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49-BRETTON WOODS SADDLE HORSES AT ORMOND THIS WINTER

special tribute to Clyde Davis, master of Fairs and secretary of the Sandhill Board, in that there was action every minute. To even recite the events taking place those two days would tax the available space in this invaluable periodical.

**CAPITAL CITY.**

Here comes the Capital City band playing Dixie, drawn by the four-in-hand Tally-ho. Look out. The show is about to begin.

And while the proletariat marvelled at the exhibits—took in the wilderness of jellies and preserves laid up by a provident neighborhood and assembled by Miss Grace Bradford—the displays of corn and tobacco and peaches and turnips and all and sundry the wonderful array that springs invariably into view at the County Fair—the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. tents, the Health bulletins, and the mammoth hogs and Miss Elise Phillips' prize winning Leghorns, the action began.

**BODO THE BORED.**

Two teams have raced into the arena, eager for battle. The game is basket ball, and the Jonesboro boys are about to put it over the sturdy line up from the Farm Life School, twenty-one to nineteen. No sooner has the cheering died away than enters Bodo, king of police dogs, rivalling his master, or any man in intelligence. Bored is Bodo, and casual. But efficient. Woe to the cullud brother he is sent to track. Darktown revised its code the following evening after seeing the performance. A fence is no barrier for Bodo. And he would as soon bring his quarry home as watch it for ten hours. Just as you choose. It is no use to hide that chicken from Bodo. He will find it, though it be eaten.

**THE PRIDE OF VIRGINIA.**

Meanwhile the trotting horses are out and spinning around the track. Here were the fleetest entries to be found in the South—the winners of the circuit, the famous stables of the State, the Pride of Virginia, and the hope of Kentucky. Between heats the local champions showed their skill and their pastimes. Here were old time artizans from the country engaged in making chairs. Right in front of you. And good ones too. And in about twenty minutes Here were the veterans fresh from the devastation of the great long leaf forest (bad cess

to them) in mighty contest in the felling of pines. Four minutes sufficeth for the tawney and hurculean winner to rend that which would take you or me a fort night.

**MISS ESTHER'S RIDE.**

Then, as in the Colorado arena of old, out flash the girls horse back, the pony express. Rivals for years on the track, Miss Esther Tufts and Miss Mabel Bliss are to thrill the multitude in fast relay race. Like Cossacks before the wind they spin over the first round, fling themselves from one pony to another and continue the wild chase. In this hiatus Miss Mabel took a cropper, and lost her chance, which she could not quite retrieve in the next round.

**THE OLD HUNTER'S ASTONISHMENT.**

The old turkey hunters and masters of the shot gun from the pineybottoms took the keenest interest in the performance of Annie Oakley working her three shot guns to the devastation of innumerable flying objects. We heard one old veteran of the long timber say to her

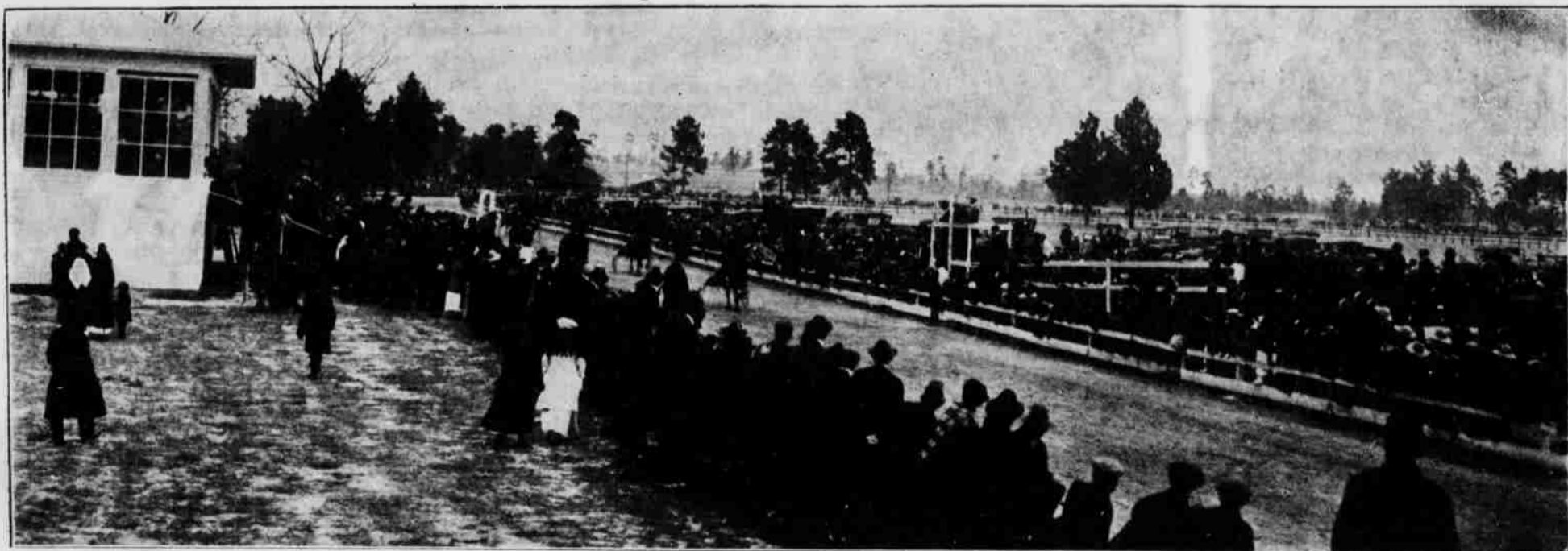
"What would you do to a covey of birds? I reckon you would feel bad if you got less'n six on the rise?"

**THE FOLK DANCES OF CAROLINA.**

Action. That was the keynote of the program. Off with the famous shot, and on with the girls from the plantations about Carthage. It is time to dance. If folks dancing made a folk dance, then are we in Moore County as blessed an any fabulous place in Moscovy. For we had an Indian war dance, in most spectacular and realistic style. We had the famous Flora McDonald sextette doing the highland fling—in manner so charming and in appearance so fetching that the New York Times must need run it in their pictorial weekly. And out of the Drowning Creek district came a band of laughing children doing the familiar steps of the Virginia reel to the glory of the Derby School.

**THE NEXT LINE OF DEFENCE.**

There is no use in talking. The only purpose and value in a fair is in the frolic—is in the dressing and parading and dancing and singing and hurrah of the countryside and all creation. The multitude is thrilled to see Major Plain recently of the front line of trenches in Flanders, and a veteran of the greatest



HIGH TIDE AT THE FAIR.