ORMONDALE WINS FUTURITY.

DEFEATS TIMBER AND BELMERE FOR THE RICH PRIZE.

An Equal Favorite With Flip Flap, Who Has Poor Racing Luck, the Sire of the Great Ormonde Leads After the First Sixteenth of a Mile and Equals Artful's Time of a Year Ago—Race Worth $33,680 to the Winner—Thirty Thousand Persons See the Big Two-Year-Old Contest at Sheepshead Bay Track.

Under a cloudless sky and a radiant sun tempered by gentle ocean breezes and over a track that had dried out with remarkable rapidity since the heavy rain of Friday, Ormondale, a magnificent son of the famous Ormonde, out of the noted mare Santa Bella, won a superb victory in the historic Futurity, run at the Sheepshead Bay track yesterday afternoon.

RACE WORTH $42,680.

The race was worth $42,680 gross, of which Ormondale's share was $33,680. Hitherto a maiden, this colt went to the post keyed up to the proper pitch by Trainer Thomas Welsh, and though he went up a point in the betting he closed an equal favorite with J. A. Bennett's Flip Flap at 5 to 1.

Ormondale ran the six furlongs straightaway in 1:11 4-5, the time made by Artful, who won the Futurity last year. From the first sixteenth pole he took up the running and led to the end, where under a mild drive he finished a length and a half before H. P. Whitney's Timber, by Ogden—Lola A., who ruled second in favor at 6 to 1. It was a sharp struggle for the place, but Hildebrand never let up in his efforts, with the result that Timber beat Fred Burlew's Belmere, another Ogden colt, out of Nahma, by a head.

Belmere, who was coupled in the betting at 20 to 1 wiith Bellsnicker by Mirthful—Fright, both of whom were bred by John E. Madden, had a length over Flip Flap, the Handspring filly whose recent trials attracted the support of some of the shrewdest speculators at the track. Flip Flap was off rather slowly and after being shut in to the bend in the track she ran over a majority of the field and was running strongly at the end.

James R. Keene's Commando colt Kuroki came home fifth after a fair peformance with Sydney Paget's Jacobite, who showe early speed, but stopped under the weight, in sixth position. The others were trailing out behind with August Belmont's Woolwich by Hastings—Woodvine, who had been backed down to 8 to 1, badly beaten. Woolwich got into a jam right after the start, which, by the way was almost perfect, and after that he had no chance. Athlete and Jerry Wernberg, who were also supported to a certain degree, met with similar hard luck and were never prominent after the first furlong. S. S. Brown's Accountant was anchored by the top impost which he shouldered, and finished next to last.

BIG CROWD AT THE TRACK.

There were seventeen starters, August Belmont's Bridgeman being the only withdrawal from the original list of entries, while the Milltown Stable's Athlete, with 117 pounds, was an added starter. Thirty thousand persons saw the big race and more than 300 bookmakers handled the wagers than were made in the grandstand enclosure and in the field.

The perfect weather, coupled with the fact that metropolitan racegoers had not seen the horses run for nearly a month, served to create unbounded enthusiasm. Furthermore, the fact that the Futurity was the most open race of its kind from a speculative standpoint that had ever been run at the Bay added to the general interest, and when Ormondale came home in majestic triumph there was a feeling of intense satisfaction evident in every quarter.

In automobiles and tally-hos the more prosperous element came to the track in comfortable fashion, while the railroad trains from Long Island City and the trolley cars from the Bridge and other points were emptying thousands of turf enthusiasts at the track gates long before it was time to run the first race. So well informed are patrons of the turf to-day as to the form and condition of the horses that when it came time to dissect the Futurity a tour of the betting ring and the crowded stands disclosed a general preference for Ormondale, Flip Flap, Timber, Woolwich and Jerry Wernberg, although hundreds of speculators as usual were anxious to shoot at the moon, or in other words to back whatever horse met their fancy in spite of the length of the odds.

MEN OF WEALTH IN THE CLUBHOUSE.

The clubhouse, where men of wealth and standing in the community always gather to enjoy their favorite sport, was so crowded before the running of the big race that standing room was at a premium This state of affairs prevailed straight through the triple deck grand stand to the mammoth steel structure in the field, where men and women who could not afford the higher tariff paid a dollar a head to see the horses run.

Over the green lawns swarmed regiments of men who seemed unable to stand in any one position before the racers appeared. This general nervousness seemed to pervade the gigantic throng from paddock to betting ring, where, as usual, the battle with the books made it an impossible task to move the elbows. One look at this jam of wild eyed speculators seemed to indicate that a world of money was being wagered on the race, but it is a matter of fact that, while the layers handled as many bets as they could conveniently take care of, the wagers were not of the usual large proportions, for the reason that the heavier speculators preferred to remain in their private boxes and reserved seats, where they could see the race in comfort, rather than join the never ending wrestling match below.

