

BECKETT IS WINNER

He and Spencer Beat McLeod and Jack Burgess.

THRILLS AT BANNOCKBURN

Fine Putt by Beckett on Twenty-First Green Ends Exciting Pro Golf Match.

A hero in golf may be of any nationality, from the windy hills of Catalonia or the breezy downs of England, but it remained for an American boy, Howard H. Beckett, of the Washington Golf and Country Club, to step into the limelight yesterday afternoon and save his team, consisting of himself, James Spencer of the Washington Suburban Club and Dave Burgess of the Bannockburn Golf Club, over which course the match yesterday was played.

The opposing pair was Fred McLeod of Columbia and Jack Burgess of the Bannockburn. After leading by two holes all the way round, they saw Beckett make the putt on the seventeenth hole to reduce the lead to one hole. Then, up on the eighteenth hole, Beckett sank another long one on the final hole to square the match. Then, up on the nineteenth hole, apparently had been hopelessly beaten won the first of the three stipulated extra holes, halved the second, and Beckett again shone when he sank the winning putt on the twenty-first green.

Burgess and McLeod broke into the lead when the former registered a 4 on the second hole. The trio retaliated when Spencer with a good chip shot dead to the hole won the fifth hole after the third and fourth had been halved. McLeod with a fine iron shot won the sixth and with two superb wooden shots which nearly put him home on the long seventh, won the hole with a 5, just missing a five-footer for a 4. McLeod's pitch on the short eighth hole was but three feet from the pin and winning the hole put his team 3 up. All got off good tee shots to the ninth, but Dave Burgess dropped out when he hooked his second. The other four were on the green, but Spencer with a scintillating run-up shot from the far edge of the green won the hole with a 2, when his ball wavered on the edge of the tin and then dropped, putting his side but two down at the turn.

Tenth Hole Is Halved.

The tenth hole was halved in fours, the eleventh in five, although Spencer sliced his drive to the right and broke his midiron in getting out. Jack Burgess and Beckett both were on the green at the iron shot on the twelfth and halved the hole in three. All obtained fours on the short thirteenth over the ditch, and the fourteenth was halved in five, although Spencer had a chance to win when he lay but four feet from the cup on his third. At this stage it looked impossible to beat McLeod and Burgess, for they were playing with the regularity of machines and alternating with admirable team work. McLeod's iron shot on the fifteenth hole was just fifteen feet short of the pin, and he halved the hole with Beckett and Spencer when the latter pair holed good putts. Dave Burgess broke the ice with a win on the long sixteenth hole, when after McLeod had missed his third shot and Jack had hooked his second to the hillside in a bad lie, Dave played straight down the middle and registering a par five won the hole to put his team only one down and two to play.

The hero chapter came at the seventeenth hole. This is a short mashie shot—about 140 yards—to a green just on the edge of a deep ditch, and in the place the pin was situated yesterday a very difficult spot to play for. All got nicely on the green except Jack Burgess, whose ball hit a rock in the middle of the stream and bounced high to the left. McLeod stepped up to his ball, about twenty feet from the hole, and sank it for a two. The gallery,

MUTT AND JEFF—Oh, Well, Everybody Moves About the First of October.

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always rooting for the apparently better man, waited in silence for the efforts of McLeod's opponents. Spencer putted and missed the hole by a hair. Beckett, after careful studying the line of his putt, hit his ball with firmness and the pill never wavered, dropping into the hole with a satisfying cluck. The outcome of the match depended on this one stroke, and nobly did the man from the club across the river respond to his partner's hopes.

Spencer Shows Grit. Spencer showed his grit when he won the last hole to halve the match. McLeod hooked his tee shot, played his second short and was out of the hole. Dave Burgess did the same. Spencer had a good drive and beautiful second shot to the green, a little beyond the hole. Beckett's fine iron second was high and twenty feet to the right of the hole, while Jack Burgess was in a similar position. Spencer, as he had done on his previous round, sank the long putt although his last effort was only twenty feet. That put it up to Jack Burgess, and although he tried hard, his ball stayed outside, and the match was halved and extra holes necessary. The gallery, which had increased in both size and enthusiasm as the match progressed toward the final hole, broke into prolonged applause when Spencer ran down the putt to win the final hole and halve the match.

