OUTFIELDER ROBS HIMSELF OF TITLE

Roush Deprives Himself of Two Hits and Batting Championship by Great Catch.

Didja ever hear how a sensational catch by an outfielder robbed that very same outfielder of a major league batting championship?

Well, lend an ear:

The Cincinnati Reds were playing those St. Looie Cards and one of those Cards rapped a looping liner in the vicinity of Eduardo Roush, who was performing outfielding chores for the Reds that day. Eduardo raced in with the speed of the German army in retreat and made a mighty stab for the swiftly descending horsehide. Then he turned a somersault and a few cartwheels for good measure, after which he resumed an erect position—with the ball in his hand.

Did he catch that ball on the fly—or did he trap it?

Eduardo insisted he caught it on the fly; the opposition players insisted to the contrary. Quite a feverish young row resulted. The climax came later when the league ordered that the game should be played over. That meant that all records established had to be expunged. And included in the expunging process were two hits that Eduardo had made.

The unofficial averages for the National for the abbreviated season of 1918 show that Zach Wheat is leading Eduardo for the championship by about one point—a condition which never would have existed if Eduardo hadn't made his great catch, because the two hits which he lost would have given him the lead by a fair margin.

A Left-Handed Compliment.

Among the stories recently revived by baseball yarn spinners is the one that has to do with a time when Hughie Jennings was cracked on the dome with a wild heave during his playing days.

As the ball crashed into the red-thatched top-piece with terrific force, Hughie crumpled to the earth. There he lay—inert. Team mates rushed over and spent many minutes trying to revive him. Finally they succeeded. The players wanted Hughie to quit the game. He insisted upon staying. At last he got to his feet and wobbled along toward first.

As Jennings was reeling to the first bag and rubbing the fearful bump on his head, a bleacherite bellowed with glad acclaim:

"That was putting the wood to it, Hughie, ol' boy!"

The Moral Is——?

John Heydler should be elected to the permanent presidency of the National League. If ever a man richly deserved such elevation, that man is Heydler.

Some persons insist that he lacks aggressiveness—and that the National, when baseball is revived, will need an aggressive leader. But they are wrong. Baseball doesn't need leaders with aggressiveness that takes the form of blustering domination. It needs just the kind of manly aggressiveness that is Heydler's.

When the ball players in the recent world's series got to jawing around with the moguls, Johnson and Herrmann—"The Aggressives"—took it upon themselves to attempt silencing them. They used all of their aggressiveness—and all their oratory—without result. And then Heydler stepped into the ever-widening breach, spoke about ten words—and the "strike" was over. The players yielded to two sentences of Heydler's logic after holding out against columns of aggressive talk by dear old Ban and just as dear, but much older Garry.

The National Needs Heydler.

Heydler stands for everything that is honorable and clean and manly in the world of sport. No man ever met him who did not admire him. To know him intimately is to love him. He commands respect and intense esteem. There is about him a sincerity and an honesty that inspire instant confidence.

No man identified with the game in the past twenty years knows more about it than this same Heydler. He has been a league official for nearly two decades. Once before—after Harry Pulliam's death—he served temporarily as president. For many years he has been the league secretary. He knows every official and every player in the game; he is the best versed man that baseballing America knows. No diamond question ever has arisen that Heydler could not answer—and without recourse to record books.

"Heydler is the power behind the throne—a genius," was what John K. Tener said about him when Tener was the president of the organization. And Tener ought to know.

Heydler lacks absolutely nothing to qualify him for the league presidency. And Heydler will be the selection when the moguls meet in the winter. They've made many blunders in the past, but they cannot make so colossal a blunder now as failure to perpetuate in office the best man on the baseball horizon.

When Roseben Broke Seven-Furlong Mark

Many turf followers will recall with interest that great race when Roseben made a new world's record of 1:22 for seven furlongs twelve years ago. Willie Shaw was astride the gigantic gelding on that memorable occasion. The Big Train carried 126 pounds, and there was only one other starter in the race. Roseben shot away from the post like a cannonball and never faltered a second until the wire was reached. When the timekeeper certified 1:22 as the time for the seven furlongs a wail of woe went up from the bookies. It had been conceeded that the big gelding would win, but a lot of wise ones had induced the bookmakers to put up money against the proposition that Roseben would beat the track record of 1:25 for the Belmont course, seven furlongs, around one turn. While it was a violation of the track rules to bet on time, a large sum had been wagered before the authorities put a stop to it. It was said at the time that the bookies took in about $25,000 at even money, so Rosenben's record-breaking stunt cost them a pretty penny. The best previous record for seven furlongs was 1:23½, hung up by Bella E., carrying 103 pounds, at Monmouth Park, in 1890.

