

TIGER GOLFERS WIN TEAM TITLE

By Universal Service.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y., June 28.—Princeton repeated its success of last year by capturing the inter-collegiate team golf championship yesterday at the Sivanou club, having just a dozen strokes to spare from Yale. The respective totals were 1,286 and 1,293. Harvard ended third at 1,315 while Williams came fourth with 1,346. The totals represent 72 holes stroke play. Princeton has won the team title more often than any other institution. On the first 36 holes Harvard stood a stroke less than Princeton, and Yale was third, a stroke more than the Princeton. On the third round, however, Princeton was in the lead and the relative placing of the four leaders remained unchanged by the fourth round. The play of Knepper for Princeton and Cummings of Yale featured. The cards:

Princeton.		
Knepper	75-81-72-78	310
Shannon	79-79-78-83	320
Davis	84-78-87-79	328
Stetson	85-79-81-81	326
Totals	84-78-81-81	1,286
Yale.		
Cummings	76-76-74-74	300
McMahon	79-79-78-83	320
Movell	83-78-82-82	325
Hovell	83-87-86-82	340
Totals	83-87-86-82	1,293

Simultaneously with the last 36 holes of the team match, the qualifying round for the individual championship was run off. Dexter Cummings, Yale, a Chicago resident and brother of Miss Edith Cummings, former western titleholder, won the gold medal with 148, being three strokes better than Rudolph Knepper of Princeton. Knepper holds the Transmississippi title in competition this week at Minneapolis and the Iowa State championship. He has also been Sioux City titlist and reached the semi-finals of the national last fall at Brookline.

St. Paul, Minn., June 28.—Published reports that the Great Northern railroad "probably will come to the rescue financially" of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby were met by a statement from William P. Kieffer, vice president of the railroad, regarding such action "as altogether improbable."

Shelby, Mont., June 28.—Outside of the fact that Tommy Gibbons nearly knocked Tille "Kid" Herman loose from his interim development here in the Dempsey-Gibbons situation, were of comparative unimportance. The challenger scored a near knock-out over Herman during the training session with a right cross to the jaw. Gibbons forebore to follow up on the advance, however. Instead, he clutched at Herman and held him firmly in his arms until the victim's head cleared sufficiently to continue.

It was the first time that Gibbons had hit one of his partners with any degree of enthusiasm since he started training for the championship fight July 4. Herman, however, has been a man of action since joining the camp, often standing toe to toe with the challenger in spite of the disparity in height. The punch today may have its effect on Herman's lack of caution in the future.

The remainder of the session was featureless, the challenger winning eight rounds in all. Bud Gorman, Jimmy Delaney and George Manley being the remaining parties of the second part.

BAN JOHNSON ON HAL CHASE'S TRAIL

By Universal Service.
Washington, June 28.—Hal Chase, for many years a star of the diamond and idol of baseball fans, but now disgraced, will be kicked out of Mexico, where he recently went seeking fortune, if Ban Johnson, president of the American Baseball league, has his way.

Chase was barred by Judge Landis from ever playing professional baseball in the United States. He was charged with throwing games.

Ban Johnson, it is reported, recently learned that Chase had crossed the border to the south with the idea of teaching baseball to the Mexicans. He wrote the Mexican embassy urging Charge D'Affaires Manuel C. Tellez to take immediate steps to prevent the Mexicans from learning the Chase brand of baseball.

Senor Tellez replied to Ban Johnson yesterday, assuring the American league president that he and other officials of the Mexican government could do everything possible to keep all undesirable players out of Mexico, in order that the game might acquire no taint in its infancy there.

WEISMULLER BREAKS OLD RECORD

Chicago, June 28.—Johnny Weismuller, the wonder and holder of numerous tank records, today lowered his own record for 500 yards in a 70-foot tank by covering the distance in 5:29.25, a cut of 31.35 seconds from the old record.

The I. A. C. star swam the distance at the Great Lakes naval training station as part of the program of the outing of the National Association of Winchester clubs.

The old record was made by Weismuller at Honolulu last year where he traveled the distance in 5:57.

EASTERN TENNIS STARS WINNERS

Philadelphia, June 28.—Eastern college racket wielders were the sole survivors of 54 contestants to play this afternoon in the semi-final round of the national intercollegiate championship tournament at the Merion Cricket club. The last of the California players, James Davies of the Stanford and Phil Bettens of the University of California, were eliminated in the fourth round yesterday.

