork-handed flingers having been flung against them in sixty-eight games. The Pale Hose have responded by making 169 runs and 347 hits in 1,335 times at bat.

Oscar Felsch leads his team in hitting, with Joe Jackson close behind. Both have been able to bat better than .300 against southhanders, "Hap's" average being .356 and the general's .342. McMullin, Weaver's understudy, is close to the .300 mark, and Eddie Collins 25 points below it.

Weaver has hit .269 against the Sallees, the Schupps and the Bentons of the American League; Gandil, .267; John Collins, .232; Risberg, .221, and Schalk, .184.

The one lefthander the Sox haven't beaten (and won't be able to beat) this season is Eddie Plank. He has a perfect record against him, consisting of one victory. Willie Mitchell, Ernie Koob, Fred Coumbe, George Ruth and Hubert Leonard each took a pair of games from the pace setters, and Herb Pennock, "Slim" Love and Harry Harper each defeated the Chicago nine once. Koob, Harper and Mitchell registered shut-outs against them.

The southpaw who needed help in downing the Pale Hose was Koob. The young no-hit hero, when he beat them the first time, did not travel the full distance, falling by the wayside in the sixth. Sothoron protected his lead. Love and Pennock, in their wins, and Coumbe, in one of his, were added starters. The New York and Cleveland gunners pitched ably as rescuers, but the work of the Bostonian was nothing to brag about.

Leonard and Ruth collaborated in a fifteen-inning tie against the future champions on July 21.

The southhanders whom the Sox beat were Koob and Mogridge, four times; Hamilton, Coumbe and Ruth, three times; Coveleskie and Boehling, twice; Cullop, Leonard, Harper, Love and Mitchell, once. Plank is the lefthander who kept the Sox to the lowest batting average this season, their highest figure being obtained against Weilman.

Southpaws Suffer Against White Sox

Players.	G.	A.B.	B.H.	P.
Felsch	59	149	53	.356
Jackson	62	152	52	.342
Benz	4	3	1	.333
Scott	6	13	4	.308
McMullin	19	42	12	.286
E. Collins	63	149	41	.275
Weaver	51	130	35	.269
Gandil	59	146	39	.267
Lynn	10	15	4	.267
Russell	12	15	4	.267
Leibold	21	52	8	.250
Jenkins	8	8	2	.250
J. Collins	56	155	36	.232
Risberg	57	131	29	.221
Schalk	55	114	21	.184
Danforth	11	17	3	.176
Williams	15	15	1	.067
Cicotte	15	32	2	.063
Murphy	3	1	0	.000
Wolfgang	3	2	0	.000
Jourdan	2	4	0	.000
Faber	11	10	0	.000
Total	68	1,335	347	.260

Gets Fitzsimmons's Gloves

SANDUSKY, Ohio, Sept. 15.—Charles E. Large, of Sandusky, a referee, is the proud owner of the boxing gloves Bob Fitzsimmons wore in his second heavyweight championship contest with James J. Corbett. When Fitzsimmons was here recently Large entertained him and the former champion promised him something that he would appreciate. The gloves were the gift.

Dibble Returns to Trenches

After being wounded for the second time in France, Lieutenant Bob Dibble, sculling champion of America, has returned to the trenches. Word recently reached Dibble's folks in Toronto that he had suffered gunshot wounds in the head and thigh. Last January Dibble was injured in the face by shrapnel.

Lewis Outpoints Gans

Ted (Kid) Lewis, welterweight champion of the world, outpointed Italian Joe Gans in the main bout at the Broadway Sporting Club, of Brooklyn, last night.

Ted had a good lead in all except the third, round, which was even, and in the final session floored his man. Gans, however, made the champion travel at top speed all the way. Lewis weighed 144 and Gans 150½ pounds.

Plank Makes Best Showing of Leaders

Pitcher and club.	Inn.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.ct.
Plank, St. Louis	11⅔	42	2	8	.190
Harper, Washington	17⅓	57	5	11	.193
Boehling, Cleveland	10	36	4	7	.194
Mitchell, Detroit	33	121	12	27	.223
Leonard, Boston	36	131	15	32	.244
Coveleskie, Detroit	12⅔	53	9	13	.245
Ruth, Boston	43	156	19	38	.247
Koob, St. Louis	37⅓	133	20	33	.248
Coumbe, Cleveland	35⅔	124	13	33	.266
Cullop, New York	38⅔	149	13	42	.282
Hamilton, St. Louis	16	59	9	17	.288
Mogridge, New York	36	133	17	40	.301
Anderson, Philadel'ia	14⅔	53	9	16	.302
Love, New York	14⅔	43	7	13	.302
Pennock, Boston	9⅔	40	11	14	.350
Weilman, St. Louis	1	7	4	3	.429

Tales of a Wayside Tee

By GRANTLAND RICE

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In spite of the fact that Jerry Travers is to play Mrs. W. A. Gavin a thirty-six-hole match, divided into two instalments, in order to see just about what a leading masculine entry should give in the way of handicap to one of the leading women players, no general movement is under way to have competitions open to both men and women.

