

A TRIUMPH IN VIRGINIA

Nat Hurd's Little Horn, Challenger
on the Pinehurst Track, Comes
Home With Big Money

This is the true story of the conquests of Little Horn. All men familiar with the record of steeple chasers, and all girls whatsoever fortunate enough to have witnessed the performance on the Pinehurst track last winter and the sustained rivalry between Nat Hurd's hurdlers and Rodman Wanamaker's string from the Meadow brook, know the Little Horn. By the end of the year this pride of Hurd's heart had led the whole procession, and held the palm alone.

Seeking greater fields to conquer Nat, like General Grant, advanced on Richmond. Correct report was abroad that the flower and pride of old Virginia, the fast horses of the valley and the champions of the circuit were assembled there at the fair.

Nothing daunted, the king of the Pinehurst track unheralded and unknown took his place at the post of the 2½ mile steeple chase.

Unknown is synonym for unpopular. Too many bookies, jockeys, owners, fans, spectators, and partisans have predicted

And at that, after a hand to hand combat on the track at full tilt with his enraged rivals, the emancipated jockey brought our old favorite in third in this second race. Thus sharing honors with his mount, as did the knights of old.

The Washington Monument

in miniature form, fifty feet high, reproduced in granite, is about to be erected in the public square at Carthage. This event is the result of a nation wide interest in the heroic performance of one of our neighbors, and will be the occasion of the presenting of certain memorials and testimonials from high quarters, including the government of the Republic of France. The bronze tablets at the base will tell the story. One will read.

In Honor of James Rogers McConnell
1887 A. D. 1917

The other bears this legend.

"James Rogers McConnell, a citizen of Carthage, joined the French Army early in 1915 and after two years of distinguished service, fell in heroic battle with German aeroplanes on March 19, 1917. He fought for Humanity, Liberty and Democracy, lighted the way for his countrymen and showed all men how to dare nobly and die gloriously."



A HOT FINISH AT THE JOCKEY CLUB

the course of events for an unknown element to be concerting. Hence it was, perhaps, that Little Horn was left at the post, 150 yards in the rear of the flying squadron. Picture if you can the fury and despair of the major and the gov'nor and the cunnel and the judge when this discarded waif overhauled the thoroughbreds from Warrington and the winners at the Maryland club; when hand over hand, so to speak, he broke the spirit of Louie Love, darling of the jumps, and "Remarkable," carrying the hopes and fortunes of a county on his back, and sprang into the stretch and under the wire less than a cobweb span, or a wink behind first money.

Vive Lil' Horn. Good old Eagle. Up with the colors of the Pinehurst Jockey club. They ain't just such they aint got no style. A good fat purse of Richmond eagles are added to the diadem. Come on, you famous riders. When the Meadowbrook follows, and Maryland yields the palm, even Virginia may lose with good grace. Pandamonism is broke loose. The second race will soon be on. And meantime the odds must change. And ten thousand people must adjust their religion to include a new vision—and a vast commodity of lead must be added to the saddle bar of this meteor apparition, by way of handicap.

Waring Opens a New Plantation.

Impressed by the profits being made in fruit by surrounding planters, Harry G. Waring, Howard Phillips, the Page interests and Emery Smith, master workman, have joined forces and are clearing and building and preparing to plant peaches on 200 acres of land near Pinehurst, adjoining the Dana estate. This enterprise is known as the Pinehurst Fruit Company.

Somebody's Fortune

is going begging. We are notified that a Mr. H. C. Wilson, hailing from somewhere in North Carolina, has died in prosperous circumstances at Tremonton. And that the authorities there can find no evidence giving the names or addresses of his relatives—although he often spoke with great interest of his nephews. The estate is worth while. Won't anyone volunteer as a nephew?

The Sandhills Scored

two hits at the State Fair. Their exhibit of canned goods took second place in the county sweepstakes. Likewise they took first prize for their display of jam. The beauty of which is we still have the goods.



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