Honey Burch has given up all hopes of returning to baseball, but he has turned the "other side" of the bat, and he decided to remain at Port Worth.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



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Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

SYNOPSIS (Continued From Yesterday.)
Neale Crittenden, 15 years old, is a typical, red-headed American boy living with his parents in a small village near New York City. He has completed the preliminary and has his vacation time arrives and, with his mother and his father, he goes to the home of Anna Eberharty, a French woman who is a French agent for an American business firm. Neale is employed by the Allen as a servant. Marie is deeply interested in the study of French and music.

The first days of liberty were sweet enough, after the strain of examinations. Neale loafed or rode his wheel (he had a new 24-inch frame bicycle now) at random up to Hudson Heights, and beyond on the Palisades. But less than a week of this was enough. He tried to amuse himself with baseball again, but it was not as he remembered it. The three years he had been at Hadley Prep had separated him from his old friends. They were no longer to be found. Some were at work, some had moved away. The boys playing ball seemed absurdly young. The lots themselves were absurdly small and rough. How could he have played there? He gave the thing up and moped.

What was there to do? He got on his wheel again and went out over the Plank Road as far as Passaic, swung left through Montclair, the Oranges, out to Elizabeth and home through Newark. Home was just as full as he had left it. Neale was bored to desperation, and on a chance went into the parlor and opened the book case. He was no great reader, and his own books were a fair collection of Henty, G. Manville Penn and Harry Castellan, but none of these seemed worth re-reading. He didn't suppose these grown-up books would be worth anything, but he took down a volume to see.

It was the marsh country, down by the river, within 30 miles of the sea. My first vivid impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard, and that the dark, flat wilderness beyond the churchyard intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small, bundle of silvers growing afraid of all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up among the graves at the side of the churchyard. "Keep still, you little devil or I'll cut your throat!"

Half an hour later Neale was still standing by the bookcase, the book in his hand, his mouth hanging open shivering in the clammy mist together with Pip and the man with the iron chain. An hour later he had the book under the dinner bell made him reluctantly lay it aside.

What made him hide it? An inevitable sense of moral decency made him hide it. He would have shuddered and covered like a modest girl whose bed-room door is opened inadvertently by a stranger, at the very idea of carrying the book to the table and pouring out to his father what it made him feel. With a shy, virginal delicacy he stood guard, half-frightened, half-enchanted, over the first warm rush from the unexpected well-springs of emotion in his heart. If his father had come into the room, had seen what he was reading and asked him how he liked it, he would have answered briefly, "Oh, all right."

But for the next three days he did nothing but live with Pip, and feel intolerable sympathy, far deeper than anything he had ever felt in his own healthy life, for the convict victim of society. On the afternoon of the third day, his heart pounding hard with hope, he was in the row-boat, in the track of the steamer. The Morris-chair in which he sat, swayed up and down to the ocean rhythm, of the great deeps which bore him along, and dived forward. There was the steamer at last, coming head on. He called to Provis to sit still, "she was nearing us very fast," and then, oh, gosh! on us," and then, oh, gosh! the police-boat, the betrayal, the summons to surrender!

Neale's soul revolved upon itself in a shudder of horrified revolt. He recognized the traitor, a white terror on his face. Grinding his teeth, Neale leaped at his throat. With a roar the water closed over their heads. Neale would never let him go, never, never. Down they went to the depths, to the black depths. Fercely looked in each other's arms. Neale smothered and strangled there... and came up into another world, the world of books.

At the table that night, his father looked at him and asked, "You're not getting a cold, are you, Neale?" "No, I guess not," said Neale, blinking his reddened eyelids, and eating with ravenous appetite his large slice of rare roast beef.

After that, time did not hang heavy on his hands. The days were not long enough. The volume which,

who had played shiny and vacant-looking baseball with him, whom he had never seen but with a dirty shirt and unkempt hair! The elegant youth cried out, "Neale Crittenden! I'll be blessed if it isn't old man Crit! That's luck! Come on and meet my friends and we'll have a set of doubles."

He ushered Neale up to the net where lying a patrolling hand on his friend's shoulder, he presented him. "Ladies, my old friend, Crittenden. We used to be boys together long ago. Neale, the Misses Underhill, Nutley's peerless blonde duet, Polly and Natalie. Now, how about some doubles? Neale can use my old racket."