On the first extra hole every man got off drives which on points of distance and accuracy would look well against Vardon and Ray. Spencer and Beckett won the hole with threes, Beckett's chip shot being but eighteen inches from the cup, while McLeod missed a ten-footer to halve. The twentieth hole was halved in five. On the twenty-first and final hole Beckett was on the bank to the left, Spencer short and to the right, while Dave Burgess was out of it as a result of a badly hooked tee shot. Both McLeod and Jack Burgess were on the green, the latter thirty feet short, while McLeod was only twenty feet to the right. Beckett, the only one of the trio to have a chance, ran down a fifteen-foot putt for a three amid prolonged applause from the gallery. Where both McLeod and Burgess missed their chances for twos the greatest pro match ever played in this section was over, with the verdict in favor of the men who had struggled against seemingly hopeless odds, Dave Burgess, Spencer and Beckett.

The best ball of the five players as they were matched follows: McLeod and Jack Burgess: Out..... 4 4 3 2 2 2 2 4-23 In..... 4 5 3 4 5 3 2 4-27-70 Spencer, Beckett and Dave Burgess: Out..... 4 5 3 3 4 4 6 3-35 In..... 4 5 3 4 5 3 2 3-34-69

FRENCH TUNNEL NEAR VERDUN IS 45 FEET BENEATH GROUND

Leads to Within 300 Yards of German Trenches and Protects Movement of Troops.

Correspondence of the Associated Press. VERDUN, September 16.—Just west of here, in the forest of Argonne, there is a remarkable military tunnel, forty-five feet underground, running right up to within 300 yards of the German trenches. It is one of the most hard-pressed points around Verdun, but through this tunnel reinforcements move forward without danger, relieving every two hours the men on the firing line. There was a very American atmosphere about this tunnel when the Associated Press correspondent visited it, for the curious fact developed that the two officers in command were American residents, one a stock raiser in Alberta, Canada, and the other an official of the Franco-American Bank at Los Angeles, Cal. Both were born in France and when the war broke out left their American business to come home and fight. And now they are in full charge of this underground highway, leading up to one of the most desperate positions along the front. They are so American that they speak English instead of French, and the commandant's headquarters—a little nest in the clay—has a big picture of Uncle Sam hanging on the wall.

Ambassador's Chef Makes Soup. Creeping through this tunnel toward the front line, the members of the visiting party knocked their steel casques on the roof, and plunged through water ankle deep. Paul Cravath, the New York lawyer, a man of large build, six feet six inches tall, was bent double in the struggle through the tunnel. Along the way they passed an electric plant, throbbing with energy, and pumping the fresh air which keeps the tunnel habitable. Further on, in a large clay hole, a kitchen was in full operation,

and the others to a more secure position. Coming back from the front-line trenches one had a view of the many ceaseless activities in carrying on this great battle. At one point soldiers in shirt sleeves were digging graves in an improvised cemetery along the forest path. The cemetery was very large, and had been given a name—"Maison Forrester," or Forest Home. Every grave had a wooden cross above it, with the name and regiment of the dead soldier. The shells kept whizzing and bursting as the party moved along, and it got to be a pleasant pastime to note the long s-z-z-z as the shells flew overhead. One of them struck a few hundred feet away, throwing up trees, earth and clouds of smoke. To those who wanted souvenirs there were big fragments of shrapnel lying at every turn. It was pleasant at first to pick them up, but after three or four of these heavy chunks of steel were carried half a mile the task was abandoned. Windows of Glass Bottles. The ingenuity of some of the trench quarters along the way is shown in the use of empty glass bottles for windows. One officer pointed with pride to the very artistic effect he had secured with these empty wine bottles. A triple row extended all across the front of his log shack, giving light within and having rather a cathedral window effect without. The bottles are of white glass, used for bottling the white wine of Bordeaux. The headquarters of Gen. Neville, in command of the operations at Verdun, are quite a way outside the city, at a little cross-road hamlet, which cannot be named for military reasons. The general's offices are in the town court-house, a two-story stone structure. It was in this same building that Gen. Petain, who preceded Neville, and Gen. de Castelnau, quickly made the plans on the first crush of the Germans which held them until reinforcements could be brought up. Gen. Neville goes to Verdun and along the trench front frequently. But most of his time is at headquarters, in telegraph and telephone communication with the whole circle of defenses, and in touch, too, with the other army corps and masses of supplies ready to be moved forward to fill any gap the Germans may make. As we were at Gen. Neville's headquarters, a party of German prisoners came by. They marched two and two, their gray uniform and round cap contrasting with the French blue and casque. Already they were being set to work, and instead of a gun, each German carried a spade over his shoulder. At Verdun there is no civilian life

TWO-HUNDRED-MILE TRIP TO VISIT SUNDAY SCHOOL

Baron Sakatani Goes to Bethany Institution in Philadelphia and Touches Liberty Bell.

