GUILFORD AND TOLLEY ELIMINATED FROM NATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT

Sweetser Tops Champion; Knepper Defeats Briton

New York Leads "Siege Gun" 4 and 3, While Princetonian Staves Off Invader's Finish to Win 2 Up—Jones and Evans Other Semi-Finalists.

By KERR N. PETRIE.

COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 7.—Some one broke into the sleeping quarters of the contestants left for the third round of the national amateur golf championship at the country club here last night and fed at least two of the lions wild oats instead of raw meat. As a consequence to-night the good folk of Boston are dumping into the harbor, at the spot where the tea went overboard, a carload of wishbones, horseshoes and four leaved clovers, and Cyril Tolley of England is searching the woods for his teammate, W. B. Torrance.

Anything that Tolley has against Torrance is contained in the statements sent out earlier in the week, containing the information that the Scotsman left the pesky Rudy Knepper of Sioux City live to fight another day after having him 5 down at the end of the morning round. To-day Knepper eliminated Tolley by 2 up, the identical margin by which the Iowan triumphed over Torrance.

The Bostonians are parting with their tokens after saving for weeks against this eventful week. What saddens them is that they haven't a representative left. Francis Ouimet went out yesterday and to-day the pride of Clyde street and the Hub generally was followed by big Jesse Guilford, the Boston siege gun, which spouted fire and flame so ezectuall last year at St. Louis, but which today in the third round was knocked out of commission by New York's own golfing Jesse, to wit, Jesse Sweetser of Siwanoy, holder of the Metropolitan amateur championship. The margin of this match was 4 and 3.

Hub Elimination Completed.

And then as if the defeat of the siege gun Jess were not enough for one day, W. F. McPhail, another son of the Bay State, hailing from Norfolk, Mass., was eliminated by Bobby Jones. Bill's defeat was looked for, however. He has been one of the surprises of the tournament and a fellow with the sticking qualities of ante-bellum mucilage. He was beaten in the long run by Jones, 4 and 3, but he gave Robert an awful chase. Incidentally 4 and 3 was the popular margin, for it was at the fifteenth that Charles Evans, Jr., stamped the passports of Frank Godchaux and left the Southern runner up free to depart for that far away port of New Orleans whenever he feels like it.

For the semi-finals, then, it will be Sweetser against Jones in the upper half and Evans versus Knepper in the lower bracket. In passing it might be remarked that Evans defeated Knepper in the final of last year's Western championship.

But Boston isn't worrying to-night about what happened in the West a year ago. Boston has found plenty to worry about right at home this week. Moreover, Boston has about decided that the "chip is mightier than the putt" and that the conqueror of their own favorite, Guilford, is the best little chipper-in in captivity.

Yesterday against Willie Hunter Sweetser chipped in from bunkers and rough. Again to-day New York Jesse was at it, and as the golden haired young giant from Siwanoy turned his daily trick one could hear a thousand or two of perfectly active Boston hearts flop like a thousand or two of saturated sponges. That happened at the fifth hole in the afternoon and it nailed the tail of the sacred cod to the well known mast beyond any peradventure of doubt.

To grasp the threads of this romance it is necessary to turn first to the morning round during part of which Sweetser patted petulantly with putter—and other clubs, of course—against the palpitating earth. When Sweetser pats petulantly, which is occasionally, things are not going well. And it is betraying no secrets to say that for a spell in this morning round now under review matters for Jess were not bending to his will.

Guilford Is Erratic.

The metropolitan champion might very easily have been several holes ahead at the turn. Instead the match was all square here, and all because Guilford performed some prodigies of recovery after some golf that would have made a nine handicap blush.

At the first Guilford went right under his ball and whiffed it up and out to the race track. He was still short of the green on his third, but he laid the next one dead and somewhat in the way of his opponent, who, although weak himself on his second, nevertheless was a stroke to the good on the third at 5. A half was the best that Sweetser got out of this mess.

He won the next when Guilford used an extra putt, but the third was almost an exact duplicate of the first with another of these half stymies at the end to keep Sweetser from winning the hole. At the fourth Guilford dropped a six foot putt for a 3. Then came some more mangling by the Boston steam roller, a hashing afield and a missed putt.

Playing the last hole on the outward journey after both Bad been short Guilford chipped close enough to get down for one putt. This left it all even again, and when Guilford galloped off with the eleventh and twelfth it looked as if the Bostonian had found his touch and had started out to make mincemeat of this rival, Jess, who dares to leave the final "E" out of his name.

