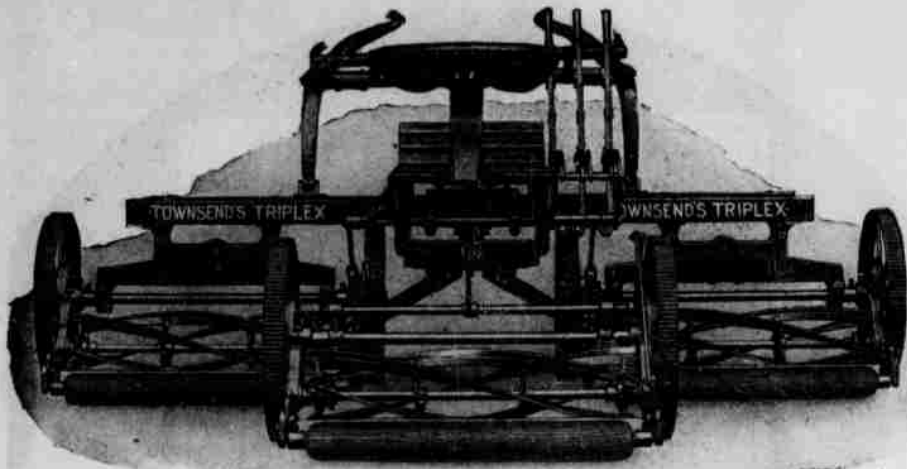


TOWNSEND'S TRIPLEX

(PATENT PENDING)

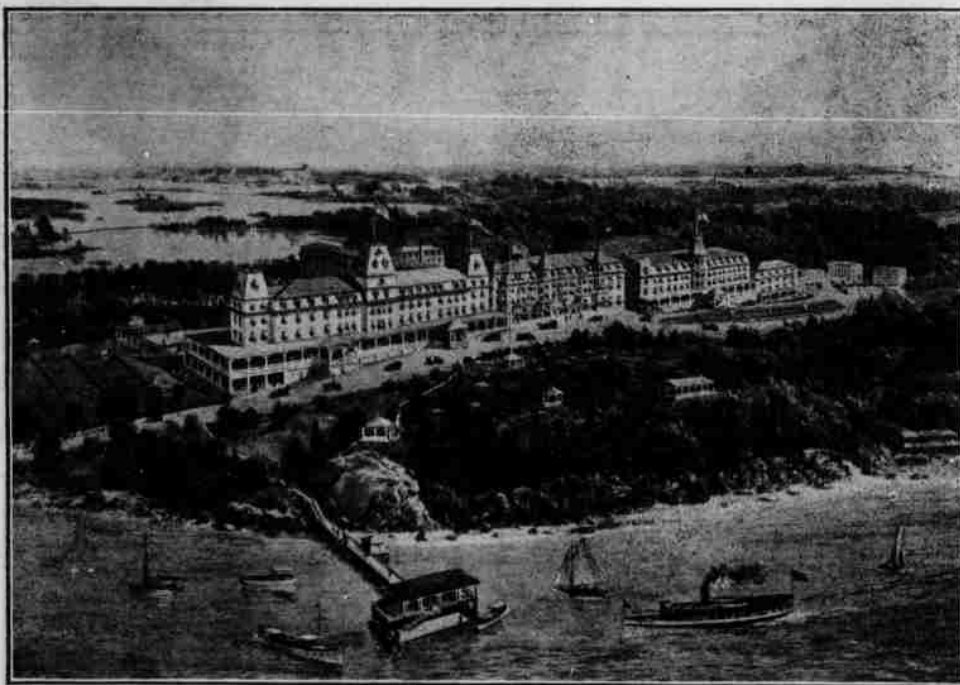


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SOME NOTABLE MATCHES

Details the Week's Play Among the Experts of the President's Division

Just as against all human probability he got out of the hole in the end so contrary to any precedent Carter got into it at the beginning of his match with Skehens. Skehens gave him the second hole, having driven by the left flank across the railroad track into inaccessible country. He practically presented him with the third by landing in a bunker in the fringe of the woods.

CARTER TWO UP

We will credit Nassau with some fancy work on the fourth, where he made the green, 325 yards distant, in two and holed a pretty eight foot putt for a three.