CRACK SWIMMERS ENLIST

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, Oct. 26.—Preston Steiger and George Bond, Olympic club swimmers, and Frank Norris of the Neptune Beach club of Alameda have joined the United States merchant marine and Ralph Cruse of the Stockton Neptune, now in the navy, has gone to a training station at Norfolk, Va. With their departure, it is said, it would be impossible to offer a men's swimming event here as virtually all the former contestants are in the service.

Trumbull Had Right Dope.

Walter Trumbull, one of the many baseball scribes, now at the front, has risen from private to captain in the few months he has been in service. Walt may have had the wrong dope sometimes as a scribe but he certainly had the right dope when he decided that the U. S. League was in for a big year.

Gallatin Squash Leads.

Hub Perdue, famous as the Gallatin Squash, and pitcher for many teams in many leagues, has been accepted for Y. M. C. A. war welfare work and in answer to a request that he be sent to France at once has been informed that he probably will be on his way in a few weeks.

Pope-Sibley's
THE BIG BILLIARD ROOM
Entrance 1418 Third Ave.

THAT GUILTIEST FEELING : : : : : : By BRIGGS

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WHAT'S IN A NAME, ASKS ASAHI MANAGER

Japanese Ball Players Sorrowfully Discover Limitations of Liberty Park.

To America's transplanted, transpacific friends, the Japanese, this English language appears impossible; its mastery quite hopeless!

For if "Liberty Park" means anything to your Nipponese student of that polyglot Latin-French-Greek-Anglo-Saxon-etc. language known as English, it means—or did mean—that here, at Liberty Park (Fourteenth Avenue South and Jefferson Street), one was to enjoy the following: "A state or fact of being a free person; enjoying an exemption from subjection to the will of another claiming ownership of the person, services or property, etc." In a word, "freedom."

Local Laws Intervene.

True, there are certain local laws, of a permanent or transitory character, that long experience has shown were a political precaution quite necessary. These the Japanese knew and recognized. In the recent influenza quarantine, for instance, they recognized such a law.

Which explains the precautions they took to govern themselves by the letter of the health commissioner's order against "public assemblage." Which explains why Harry M. Yamashita, president of the Mikado Club, took two baseball teams, composed of his club members, out to Liberty Park to settle a grudge that has been rankling ever since the baseball season closed. Also, were they obeying the official suggestion to "get out into the fresh air." So keenly alive to the situation was Manager Yamashita that he took only the bare eighteen men inside the inclosure. Then he locked the gate.

No Spectators Present.

There wasn't a spectator, inside or outside the park—that is, not one person present who wasn't a principal. In order to cut down the size of the assemblage to the bone, the manager assumed the role of umpire. Furthermore, he took his position behind the pitcher almost midway between the mound and second base. This left only one possible point where the phrase "assemblage" might be applied; namely, at home plate, where catcher and batter were in close proximity.

The game had gone on to the third inning when an audience appeared at the gate. Furthermore, the audience-of-one demanded entrance. What is more to the point, the audience was admitted; for he wore the blue and nickel of police department authority. Besides he wore a flat can, indicating a rank higher than the ordinary beat-plodder. In a word, he was a sergeant of police—Sergt. Ralph Olmsted.

"Orders to close you up, to stop this contest, to arrest the person responsible for this assemblage in defiance of the health commissioner's order of quarantine," said the police sergeant. Somebody, as events disclosed, had telephoned Mayor Hanson that the quarantine order was being violated by the Japanese ball players.

There wasn't any use of arguing the point. Even though the closest any two men were was several feet—and only two of them at any one time—hadn't he, the sergeant, seen the men running and sliding and stirring up the germ-laden dust!