Sweetser Gets a Break.

The break in that round came when at the thirteenth Guilford missed a two foot putt and allowed his opponent to halve. Sweetser was the closer of the two to the hole on the approach, and yet his ball finished off the green. He chipped strong down hill and missed the putt coming back for his 4. Guilford very kindly missed the two foster.

Sweetser had two fine wooden shots down close to the fourteenth green. Guilford sliced his second and lay on the rough at the edge of a bunker. The next incident of note was Sweetser's swinging his chip five feet wide and beyond so that he missed his 4 and allowed Guilford to get a half.

This was where Sweetser once more tapped petulantly. Jess looked so mad about it that one felt glad to think that golfers cannot at their will substitute Queensberry for St. Andrews.

There is no denying that just about here Sweetser was not availing himself of opportunities hurled at him by the frowsy play of a near off day by the national champion. He realized this much, hence the tapping. The trouble about it, too, is that he was allowing Guilford to settle. Already the Bostonian had two holes of a lead.

But a change, and a big one, was on the way. It did not seem possible, but Sweetser actually won three of the last four holes, so that he left off with an advantage of one. On these last four holes—and, in fact, all throughout the day—Sweetser was a very businesslike young man. He strode along between as if the very result depended on the time made from shot to shot. One could almost hear Jess saying: "Jesse," with the final "e," "I'll show you."

At the fifteenth Guilford had an extra putt and Sweetser ean[illegible] foot for a 2 at the sixteenth. The Metropolitan champion won both of these. They halved the seventeenth, then at the last one Sweetser dropped another good putt for a birdie.

Guilford has made a name for himself as a great putter. The name was all he had to work on this time. He missed a putt to give Sweetser a half at the first in the afternoon, and then Sweetser took charge.

Guilford, in addition to putting badly, was a very wild man from the tee. Also he was not always as accurate as he might have been with his irons. They halved the second, but Sweetser outplayed the champion at the third, laying his approach on nicely after the longer drive and running up dead for a 4.

Guilford was caught in the trap short and to the right of the green. His third was just out and his fourth was wide. He picked up.

At the third Sweetser laid his approach within three feet of the cup and sank the putt. Then came the memorable fourth, which left golfing Boston sorrowing.

Guilford with a heave of his shoulders slashed to the right of the course from the fifth tee and, had his second been longer, it would have been in the bunker. However, Guilford didn't feel like taking undue advantages. Chivalrously he flunked his third into a trap.

Sweetser had a fine drive and what had the makings of a grand second. However, the ball came around to the left and dropped into the trap. Guilford on his fourth made a magnificent recovery to within half a dozen feet of the cup. Sweetser on his third fluffed from the sand to the rough. His friends saw a gift hole being thrown away.

Gotham Jess Thrills Gallery.

But never let it be said that Sweetser failed a friend. The chip flew—that is, down went that ball to the bottom of the cup, a shot of sixty or seventy feet. Bostonians stood aghast. New Yorkers roared. And little wonder. They haven't had such a good honest championship opportunity for a roar since Jerome Travers stopped playing checkers with Chick Evans.

Two thousand Boston Adam's apples clicked like so many mousetraps. Four thousand Boston eyeballs rolled in consternation. Fifty-seven New York straw hats closed their season prematurely and to the music of a loud, sardonic and robust guffaw. Sweetser was 4 up on Guilford, the national champion.

From Sweetser they turned upon their own pet. Guilford deserved it. He let them down, threw them in the mud. For the sixth, uphill, Sweetser approached within six feet of the cup and Guilford beat him by the margin of almost four feet. Then the putting. Sweetser missed and, yea, Guilford missed that two footer. The cup must have moved.

In addition to feeding the lions wild oats instead of raw meat some one must have concealed a galvanic battery somewhere about the putter of the champion. He had his Apawamis drive with him, not always, but too often. Also he was spasmodic on the greens.

Sweetser, though, was playing golf and that is how the Siwanoy man came to be 5 up on the mighty Guilford at the turn and 6 up at the eleventh.

Jesse Cups Jess's Ball.

Both had a putt for a 2 and missed it at the seventh. The eighth was halved in 4s in about the same fashion. At the ninth Sweetser laid Guilford a stymie and Jesse in jockeying for an opening knocked Sweetser's ball into the hole. It looked as if at this point Guilford aroused himself from his lethargy sufficiently long to remark, "Dash it."

The tenth was halved and at the eleventh Guilford hammered his second to the brow of the bunker on the hill. Sweetser won with a 5. Guilford took the thirteenth. Sweetser being wide on the green to the right. Also the fourteenth went to Guilford in a fine 4.

