ELEPHANT RACES OVER EAST SIDE; HIDES IN A YARD

Nellie, Scared by Educated Pig, Runs Away From the Hippodrome Stage.

10,000 JOIN IN CHASE.

Animal Dashes Through Tenement Taking Hallway With Her.

Nellie, a big performing elephant, one of the troupe of four that was landed from the Georgic, the liner that sank the Finance Thanksgiving Day, became panic-stricken on the stage of the Hippodrome this morning, bolted out of the stage entrance and started on the most exciting career ever pursued by any four-footed creature in this city.

Rossi, the Milanese trainer, had taken Nellie and her three team-mates out on the stage at 6 o'clock in the morning to rehearse them. They are musical elephants, but the squeal of an educated pig grated on her delicate sense, and she passed out of the Hippodrome, taking four doors on the Forty-third street side with her.

Arthur Muller, a timekeeper, got in the way and was lucky to escape with a broken wrist and serious bruises.

With uplifted trunk, from which there issued a continuous thunder and shriek of fear and rage, Nellie raced eastward on Forty-third street, swung around the corner of Fifth avenue, lumbered down the avenue to Forty-second street.

Without a halt Nellie pounded through the traffic of Forty-second street all the way to First avenue, every foot of the way accompanied by demonstrations of panic on the part of pedestrians and the drivers of ve...ies.

An Army of Hunters.

Mounted Policemen, taxicabs, big touring cars, milk wagons, ice wagons and brewery wagons formed a monstrous procession of pursuit as the great pachyderm wallowed through the thick traffic on the thoroughfare.

All this added to the panic of poor Nellie, and as she swung southward into First avenue she uttered squeals as shrill as the sirens of the fire engines, hung her head and ploughed along blindly. Every half block a vehicle of some sort got in the way of the stampeded elephant and was brushed aside like a cardboard box, spilling their drivers and leaving their horses sitting back on their haunches in petrified astonishment.

An Audience of 10,000.

By that time there must have been ten thousand persons in the clamorous wake of Nellie, but nobody in front who could jump or skip or hop out of the way. Roofs of tenements began to sprout black clouds of yelling, eager people. The animal was forty shows and five circuses in herself and seemed to know it.

Down First avenue she lumbered for half a mile, and would never have stopped had not a crashing mass of fire apparatus turned the corner of Thirty-third street and headed toward her, the firemen standing up, waving their arms, whanging their gongs and shrieking their whistles like a lot of maniacs.

This approach gave Nellie pause for a moment. Then she yawed sharply round the corner of Thirty-fourth street and proceeded westward along that lane of traffic.

Midway in the block a team attached to a milk wagon saw Nellie coming and heard the awesome music of her trumpet, whereupon they proceeded to wind themselves around a lamp-post, neighing in terror. The attitude of these horses made the scared animal pause again, so she turned and dashed headforemost into the nearest house.

This happened to be the double tenement, Nos. 336-338 East Thirty-fourth street. There is a comparatively narrow hallway between these numbers, one side of which is occupied by the saloon of T. J. Dowling, the other by the barber shop of Henry Grunner.

No one who looked on imagined for a moment that the elephant would negotiate that hallway, but then they didn't know what several tons of elephant can do with a good start. One butt of Nellie's head and the door fell with a crash.

Elephant at Their Window.

Henry Grunner, the barber, his wife and daughter were seated at breakfast in a room looking out on the backyards and just abaft of the barber shop. They did not know what was going through the house and sat transfixed with terror. Then, as their blanched faces were turned toward the yard, they saw a huge elephant's head at the window, and they listened for a fraction of a second to a bellow from a long trunk that was thrust into their very midst.

The Grunner family left their seats in one precipitate rush and reached the barber shop in front just as two customers were springing from their chairs, their faces only half shaved.

Boss barber and family, journeymen barbers and customers passed out into the street through the closed windows.

Meantime Nellie had the back yard to herself and proceeded to trim down the fences and bulge in interfering walls, to the consternation of hundreds that looked on from windows and roofs. She went through two fences to the south as a clown walks through a paper hoop; then she swung her head against back fences, demolishing them. Every now and then she would charge upon a rear wall and batter in the brick and smash the windows with her head. And whenever the breath came to her she would shriek a little more with rage and fear.