The baseball impressario (about 50 years old) wouldn't have run from the scene if he could, or, he couldn't if he would; but that didn't go for the two baseball teams. The players sensed almost immediately what was in the air—besides flu germs—and they took the shortest cuts from their respective playing and bench positions to the fences of Liberty Park.

Hot Race to the Fence.

The second baseman and shortstop were undecided for a moment, but they finally followed the lead of the center fielder, his part of the fence being in the opposite direction, and away from, the figure in blue with nickel trimmings.

Manager Yamashita followed his $25 cash bail into police court. He there learned the details of the city case against him. He protested and explained and demanded liberty, justice, etc.

All of which, it appears, he is going to get; for Judge John B. Gordon "continued the case, to be reset"—tantamount to a decision to the effect that the accused was "probably guilty but he is to have another chance." That is, he mustn't translate that word "Liberty" too liberally or too literally.

TENNIS FINDS FAVOR WITH COLLEGES AS MAJOR SPORT

Five hundred colleges and universities were recently asked to consider establishing tennis as a major sport. Officials of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association are much encouraged by the response. They believe tennis has received new strength and encouragement.

The true barometer of progress, the membership list, has held to a normal condition despite the fact that championships, prizes and rankings were abolished last season and revived this year. As Vice President Julian Myrick argues, "If lawn tennis can stem the current of war adversity with such great stars absent from the courts as Lieut. R. Norris Williams II., the former national champion; Lieut. George M. Church, Lieut. Watson M. Washburn, Ensign William M. Johnson and Maurice E. McLoughlin, who are in the navy, and others, how correspondingly great would have been its progress in times of peace."

DOUGHBOY STUNG

NEW YORK, Saturday, Oct. 26.—From France comes a tale of an American soldier who attempted to "put one over" on Georges Carpentier in a friendly (?) bout before a few thousand Allied soldiers, but who came to grief. It seems that, it having been proposed that Carpentier give an exhibition of his skill for the benefit of the Americans, Sergt. William Ray of the A. E. F. volunteered to face the French champion for three rounds. It also seems that it occurred to the American that it would be a great thing if he could land a haymaker on Carpentier's chin during the course of the exhibition. A moment or so after the contest began, Ray swung one from the floor that just grazed Carpentier's mouth. Georges was willing to believe that perhaps this had been accidental, but when, a second or two later, another, more accurately timed, split both his lips, he became aware of Ray's intentions. Before the American realized that Georges had caught on to his little game, the Frenchman feinted him into an opening and crossed a right to his jaw—and the bout was over.

Baseball Itching To Come to Life

NEW YORK, Saturday, Oct. 26.—With peace talk growing stronger as the Kaiser and his six useless sons retreat toward Berlin, there is an occasional whisper from various points of the baseball compass and indications that the pastime is itching to come to life again.

The very latest whisper has to do with the rehabilitation of the grand old game and those who have studied the question are convinced that the work of rebuilding the game should start with the National Commission.

In the words of President Wilson—"Autocracy must go"—the democratic elements in baseball demand that the National "Commish" must either abdicate or be thrown out bodily and a new commission created to govern the game.

George Tebeau, former owner of the Cleveland Club and more lately president of the Kansas City American Association team, himself somewhat of a firebrand in baseball, is one of the men who believe that what baseball needs is more efficient management. In order to obtain such management of the inside affairs of the pastime Tebeau declares there must be a new government.

The ex-Kansas City mogul admits his admiration for Ban Johnson. He also believes that Garry Herrmann and John A. Heydler are highly capable baseball men of unquestioned experience and all that, but he says the National Commission is not the place for any one of the trio.

"If baseball is to be reestablished on a firm basis," chirps Tebeau, "we'd need men like one-time President Taft or Judge K. M. Landis at the head of the commission. With a man of this kind a new commission could be built up, taking, say, two other men who are baseball fans, but who are not directly interested in any one club. Or, one man of the caliber of either Taft or Judge Landis could review a case without prejudice, and baseball could afford to offer sufficient inducements to make it worth his while."

Penn's Sub Coach Gets $1.50 a Year

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, Oct. 26.—Pending the recovery of Head Coach Folwell, who has succumbed to the epidemic of Spanish influenza, Big Bill Hollenbach was selected to direct the practice workouts of the Pennsylvania gridders. Hollenbach played on the same teams with Folwell, succeeding him as captain of the Quaker team.