It may have been observed that all this time from the twelfth Sweetser was dormie. A half now was all that he required. There was a very sad affair at the fifteenth for here Sweetser again stymied Guilford. Jesse probably would have had a half here but for this.

Stymies were prominent throughout the day. In the afternoon Sweetser laid Guilford bad ones at the ninth and at the fifteenth. Both hurt. At the thirteenth Guilford stymied Sweetser although it is doubtful if the Metropolitan champion would have made his long putt for a half in any event. Then in the morning half stymies kept Sweetser out at the first and third.

About the only thing that can be said is that Guilford was soundly beaten. He did not play nearly as well as he can taking it by and large, but then Sweetser cannot be blamed for hitting and hitting hard while his opponent was groggy. At that it took him quite awhile to find his punch. Of the efficacy of that sock there remains not a shadow of doubt, not in sorrowing Boston.

Knepper vs. Tolley.

Next in importance to the Sweetser-Guilford match, or it may even be transcending it in importance, was the affair of "Roodie" Knepper. The pun is a bad one, but then, Rudy has eradicated the danger spots from overseas, Torrance and Tolley working into the semi-final, much as did Bernard Darwin at Hoylake two years ago when he eliminated first Paul Punter and then, in the last eight, Fred Wright.

Tolley is another who like Guilford had wild oats substituted for his daily meal. Tolley this morning was wilder than a flock of hawks and as high in the air as the champion soarer of the flock. He played the first five holes in two over fives and this was the most he had to live down in the latter stages of the match. The former British champion has a good broad back and a wonderful pair of shoulders, but here was a millstone that tried his strength sorely. He lost four of the first six holes and won but one. At the turn he was 3 down.

Starting the inward journey Tolley won the tenth and then lost the eleventh and twelfth. The twelfth he played badly, but he settled down to show some golf after that. At the thirteenth he chipped in from the rough for a birdie. A good putt for another birdie 4 gave him the fourteenth and he had the fifteenth as well when Knepper, hugging the trees on his drive, hit the foliage on his second and required 3 to reach the green.

Quite a comeback this had been. Tolley was now only 1 down, where he had been 4 to the bad. However, Knepper laid his second to the home green within eight feet of the cup and sank the putt for a winning 3, leaving off 2 up.

Another wild start was made by Tolley in the afternoon, the wildest o fthe tournament so far. His first shot was slicek over the fence to the race track, and his second, a wooden club shot, ricocheted from the fence. On the third, an iron, Tolley got back to the golf links, but he didn't have a chance on the hole. Then he was bunkered at the second, and there he was again 4 down. At the sixth he was 5 down, but he cleared this latter loss away with a brilliant shot at the seventh that almost yielded the first hole in 1 of the tournament. The ball passed the cup and lay only two inches beyond.

No one could have told by Tolley's demeanor that he was hanging on the verge of defeat. All golf matches look alike to this player. He was 4 down with 9 to play, but Knepper had not won yet. Tolley took the tenth, clipping dead from the back of the green, while his opponent, from almost the same spot, ran out of dead and missed his putt.

Tolley was on the 515 yard eleventh with two magnificent swipes and almost scored an eagle 3. Knepper halved with him one under par by poling a twenty foot putt. At the twelfth Tolley was stymied and it seemed all up at the thirteenth, when he sliced his drive to a bunker.

Electing to play toward the green, his recovery hit a rock and bounced out upon the fairway. Not many yards away Kepper sent his second to the green. The Princetonian was wide, however, and required three putts for a 5, whereas Tolley had his iron shot up within five feet of the cup and sank the putt for a 4.

Knepper Forced to Pick Up.

Knepper all day had been keeping wonderful direction. For a change he hooked his drive in the fourteenth down against the wall and under a tree and finally was forced to pick up. Tolley was now only 1 down.

There is no telling what might have happenen at the fifteenth had Knepper's sliced drive been intercepted by the back of a member of the gallery. Certainly the ball would have dropped into heavy rough. Instead, Knepper got a lie just beyond on the side of the driveway. From here he reached the green and proceeded to sink a twenty foot putt for a winning 3. The halving of the sixteenth left Knepper dormie 2, but the latter tossed the seventeenth through a bunkered second.