Capt. Cray, of the East Thirty-fifth street station, had arrived with his reserves. Mounted policemen and bicycle policemen had assembled from every nearby post, and presently there were added reserves from the East Twenty-second street station, and the East Fifty-first street station, not to mention eight men from the Grand Central Station and the force of firemen that usually respond to a second alarm of fire.

Other Elephants Arrive.

They had ropes and ladders and firehooks and grapnels, but none had a plan for restraining Nellie, and all thought it wisest to wait for the arrival of Prof. Rossi, who was reported on the way from the Hippodrome with the three other elephants of the troupe of four. He arrived at a round trot, accompanied by another concourse of interested thousands.

Nellie gave her personally conducted exhibition for sixty-four minutes in the quadrangle bounded by four rows of tenements that face on Thirty-fourth street, First avenue, Thirty-third street and Second avenue. Had it not been for the fact that there is a narrow vacant lot adjoining the northeast corner of Thirty-third street and Fourth avenue the freeing of this large jungle lady would have been an engineering feat of some difficulty.

Tore Down Many Fences.

Even as it was, $2,000 worth of fences had to be demolished in order to get to her. First the fences stretching back of Nos. 345, 347 and 349 East Thirty-third street were hammered down, then the First avenue fences back of Nos. 577, 579, 581, 583 and 585, and turning the corner on the Thirty-fourth street side, it was necessary to demolish the fences of Nos. 341, 342, 340, 338 and 336, at least those of them that Nellie had not already smashed to flinders.

Long Before Rossi and his three other elephants reached the tempestuously inclined pachyderm, she heard the grunts of her fellow performers, and returned their salutes with a trumpet of joy. When they arrived through the lane of shattered fences, she ran to them, caressed their necks and wept for gladness.

Having returned his four charges to the Hippodrome, Rossi undertook to rehearse them again, but after sea voyages, steamship collisions and this morning's experience, their nerves were still on the ragged edge and they made another bolt out into the street. They were readily secured again, however, and sent to their stalls with an extra allowance of hay.

Jimmy Cartin, the "Mayor of First avenue," undertook a deed of heroism after Nellie had taken possession of the back yards of his constituents. Going to a friend's stable he secured a bunch of hay. Cheered by his friends he marched boldly through the hallway into the back yard. Slowly and with due regard for avenues of egress he tiptoed toward the elephant, who was engaged in rooting up clothes poles.

"Nice girl," said Cartin, "come, get pretty hay."

"Fine," replied Nellie in elephant language, with a terrific snort, turning and rushing upon Cartin.

"The Mayor of First Avenue" started back for the street through the nearest window, emerged through another window into Thirty-fourth street, and when last seen was out on the end of a pier hailing a passing rowboat.

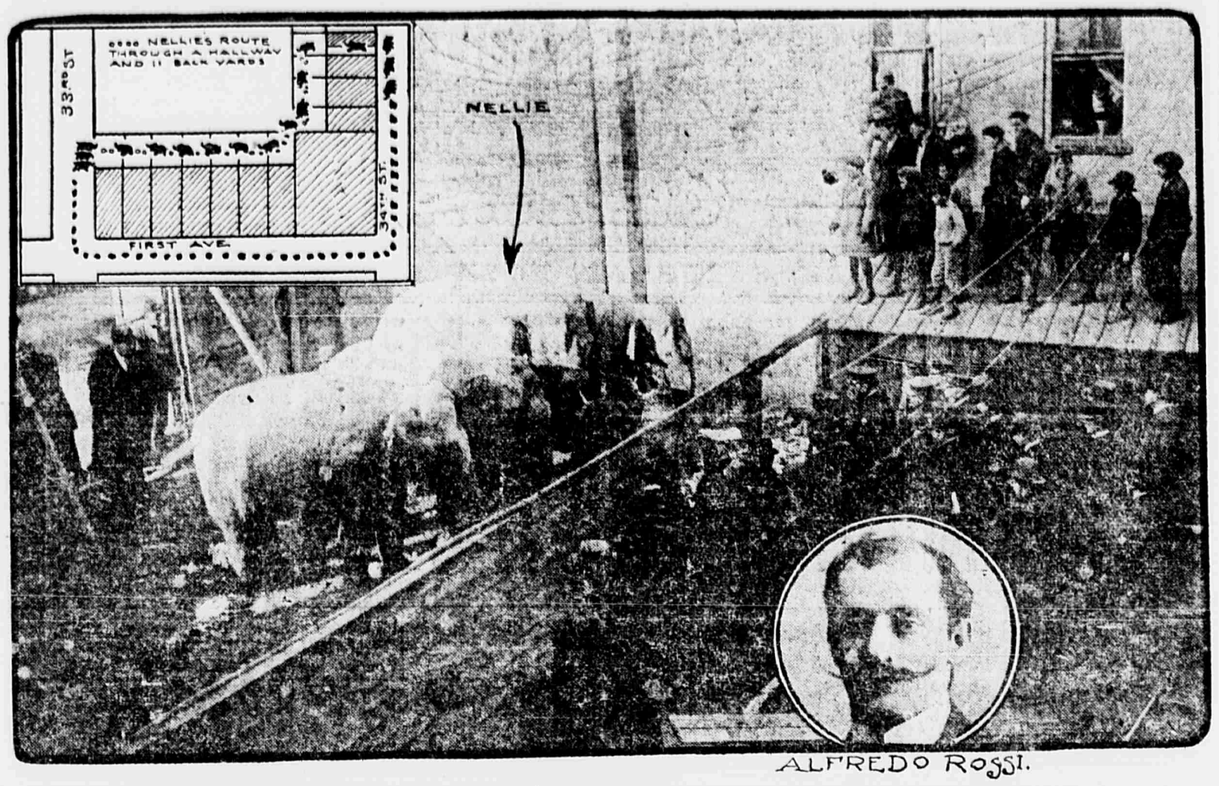
The Trainer's Failure.