The women are quite content to battle among themselves on the course. And so are the men.

But this match is to carry still further the test inaugurated some years ago by Harold Hilton and Miss Leitch. Hilton was then British champion. Miss Leitch was the woman's champion. Hilton attempted to award her 9 strokes a round—and failed to finish first.

Travers will undertake the same assignment in one of the most interesting matches of the season.

As fine a player as he is, he will have his work cut out for him. Mrs. Gavin can average 180 and 190 yards from the tee—and she can drive straight.

She can play a mashie exceptionally well—and she is as good a putter as one would want to see.

She can play the average hard course around 85 strokes. If she does this Travers will need around 74 to win. And maybe less.

The Golfer's Wife

We were talking a few days ago to the wife of one of the most prominent golfers in the country.

She generally follows her husband around the course with the gallery when he is playing any important matches.

"And it isn't the easiest and most pleasant task in the world," she remarked. "At least, it wasn't at first, but now I am used to it and don't mind."

She was referring to the remarks passed back and forth among the gallery around her, and these are a few she heard with her husband as a central theme, the speakers, of course, being entirely ignorant of her relationship to the party of the first part:

"My, isn't he skinny!"

"Missed that putt? I can do that myself and I heard he was pretty good."

"I don't think so much of his looks, anyway."

"Any one who can play that well must spend all his time playing and pay no attention to his business."

"What makes him frown? He must have a rotten disposition."

If the golfer's wife stays at home she becomes a golf widow. If she follows her husband she must hear a number of remarks that are not all soothing. All in all, it is no part of a soft career.

Golf and Baseball Ages

"Is it as necessary for a golfer to start young as it is for a ball player?" queries a reader.

Almost. Travers was a star at fifteen. So was Chick Evans. Bobby Jones could break 80 at twelve. Ouimet was very good at sixteen. Bob Gardner was a star at seventeen.

Golf stardom also covers more ground. Hans Wagner at forty-three is still around. But Hans is a notable exception. Whereas Vardon is over forty, and so is Braid. Travis is still very good at well over fifty. But Travis became a star though starting after thirty-five. No ball player in the world ever did that—or ever will.

If the test of the artist is in the skill and ease with which he turns out his masterpiece, then Ouimet on his present form is an artist extraordinary. We have never seen a golfer since Harry Vardon's play in this country who secured results with such consummate ease and confidence. The Boston star is not only playing brilliantly, but he is achieving wonderful effects without any work whatsoever, as if the game was the simplest and easiest ever created. Ouimet's rhythm is flawless. From the tee to the cup there isn't a jerk or a quiver in any stroke, but rather a wonderful steadiness and certainty. In his putting he has all the confidence of a star upon the green. There isn't the slightest hesitation on his part, no matter how hard the putt. He makes his decision quickly and then steps up and taps the ball. Ouimet in this respect is a fine example to those who fiddle and fuss around the greens and finally work themselves into a young frenzy before hitting the ball. His philosophy on the putting green is this: "Your first judgment is generally the best. Hit the ball then, and you either hole it or you don't. But why bother either way?"

His distance on the carry from the tee is remarkable, as he gets very little run and yet is up with such long hitters as Guilford, Kirkby and others who get both carry and run on their shots.

Jerry Travers and Mrs. W. A. Gavin in Test Golf Match

By Grantland Rice

No single golfing event of the entire season has attracted more general interest than the contest starting at Englewood this afternoon between Mrs. W. A. Gavin and Jerome D. Travers—a test affair to see just what handicap a fine man golfer can award to a leading woman player.

The complete details are as follows:

The first eighteen holes are to be played Sunday afternoon, starting at 2 o'clock, over the Englewood course. Mr. Travers is to give Mrs. Gavin nine strokes on the eighteen holes, the strokes to fall as arranged on the card.

The second eighteen holes are to be played next Saturday afternoon at Garden City with the same nine-stroke allotment.

Mrs. Gavin thus gets eighteen strokes on the thirty-six holes.

There has been any amount of discussion as to how this match would come out. There are scores of golfers who are confident Travers can win. There are as many oth rs who believe that with a nine-stroke handicap Mrs. Gavin will be almost unbeatable. It is this difference of opinion which has vastly increased interest in the match.