No sooner had Harry Payne Whitney's Prince Hamburg been returned the winner of the Fall Handicap, which was the third race on the card, than the Futurity candidates began to gather under the lofty shade trees in the paddock, where on the soft, green turf hundreds of enthusiastic admirers of the thoroughbred surrounded them, to watch every move and every preparation for the struggle. Here it was that society women, for the most part clad all in white and shading their complexions from the burning sun with dainty parasols, walked hither and thither, looking at this colt and that with critical eyes, and with an enthusiasm that showed a knowledge of things horsy to a remarkable degree.

Usually some particular horse in one of these big races is a greater magnet for public attention in the paddock than the others. But in this case it seemed as if every starter, no matter how insignificant his chances appeared to be, had his circle of loyal followers wherever he was saddled.

Ormondale, who ran in the name of the Ormondale Stable, which is really owned by W. O. B. MacDonough, the California millionaire breeder, was surrounded by Andrew Miller, one of the Jockey Club stewards who has a small interest in the colt; John W. Gates and his son Charley, John A. Drake and other smart horsemen, who expressed the opinion that Ormondale was one of the finest looking two-year-olds that they had ever seen.

ORMONDALE REFLECTS CREDIT ON GREAT SIRE

Ormondale was foaled in California. His sire, the great Ormonde, was purchased about fifteen years ago by Mr. MacDonough for $150,000. He had been previously sold by an English owner to Don Bocan, who took him to Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, and placed him in the stud. Charles Reed, who afterward bought St. Blaise for $100,000, decided to buy Ormonde and took a steamer for Buenos Ayres to complete the negotiations. In the meantime Mr. MacDonough made arrangements through Tattersalls of London for the purchase of the stallion, and when Mr. Reed arrived at Buenos Ayres he found that he had made his trip for nothing. Though Ormonde has been in the stud in this country for a number of years, his get have not amounted to much, so that Ormondale may be considered the first colt sired by this famous stallion who has won fame and fortune. Ormonde is by Bend Or, out of Lily Agnes, and his ancestors can be traced back to the never to be forgotten Eclipse.

When Trainer Welsh started Ormondale for the first time in a stake race at Brighton Beach last month he said that he was pointing the colt for the Futurity. Upon that occasion Ormondale, though very green, ran third to Accountant and George C. Bennett. His race was evidently satisfactory, for Welsh continued to groom him with great care until a week ago at Saratoga, after a sensational trial of seven furlongs, Welsh sent a telegram to Mr. MacDonough in California advising him to come East with all possible speed to see the son of Ormonde run in the Futurity and win it. Welsh never lost confidence and after the race he rushed to the telegraph office and wired his congratulations to the owner of the victor.

August Belmont, Clarence H. Mackay, Perry Belmont and men prominent in the affairs of the Jockey Club inspected Woolwich in the paddock. This colt was expected to run the race of his career, partly because the track was a bit soft. If it had been sloppy with mud the chances are that Woolwich would have been more heavily supported. H. P. Whitney sailed for Europe some time ago, so that Trainer John W. Rogers was the only representative of this famous stable to look after the final grooming of Timber. The Keenes, father and son, were on hand to see the two Japs, Oyama and Kuroki, saddled by Jimmy Rowe, but it was quite evident that neither looked for success.

Jack Bennett, the owner of Flip Flap, was one of the angriest men at the scene of action. It appears that some time ago P. J. Dwyer secured the services of Jockey Willie Knapp to ride Quorum in the big race. When Mr. Dwyer decided not to start Quorum it is said that he tined Knapp over to Jimmy Rowe. As Knapp had ridden Flip Flap in several of her best races, Bennett went to E. R. Bradley, who has a contract with the boy, and tried to get him for the mount. Bradley was willing, but at the last moment Mr. Dwyer, it is stated, decided to start Albert F., which would tie Knapp down to his original engagement with him. Whatever was the inside of the argument matters not, but the fact remains that Knapp had the mount on Oyama while Bennett had to put Burns up on Flip Flap.

SOCIETY NEGLECTS VERONESE.

There was just one starter in the race that did not attract society, and that was Veronese, owned by Father Bill Daly. The Sage of Hartford bought this son of Henry of Navarre from Mr. Belmont as a yearling, and as the colt had run a number of good races of recent date, Daly actually believed that he had a chance to take down the rich prize. It mattered not to him whether the colt was saddled in a social atmosphere or not, for Father Bill races horses purely upon business principles, with sentiment completely out of the running.