Another incident of Nellie's early morning stroll that had its thrills was the attempt of Wendell Dietrich, an elephant trainer out of work, to lasso her left hind foot and stop her as she threaded her way through the traffic of Forty-second street. He borrowed a coil of rope from a truck, and made a neat throw that gripped the elephant's ankle. But she did not stop or even hesitate, and when Dietrich had gone half a block, mostly on his face, he let go.

There were volunteer elephant tamers by the hundreds, some armed with crowbars, some with axes, scores with ropes and coils of wire.

Elephants in Yard, Diagram Showing How the Fences Were Smashed, and Trainer Rossi

(Specially Photographed for The Evening World by a Staff Artist.)



ALFREDO ROSSI.

NAVY FUMBLE AND STEARNS' LONG RUN WINS GRIDIRON BATTLE FOR ARMY TEAM

(Continued from First Page.)

kahki cloaked, beating out the rhythm of the army air. Behind the band marched a solid phalanx of cadets, all in uniform and moving like a gray caterpillar with a thousand legs.

Clang, crash, from the east marched the navy. The navy band was coated in light blue, caped in brilliant red. Behind marched platoon after platoon of Annapolis boys in long dark blue coats, strapped with a yellow ribbon and each man carried a yellow navy flag with a blue band diagonally across it. Rank by rank, the cadets marched swiftly to their places. Up went the Army yell with an outbursting roar.

'Rah, 'rah, 'ray!
'Rah, 'rah, 'ray!
West Point, West Point, Army!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!
West Point, Navy, Navy, Navy!

Notables in the Crowd.

In the midst of all this tumult little things passed unnoticed. The boys were having their inning now after a long year of official quiet. Who cared that Gen. J. Franklin Bell and Secretary of War Luke Wright, and Admirals Pendleton and Truman Newberry and a couple of odd thousand generals and commodores and captains and Senators and Congressmen were already seated in state?

Mrs. Longworth and Miss Ethel Roosevelt and Miss Helen Taft hardly caused a flutter.

At 1.55 both teams came out and the stands of blue and gray burst into an indescribable hubbub of song and yell. Flags waved frantically while the teams warmed up.

Navy sung a rousing verse with the chorus:

"Sink the Army!
Sink the Army!
Sink the Gray!"

And back yelled the Army in a drowning riot of sound. The Navy goat in blue blanket paraded the field. There was no Army mule this year.

FIRST HALF.

Navy won the toss for position and chose the West goal with a slight favoring wind.

Greble kicked off to the Navy 20 yard line. The ball came back 15 yards. Dalton punted 15 yards in the Army territory, and Greble came back with the ball. The Army kicked the ball to the Navy 45 yard line. There was a swift fumble and Stearns the Army right end, snatched the ball from a dozen grasping hands and tore straight for the Navy goal line. He had a clear field.

Line after line Stearns passed with the Navy in pursuit. Only a yard from the goal line they caught him and pulled him down. The Army stand became a riot of enthusiasm. The Navy line gathered for a stubborn defense.