There was some frantic scampering for points of vantage on the home hole. Both drove magnificently, especially Tolley, who was far ahead of his opponent. However, the Englishman pulled his second to the side of the green, whereas Knepper laid his on, fifteen feet over the cup. Tolley pitched fairly high, a magnificent shot that rolled the ball four feet past the hole. Knepper still was two feet away, but Tolley lost all chance of squaring the match by missing his putt. He picked up.

There was never a moment that saw Evans in danger of defeat in his match with Godchaux. In fact his was the only match that was decided early in the day, for Chick was 2 up at the turn and 4 up at the end of the round At the turn in the afternoon he was 6 up.

But Jones had a fight on his hands against the little known McPhail. Bobby was 1 up at the turn in the morning, and all even at the end of the round. At the sixth they were still all squared.

How Golfers Pair in Brookline Semi-Final

UPPER HALF.

JESS SWEETSER, Siwanoy, vs. BOBBY JONES, Atlanta.

LOWER HALF.

CHICK EVANS, Edgewater, vs. RUDY KNEPPER, Sioux City.

Match Play Summary in Brookline Tourney

JESS SWEETSER, Siwanoy, defeated JESSE GUILFORD, Woodland, 4 and 3.

MORNING ROUND.

SWEETSER—									
Out	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	5—40
In	4	6	4	5	5	4	2	4	3—37—77
GUILFORD—									
Out	5	5	5	5	6	4	4	4	4—40
In	4	5	3	5	5	5	3	4	4—38—78

AFTERNOON ROUND.

SWEETSER—									
Out	5	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	4—35
In	4	5	3	5	5	5			
GUILFORD—									
Out	5	4	5	4	5	4	3	4	5—39
In	4	6	3	4	4	5			

BOBBY JONES, Atlanta, defeated W. M. McPHAIL, Norfolk, Mass., 4 and 3.

MORNING ROUND.

JONES—									
Out	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4—39
In	3	5	3	5	4	5	4	5	4—38—77
McPHAIL—									
Out	5	4	4	4	5	5	3	4	5—39
In	4	4	4	4	5	4	3	5	4—37—76

AFTERNOON ROUND.

JONES—									
Out	5	4	6	4	4	4	3	3	5—38
In	4	3	2	4	3	4			
McPHAIL—									
Out	6	4	5	4	5	3	4	4	4—39
In	4	6	3	7	6	4			

CHICK EVANS, Edgewater, defeated FRANK GODCHAUX, New Orleans, 4 and 3.

MORNING ROUND.

EVANS—									
Out	5	5	4	4	4	4	5	3	4—38
In	4	5	3	5	5	5	2	4	5—38—76
GODCHAUX—									
Out	5	5	5	4	5	3	4	4	5—40
In	5	6	3	5	4	5	3	5	4—40—80

AFTERNOON ROUND.

EVANS—									
Out	5	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	4—36
In	4	5	3	5	5	4			
GODCHAUX—									
Out	5	4	4	5	5	3	4	5	4—39
In	4	5	2	4	4	5			

RUDY KNEPPER, Sioux City, defeated CYRIL J. H. TOLLEY, England, 2 up.

MORNING ROUND.

KNEPPER—									
Out	5	4	6	4	4	4	3	4	5—39
In	5	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	3—36—75
TOLLEY—									
Out	5	6	5	5	6	4	4	4	5—44
In	4	6	5	3	4	4	3	4	4—37—81

AFTERNOON ROUND.

KNEPPER—									
Out	4	4	5	4	5	4	3	4	5—38
In	5	4	3	5	7	3	3	7	4—41—79
TOLLEY—									
Out	6	5	5	4	5	5	2	4	5—41
In	4	4	3	4	5	4	3	5	4—36—77

KNEPPER SALUTED BY BRITISH CRITIC

American's Golf Against Tolley and Torrance Wins Praise of Darwin.

By BERNARD DARWIN.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 7.—Two of the mighty fell at Brookline to-day. Mr. Guilford and Mr. Tolley are gone. Whether for British or American readers, there is but one match to describe, and that is the one in which Mr. Tolley, after being 5 down, with thirteen to play, lost to Mr. Knepper at the last hole. It was a truly wonderful match.

The early holes must be lightly dismissed. Mr. Tolley seemed at first rather jaded and unwell, and played some weak, erratic shots. It was the "heel of Achilles." That wild, crooked driving was his undoing. He took 44 to reach the turn, and with twelve holes played, Mr. Knepper, by keeping reasonably steady, was 4 up. Then came the first thrill.

Tolley Poor at Start.