The selection of Hollenbach as Folwell's understudy reminds D. L. Reeves of The Public Ledger, of a story which now seems particularly apropos. Hollenbach walked into the offices of the Penn Athletic Association one day and encountered Folwell.

"Hell, Bob," cried Bill. "What do you think? I just left League Island, where I saw By Dickson, and I offered him my services as football coach under a government contract."

"What sort of a contract is that?" queried Folwell.

"A millionaire's contract; an agreement to work a year for $1," replied Bill, assuming a Charley Schwab attitude.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Folwell. "I'll raise the government ante by half a dollar!"

"You're on!" snapped Bill. "I'm signed and I'm reporting this afternoon!"

Whereupon the Penn coach handed over the sum of $1.50, which Hollenbach promptly pocketed. Bill assisted in the coaching that afternoon, and when Folwell caught the "flu" was immediately named as his temporary successor.

FORMER PRINCETON STAR DEAD.

EASTON, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 26.—Among the victims of influenza in Easton was Amos Hoagland, 34, son of Dr. L. B. Hoagland of Oxford, N. J. Young Hoagland was a famous football player at Princeton, from which he was graduated in 1907, and was placed on the All-American team that year. In 1911 he went to China as a Y. M. C. A. secretary and recently returned; he was awaiting his passport to go to France on similar duty when stricken.

GOLF CONTINUES TO LEAD IN CHARITIES

Links Game Shows Way to General Sports in Helping Along Red Cross and Others.

By FRANCIS OUIMET.

The game of golf has proven its worth this year over and over again.

In such strenuous times as these, times that demand great activity upon the part of every American, golf has proven that it cannot only retain its place as a health-producer, but it can also give pleasure to thousands of people and much assistance to the charitable causes that are so essential at this time.

It has given more money to the Red Cross and other war funds than any other sport. Practically every week there is some sort of a competition at every golf club throughout the United States that requires each competitor to pay 50 cents or a dollar to enter. Every cent of this money so collected is added to the coffers of the Red Cross and allied charities, thus allowing these most worthy societies to render the most valuable kind of assistance to the wounded soldiers.

Even the great American game of baseball has had to take a back seat to golf. Tennis also has given time and money, but to golf and golfers must go the greatest credit.

The other day I read that the Garden City Golf Club held a Liberty Bond contest on October 12. Instead of giving the customary silver or gold prizes they made each member who entered buy the same number of Liberty Bonds as he was strokes down to the par of the course. Having played Garden City, I am sure they secured a great increase in the sale of bonds from this source.

Two Who Help.

Chick Evans and Bobby Jones have toured the country playing exhibition golf matches. They have not only kept interest in golf at a high ebb, but they have collected unbelievable sums for the various funds. Golfers owe these boys a great vote of thanks. They have made great sacrifices, both financial and physical, for you may know it is not easy or pleasant to jump from place to place as they have, stopping only long enough to play a match and gather in more dollars for the cause.

Golf can never die. Baseball has been called off for the duration of the war, but not so with golf. Golfers have given generously and will continue to give just as generously. Golf is the only sport left to thousands of men. Only the other day I had a talk with a chap who has recently taken to golf. He said he could remember distinctly of Vardon's first visit to America in 1900. He watched him play and his impression at the time was that the game was a game for children only. That was eighteen years ago.

It took eighteen years for this fellow to persuade himself to try to drive a golf ball. Now nothing can stop him. He is found on the links practically all of the time now, and his complaint is: "I wish I had had sense enought to play golf before."

Ambulances.

Last year the Massachusetts Golf Association donated several ambulances to the Red Cross. The money for the purchase of these vehicles was collected from every golf player in the State of Massachusetts. No doubt these machines are running night and day in France, easing the pain of hundreds of our soldiers. Can any other sport boast of the same showing? I think not.

In one of his matches out West Chick Evans told me over $35,000 was collected. Think of it. And while this is the record amount, think of the thousands and thousands of dollars that have been collected from the many Red Cross matches staged throughout the country. Very little is said about the good that golfers are doing, but besides being represented in the service, those members associated with the golfing fraternity at home are also doing their bit as well.