William Astor Chanler's Artery, a colt that had never started, and W. F. Schulte's Zienap, a filly by Florist, who had scored a couple of victories at Latonia, were passed up without much delay. John E. Madden, who was not at the track, was well represented in the race, although for the first time in a number of years his colors were not seen. F. R. Hitchcock's Vendor, Fred Burlew's Bellsnicker and Belmere, Mr. Whitney's Timber and Mr. Chanler's Artery were all bred by Madden at Hamburg Place, while Sydney Paget's Jacobite and Newton Bennington's Jerry Wernberg first saw the light of day at the Haggin establishment.

While the paddock preparations were reaching a climax the operations in the ring were fairly swamping the layers. Ninety-one members of the Metropolitan Turf Association held positions in the front line on equal terms with the ten outsiders, who, by the way, held the choice positions directly in front of the big jockey board, with Tyler, the Humming Bird, at the head. Seventy-five layers were in the back line, while 130 penciliers chalked the odds in the field. Every bookmaker at the track paid $3 a race to John G. Cavanagh for "information," which turned over to him a revenue of $3,672. This arrangement, which was put into effect at Saratoga, will hold good on all the local tracks, and will materially aid the various racing associations in declaring fat dividends.

John W. Gates was credited with a wager on Ormondale that netted him $25,000. While the colt was liberally supported by the public, Mr. Gates's wager was about the only one of leviathan proportions which was made on the son of Ormonde. Joe Hayman and Kid Rogers between them placed $5,000 on Woolwich. Dave Johnson had a heavy wager on Timber, while Sol Lichtenstein took a chance on Athlete, who, by the way, is owned by a Massachusetts clergyman.

ACCOUNTANT LEADS THE PARADE.

It was 4 o'clock when the field came out of the paddock, headed by Capt. Brown's Accountant, by Filigrane—Reckon, with Martin wearing the cherry silk jacket and blue cap. As the seventeen youngsters walked in Indian file up past the judges' stand there was no great demonstration in favor of any one in particular, but a general expression of admiration for all.

The dice box had drawn the rail position for Belmere with his stable mate, Bellsnicker, next to him. Then across the track the positions were allotted to Timber, Woolwich, Accountant, Flip Flap, Jerry Wernberg, Athlete, Jacobite, Vendor, Running Water, Kuroki, Zienap, Veronese, Ormondale, Oyama and Artery on the extreme outside.

The start was so far away that only those with powerful glasses could see what was going on, and even then it was a difficult matter, because of the glare of the sun, to distinguish the colors. Starter Cassidy evidently made up his mind that there would be no fluke, and that he would not send the field away until every horse had an equal chance. For that reason there was somewhat of a delay because of persistent attempts on the part of Trozier to beat the gate with Woolwich, for which he was suspended by the starter for ten days. Athlete, too, was an unruly offender, for he continually crowded ever to the rail horses, in spite of Travers's efforts to keep him clear of them.

Ormondale was about the best behaved horse at the post. As Redfern said afterward, the Ormonde colt stood perfectly still, apparently conscious of what was expected of him, but always ready to break in front. It was no snap to get this big field away like a troop of cavalry, and as the minutes passed the crowd became impatient, the straining of the eyes being a hardship that few could endure.

But suddenly an electric gong on the top of the judges' stand rang out the announcement that the horses were off. With a great cry the crowd leaped up and gazed blankly far up the Futurity course, where a dust cloud indicated that the race had begun.

WILD SCRAMBLE AT THE START.

There was a wild scramble, as every horse in the race broke the moment the barrier went up, and Redfern, with his position on the outer side of the track, took no chances with the jam nearer the rail. On the contrary, he hustled Ormondale straight ahead, although he was not the leader until he had covered a sixteenth of a mile.

Timber was the quickest breaker, for that matter, but Ormondale outran him, and so did Jacobite. For at the first eighth pole Ormondale was leading by less than a length, with Jacobite in front of Timber, who was followed by Belmere, Kuroki, Vendor and Flip Flap, the latter being shut off.

The others were beaten at this early stage of the race beyond all hope, and the further they traveled the more ground they lost, until nobody paid attention to them.

To the crowd the race looked as if any of the half dozen horses who were stretched across the track in front might win when they reached the quarter pole, but at that point Ormondale, under restraint, yet showing a royal turn of speed, still maintained his slight advantage, with Redfern watching his nearest competitors with an eagle eye. Jacobite began to weaken under the strain and the pace and Timber became the runner up, with Belmere in third place, closely followed by Jacobite, Kuroki, Flip Flap, who was still shut off, and the rest trailing.

Redfern never made a mistake with Ormondale after that, for he kept clear of all entanglements, at the same time saving as much ground as possible, and when he reached the bend in the track just above the field stand, Ormondale for the first time was picked out by the spectators who had glasses as the probable winner. It was a good length by which he led the big field into the straight run home. Hildebrand had also saved much ground with Timber and was ever near the inner rail, about to draw his whip. Then came Belmere, so close up that he looked dangerous, with Burns coming through with Flip Flap at a tremendous rate. Kuroki also seemed to be threatening, but the others were tailing off more and more as they progressed, so that a really thrilling finish was out of the question. An eighth of a mile from the wire the crowd took up the cry:

"Ormondale wins! Nothing but Ormondale!"