At the thirteenth Mr. Knepper was on the green in 2. Mr. Tolley played a poor second and was in the rough. He played a beautiful little pitch which broke perfectly on a bank and trickled on and went in. Thus a likely 5 became an actual 3 and a likely 5 down became only 3 down. Moreover, he won the next two holes as well, playing them superbly, and was 1 down with 2 to go.

But Mr. Knepper came at him again, halved the seventeenth and holed a great putt to win the eighteenth in 3, and so went in to lunch 2 up.

At the beginning of the second round Mr. Tolley seemed out of the hunt. He made some very crooked shots and Mr. Knepper was as steady as a rock. The result was that Mr. Knepper was 5 up at the sixth hole. The seventh is a one shot hole of about 190 yards. Mr. Knepper played a beauty to within six yards, but Mr. Tolley went one better and was literally within six inches. Four down.

Two halves followed and at the tenth Mr. Knepper took three putts on green. Three down with eight to go. The eleventh is well over 500 yards long. Mr. Tolley slashed himself right home in two glorious shots. Mr. Knepper was bunkered well short of the green, but got out and holed a ten yard putt for a cruel half in 4. The twelfth was halved.

Thirteen Crucial Hole.

Once again the thirteenth was crucial. Mr. Tolley was badly bunkered off the tee and could only just get out. Mr. Knepper, straight as a line, was home in 2. It seemed that he must be 4 up with 5 to play and the match as good as over. But golf is incalculable. Mr. Tolley played a magnificent third and holed a three yard putt. Mr. Knepper missed his short one and was only 2 up after all.

Just for a moment he seemed shattered and shaken and hooked his tee shot around his neck into a dreadful place and gave up the hole. Now he was only 1 up and was in the gravest jeopardy, but back he came like the lion hearted little golfer that he is and played a fine second out of the rough and holed a six yard putt for 3. Two up and 3 to go.

The sixteenth, an uneventful short hole, was halved in 3, exactly. How, I do not know, for the crowd was enormous and I had raced ahead to the seventeenth. This was the hole that finally brought about Vardon's undoing against Francis Ouimet, and the bunker that destroyed him is still called Vardon's trap. To-day the hole was nearly fatal to America.

Mr. Knepper played almost a very fine second, but not quite. His ball ran past the hole, seemed to hang quivering for an eternity on the edge of a bunker on the green and then fell in amid five thousand groans. Mr. Tolley played a beauty. Mr. Knepper missed two niblick shots, and that was that. America 1 up with 1 to play and a wild stampede toward last hole.

This hole calls for a drive and a high iron shot across a big bunker on to an undulating green. Both drives sped like arrows from the bow. Mr. Knepper played the odd, and no finer, firmer shot was ever played at a crisis. The ball pitched eight yards past the pin and fell like a stone. Mr. Tolley hooked to left of the green, but there was just this, that Mr. Knepper had a slippery down hill putt. Mr. Tolley played the loveliest little pitch to within five feet. Mr. Knepper's putt was well and boldly struck. The ball touched the hole and ran four feet past. Amid a desperate silence Mr. Tolley played his putt. It was in! No! It hit the hole but stayed out. Mr. Knepper won and was promptly swallowed in the cheering crowds, a crowd, I should add, that treated Mr. Tolley with most generous sportsmanship. What a match! There is no more to say about it.

Louisville Results.

FIRST RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse $1,200; six furlongs—Uncle Bert, 106 (A. Wilson), $14, $6.50 and $4.70, won; Royal Dick, 105 (Gray), $7.30 and $5.60, second; Approval, 103 (Mooney), $4.90, third. Time, 1:13 1-5. May Rose, Birdie G., Moon Winks, De Bonero, La Derniere, Trooper, Pabaska, Ed Garrison and Mom also ran.

SECOND RACE—For two-year-olds; fillies and mares; maidens; allowances; purse $1,200; five and a half furlongs: Flowers of Love, 112 (E. Pool), $7.80, $5.50 and $3.80, won; Grass Maid, 112 (Connolly), $30.10 and $16.80, second; Sweet Lady, 112 (Heupel), $3.40, third. Time, 1:06 3-5. White Leather, Marjorot, Heskiluna, Irish Rose, Fernandos, Thelma K., Bedazzle, Romping Mary and Golden Billows also ran.

THIRD RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse $1,200; one mile and three-sixteenths; Raider, 110 (McDermott), $4.80, $3.60 and $2.50, won; Sun God, 105 (W. Pool), $7.20 and $3.50, second; Matinee Idol, 107 (Garner), $2.90, third. Time, 2:00 1-5. La Foudre, Alex, Jr., and Pimlico also ran.

