

horses was demonstrated on the last round. Equally perfect over the barriers, steady as machinery, they seemed, and doubtless are, perfectly matched for the shorter distance. But on the long course the further element of endurance changed the aspect of the run. Stubbornly, inevitably, the Little Horn took up the pace on the last quarter, and showed a stamina to which the great Nibbs' hurdler could not respond. Turning into the stretch, the picture of Victory, he sailed over his last jump and under the wire, fresh as a daisy, and without a peer on the track.

O YOU MOLLY O

And now came Mrs. P. C. Thomas, and Nat Hurd and G. N. Nibbs, each with the best their vaunted stables could produce, to settle many a vexed question, and to pit their colors in the arena to the tune of two hundred and fifty dollars. Call held the fretful Kinder Lou at the post for Hurd, tipping the scales at 118 pounds. This gave him a ten pound advantage over the redoubtable Molly O, pride of the house of Nibbs, and set him back seven pounds as against Mrs. Thomas' Little Pop, mounted by that darling of the humorists of the paddock, Butter, the Bantam black jockey.

There is no longer any debate. The time was very fast, and the pace terrific. But the debate over. By the time the tearing horses had reached the grandstand the first time around the order of excellence had been established. Molly O led, and she led in a style that gave others no hope. Kinder Lou had discarded the Little Pop—not more than a length or two—but enough in such wise that he began his last run with his eye on the leader, and no signs of fear from behind. And so they finished. This should be added. That undoubtedly Butter had overshot his mark a little, and so to some small degree prejudiced his chances. He was in too big a hurry at the wrong time. He set off to take the lead as if he was going 100 yards, and got it in most spectacular and inspiring manner. But with a waste of steam that told heavily in the last stages of the contest.

HAIL DIXIE

Mindful of days gone by Ed A has been lifting the money and the glory in the trotting arena, Dr. W. H. James made him a little challenge, which was accepted, and brought out his favorite trotter Dixie Aleantara for a match against the Shepard stables. And here again the matter was settled. Dixie went into the circle like the shade of Nancy Hanks and in both heats rolled home under full sail, in perfect form, a substantial winner. The time reveals the reason. The half was covered in 1.07½ without a flicker.

REDFIELD'S RIDE

Riding Hatto, with whom he apparently had a perfect understanding, young Redfield astonished the stable by beating out the formidable Traveller for first place in the dash for the Guests purse. Chapman on Sam made a plucky run for it, but couldn't quite hold the leaders.

The closest race of the day was the 4½ furlong running event. It reminded the old timers of the Harvard-Yale

Track meet in '98. It wasn't by any means over when the horses crossed the line, and the contestants returned to shelter. The question, of who won, still remained. Those who habitually put their money on their sense of humor, and back Butter whatever he rides, were just as certain that McCall's Fort Johnson won, as the rest of the gang were that Thomas' Lucille, ridden in masterly style by 'Lasses, was one whisper ahead. Hardy was unquestionably behind. The conflag in the judges stand settled the matter in favor of Fort Johnson. Let us say that he won by an ell. Nobody still living knows how much that is.

Trying out the trotting horses with a carefully selected field of the leaders quartered here this Winter, J. L. King scored a distinct triumph with his beautiful little Brown mare Mabel Worth. In both heats she went to the fore like a sprinter, starting for home with the very pistol. Her supremacy was only seriously challenged by Crystalite, W. W. Gill's entry, driven by Predmore. Predmore's tactics in both races was the same, and in each case supplied the stand with a thrill, and showed that there was stuff in the trotter. He held back until they turned the stretch, and then turned loose for further orders. In both cases he overhauled the mare at an alarming rate, and just missed his reward by a few feet. Another race between these two should prove interesting.

C. E. Glass' Young Billiken outran Reynolds' Kate for third place with the same regularity.

The afternoon was enlivened as usual by the circus stunts by the guests, in which Miss Sugg of Southern Pines figured chiefly in some fancy balancing work en route to a difficult destination with the inevitable egg. Uncle Joe condescended to revert to his lumbering days and gave a lesson in tree felling that will last the local and lazy Ethiopian amateurs a long time to come. Uncle Joe cuts forest trees as you and I might cut hyacinths for an afternoon tea.

Close the Cones

Mr. and Mrs. Parker W. Whittemore have closed their cottage, the Cones, earlier than usual this year. Whittemore has volunteered in the Ordnance Department, and was called to duty in Boston last week.

At the Dormie Cottage

Sam Tucker returned for a week end visit to his family in the Dormie Cottage last week. He is on duty now in Washington, as an expert in chemistry.

Services in the Catholic Church

Holy week services in the Catholic Church will be held in the Southern Pines Chapel beginning 4.30 P. M. Wednesday afternoon.

On Thursday and Saturday the services will be at 7.30 A. M. and 4 o'clock and 8 o'clock P. M.

On Friday at 7.30, 3 and 8 P. M.
On Sunday at 6 A. M. and 10 A. M.



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