For barring accidents such seemed to be the case beyond a question of a doubt.

Yet Redfern, realizing the magnitude of the triumph and profiting by an experience which has made him one of the best horsemen in America, took no chances.

While it was possible for him to have drawn a fine finish, he preferred to clinch the race so that there could be no possible chance for a dispute when the wire was passed.

REDFERN LETS OUT A LINK.

So, keeping Ormondale clear of his nearest rivals and shaking him up at the sixteenth pole for a final rush to victory, Redfern never turned around, but kept on in triumph to the end. And a regal triumph it was, too. For when Ormondale came home alone, followed by the struggling Timber, the [illegible] Flip Flap, he was truly the [illegible] of all he surveyed. Yet his victory, while meritorious and fairly and squarely won, cannot place him upon the pinnacle which other Futurity winners have reached. Some of the best two-year-old colts and fillies of the year did not start in the big race, so that Ormondale, until he has proved the master of these sterling youngsters, cannot be crowned king.

"I touched him four times with the whip," said Redfern to Andrew Miller and trainer Welsh after the race, "and that was to wake him up at the start. After that Ormondale ran kindly and truly. He had a world of speed and could have run away from the field with consummate ease had I permitted him to do so. But under restraint he held them all safe, although I rode him out at the end to make sure of the race."

"After his work at Saratoga," remarked Welsh, "I felt sure that he would be the Futurity winner. He is one of the best youngsters I have ever trained and I believe he has a brilliant future. He pulled up perfectly sound and could have run the race right over again if it had been necessary. You can say that the mere fact that I have trained a Futurity winner has satisfied me beyond words. I am the happiest man in the world."

There were no excuses for Timber, who ran a game race. He showed the form that made him conspicuous early in the season and was as fit as Rogers could get him. Belmere, who was turned over to Burlew by Madden at Saratoga, was fairly beaten after receiving a faultless ride from Buchanan. Burns said that Flip Flap was knocked back right after the start, and that she lost so much ground it was impossible to do any better with her. Kuroki's race was an improvement over anything he has done before, and a further improvement may be looked for. Trainer Joyner was inclined to blame the defeat of Woolwich upon the sendoff, but those at the start said that Mr. Belmont's colt got away as well as any, but was simply outrun and in the general scramble was pinched off so that he could never get up.

In addition to the $33,680 that went to the winner Timber's share was $6,083.33, while Belmere's share was $3,166.67. An additional $2,000 went to Mr. MacDonough for nominating the dam of the winner, while $1,750 went to Madden for nominating the dams of Timber and Belmere.

THE OTHER RACES.

The defeat of Dave Johnson's crack sprinter and weight carrier Roseben in the Fall Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, at six furlongs on the main track, was probably the biggest disappointment of the day. Roseben picked up 126 pounds and as he had won other races against the same kind of horses with heavier imposts it was believed that he had the race at his mercy. Opening at 7 to 5, he was pounded down to 9 to 10 favorite, his owner going up and down the line placing a $10,000 commission.

Lady Amelia, with 123 pounds, was an added starter and so was Pasadena, but the former was passed up by the wise fraternity even at the liberal odds of 8 to 1. Graziallo, who was in receipt of fifteen pounds from Roseben, was backed down to sixes, while H. P. Whitney's Prince Hamburg, was who in receipt of eleven pounds from Roseben, went up to eights.

The start was only fair, Lady Amelia, Prince Hamburg and Roseben getting away, with the others slow to begin. Roseben had the outside position and was several lengths behind Prince Hamburg, who was pressing Lady Amelia hotly in the run up the backstretch. Lady Amelia, with her usual early speed, continued her fast flight to the head of the stretch, where O'Neill went to work with Roseben in earnest. Hildebrand, however, had cut Prince Hamburg loose, and as he rushed to the front after being straightened out he carried Lady Amelia and Roseben wide. Then he stood a long drive, and though he was being worn down at the end he won by a length in 1:14 1-5, with Roseben closing so fast at the end that he beat Lady Amelia a nose for the place.

Some persons were inclined to find fault with O'Neill's handling of Roseben, while others were satisfied with the explanation that he didn't relish the cuppy condition of the track. Previous winners of this race were Lady Violet, Butterflies, Gotham, Ornament, Miss Miriam, Previous, Waring, Coburg, King Pepper, Shot Gun and Hamburg Belle.

