

SMASHES TRACK RECORD.

Continued from page one

top hat. He finished third in a fine burst of speed, and then returned to the stand in regulation form for applause and commendation.

Meantime Porin ran away from the field until he reached the tenth jump. And then, as if he was wound up for just that distance. And then he quit. The Little Horn showed why she is such a formidable rival. She had just begun. She challenged Melos, fought it out to the stretch, and then carried the palm home in a terrific burst.

More than passing attention is due the five and one-half furlong flat. It was a match race, to try out Lambert Splane's new purchase, Lindona. Uncle Sam, owned by Stuart Preston, had shown his heels to everything in the Carolinas, and began to be regarded as invincible. James Tufts has been making his expenses on the winnings of Machese. So they lined these three up, and let them go to it. They got a lightning start and clipped off the distance stride for stride, so that before anyone realized that an event had taken place Lassés had run the dark horse over the line a foot in the lead. The time given out was one minute flat. No amount of protest could change the timer or his time-piece. Whether this extraordinary time is correct or not, anyone could see that it was a furious and remarkable run, and that Splane has found him a travelling bit of horseflesh.

Several new stables have come in since Wednesday last, and the local owners were agog to see how the thoroughbreds from New Orleans would pan out. Arthur Rambo, of Zanesville, entered one of his string in the four and one-half furlong flat for amateur riders, with Thomas up. He was pitted against Nat Hurd on Preston's fast Abden, and Marshall Hall on Nibbs' Dave Campbell. Dave Campbell won in 59 seconds, but it is no bad ugury for the newcomer that fresh from the train he outran the great Abden by half a length.

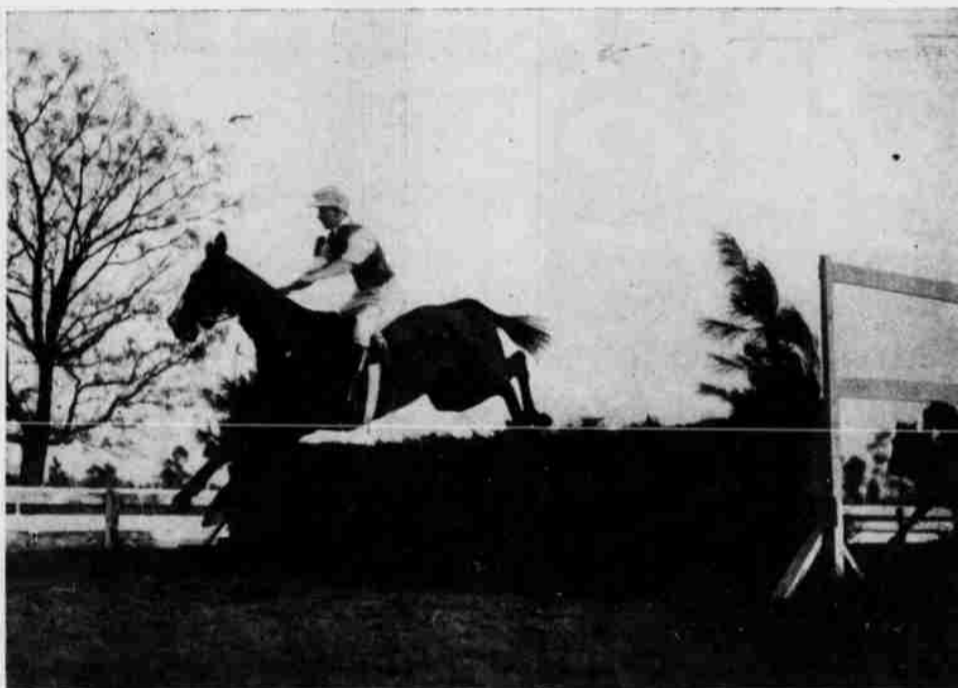
Another owner wintering in the village and just arrived with three running horses appeared in the lists in the mile and one-sixteenth flat. This was Charles Chosewood from Atlanta. His bet was on a good looking young chestnut gelding called Amazement, carrying 122 pounds in the shape of Hulcoat the trainer. There were five in the run, which developed not only into a furious race but a pitched battle as well. Streaking out into a tandem, head to heel all the way down the line, the bunch sailed by the stand for the first time with George Roach in the lead, with Diamond up. At that point Ray-O-Light, Hall's horse, ridden by Wells, swelled up even. And with spontaneous delight the two jockeys went to it, hammering each other in best jousting style. It didn't affect the race, which Ray-O-Light finally won in 1.55 by a tongue more or less, but it let the boys in for some rough talk by Fred Shreve, the starter, who suspended them from the track and issued a mandamus on the spot for them

to show cause the following morning before the stewards.

Burns rode Nat Hurd's Cliff Field for a place, edging out Amazement and Drawn, Tuft's hope, on the last few paces.

A spurt for guests was worked into days running between bets in the trotting races. John Bachellor of Raleigh, Count Otto Salm of New York, and Lieutenant Corwin of East Orange took the places in order on Kid Nelson, Lucella, and Last Row. It was a three-eighth mile sprint and took thirty-five and four-fifths seconds.