Close Play on Greens

If anywhere near her best game Mrs. Gavin can go around Englewood between 83 and 85. To win, therefore, Travers will be forced to play around 73 or 74. He will have, of course, a big advantage off the tee and on the long game generally. But the metropolitan star will find his opponent a worthy rival with the mashie and around the green. Mrs. Gavin plays a mashie shot exceedingly well and she is always a first class putter. While she will be at a disadvantage in one way on the long holes, it is upon these that she will get the strokes.

The only test match of this sort before was played in England between Harold Hilton and Miss Leitch. The final eighteen holes drew over 12,000 people and Hilton was finally beaten 2—1, although he was not at the top of his game.

It will be interesting in this match to see just how far a man can outdrive a woman on the average and the comparative difference in other shots. There will be no admission, but a collection will be taken for the Red Cross from the gallery.

The Englewood course is now more than ordinarily fast and Mrs. Gavin will be able to reach most of the greens in the regulation one or two shots. As she gets good distance from the tee she will have many opportunities to bring her mashie into play, the most dependable shot she has.

Red Cross officials wish it understood that the public at large is invited.

Travers Captured Match From Kirkby

Jerome D. Travers defeated Oswald Kirkby yesterday in a thirty-six-hole match, played at the Mahopac Golf Club, at Lake Mahopac, by a margin of 2 and 1. Travers had a commanding lead in the morning round, and was no less than 5 up, but Kirkby reduced this to 3 up, when the men went into luncheon.

Kirkby played the best golf in the afternoon and, by scoring a 78, was able to cut the lead down, but it was not enough, however, to stop Travers, who finally won out on the seventeenth green. Here the former open and amateur champion laid his tee shot dead to the pin and sank the putt for a 2, settling the match beyond all dispute.

Winner was Outdriven

Travers was constantly outdriven by his New Jersey rival, but he was able to save himself time after time by a brilliant approach shot to the pin or an exceptionally good putt, which won or halved the hole. Kirkby came on the last nine in 35, and seemed to be settling down to his game as the match drew near to the finish. When Travers sank a good putt for a 3 on the eleventh, Kirkby promptly put down his long putt for a 2. He also got a 4 on the long thirteenth.

MORNING ROUND

Travers, out	4	5	6	5	3	5	5	3	2	—38
Kirkby, out	3	6	6	4	3	5	4	4	4	—43
Travers, in	4	4	4	6	4	4	5	5	5	—41—79
Kirkby, in	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	3	3	—40—83

AFTERNOON ROUND

Travers, out	4	4	6	6	3	7	5	5	3	—42
Kirkby, out	5	6	4	4	4	6	4	3	4	—40
Travers, in	4	5	6	4	5	4	7	2	4	—41—83
Kirkby, in	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	3	4	—39—79

Western Golf Title Won By Jimmy Barnes

Whitemarsh Valley Club Player Finishes Five Strokes Under Par

WESTMORELAND COUNTRY CLUB, EVANSTON, Ill., Sept. 15.—Jim Barnes, from the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club, Western champion in 1915, regained the title to-day at the Westmoreland Country Club, finishing the seventy-two holes with a total of 283, five strokes under the par of the 6,445-yard course. His totals for the four rounds were: 67-71-74-71.

Walter Hagen, of Rochester, N. Y., last year's champion, took second money with 285, Jock Hutchinson, of Glen View, being third with 286.

The afternoon cards were:

Hagen, out	4	5	5	3	4	4	4	3	4	—36
Hutchinson, out	5	5	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	—38
Barnes, out	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	3	4	—36
Par, out	4	5	4	3	4	5	4	3	4	—36
Hagen, in	4	3	5	4	4	4	3	4	5	—36—72
Hutchinson, in	4	4	5	4	3	5	3	5	4	—37—75
Barnes, in	3	4	4	4	3	4	3	5	5	—35—71
Par, in	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	5	—36—72

Emmet French, of York, Penn., one of the leading Eastern players, finished with a brilliant 71 and landed fourth money, with a total of 292. Fred McLeod, of Washington, a former National champion, took last prize, with a total of 294.

Six Prizes Offered

The prizes were $300, $200, $100, $75 and $50, Barnes taking the special prize of $25 for the best round, which was his record-breaking 67 on the opening day.

The victory of Barnes was a brilliant achievement in one of the greatest tournaments in the history of the Western Golf Association. Last year, at Blue Mound, over a shorter and easier course, Hagen won the title with a total of 286, which both Barnes and he bettered here, and Hutchinson tied.

Barnes, Hagen and Hutchinson are rated as three of the greatest tournament players, and were the logical favorites. At the half-way mark they were leading with scores of 138, 141 and 144, respectively, and nothing short of a big reversal of form could have kept one of them from winning.