The opening event was the Inaugural Steeplechase Handicap at about two miles, with only four starters. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.'s Phantom, a high class jumper, was a magnetic favorite at odds on, such operators as Leo Mayer, Sol Lichtenstein, Max Blumenthal, Tom Costigan, Joe Gutthom and the combined club house backing him extensively. Nitrate was second in favor, but after running last all the way he fell at the final obstacle. Phantom showed in front for three-quarters of a mile and then gave way to Pagan Boy, who ran in the colors of Gould Brokaw. Coming to the water jump for the second time, Pagan Boy was the pacemaker, followed closely by Dick Roberts and Phantom. Rounding into the backstretch for the last time Ray went to the front again with Phantom, never to be headed, the Meddler gelding winning easily by a length and a half from Dick Roberts, who was eight lenghts in front of Pagan Boy. The race was run in 4:13 2-5, the previous winners of the event being Article, Plato, Orman, Rising Sun, Adjidaumo and Caller.

There was a tumble for the form players in the second event, a five and a half furlong sprint straightaway, for two-year olds. J. L. Holland's Bauble and August Belmont's Ladsarion, the two choices, finished far back in the ruck. The winner turned up in R. Angarola's Sir Caruthers, recently purchased from E. E. Smathers, an 8 to 1 shot, who got home in a driving finish by a head, his owner cleaning up $7,500 on his success. Andrew's Miller's Ingleside, a 12 to 1 shot, trained by Tom Welsh, ran second, with a head over James R. Keene's Bribery, a slick looking filly by Voter—Handmaid, who was backed from 20 to 1 down to sevens. The latter had a length over Cary, another good thing, lowered to sevens, who tired in the last sixteenth. The winner was in front all the way and ran the distance in 1:06. The clubhouse lost heavily on Bauble.

Frank Farrell's Stroller, a horse that likes soft going opened a 6 to 5 favorite in the fifth event, at a mile and a furlong, but he went up in the betting to 13 to 5 because of the heavy play on William Astor Chanler's Novena, who was backed down to 5 to 2. Lichtenstein bet $2,000 on Stroller, while Joe Rose and Eddie Burke led the plunge on Novena, with Joe Hayman and Bob Tucker backing S. S. Brown's Ascot Belle at threes. Stroller went to the front as soon as the gate was sprung, and set a fast pace to the head of the stretch. There it was that Crimmins sneaked Lord Badge, 8 to 1, through on the rail, and as soon as the old fellow was let down he fairly romped home a winner by half a dozen lengths in 1:54 4-5. Stroller stood a drive and held the place from Novena by a length and a half. Ascot Belle ran far below expectations and finished last.

For the last race, at a mile and a sixteenth on the turf, the smart operators could see nothing but First Mason, the biggest bet placed on this old horse being a $5,000 commission by Frank Tyler. First Mason was pounded down to 4 to 5, with J. A. Bennet's Pretension also in much demand at 13 to 5. Pretension went off in front as if it was all over, but he soon tired, and Grapple, a three-year-old colt by Woolsthorpe, at 40 to 1, took command at the head of the stretch, and though First Mason went after him like a whirlwind he was driven home a winner by a length and a half in 1:48 3-5. First Mason had six lengths over Pretension. There was a rumor that the winner's victory might be protested on the ground that Edward Corrigan had an interest in him, but no such action was resorted to. Grapple ran in the name of D. H. Barnes, with Green B. Morris his trainer, and it was rumored at the track that a number of horses formerly owned by Corrigan would run in future under the auspices of this combination. First Mason was possibly short of work.

The summaries:

FIRST RACE.

Inaugural Steeplechase, handicap; for four-year-olds and upward; $2,000 added; short course; about two miles:

Horse and Age.	*Wt.*	*Jockey.*	*Betting.*	*Fin.*
Phantom, 4	144	Ray	7-10	1-4 1½
Dick Roberts, 5	142	Grantland	8-1	8-5 2e
Pagan Boy, 5	152	J. Kelly	8-1	8-5 3
Nitrate, aged	151	Rodrock	7-2	9-10 *
*Fell.		Time, 4:13 2-5.		

Good start; won easily; Phantom, b. g., 4, by Meddler—Dissemble; owned by T. Hitchcock, Jr.; trained by C. Kiernan.

SECOND RACE.