CARTER ONE UP

But on four of the next five holes nobody could recognize the form of the junior metropolitan. He went hunting bunkers as if he had a passion for them. And once in these kindly havens remained, barrowing like a prairie dog. Woods Hole made a straight and beautiful four on the fifth. But he had no need to. Carter proceeded with a woodchuck brand of golf in and out among the canons at his leisure. To be sure, as an augury that there still remained in his locker a shot or two he made a perfect three on the sixth. But on the seventh he hampered away into the rough, from the rough into a pit, and there dug himself in. His drive on the eighth was clean and true, landing in the trap fair and square and staying there until Skehens had rolled within a few feet of the hole. He missed an easy putt for a three to halve the ninth, and came onto the turn two down.

Here the tide of misfortune turned long enough to even up the match. Skehens began winding off into the bushes, wasted a shot recovering from his drive on both the tenth and eleventh, and lost both holes against fours.

EVEN AT THE END OF THE ELEVENTH

A prettier second shot than Skehens' on the twelfth could hardly be imagined. The drive was not very long, and the hole is but little short of 400 yards. Yet this tremendous approach was as accurate and straight as a base line, the ball coming to rest within the magic ten foot circle. A good put landed the hole with a three.

SKEHENS ONE UP

The thirteenth is credited to Carter and stymie, and the fourteenth was halved in four, the result of a most remarkable putt from the edge of the green made by Skehens when all hope seemed gone. Carter had long since stopped any funny business, and was coming home somewhat under par, as steady as a five day clock. But Skehens was not done with his exhibition by any means. He followed this long shot by another almost equally as lengthy on the fifteenth, taking the hole and the lead again with a three.

SKEHENS ONE UP

Phil Carter was now wide awake to impending catastrophe, called on patron saint and put his utmost care into the game and made a perfect par on the

sixteenth. But the stripling from Woods Hole clung to his advantage in spite of a drive to leeward, and halved the honor.

ON THE 17TH TEE, SKEHENS ONE UP

It has been told how Skehens drove the green on this hole, playing a perfect game, and still lost to an impossible two. He had Carter in a close place on the eighteenth also. He lay right beside the cup in three, and a great throng congregated rank upon rank, the infantry and the red cross, the press and the rocking chair brigade, the champions from the arena and the moving picture man to see if Phil Carter would make a seven foot putt and halve the hole and the game. Needless to say he did.

And he won the match on the nineteenth in this wise. He set out for the flag, 430 feet distant, by the railroad route through the bushes. For mortal men this is a dangerous even if picturesque adventure. But not so when fate helps wield the midiron. On the third shot the ball emerged from the wilderness and trotted up on the green as casually as if it had done nothing else all its life. Skehens meanwhile had stormed a trench and had to be content with a four on the same position. There was still a chance. The winning ball lay twelve feet from its haven. Slim chance. They are shaking hands over ancient history almost before the gallery had grasped the fact that it was all over, and the hole and the match Carter's.

Wondering mightily, and expressing the great delight men have in rehearsing an extraordinary event or a skilful contest, the fans following the match rambled back towards the club house, saying they never expected to see the like of that finish again. But this was a day of wonders, the very banner day for those fond of watching the ancient game. For as the rambling host mounted the hill two other balls rolled swiftly and surely upon the two extreme sides of the eighteenth green, and a hush fell over the coucourse. For it was whispered that these were Dyer and Paul, even to an inch, on the green in two apiece, coming home under the strain of a deadlock. So with another thrill the host lined up to see what the end would be.

Paul of Mecklanburg, without a peer in the Carolinas, addressed his ball on the edge of the green nearest the club house, and showed the finished skill of a veteran in a studied and careful shot which missed the hole by an ell, and lingered an inevitable four. Dyer was in bad straights. He lay on the other side of the green, thirty feet away, and was all but stymied. The debate was whether to take council of safety and play a fairly certain two, or put fate to the touch, and risk all in a daring shot for a three. Ned Beall, caddie and right hand man, gave him the putter and the high sign, his keen sporting instinct came to the surface and he let it go, stymie or no stymie, for better or for worse. A finer shot has never been seen under such conditions. Paul joined the amazed applause as the ball dived into the cup, and the A. P. man made for the Western Union on the lope.

GUILFORD VS. DYER

Jesse Guilford, champion of New Hampshire, and at times one of the best