In the morning it looked as if Barnes would throw away his chances on the putting green, but his gameness in the afternoon won the title.

Hutchinson started the crucial round with a 5, his putt for a par four jumping out of the cup. This mishap was followed by a drive to the rough, and, with things breaking badly, he reached the turn in 38, putting his chance on the ragged edge. He needed something better than normal golf to put himself back in the running, but this was not forthcoming, and the doughty Scotchman had to be satisfied with third place.

Galleries Follow Winner

He was first of the trio to finish, and this left the battle between Hagen and Barnes, both being followed by good-sized galleries. Hagen opened with a par four, but at the second hole his drive just reached a trap on the right. He had to take a goat's chance and reach down for the ball, which went twenty yards up the course, and he finished with a 5. Three putts on the next green were the reverse of encouraging, but he played perfect golf to the turn.

A birdie 3 at the eleventh hole was a ray of sunshine, but he went one over par at the short seventeenth, being short on his approach putt. At the sixteenth, of 350 yards, he drove to the edge of the green and laid his approach dead. On the home green he was 70 feet short on his second and was 10 feet short on his run-up.

Barnes started better than his two predecessors. A fine approach after a sliced drive, at the second hole, gave him a seven-foot putt for a 4, which he made for a birdie. He took three putts at the short fourth, and then hit par to the turn, going out in 36. This left him a margin of 37 to come home in, and he began the last lap with a birdie 3, due to a fine chip shot to three feet from the pin.

Five Holes in Par

Five holes in par all were rivets in helping to fasten down the title, and when he made another fine chip shot and notched a birdie 3 on the sixteenth, nothing but an explosion could upset him. He putted for a 3 on the sixteenth, 425 yards, and took 5. At the home hole, 453 yards, he was home in 2 in easy sailing. His 60-foot approach was six feet from the cup, and he was down in two more.

Although Barnes finished two strokes ahead, the race might have been closer. At the last hole in the morning he pulled his second into thick shrubbery, and played another ball, which went sixteen feet by the pin.

Other scores for the second 36 holes and totals were:

Peter O'Hara, Pittsburgh, 146—296; James Dunladdon, Chicago, 150—298; Gil Nicholls, New York, 148—296; Tom McNamara, New York, 148—297; Frank Adams, Chicago, 152—298; M. J. Brady, Boston, 152—298; W. G. Sherwood, Memphis, 150—299; E. Loeffler, Pittsburgh, 147—300; Leo Diegel, Detroit, 148—302; Alfred Hagenah, Chicago, 152—302; Alec Smith, Wykagyl, 150—304; R. H. Craig, Louisville, 157—305; Otto Hackbarth, Chicago, 154—305; Tom Bond, Fox Hills, N. Y., 153—306; J. J. O'Brien, Beaver Falls, Penn., 158—307; Eddie Loos, Philadelphia, 153—307; Alex Cunningham, Wheeling, 151—307; E. Horton, New York, 149—307; Eddie Towns, Pittsburgh, 312; Peter Walsh, Butler, Penn., 312; Norman Carns, Woodhill, N. J., 313; Dave Livie, Lake Geneva, 313; William Boon, Hastings, 319; Walter Nelson, Indianapolis, 319; S. Robson, Ocean, N. Y., 319; Otis George, Lafayette, Ind., 323.

Golfers in Merry Tilt at Pelham

Almost 200 golfers, the majority of them public links players, teed up at Pelham yesterday in the Red Cross tournament. As each player was allowed to select his own handicap, most of them made it liberal enough to get well inside the limit of 60 and 80 and no less than five tied for the first honors. Four finished even for the second prize and another group of three tied for third place.

Among those tied for third was one of the few women players who took part. She was Mrs. P. W. Arnold. Her score was 112 for the round. She gave herself a handicap of 45, which was only one stroke over the mark that would have put her in first place along with those who will play off for the Murray, Baker and Imbrey cup.

On account of the poor condition of the greens it was impossible to get a low score and the best gross was only 82. Two players shared in this honor. They were Harry Scharff and Joe Share. As a rule the players were well over the hundred mark.

Five players tied for the first prize with 66. They were as follows: M. J. Moore, 105—39—66; J. C. Woodby, 116—50—66; H. C. Curran, 115—49—66; H. J. Gould, 97—31—66; G. Gaylor, 116—50—66.

Coach in Army Camp

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 15.—Wilbur Hutsell, track coach of the Missouri Athletic Association, has resigned to accept an army commission, it was announced today. He will be post director of athletics at Camp Beauregard, La.