Chamberlain tried to steal, but was knocked down with only a gain of two feet. Again Chamberlain was hurled into the line and this time the Army pushed him over for a touchdown. Dean kicked a goal. Score: Army, 6, Navy, 0.

Scored in Six Minutes.

The Army had scored in less than six minutes of play.

Navy kicked off to Hyatt, who brought the ball back to the Army 35-yard line. Without waiting to try the Navy line Greble punted out to mid-field.

The ball was passed to Dalton for a punt, but went so high that he could hardly get it with his finger-tips. He turned and recovered it instantly, but the Army tacklers were on top of him and he was downed for a loss of 15 yards.

Byrne, the Army tackle, was hurt, and time was taken out to let him recover. Dalton made a nice punt down to the Army 25-yard line.

Army tried the Navy's left end without a gain and was penalized 15 yards for holding. Standing right under the goal post Greble punted the ball out for 20 yards. Dalton kicked back to Chamberlain and the ball was again in front of the Army goal post. A return punt put the ball into Lange's hands over in the Navy territory. Then came a spectacular run.

Lange's Spectacular Run.

Wriggling like an eel, dodging right and left, tumbling the Army men heels over head, Lange went straight through the whole pack for 23 full yards. Twice the triumphant Navy hammered the line for small gains.

The Army got the ball. Greble punted over to the Navy 35-yard line. At last the ball was back on the Navy side. And the Army crowd stood up to cheer. The ball was passed back to Richardson for a fake kick, but the Army men broke through, and ran him out of bounds for a loss of fifteen yards.

A punt put the ball in midfield and Hyatt was knocked out for half a minute. There was more real battering than mimic warfare in this game. Northcroft broke through and nailed Greble ten yards back of the Army line. Then the Army had to punt. Once the Navy marched back for a few yards but on the next try a loose and ragged formation allowed the Army to come through and throw the Navy back for a loss.

Navy's On-Side Kick Fails.

The Navy had only twenty-five yards to go for a touchdown. Clay tried a short on-side kick, but Greble got the ball. The positions were reversed now and Greble booted the leather to Lange a few yards over the middle line.

Dalton tried a long run around the end, and after eluding many eager hands was brought down with a small gain. Then he punted cleanly down 23 yards in front of the Army goal.

Hyatt went around the end, but was called back, and the Army was penalized. Greble kicked out to Lange and was forced out of bounds on the Army's 35-yard line.

Then on a double pass, Lange ran around the Army's left and put the ball in front of the Army goal post so near that three steps would have carried it over. Greble made a long wait while the Navy gathered her force for the last battering ram assault. Lange came back and Clay with him, the ball was passed out for a place kick and while the Navy line held West Point off Lange booted the sphere straight between the goal posts and over the bar. Score—Navy, 4, Army, 6.

Clay was sent around the Army's right end with splendid interference and took nine yards. After careful consideration the officials awarded first down to the Navy. Clay pushed through for eight yards. Again Clay was jammed into the line and made the first down. Only thirteen yards separated the Navy from the Army's goal line. Once the Army held as rigidly as a stone wall.

Navy Kicked Out Again.

The Army kicked off again. Dalton went back for a fake kick and was circling his end when Johnson broke through and dropped him only three yards in front of the Navy goal line. Dalton kicked off fifty yards, and the Army's work had to be done over again. Greble was knocked out for two minutes.

A rush or two and a punt that sailed off nearly to the grand stand gave Navy the ball. Dalton kicked out to Hyatt just over the middle of the field. Greble kicked back to Lange, who was instantly tackled and thrown on his head. Lange was knocked out for a minute or two. Dalton kicked over to the Army 35-yard line, where the ball was fumbled, but was recovered.

Greble made a short kick back to Lange, having gained by this exchange. Dalton kicked again and Hyatt was tackled hard on the Army's thirty-yard line. Back went Greble and kicked again. Lange was downed before he could come back a yard. Greble booted the ball back to the point it had just left. Both stands were growing interested in the duel between the two punters.

"Block that punt!" shouted the Navy rooters, but Greble got it through by an inch. Lange came back and punted for a change, and the ball landed on the Army's 35-yard line, just where it had been a moment before.

Army Made a Gain.

At last the Army gave up punting. Chamberlain was sent around the end and won eight yards. Then, on a fake kick, Chamberlain was sent straight through hole in the centre for five more yards.