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CAPTAIN'S CUP AWARDED TO WALTER FULTON IN PLAY-OFF

While it was officially down on the schedule as the "Captain's Cup," as a matter of fact it was the Captain's Plate; for, a very beautiful piece of silver, fashioned into a platter, was what Club Captain Charles P. Burnett presented for this year's competition at the Seattle Golf Club. Walter S. Fulton has been awarded the trophy on the strength of his showing in a play-off of a tie with A. Van Vechten.

A large number of entrants competed in the handicap match play against bogey two weeks ago Saturday, and the Fulton and VanVechten cards each showed 6 up on The Colonel. A play-off was ordered and VanVechten's 1 down was superseded by the Fulton 2 up.

The winner observes that he has both won and lost many a piece of silver in his long participation in the game, but this is the first time he ever won a piece of silver plate.

TRAPSHOOTERS HELP RED CROSS.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, Oct. 19.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League has decided to give a half cent on every target thrown this season to the Red Cross. Last year the organization used 172,000 targets in its competitions which last during the winter.

BOLCOM AND TILDEN UP FOR PRESIDENT'S FINAL

It was Marfield Bolcom who proved the last stumbling block in the path of H. A. Fleager, Pacific Northwest, club and city champion, in the final competition of the fiscal season at the Seattle Golf Club. He defeated the champ by 6 and 5 in the semifinal round of the president's cup; and he and George H. Tilden are meeting at thirty-six holes today to determine the uestion as to who gets the fine trophy put up by Club President E. S. McCord.

Incidentally, the Fleager defeat robbed "Dixie" of his opportunity to get another crack at the man who had put him out in the final of the Chapin cup the week before, a put-out that also denied the champion of taking formal and absolute possession of the trophy through the merit of three wins.

The Tilden finalist position came through a defeat of Al Schofield, the persistent, consistent and insistent bidder for club trophies. They ought to award Al a "Sistency" trophy of some kind. He's won it by 10 and 8. But he wasn't delegated in the least bit of a disgraceful manner for the president's cup. He had his opponent 2 and 3 last Sunday morning but lost the next two and only obtained a half at the home hole. He had a twenty-foot putt for a win of the match on this green.

Break Tie in Afternoon.

So they had to go out to break this tie in the afternoon. Al started 2 up, on the holes-up handicapping system in use for this competition, and he had his opponent 4 down at the fourth hole, due to a start of 5, 4, 3, 3. But, then and there, he shot his bolt, while his opponent started on a rampage of par-making holes. In fact, when the match finally ended at the sixteenth, 3 and 2, the Tilden card showed an parity with par from the fourth hole on, with the exception of a 4 at the eleventh hole.

Marfield Bolcom was off to a 6-up start in his match with the club champion and he finished with just that margin, wining the match by 6 and 5. The pair of them were one-over-fours at the thirteenth where the match ended.

SEATTLE ELKS TO PLAY GOLF WITH BROTHERS IN TACOMA

A team of twenty-four men will leave Seattle at an early hour this morning by motor cars so as to be ready to tee off at the Meadow Park links at 10 o'clock. They are the golfing hope and pride of the local lodge of Elks, No. 92. Their opponents are the Tacoma brethren in Elkdom. They are meeting in the second match of the season, the first having been won on Seattle soil by a narrow margin of two points. The visitors are not hopeful.

That which does not help a bit is the rather sharp retort of the captain of the Tacoma team, Sid Anderson, when he wrote the Seattle team captain, Gene Hatton, that the Tacomans expect nothing but an unconditional surrender. As a matter of fact, Seattle will be tickled to death if it isn't any worse than that.

Seattle won the Rhodes Trophy, put up last year, by winning at home, losing at Tacoma and then winning the split match, in which the two teams were split up into sides of ten each, with matches carried on simultaneously at Seattle and at Tacoma. Some weeks ago they met here, and Seattle won by the narrow edge of 19 to 17. They really don't expect to win today. They do have hopes of winning the play-off.

The Teams.

Those who were named to make the trip today are:

Gene Hatton, J. C. Ford, M. Gilliam, Elmer Henderson, Al Schofield, B. Burnside, Harry Griffith, C. J. Stanley, Bob Evans, E. Blair, H. Galbraith, G. Wilcken, Charles Reynolds, John Gray, C. S. Kelleson, Harry Calohan, Steve Dwan, Dr. Weiger, Charles Tyson, J. Hulbert, "Colonel" Vaden, Jack Webber, Claude Harlow, Chet Inglis.