Selling; for two-year-olds; $1,000 added; allowances last five and a half furlongs Futurity course:

Horse and Age.	*Wt.*	*Jockey.*	*Betting.*	*Fin.*
Sir Caruthers, 2	102	Miller	8-1	8-1 1h
Ingleside, 2	97	McIntyre	12-1	8-1 2h
Bribery, 2	88	Shilhardt	7-1	3-1 3
Cary, 2	106	Lyne	7-1	3-2 4
Youth, 2	99	Ashworth	20-1	8-1 5
Vagabond, 2	99	L. Smith	8-1	3-1 6
Remington, 2	97	D. Collins	20-1	8-1 7
Genista, 2	97	Shilhardt	30-1	10-1 8
Bauble, 2	97	Wiley	16-5	6-5 9
Ladsarion, 2	99	Moriarty	5-1	2-1 10
Honeywell, 2	94	Brussel	100-1	40-1 11
Expressing, 2	89	Wilson	25-1	10-1 12
Dodina, 2	93	Green	12-1	5-1 13
Blue Pirate, 2	105	Burns	15-1	6-1 14
Donora, 2	95	Brown	60-1	20-1 15
		Time, 1:06.		

Good start; won driving; Sir Caruthers, b. c., 2, by St. George—Bessie; owned by R. Angarola; trained by J. Fitzsimmons.

THIRD RACE.

Fall Handicap; for three-year-olds and upward; $2,000 added; six furlongs, main track:

Horse and Age.	*Wt.*	*Jockey.*	*Betting.*	*Fin.*
Prince Hamburg, 3	112	Hildebrand	8-1	3-1 1
Roseben, 4	126	O'Neill	9-10	9-10 2h
Lady Amelia, 4	123	W. Davis	8-1	3-1 3e
Rose of Dawn, 3	107	Shaw	15-1	6-1 4
*Cigarlighter, 3	98	Wiley	20-1	8-1 5
Graziallo, 4	118	W. Knapp	6-1	2-1 6
*Gold Enamel, 3	107	Shilhardt	20-1	8-1 7
Tokalon, 4	109	Romanelli	15-1	6-1 8
Pasadena, 3	100	L. Smith	30-1	10-1 9
Preen, 3	105	Creamer	15-1	6-1 10
*Coupled.		Time, 1:14 1-5.		

Fair start; won driving; Prince Hamburg, ch. c., 3, by Hamburg—Maori; owned by H. P. Whitney; trained by J. W. Rogers.

FIFTH RACE.

Selling; for three-year-olds and upward; $1,000 added; one mile and a furlong:

Horse and Age.	*Wt.*	*Jockey.*	*Betting.*	*Fin.*
Lord Badge, 6	103	Crimmins	8-1	3-1 1e
Stroller, 5	106	O'Neill	13-5	even 2½
Novena, 5	91	Miller	5-2	4-5 3
R. F. Williams, 4	106	Romanelli	20-1	7-1 4
Sals, 4	106	Moriarty	7-1	2-1 5
Ascot Belle, 3	98	Ashworth	3-1	even 6
		Time, 1:54 4-5.		

Good start; won easily; Lord Badge, b. g., 6, by Badge—Mocking Bird; owned and trained by W. L. Oliver.

SIXTH RACE.

For three-year-olds and upward; $1,200 added; penalties and allowances; one mile and a sixteenth on the turf:

Horse and Age.	*Wt.*	*Jockey.*	*Betting.*	*Fin.*
Grapple, 3	111	Moriarty	40-1	15-1 1½e
First Mason, 5	111	W. Davis	4-5	1-5 2e
Pretension, 4	113	Martin	13-5	9-10 3d
Tommy Waddell, 3	111	Lyne	10-1	3-1 4
Sir Ralph, 3	108	W. Knapp	12-1	4-1 5
Stamping Ground, 5	106	Diggins	20-1	5-1 6
Head Dance, 3	111	McIntyre	40-1	10-1 7
Sailor Boy, 3	106	Wishard	30-1	10-1 8
Judge Himes, 5	116	Burns	15-1	6-1 9
Tyron, 4	116	Bullman	15-1	6-1 10
		Time, 1:48 3-5.		

Good start; won driving; Grapple, b. c., 3, by Woolsthorpe—Embrace; owned by D. H. Barnes; trained by Green B. Morris.

International Chess.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BARMEN, Germany, Aug. 26.—The twelfth round of the international chess masters' tournament was contested at the Concordia here to-day. Janowski won his game from John, Marshall defeated Burn, Maroczy scored against Leonhardt, Tschigorin defeated Mieses and Bernstein succumbed to Suechting. The games between Gottschall and Alapin, Bardeleben and Berger and Wolf and Schlechter were drawn. The record to date:

	Won.	*Lost.*		*Won.*	*Lost.*
Alapin	4½	7½	Leonhardt	5	7
Bardeleben	6	5	Maroczy	8	4
Berger	6½	5½	Marshall	8½	3½
Bernstein	6½	5½	Mieses	4½	7½
Burn	5½	6½	Schlechter	7½	4½
Gottschall	5	7	Suechting	4½	7½
Janowski	8½	2½	Tschigorin	4	7
John	4	7	Wolf	5½	6½

Racing at Latonia.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—The card was good at Latonia to-day, the weather fine and the attendance very large. The track was fast. It was announced formally that the meeting would be again extended to Sept. 9. Brancas, unnoticed in the betting, won the handicap for three-year-olds handily, as did Romola that for two-year-olds.