Greble was thrown back for a slight loss and just then time was called. The score at the end of the first half: Army, 6, Navy, 4.

There was just two points more joy in the Army stand than in the Navy. But that would not nor could not stop the Navy rooters from singing. The two bands marched in front of the rooters' sections, and the sailors began to sing a song about the Army mule.

SECOND HALF.

Navy kicked off. Army tried the line, but the whole Navy team piled in front of the ball. Greble punted out to the middle of the field. Pullen at right tackle was laid out cold in the next rush, but got to this feet before the time limit.

Dalton punted down to the Army thirty-five-yard line. A runner on right end gave the Army eight yards. The next plunge they piled up against the Navy defense. Dean made a great punt, but landed the ball seven yards in front of the Navy goal. Lange caught it. There was a sudden rush of tacklers, and he was pushed back a yard before he went by.

Dalton made a poor punt out of bounds, and the Army retrieved the ball on the Navy thirty-six-yard line. The Army was penalized fifteen yards for off-side play.

Army Council of War.

Chamberlain went through for eight yards, and Dean punted to the Navy ten-yard line. Dalton kicked back to Chamberlain in the middle of the field.

The Army went back for a war council, and Dean went around right end on a fake kick after covering half of the width of the field. He gained three yards. Another fake kick took five more. An onside kick to Dalton gave the Navy the ball thirteen yards in front of her goal. Dalton kicked out to Dean.

Dean came back with a rush for ten yards, and in attempting to hurdle two Navy tacklers were thrown heavily. There was sudden, confused scurrying of both teams and Hyatt made a long forward pass to Lange on the Navy's 10-yard line. The ball was fumbled, but Lange got it.

A punt was sent out thirty yards further. Holding brought West Point a penalty of five yards, and Greble punted to Lange. Clay tried to go around left end, and got through half a dozen Army men before Pullen dragged him down with no gain. Navy punted out to mid-field. A short onside kick was gathered in by Lange, who ripped through for fifteen yards before Pullen tackled him.

Lange Makes a Run.

Lange went through the Army's left wing and fought his way along for thirty-five yards, leaving the ball on the 55-yard line when he went down.

Dalton made a fine low punt to Hyatt, who was downed in his tracks. Greble punted back to the Navy 50-yard line and Lange carried the ball back 15 yards. Besson went in for Byrne. Reknicke went in for Meyer of the Navy. Greble punted to Dalton, who was run out of bounds on the 55-yard line. The Navy was penalized 15 yards for off-side play. Dalton punted to Hyatt on the Army's 25-yard line.

Dean punted back again and Dalton brought the ball to midfield. Two attempts at the line only netted the Navy a yard. Lix went in for Miss of the Army and Short went in for Creighton of the Navy. The ball was punted to the Army's 25-yard line. Hyatt fumbled the pass, but recovered the ball.

Many Players Replaced.

Dean punted out of bounds. Cobb went in for Reifsneider, who was hurt. Navy punted to the Army's 25-yard line, and Dean punted the ball over in the Navy territory. Johnson brought Lange down just inside the 35-yard line. Bland went in for Slingluff. Twice the Navy tried to gain by end runs, but neither lost nor won a foot. Then they punted again to the Soldiers' 20-yard line.

On a fake kick Dean found a hole and made seventeen yards. Time was getting short and the fighting on both sides was desperate.

In the grand stands rooters of blue and gray were on their feet giving yell after yell. Greble went through for eight yards and was brought down by Richardson. Jones was hurt and Carey went in for him.

Dean kicked within 17 yards of the Navy goal. He fumbled the ball, but turned and fell on it just a foot from Pullen. Stearn was hurt and taken out. Carberry took his place. Navy punted half way down to Army territory again.

Dean tried a fake kick but fumbled the ball and a blue jersey fell on it. Richardson was sent straight through the centre for five yards. Soule went in for Dalton. Lange punted to within six yards of the Army goal and the whistle blew. Final score—Army, 6, Navy, 4.

DOUGLAS GOLFS IN OLD TIME FORM

(Special to The Evening World.)

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Nov. 28.—As expected, Findlay S. Douglas, ex-national and metropolitan golf champion, had a comparatively easy match today in the semi-finals of the first set at the fall tournament of the Lakewood Country Club. He beat Paul Waterman, Ekwanok, 4 up and 2 to go. There was plenty of bad play on both sides. Douglas was out in 41, four strokes more than the bogey, being 4 up at the turn.