The Tacoma team will consist of: Oppie, Leo Teats, Anderson, Cameron, Culture, Roscoe Teats, North, Dunn, McGraw, White, Jackson, Coleman, Backus, Reynolds, Jones, Perkins, Clarahan, McMullen, Oakley, Wiest, Berkley, Conley, Pringle, Rooney.

"FLU" BAN MAKES ITSELF FELT IN BIG GOLF AFFAIR

The influenza pandemic has made itself felt at the golf links. Not that, in these days, there is any particular danger of any links in the city coming under the title of a "general assemblage"—because there is no such gathering of that numerical strength—but, in order to avoid any appearance of a "party," President E. S. McCord of the Seattle Golf Club last week issued the call for the annual meeting of the Seattle Golf Club held next Saturday, one week later than scheduled by the by-laws. And, it will not be an assembly, either.

The meeting hour is set for 4:30 in the afternoon, at which time the annual reports will be read and an election of officers take place. The annual dinner which has ever been a source of great pleasure to everybody, and which was always good for a coming-together of never less than a hundred members, will not be served next Saturday. The quarantine order is thus observed.

No club competition will be held on the day of the general election, either. There will be many out to play, undoubtedly, but the customary event marking the departure of the old fiscal year and the dawn of the new one will not be held. Later on the Old Guard and the Recruits will meet in their annual team match—winding up with a duck dinner.

FRENCH LIKE SWIMMING.

Swimming is enjoying wide popularity in France. A crowd of three hundred thousand watched contestants in the recent cross-Paris race.

BRUTALITIES OF GOLF

It isn't such an uncommon thing for a son to beat his father at this game of golf. In this pater vs. filius controversy one might mention such winners as Paul Ford, O. W. Potter, Pat Tidmarsh and "Bill" Cooper. Nor has it been an unusual sight to see daughters beating dads, as, for instance, Agnes Ford, Katherine Hurley, Gladys Waterhouse and others. While there is a raft of wives who have beaten husbands on the golf links, this is a touchy point, so no examples will be cited. But for a daughter to beat her mother—both excellent players—ah, something new.

Miss Margaret Doyle won a canary bird and cage at the North Hills, N. Y., club very recently when she turned the best choice score for fifty-four holes. Her mother, who is club champion, was second with low scoring. There were more than two score entered in the event.

Griffith Trophy Has 'Em All Going Now

Nothing put on this year at the municipal links by the Jefferson Park Golf Club has created so much interest as the Captain's Cup competition, judging by the enthusiasm and keen rivalry that marked the first round for the trophy put up by Club Captain Harry E. Griffith. Only one default was recorded, and that was where Bon Stein, held under quarantine at the University Naval Training Station, was unable to meet McCrum.

Almost all the low handicap men are left in the running after the first round, to which two weeks were given, with a nice balance on each side the dividing line of the draw. W. E. Froude, playing at 8, is an exception. He met a hard one in Dr. W. B. Power (18). W. M. Smith and C. H. Inglis had a halved match and played another eighteen, when Smith won. W. H. Galbraith and J. H. Templeton, both eclectic winners this year, hooked up and the former won.

The other activity at the municipal links at present is now drawing to a close. This is the final stage of The Times trophy competition. A. E. Childs defeated E. H. Hamlin at the eighteenth hole and stands ready to meet Dr. D. H. Houston, who defeated W. E. Froude yesterday in playing off a tie by 2 and 1. Houston and Childs meet on an even basis, each handicapped at 14.

First Round Matches.

The result of the first round matches for the Captain's Cup:

W. B. Power beat W. E. Froude; Harry Hjert beat P. A. Barnes, J. Sobey beat C. A. Reynolds; O. J. West beat C. M. Walsh; D. H. Houston beat N. F. Bates; F. A. Frederick beat J. McCabe; C. A. Griswold beat D. S. Shepard; H. E. Griffith beat C. L. Patton; E. H. Hamlin beat F. D. Crook; J. McCrum won from B. E. Stein by default; A. C. Rose beat J. E. Bridgeman; C. A. Mayo beat J. Muir; J. C. Scott beat S. Dwan; H. Calehan beat J. Learned; L. Hewitt beat B. L. Kerns; F. F. Jackson beat J. A. Knaide.