"But I don't play," said Neale, alarmed at the idea. "No, I honestly don't. I've never had a racket in my hand. I'll watch."

"Oh, judge! That's all right. You'll learn. Nat and Neale, that's your team. Polly, my dear, come over to this court and back up your Uncle Don. No fair banging everything at Polly."

The essential rudiments were explained. Neale gripped the racket and the game began. At first his partner politely kept her own court, but as the completeness of his ineptness became awfully apparent, she began covering more and more territory, running across and snatching the ball from in front of his hesitating racket. In vain, for Don continually placed his return down her undeviated alley. The set was soon over.
5—love.

"Now, Crit," said Don, jumping over the net. "We'll have sex against sex."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

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Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Way Mother Graham Diplomatically Chanced Her Mind.
Perhaps once in 10 years or so my mother-in-law admits that she is in the wrong. Dicky disrespectfully contends that she goes to bed with a nervous collapse upon such an occasion, and that the shock to the members of her family is even more severe. But her usual method of procedure, when she has decided to rejoin the family circle after that of her tantrums, is magnificently to ignore the casus belli which sent her into martyred seclusion.

As I came up the steps of the kitchen porch in answer to her imperatively beckoning hand, I saw that she was following her usual method, with an extra touch of hauteur, prompted, I surmised, by her consciousness of the ridiculously brief interval intervening between her wrath-prompted ultimatum that she meant to remain in her room until she left the house, and this sudden reappearance.

A Majestic Command.
Of course, the news of Mrs. Durkee's danger, which Katherine must have given her, was the reason for the sudden transformation. Mother Graham is genuinely fond of Mrs. Durkee, but outside of that fact, her sterling qualities of soul, tested many times in our life together, always rise to meet an emergency, and I knew that she would let no rancor of her own stand in the way of extending aid to our old neighbor.

That another less lofty motive was behind her sudden change of mind I recognized with a little smile, which I was most careful to hide from her eyes. But I have had so many amusing experiences of her childish curiosity and love of excitement, that I know she never could have endured being shut up in her room while anything so absorbing as little Mrs. Durkee's illness was on hand.

"Come into the library," Her voice and the accompanying gesture with which she swept me with her hand out of the kitchen, was so reminiscent of my childhood's thrilled terror for Alice, that I almost put my hand to my neck to see if it were firmly fastened on. The White Queen's sanginary command appeared the only logical sequence of my majestic mother-in-law's demeanor.

"What is this about Mrs. Durkee?" she demanded sharply, when she had closed the library door behind us, and although I was sure Katherine had told her everything save my summons of Dr. Braithwaite, I dutifully retold the whole story. She listened without comment until the end, then asked the question which I was dreading.

"Who's going to operate?" "Alfred is anxious to have Dr. Braithwaite," I said, hoping that she would believe the idea originated with Alfred, "and at his request, I have just wired Edwin."

"That I had succeeded in astonishing her, I knew by her startled exclamation: "What!"

But when I had repeated my statement, she looked at me steadily with narrowed eyes.

"You don't need to tell me that Alfred Durkee thought of that all by himself. It never would enter his head that any one so famous and important as Edwin possibly could come

clear out here. Only somebody who knew that Edwin purposely now keeps part of his time free could have originated that. If you thought of it, it's mighty queer you couldn't take time to mention it to me, and if it is Mrs. Bickett's idea—I wonder at her."

There was in her voice the latent suspicion with which most mothers-in-law view the business or professional associates of their children's life partners. Nothing is more deadly in its possibilities of injustice, so I hastened to shoulder all the responsibility of sending for Dr. Braithwaite.

"There's no use trying to fool you, is there?" I asked with a forced little laugh. "It's true that I did mention Edwin to Alfred, and he was wiled over the idea in an instant. But I don't see any harm in my doing it. Edwin's about the biggest man in that line there is, and Mrs. Durkee certainly is like one of our family."

"I do not need to be informed concerning my son-in-law's professional reputation," my mother-in-law interrupted icily. "I am perfectly familiar with it; nor do I need to be reminded of my duty to Mrs. Durkee. Of course, Edwin will come to lay."

She stopped short and glanced around with a look only too familiar to me.

"Bless my soul!" she said in an entirely different voice. "That means both he and Harriet will come on here for a visit, and look at this

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