Fred Herreshoff was never up in his match against Joseph P. Knapp, also of Garden City, until the fifteenth hole, being 3 down at the fifth, which was his worst showing. He squared the match on the tenth and again on the thirteenth. Card:

Herreshoff:			
Out	554	564	455—43
In	235	444	45
Knapp:			
Out	445	455	465—42
In	334	545	56

It took nineteen holes to decide the second set match, which H. M. Forrest, Philadelphia, won from Douglas Grant, of Yale. A long putt on the nineteenth of about 18 feet was the last straw, but the real factor was Grant's losing a ball on the fourteenth hole. Grant is the Californian world golfer who was prominent in the last Irish championship and belongs to the Richmond, England, club. He was runner up in the recent Atlantic City tournament.

Third Set—J. F. Shanley sr., Newark, beat A. J. McClure, Lakewood, 2 up and 1 to go. J. W. McMenamy, Fox Hills (Staten Island champion), beat Walter Wilson, Englewood, 2 up.

Fourth Set—Frank Sears, Fox Hills, beat M. J. Condon, Wykagyl, 2 up and 1 to go. W. C. Stevens, Philadelphia, beat D. W. Taylor, Lakewood, 1 up, 20 holes.

EVERY NEIGHBOR HEARD "FIRING" OF SPADER'S COOK

(Continued from First Page.)

way of the dwelling about three jumps ahead of a leg of lamb. Following this missile up the stairs came a lot of dishes, several pieces of coal, a couple of iron pots and a copper kettle, all travelling as though they had been shot out of a gun. And after these came Mary. She had a rolling pin in her hand.

"Stand before me," she yelled, "anny of you! Come out, you Sassenach (addressing the butler, who was on the second floor), and I'll change your face and make you a handsome man."

Strategy That Failed.

"Run away, Mary," called the butler, in a placating tone.

It was a bad piece of strategy, for Mary was not to be pacified. Wielding her rolling pin, she charged up the stairs, and the butler disappeared. By this time all the other servants had locked themselves in. Mary went from door to door, hammering with the rolling pin, and during the whole crowd to come out and fight. Mrs. Spader, fearing the worst, called up Police Headquarters and asked for help.

Policeman Fitzgibbon was sent over to the Spader mansion from the East Fifty-first street station. He found Mary sitting in the parlor, quiet but menacing, the rolling pin in her lap. Fitzgibbons thought to blarney her. She shied a book at him, and knocked his cap off. With almost inspired discretion Fitzgibbons withdrew for reinforcements and soon found Policeman Clark.

When Mary saw two cops approach her she backed against the wall and fired them to close in. They held a council of war and then telephoned for the patrol wagon. Eventually Mary was overpowered by sheer force of numbers and locked up in a cell.

Mrs. Spader went to the station house later and made a complaint, charging her erstwhile cook with intoxication and disorderly conduct.

DR. BULL'S DEATH ONLY A MATTER OF FEW HOURS

Physician, Who Has Been Fighting Cancer for Weeks, May Not Survive Day.

Dr. William T. Bull may not survive the day. The entire staff of doctors and nurses who have been attending him so devotedly at the Plaza Hotel spent the night in the sickroom and orders were issued to-day to permit no one to enter the apartments reserved for him except his wife and the medical staff.

After a lengthy period of gratifying improvement Dr. Bull suffered a relapse during the fog in the earlier part of the week. He did not recover his strength or spirits when the weather changed and last evening took a turn for the worse.

While his case has been hopeless ever since the nature of the malady was discovered, the skill and judgment with which the disease was fought lengthened his life. Now the doctors have reached the end of all medical resources for the combating of the ravages of cancer and Dr. Bull is too weak to further direct his own treatment. The end is a matter of only a few hours.

MRS. LEEDS PAYS MORTGAGE

Clears $350,000 Encumbrance on Rough Point, Her Newport House.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 28.—Contrary to wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. William B. Leeds has paid off a mortgage of $325,000 on Rough Point, which her deceased husband purchased from the Vanderbilts a little over two years ago for $750,000.

The interest of 5 per cent. was desired on the solid investment, but Mrs. Leeds in view of her proposed marriage to James De Wolfe Cutting desired to have no encumbrances.

MIX FOR RHEUMATISM

The following is a never failing remedy for rheumatism, and if followed up it will effect a complete cure of the very worst cases: "Mix half pint of good whiskey with one ounce of Toris compound and add one ounce syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bed time." The ingredients can be procured at any drug store and easily mixed at home.