A. R. Tyson beat J. Marotta; A. Disney beat E. C. Metzger; Lee Steil beat G. E. Thompson; W. M. Smith beat C. H. Inglis; J. Chrystal beat C. S. Kellison; Gene Hatton beat F. O. Burkhardt; C. Speirs beat G. M. Johnston; A. Young beat J. L. Rockwell; F. L. Cassidy beat P. A. Rapp; C. F. McKeehan beat G. Abrams; E. L. Crider beat F. C. Ayer; W. G. Galbraith beat J. H. Templeton; A. Spencer beat A. L. Holter; A. J. Schoephoester beat C. H. Ball; John Gray beat J. E. McGowan; M. M. Murphy beat G. N. Porter.

SAFETY-FIRST PLAYERS ARE ANALYZED BY J. HUTCHINSON

The theory that a straight ball down the course is better than a longer ball off the course is all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far, this argument—or the ball—according to Jock Hutchinson, Chicago "pro."

The Hutchinson view is that the man who "babies" his drives merely for the sake of safety will never get up among the championship sixteens, thirty-twos and sixty-fours. For, he argues, that even if the player who tries for distance goes into the rough he has a very, very large percentage of mashies shots, or short iron shots, left to get home, while the safety-first player is left with a full shot for the green.

CALL GOES FORTH TO LOCAL GOLFERS

Seattle Followers of Links Sport Asked to Contribute to Great War Relief Chest.

Just what form it will take nobody at this time knows, but an effort should be made to find out as soon as possible what part local golf is to take in the elaborate campaign of sporting activities which is to be carried out throughout the country during the week of November 11-18, during which time the great drive of the United War Work Campaign is on. It would seem that the captains of the respective golfing organizations of this city should get together and arrange a program.

The Seattle Golf Club, the Earlington Golf and Country Club, the Jefferson Park Golf Club and the West Side Golf Club, along with the Wing Point organization and the Country Club of Bainbridge Island, are all indicated in this call to duty.

Whether this program should provide for a tournament at each links or a combination tournament, in which every golfing organization would be invited to take part at a designated course, is something the club captains should work out at once. There are excellent things to be said for both forms of tournament mentioned.

Probably a city championship, on handicap, would be the most popular. It would certainly create a lively interest—although the official handicappers would have one tough job on their hands. However, a mixture of scratch and handicap golf might serve, with the suggestion of a scratch stroke competition and a handicap stroke affair or a handicap play against bogey.

Its Past Record.

At all events, this stands forth in connection with golf's relation to war charities. No branch of sport in the United States has supported these charities like golf has done in respect to sending in dollars for Red Cross and other units of the great relief movement. There was almost a half-million dollars subscribed through links competitions and exhibitions during 1917. The forecast of what 1918 will bring in shape of contributions to the great war relief chest says something like a million dollars will be the ultimate figure.

In the approaching drive six of the best known charities are to be looked after in one combined effort—Salvation Army, National Catholic War Council, Camp Community Service, American Library Association, Jewish Welfare Board and the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Only the Red Cross is omitted, this to be an individual drive later on.

In a sense, golf's reputation, as the leading contributor to the war charity chest, is at stake in the drive of early next month. Seattle has done splendidly its share in the general movement which has been in progress for upwards of two years, but there is going to be a bit of keen rivalry now between all forms of sport during the week of the U. W. W. campaign.

Golf Must Lead All.

There is a feeling among those who support the game with their play and the charities movements with their dollars that they are not going to let golf be outdone by any other branch of sport in the big test now impending. But they all want to know just how this is to be done. Hence the call for the club captains to get together and formulated some kind of tournament or series of tournaments for the week.

The ordinary entrance fees would not yield such a large amount of money, but these would be supplemented with other contributions, brought out in the competitions and by various forms of auctions, that should make a fund from Seattle golfers that nobody would dare sniff at.

The state of Washington has about $1,700,000 to raise for this combined fund during the week of November 11-18. Seattle's share is 36 per cent of that quota. Seattle golfers' allotment of that 36 per cent is just what they wish to assume; their contribution will be ——?

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