J. C. Thomas has been prophesying consistently for some time. His forecasts have dealt with the forthcoming victories to be credited to one travelling black of his, entitled King Charlie. We have been invited to just watch him run, and then make a fortune. We didn't make the fortune, but we sure saw the going. He took the first heat in the Class A trotting event from Saretta May, Bryant's best bet, held second in the next round, with Smith's Fond Memory in the van, and then vindicated all prognostications in the final trip by



leading the whole bunch home for first money by a length of clear water. Fond Memory took second money and Saretta May third.

It was Thomas' day in the trotting business. His Gentry Dictator made a clean sweep of both courses in the Class B pace, Lucella, Edan's youngster carried off the second purse from Maud Tero, late Queen of the Track. The last heat was as spirited an affair as we have seen here. So much so that the stand was inclined to dispute the judges' decision as to who won. That Gentry Dictator was passing into the van was patent to all. But whether exactly at or before or after the wire, was much disputed. The judges, needless to remark, were right.

Following the races Mrs. Tufts entertained the members of the Jockey Club and their guests in the club room, serving coffee and sandwiches, cakes and ale to a large company, including Miss Elizabeth Chapin of New York, Miss Carolyn Bogart of Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McGraw and Mr. and Mrs. L. D.

Pierce of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Hurd, Col. R. E. Swigert, Mrs. Frank Butler, Lieut. and Mrs. A. H. Corwin, Frank Kernan, Mrs. E. P. Spencer, J. Bryan Alley, and Mrs. William V. Hurd.

Summary:

Class A—Trot.

	HORSE	OWNER	RIDER
1 2 1	King Charlie	Thomas	Thomas
3 2 1	Fond Memory	Smith	Bryant
2 3 3	Saretta May	Bryant	Rogers

Time: 1:20, 1:16½, 1:15.

Match Race—5½ Furlongs.

1	Lindona	Splane	Lassés
2	Uncle Sam	Preston	Burns
3	Machese	J. Tufts	Burns

Time: 1 Minute.

Class B—Pace

1 1	Gentry Dictator	Thomas	Edan
2 2	Lucella	Edan	Thomas
3 3	Maud Tero	Bryant	Rogers

Time: 1:07¼, 1:08.

Amateur Flat—4½ Furlongs

1	Dave Campbell	Nibbs	Hall
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2	Sir Haste	Rambo	J.C. Thomas
3	Abden	Preston	Hurd

Time: 59.

1 1-16 Flat.

1	Ray-O-Light (116)	Hall	Wells
2	George Roach (112)	Tufts	Diamond
3	Cliff Field (122)	Hurd	Burns
4	Amazement (122)	Chosewood	Hulcoat
5	Drawn (122)	Tufts	Yates

Guests' Heat

1	Kid Nelson	Bachellor
2	Lucella	Otto Salm
3	Last Row	Lieut. Corwin

Steeple Chase

1	Little Horn (138)	Hurd	Burns
2	Melos (140)	Nibbs	Wells
3	Porin (134)	Hurd	Diamond
4	McAdams (130)	Houston	Houston

Mrs. Blinks—"Henry, were you ever disappointed in love?"

Mr. Blinks—"Never but once, my dear. I was never in love but once."

ASSEMBLING SHOOTERS

(Continued from page two)

J. C. Kennedy, Chambersburg	79	20	99
John Ebberts, Buffalo	88	10	98
A. H. Aber, Dravosburg	94	4	98
Frank Wright, Buffalo	95	3	98
Joe Jennings, Todmorton	92	5	97
B. V. Covert, Lockport	91	6	97
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg	90	5	95
F. A. Seibert, New York	85	10	95

TREES

We are printing this issue a suggestion that throughout the country, and specifically in his neighborhood, trees be planted as a memorial to all our soldiers that have fallen in the war, as the most perfect and fitting possible tribute and monument that could be made for them.

A movement of equal importance to the National spirit has been inaugurated by the New York Bird and Tree Club. Everyone knows that in large sections of France the Huns have razed not only the immemorial forests, but hacked down every shade tree, and every fruit tree. The commercial loss to the Frenchman, great as it is, is not equal to the anguish of soul with which he views the total mutilation of his ancestral landscape.

It is suggested that as simple and as welcome a tribute as any American could pay to France would be to replace a tree in this blasted battle ground. So this society has printed a beautiful and appropriate mailing card, inscribed with Joyce Kilmer's now classic poem, with the further inscription:

"I am planting a Fruit Tree in Devastated France in Memory of our Heroes who gave their Lives that the World might be Free."

These cards sell for 25 cents. And for every card sold the society pledges itself to plant a fruit tree in France. Consequently, to get down to cases, if you have any desire to plant a fruit tree in France, send to Mrs. Robert A. Miller, President, 17 West 45th street, an dby as many of these artistic little cards as you wish to plant trees. Perhaps your friends would like to have the poem and the picture, and perhaps be equally glad to know of the opportunity. The poem, now known all over the world, reads:

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.
Joyce Kilmer, July 31, 1918