FOR Sore Throat AND Cold in Chest USE Omega Oil

Rub the throat and chest with Omega Oil; then bind around the throat and lay on the chest pieces of flannel soaked in the Oil. The Oil goes in through the pores and reduces the inflammation that causes the trouble. Three sizes: 10c., 25c., 50c.

MORE ABOUT OUR $10 A MONTH SAVINGS PLAN

Don't put off saving until you can save a whole lot. That time may not come. Living expenses are up and will stay up. Most people are lucky if they have a little to the good at the end of the month.

It behooves the wise man to begin saving something—dollars, dimes, pennies—nothing is too small. We have a safe plan to help you save. You can buy an interest in first mortgages on New York City property at $10 per month. The interest is 4½%. New York offers nothing better unless you are willing to risk your principal. Can you afford to risk it?

Write or call for our booklet "The Safe Way to Save."

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In order to reduce stock preparatory to removal to their new store, 518 Fifth Avenue, at Forty-third Street, C. G. Gunther's Sons' entire stock of Furs will be sold at very much less than usual prices.

IMPERIAL CROWN

RUSSIAN SABLE

Ranging from medium shades to the finest and darkest skins obtainable. Imported direct and manufactured on the premises into fashionable and exclusive models. Also Hudson Bay Sable and Silver Fox Skins.

Eighty-eight years in the fur business exclusively.

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A Revelation in Rye Whiskeys, Unsweetened, Uncolored, Free from every foreign substance.

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34th Street, 35th Street and 5th Avenue.

OAKLAND ENTRIES.

(Special to The Evening World.)

OAKLAND RACE TRACK, Cal., Nov. 28.—The entries for Monday's races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Six furlongs, selling.—Rhapsody, 104; Lord of Gold, 96; Emma G., 107; Billy Moer, 102; Stay On, 110; Pancy, 107; Colleen, 107; Billy Watkins, 102; Silberschwanz, 107; Priceless Jewel, 107; Gazolo, 107.

SECOND RACE—Futurity Course; selling.—Apio, 108; Bishop W., 107; Mozart, 104; Light Knight, 99; Guy Fisher, 97; Oro, 108; Sight Easy, 106; Ak-Sar-Ben, 103; Figent, 99; Hasola, 108; Mauretania, 104; Aunt Kin, 102; Grante, 99.

THIRD RACE—Mile; selling.—Garatura, 117; Aftermath, 114; Frank Lubbock, 109; Kelowna, 117; Be Thankful, 109; Charles Green, 114; Mabel Holander, 109.

FOURTH RACE—Mile and a quarter; selling.—Military Man, 110; Kermit, 107; Bellingore, 102; Retrou, 102; Fulletta, 110; Cloverland, 105; L. C. Ackerley, 102; Huapala, 102; Lady Alicia, 107; Alcibiades, 102; Nadzu, 102.

FIFTH RACE—One mile; selling.—Kamsack, 117; Etapa, 114; Steel Blue, 104; May L. N., 114; Invader, 109; Byronendale, 111; Carmelina, 109.

SIXTH RACE—Eleven-sixteenths of a mile; purse.—J. C. Core, 112; Purse Rose, 109; Twilight Queen, 92; Royal N., 103; F. Nugent, 100; Strike Out, 92; Collector Jessup, 105; Bill Eaton, 92.

Clear; slow.

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THE EVENING WORLD'S WRITING CONTEST

For the School Children of Greater New York.

$500 in Prizes for the Boys and Girls Who Write the Following Sentence in the Best Style:

The Evening World is read in our home

Name of Pupil .....

Age..... Residence .....

.....

School.....

Teacher's Signature.....

The information called for in the above box must be furnished with each specimen of handwriting. You may use the above coupon if you desire, but all specimens sent with this information arranged as above on any paper will be freely entered in the contest. Send your handwriting to "Handwriting Editor," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City. The contest closes Nov. 28.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

St. George's Church
Stuyvesant Square, New York City.
Rev. HUGH BIRCKHEAD, Rector.
ADVENT MISSION SERVICES
From Nov. 29 to Dec. 13.
Conducted by Rev. W. J. Dawson, D. D., of London.
Subject Sunday, Nov. 29th, 8 P. M.
"THE UNAVOIDABLE CHRIST"