FOURTH RACE—The Jeffersontown Purse; for three-year-olds and upward; allowances; purse $1,000; six furlongs: Pindar Peel, 107 (Garner), $3.70, $2.60 and $2.20, won; Col. Baker, 103 (Smith), $4 and $2.70, second; Barracuda, 100 (Owens), $2.60, third. Time, 1:12. Dorothy Buckner, Belgian Queen and Pegasus also ran.

FIFTH RACE—The Watterson; for three-year-olds and upward; allowances; purse $1,600; one mile: Buster, 98 (McDermott), $2.80, $2.60 and $2.20, won; Lady Champ, 102 (Heupel), $10.20 and $4.60, second; Cherry Tree, 108 (Garner), $3.70, third. Time, 1:37. Rib Grass, Bill and Coo, Marine Corps, Golden Floss and White Star also ran.

SIXTH RACE—The Shawnee Park Purse; for two-year-olds; allowances; purse $1,200; five and a half furlongs: *Miss Cerina, 104 (Scobie), $6.70, $3.80 and $2.60, won; Sympathy, 109 (A. Wilson), $5.10 and $3.80, second; Delusive, 107 (McDermott), $5, third. Time, 1:06 4-5. *Santley, Kindred and Muriel Von Der also ran. *Coupled; Montfort Jones entry.

SEVENTH RACE—For three-year-olds and upward; claiming; purse $1,200; one mile and an eighth: Lady Lillian, 107 (Owens), $4.60, $2.80 and $2.50, won; Diana, 108 (W. Pool), $5.70 and $3.90, second; Travesty, 109 (Connolly), $6.20, third. Time, 1:52 3-5. Biddledee, Cut Up and Duke of Wellington also ran.

Backfield Worries Bezdek in Penn State Practice

STATE COLLEGE, Pa., Sept. 7.—Closing the first week of practice for the Penn State football squad this afternoon, Coach Hugo Bezdek was forced to admit that his big problem, the backfield, was no nearer to solution than it was on the opening day of practice. Penn State lost eight seasoned backs from last year's squad.

Bezdek is looking over every possible candidate for the backfield, including a number of former linemen who have shown enough speed to warrant them a trial behind the line. Harry Wilson, who is the only veteran back to return, will be the big gun of the backfield, while in Mike Palm, substitute half of last year, Bezdek believes that he has a successor for Glenn Killinger. The remaining posts in the backfield are unsettled and probably will be so until after the opening game with St. Bonaventure, September 23.

ROD AND GUN.

NOTICE—Again Thursday at Barnegat 2,686 Porgies & Bass Caught on INDOLENT. Special Trip to Barnegat, leaving Wednesday and Saturday nights at 12:30.

INDOLENT Daily 8 A. M., Wed. and Sat., 12:30.
EVELYN 6 A. M. Sunday.
J. MARTIN'S PIER, Sheepshead Bay. Phone Coney Island 3088.

Miss Browne Coming East to Play Champion

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—Miss Mary K. Browne of Los Angeles, runner up in the national women's tennis championship last year, will depart for the East on Monday to participate in a series of East vs. West matches at Forest Hills, according to an announcement by Dr. Sumner Hardy, president of the California Lawn Tennis Association. Miss Browne, who is to meet Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, national champion, is playing at the top of her form and should make a strong bid for victory over the title holder.

It is understood that Miss Browne is to become a resident of New York, where she expects to go into business.

JOHNSTON DENIES TENNIS RETIREMENT

Californian Has Every Intention of Remaining Active in Game Indefinitely.

By SAMUEL J. BROOKMAN.

Every once in a while the rumor is current that William M. Johnston of California, star of the recent Davis cup challenge round, is about to retire from active competition, or at least to bid farewell to the turf courts of the East. The story went the rounds after the national championship a year ago when Johnston returned to the coast in poor shape physically, and it cropped up again during the matches at Forest Hills a few days ago. "Isn't it a pity," some of the tennis fans were heard to say, "that so sterling a player may not be available for the American Davis Cup team, again?"

Before leaving for Philadelphia yesterday for the national title event Johnston was asked about the truth of the rumor and about his future tennis plans in general, and his answer ought to set all rumors aside for some time to come.

"Of course," replied Bill, "it would be foolish for me to say positively that I shall be here next year to play for the championship, but so far as I can determine my plans for the future, I certainly expect to keep on playing tennis. Something might happen next year, or any year for that matter, to prevent my making the trip, but it is my intention to stay in the game just as long as I can play it. There is no reason why I should stop playing so long as I can do it reasonably well and I look forward to several years more of tennis activity. It is a long way from San Francisco to New York and it may not always be easy to make the trip, but so far as my own intentions are concerned, I like the game and hope to have an active part in it for some time to come."