J. O. Keene will take his jockey, Radtke, the star of this track, and the three choices of his stable, Red Leaf, Mandator and Mansard, East next week.

First Race—Six furlongs—Roscoe, 95 (J. Hicks), 20 to 1, won; Felix Mozzer, 105 (C. Morris), 13 to 5, second; Mansard, 114 (Radtke), 2 to 1, third. Time 1:14 3-5. Mayor Johnson, Sid Silver, J. W. O'Neill and Bucciechih also ran.

Second Race—One mile—Eduardo, 99 (L. Williams), 11 to 1, won; Scotch Thistle, 108 (E. Robinson), even money, second; Birch Broom, 100 (Foy), 3 to 2, third. Time, 1:41. Omealca and Federal also ran.

Third Race—Five furlongs—Jimmy Maher, 113 (Radtke), 3 to 1, won; Santa Lucia, 109 (H. Jackson), 40 to 1, second; Windshield, 97 (L. Williams), 9 to 1, third. Time, 1:02 2-5. Prince Glenn, Antara, Principe, Pat Eikins, Fiorel, Ruby Right and Julius Frank also ran.

Fourth Race—One mile and 50 yards—Brancas, 97 (E. Morrison) 8 to 1, won; Coruscate, 101 (D. Austin), 14 to 5, second; White Plume, 104 (Radtke) 16 to 5, third. Time, 1:43 4-5. King Ellsworth, Haviland and Six Shooter also ran.

Fifth Race—Six furlongs—Romola, 110 (E. Robinson), 2 to 1, won; Yaad, 90 (C. Morris), 12 to 1, second; Orbicular, 110 (Hoffer), 4 to 1, third. Time, 1:15 1-5. Mandator, Hogan and Quinn Brady also ran.

Sixth Race—One mile and a sixteenth—Ponsolucia, 109 (Radtke), 3 to 1, won; Mag Hanlon, 98 (L. Williams), 9 to 2, second; Van Hope, 106 (J. Harris), 7 to 1, third. Time 1:49 3-5. Martin, Dungannon, Danube, Eugieborn, Cardinal Wolsey, Mint Bed, A. Convict and Gracious also ran.

TRAVERS WINS OUT AT DEAL.

PREVENTS SHERMAN FROM RECORDING DOUBLE EVENT.

Splendid Golf in the Final Round—Bowley Gets the Handicap—Norton Has Mixup With a Hobo—Will Anderson and Isaac Mackie Scoop Pot at Hollywood.

Tom Sherman was snuffed out in the final round of the Deal Golf Club invitation tournament yesterday by Jerome Travers, the defeat being by 2 and 1 after a splendidly played match. He won both score medal and president's cup last year, and, after winning the score medal this time, to gain the final was the next best thing to pulling off the double event.

As the morning matches were ending a weary and dusty hobo, unkempt of beard and with a blossom nose, had the nerve to walk up on the clubhouse veranda and rub shoulders with the members before the score board. The servants spotted him and called on Will Norton, the professional, to run out the intruder. Norton made a good try, in spite of a stiff fight put up by the hobo, and had his man pinned against the wall before making the discovery that the tramp was Samuel Allen of the greens committee in masquerade. There was an amateur circus going on near by, in which the Deal society folks did stunts for charity's sake, and Allen had come across lots to show his makeup.

The semi-final matches for the president's cup brought out a nineteen hole contest between Travers and William Frew, the Pittsburger. The latter was 1 up at the turn, but lost the lead by taking three puts on the short thirteenth hole, after getting to the green in a better place than Travers. Travers won the fourteenth in 5 and he would have had at least a half on the sixteenth but for the bungle of an iron shot. Now, even again, Frew sliced his next tee shot into the bushes, and so presented the hole to Travers. The latter took a cleek for the home hole, to make certain of a 4, but he was short on the approach put, and Frew stung him for the hole, 4 to 5. Travers did 44, 42—86, and Frew 48, 44—92.

The gallery that trooped out to see the tie decided witnessed a sensational finish on the first extra hole. Frew was absolutely dead for a 4, with Travers fourteen or sixteen feet away. The Nassau boy took on his aluminum putter and sent a put as straight as a tip on Ormondale bang into the hole for a 3 and the match.

Four up at the turn, with Ralph Peters, Jr., the strokes being 43 to 48, Sherman did not have much cause to worry going out in his end of the semi-final. Now Peters struck the speed of a cannon ball express until he was but 1 down with 3 to play. They halved the sixteenth and Sherman won the seventeenth through laying a stymie. Playing out for their cards, Sherman showed a 42 and Peters a 38, making the totals respectively 85 and 86.