Special Dispatch to The Star. PHILADELPHIA, October 2.—Baron Yoshio Sakatani, former minister of finance of the Japanese empire, hurried home to Tokio from an important conference of the allies in Paris, made a tour of 200 miles yesterday to visit a Philadelphia Sunday school. He arrived from Washington in the morning, visited Independence Hall, where the baron reverently asked permission to touch his fingers to the Liberty Bell, and concluded the trip by attending Bethany Sunday school. After the service he left to return to Washington. Baron Sakatani interrupted his trip across the American continent to visit Bethany through a desire born several months ago when he heard of this Sunday school, one of the largest in the world, through Baron Shibisawa, his father-in-law. Baron Shibisawa spoke in Bethany about a year ago. Baron Sakatani spoke of the danger in too much materialism and seeking after wealth in the world today. "This terrible war, costing lives and money, is simply due to the fact that modern civilization has drifted toward materialism and forgotten the spiritual side," he said. With Baron Sakatani were Siko Tsurumi and Kikozo Yabe, who also attended the conference in Paris, and Shigetaru Izuu and Ichieto Onishi, the baron's secretaries.

Armed Robbers Loot Cafe. DETROIT, Mich., October 2.—Two men, both armed with two revolvers, entered a cafe in the downtown section at the closing hour last night and, after compelling the proprietor and three employes to hold up their hands, bound them and robbed the cash register of a sum of money which, the police say, amounted to \$1,500. The robbery was not discovered until some time afterward, when a policeman, trying the door, found it unlocked.

German North Sea Captures. BERLIN, October 2, by wireless to Sayville.—The admiralty has made the following announcement: "German sea forces on the night of September 27-28 brought in from the southern part of the North sea the Norwegian steamer Sport Lea, with contraband, and two Dutch tugboats, the Zuider Zee and the Gouw Zee, each with two lighters which apparently were intended for military purposes. All the vessels were bound for England."

SITTING IN ROCKING CHAIRS, THREE WOMEN PASS AWAY

No Evident Cause of Death of Spinster Sisters and Visitor.

LANCASTER, Ohio, October 2.—Neighbors of Agnes and Alice Smetters, maiden sisters, aged forty-eight and fifty years, respectively, seeing no activity about the home of the two women yesterday, entered the house last night and found the two women and Miss Mary Stretton, thirty years, a visitor, sitting erect in rocking chairs and all three dead. There was no sign of violence or poisoning. Examination of the gas pipes revealed no leaks. Medical attention revealed no cause for the deaths. The bodies have been taken charge of by the coroner. He is attempting to solve the mystery. That death had come quietly was evidenced by the fact that one of the sisters had her glasses on and was holding a newspaper. There was no food in the house. Half of an apple. The stomachs of the three women will be sent to Columbus Monday for analysis, to see if any poison is to be found in them.

Sisters Die in Suicide Pact. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., October 2.—Two maiden sisters died together in what the police believe was a suicide pact in a gas-filled bedroom of their home here yesterday. They were Emma and Anna Oran, respectively sixty-five and fifty-nine years old, owners of a dry goods store, which they had conducted for more than forty years. They sent their housekeeper to the seashore for the day. A few hours later neighbors found them dead in each other's arms. They had no relatives. The housekeeper said they had often expressed fear that one of them would die and leave the other alone in the world.

Following an all-night search, the body of John L. Wolf, Jr., seven, was found by his uncle, George McC. Wolf, in the cesspool of the latter's new home, where the boy had been spending the day.

Advertisement for INSTANT POSTUM coffee. The text reads: 'A great many former coffee drinkers now use INSTANT POSTUM because their improved health shows the change has helped them. If you suspect coffee hurts you, try INSTANT POSTUM in its place for ten days! The Test Tells. "There's a Reason"'