The discussion brought out the fact that Johnston has been at or near the top in American tennis since 1913, that he won the national championship in 1915 when he was barely twenty years old and again in 1919. In view of the oft repeated belief that tennis "burns out" the men who play it successfully over as long a period as ten years, Johnston was asked how a man of his slight physique could continue to play the game so long and so well.

"I believe the reason is that I try not to overdo it," declared the Californian. He explained that when he returns to the coast after the championship he devotes himself strictly to business and plays only occasionally for exercise and for the fun he gets out of the game. "Why should I want to stop playing tennis? The game has done me tremendous good physically. I am in better health to-day than I have ever been and I attribute my condition largely to the benefits I have received from the sport."

The advance guard of the national tennis aspirants reached Philadelphia yesterday and spent a few hours in practice on the turf courts of the Germantown Cricket Club, where the championship opens at noon to-day. Of the 123 entrants thirty-eight are from the Philadelphia tennis district, thirty-six from New York and environs, twelve from New England, seven from the Pacific coast, seven from foreign lands, seven from the Middle West, five from North New Jersey, eight from Washington and Baltimore and two from Pittsburgh.

Holds Canadian Golf Title.

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 7.—George S. Lyon of the Lambton Golf Club, Toronto, to-day won for the fifth consecutive year the Canadian Seniors Golf Association championship.

ROD AND GUN NEWS

HIGH WATER FOR LOCAL ANGLERS SEPT 8 TO SEPT. 12—STANDARD TIME.

Date.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) A.M.	Sandy Hook (The Horseshoe) P.M.	Princess Bay A.M.	Princess Bay P.M.	Jamaica Bay (Caparsie) A.M.	Jamaica Bay (Caparsie) P.M.	Governors Island A.M.	Governors Island P.M.	Willets Point A.M.	Willets Point P.M.	New Haven A.M.	New Haven P.M.
September 8	8:46	9:03	8:51	9:08	9:31	9:48	9:14	9:23	—	12:10	11:55	—
September 9	9:21	9:38	9:26	9:43	10:06	10:23	9:43	9:51	12:26	12:39	12:11	12:24
September 10	9:55	10:13	10:00	10:18	10:40	10:58	10:11	10:20	1:00	1:14	12:45	12:59
September 11	10:31	10:50	10:36	10:55	11:16	11:35	10:42	10:57	1:36	1:54	1:21	1:38
September 12	11:11	11:34	11:16	11:39	11:56	—	11:22	11:41	2:17	2:35	2:02	2:20

David Martin Banks Yielding Good Catches of Bass.

David Martin of the Giralda has been to the David Martin Banks, which is yielding excellent results. In fact so many seabass, fluke, blackfish, porgies and cels are being caught that some of the anglers throw fish overgoard to feed the sharks. The fish prize went to the shark angler, H. Stumuller. Some of the high hook anglers were J. Weiss, 18; M Goldberg, 10; S. Greenwood, 14; H. Stumuller and C. Lutz, 28; Mr. and Mrs. Heins, 15; Mr. and Mrs. J. Weihs, 19; Mr. and Mrs. H. Herold, 16, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Daniels, 12.

J. SACHS.

Fluke and Seabass at Seabright.

The passengers aboard the America had good catches of seabass and fluke at Seabright on Wednesday. Among ten men 174 flukes and 37 bass were caught, the fluke weighing 3 to 10 pounds each, and the porgies from 1 to 4 pounds each.

The pool was won by L. Warner and F. Breim, whose fish were of even weight. The high hook man was P. Schlemmer—21 fluke 3 bass.

Henry Voltmer, a passenger aboard the America, lost a two piece bamboo pole and a Good Luck reel on Sunday. The fisherman who might have found this pole is requested to return it to Capt. John Michael.

Capt. Fred Plage of the Shamrock says that they are catching plenty of fluke and seabass off Seabright. He said last week the passengers aboard his boat had any quantity of seabass; more than they could carry home. This week, he says, plenty of fluke are being caught at Seabright on the Jersey coast.

Catching Blackfish on the East Grounds.

Capt. George Wilson of Wreck Lead, who is well known as the man who can locate the fish, telephoned THE NEW YORK HERALD yesterday and said they are catching any quantity of blackfish on the East Grounds.