Sherman is wonderfully long on the tee shots and on the first two holes in the final he had Travers playing the odd. After that the Nassau boy had the better of the drives and second shots, while he was also very steady in putting. "This is a different Travers from the morning," remarked Dr. John M. Byers, of Dyker Meadow. "Then he seemed lead; now Travers is all quicksilver and nerve power."

Sherman needed but one put on the first green, while Travers took three of them, but he evened up the loss of first blood by winning the second hole, where Sherman did the triple putting act.

On the third Travers popped his mashie shot into the bunker and Sherman won in 4. A beautifully played 5 gained Travers the fourth and after a half in 6 Travers became 1 up by a 3 on the sixth. He added the next three to his roll the ninth, despite the only hooker of the morning made by Travers in the match, the strokes being 4, 3 and 5. This made the Nassau youngster 4 up and 41 at the turn to 45 for Sherman.

Travers played to carry the bunker from the tenth, instead of using a cleek, as is usually done here, and, getting into the hazard through the rash proceeding, Sherman won in 4. A half followed in 4 and next, though anyone put in trying for a 4, Sherman won the twelfth in 5 to 6.

Two down, with but six to play, Sherman made a Titanic effort to stem the tide flowing against him, the result being a finish in ideal golf. Both were on edge and playing with super results and Travers was 1 down at the thirteenth in 3, fourteenth in 5 and the 423 yard fifteenth in 4, Travers here having a ten foot try for a 3, while Sherman was on the edge of the green in 2. The sixteenth was a half in 5, Travers missing a short put, which made him dormie 2. They halved the seventeenth in 3 and, now a 4 to win, Travers drove the 243 yard home hole and ended with another 3, for a 79 to 82. The card was:

Travers	5	5	5	5	6	3	4	3	5	—41
Sherman	4	6	4	6	6	4	5	4	6	—45
Travers	5	4	6	3	5	4	5	3	3	—38—79
Sherman	5	4	4	5	3	5	4	5	3	4—37—82

President's Cup—Semi-final—Jerome D. Travers, Nassau, beat William Frew, Pittsburg, by 1 up (nineteen holes); T. M. Sherman, Utica, beat Ralph Peters, Jr., Midland, by 2 up and 1 to play.

Final—Travers beat Sherman, by 2 up and 1 to play.

Governors' Cup—Semi-final—L. P. Gwyer, Stewanon, beat W. T. West, Camden, by 4 up and 2 to play; A. D. Swords, Morristown Field, beat Alfred Nathan, Deal, by 4 up and 2 to play.

Final—Swords beat Gwyer, by 5 up and 2 to play.

Third Cup—Semi-final—J. S. Martin, Pittsburg, beat A. I. Whitlock, Deal, by 2 up and 1 to play; J. B. Turner, Jr., Deal, beat W. A. Furman, Princeton G. C., by 1 up.

Final—Martin beat Turner, by 1 up.

Fourth Cup—Semi-final—E. A. Proal, Seabright, beat F. Shanley, Jr., Deal, by 4 up and 3 to play; M. D. Thurston, Roseville, beat Howard Steele, Deal, by 5 up and 3 to play.

Final—Proal beat Thurston, by 4 up and 3 to play.

Greens Committee Cup—First round—B. C. Fuller, Apawamis, beat Arthur Havemeyer, Seabright, by 2 up and 1 to play; S. D. Bowers, Brooklawn, beat Scott Scammell, Trenton, by 4 up and 3 to play; R. B. Stoutenburgh, Deal, beat C. F. Ahlstrom, Jr., Newark, by 4 up and 3 to play; R. Havemeyer, Seabright, beat W. V. Long, Deal, by 2 up and 1 to play.

Semi-final—Bowers beat Fuller, by 6 up and 5 to play; Stoutenburgh, beat Havemeyer, by 1 up.

Final—Stoutenburgh beat Bowers by 1 up (nineteen holes).

Deal Cup—First Round—H. L. Bond, Jr., Baltimore, beat A. Van Dyck, Deal, by 8 up and 6 to play; H. V. Keep, Englewood, beat W. R. McNees, Atlantic City, by 7 up and 5 to play; H. A. Mackey, Atlantic City, beat M. A. Wilson, Deal, by 5 up and 4 to play; J. T. Smith, Newark, a bye.

Semi-final—Keep beat Bond by 2 up; Smith beat Mackey, by 3 up and 1 to play.

Final—Keep beat Smith by 2 up.

Open Handicap, Eighteen Holes—G. H. Bowley, Roseville, 89, 12—77; S. D. Bowers, Brooklawn, 85, 6—79; R. A. Waterbury, Elizabeth, 92, 13—79; C. J. Lihatre,