Catching Porgies at the Mussel Beds.

Jens Jensen, who sails his boat, the Ferry Belmont, from Sheepshead Bay, says that they are catching porgies on the Mussel Beds. Large catches of lima are being brought into Sheepshead Bay daily from the lightship.

THE TURF.

"An incomparable Race Course in a Setting as Charmingly Picturesque as it is Captivatingly Beautiful"

BELMONT PARK

"AMERICA'S RACING PARADISE" TODAY'S SPECIAL FEATURES

The Lawrence Steeplechase
Cedarhurst Handicap
Seacliff Purse
The Islip Purse

AND TWO OTHER FINE CONTESTS FIRST RACE AT 2:15 P. M.
SPECIAL RACE TRAINS
Leave Penna. Station, 33d St. and 7th Ave.; also Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, at 12:15, and at intervals to 1:40 P. M.
Special Cars Reserved for Ladies. Course also reached by trolley.
Grand Stand & Paddock, $3.65. Incl. tax.

Kennedy "is Cortland's best"
BROADCAST LAST
A New Fall Oxford
Imported Scotch Grain
$7.95
Heavy Double Soles
Shoes of this quality sold elsewhere for $10.
$8 Golf Shoes Now $5.00

REG HEADS BRITISH IN N. Y. Y. C. REGATTA

Fresh Wind and Rough Sea Favors Visiting Yachts in Latest Test.

By ARTHUR F. ALDRIDGE

There were twenty-five starters in the regatta of the New York Yacht Club yesterday for the autumn cups. They raced over a triangular course on Long Island Sound, starting from a line between Prospect and Motts Point at the entrance to Hempstead Harbor. The British six meter yachts started, and of course all interest centered in this class because the other classes have been racing all the summer. The importance of the six meter class is that the four yachts are here for a series of team races with an American team.

The wind was northeast and fresh. It whipped up quite a sea. Conditions must have pleased the Britishers and reminded them much of their home waters except that the seas were not so short. The committee, H. de B. Parsons, Gherardi Davis and Clinton Mackenzie, handled the races from H. D. Whiton's power yacht Penquin. They selected a course that took the yachts first to the red and black horizontal striped buoy north-northeast of Execution Rock, then to the black and white perpendicular striped spar off Parsonage Point and then to the starting line. The 40, 39 and 30 footers went twice around, or 22¼ miles in all and the smaller classes went once around 11⅛ miles.

The visitors negotiated the seas very easily and stood up well under the fresh wind. The Reg had the weather position at the start, Caryl was to leeward of her, then came Jean, and Coila was to leeward of all. They carried balloon jibs and carried their booms on the port side for a broad reach to the first mark. With the first leg about half sailed Caryl and Reg had a sharp luffing match and Caryl fouled Reg and withdrew. Caryl luffed up into the wind for a few minutes and then went on after the others sailing the course. At the first mark the times taken were: Coila 2:11:20, Jean 2:11:25, Reg 2:12:00, Caryl 2:12:40.

Sheets were trimmed down flat, all on board except the helmsman disappeared below deck and the battle on the wind began. Coila and Jean held the starboard tack heading in towards the shore and Coila and Reg took the port tack off shore out into the Sound. Jean did not show well on this point of sailing. The four yachts drew together as they neared the Parsonage Point mark and Coila had a slight advantage with Reg second and Jean third. It was a broad reach home and on this leg Reg showed well. She steadily overhauled Coila and drawing away won the race by 1 minute and 4 seconds. Coila was second and finished 10 seconds ahead of the Jean. Caryl also finished, and had it not been for the foul she would have made the contest a very close one.

In the Victory class Blue Jacket, Commodore James B. Ford's sloop, was the winner with Donald H. Cowl's N. A. R. second. Walter H. Bowes won the race of the forty footers with Mistral and Rowdy was second. Georgia, without a class competitor, sailed against the best time of the forties and won on corrected time. The race of the thirty footers was won by W. H. Hoffman's Minx. The summaries:

NEW YORK Y. C. 40 FOOTERS—COURSE, 22¼ MILES—START, 1:20.

Yacht and Owner.	Finish. H. M. S.	Elapsed Time. H. M. S.
Mistral, Walter H. Bowes	4 24 52	3 04 52
Rowdy, H. S. Duell	4 28 17	3 08 17
Zilph, James E. Hayes	4 29 44	3 09 44
Monsoon, F. D. M. Strachan	4 33 38	3 13 38
Pampero, C. L. Andrews	4 43 53	3 23 53

EARCHMONT