

GOVERNOR ON HAND TO SEE JEFFRIES BOX

Nevada's Executive Again Visits Boilermaker.

RENO LIFE IS DESCRIBED

Exorbitant Prices for Food and Lodgings Prevail—Work Already Started on Huge Arena for Fight and by Saturday Night All Will Be Ready for Big Show.

Reno, June 29.—Gov. E. S. Dickerson, of Nevada; James J. Jeffries, the undefeated, and the moving-picture men all worked in harmony this afternoon to make a gladstone Reno holiday. The governor's part was acquiescent, though an honorable one; but Mr. Jeffries and the moving-picture men worked hard to please Reno and incidentally every city in the land.

It all began yesterday, when, after Gov. Dickerson had been piloted to Jeffries' camp at Meana Springs by Promoter Rickard, Jeffries had refused to give an exhibition of his art. His plea had been a stomach ache. Then, late last night, after Mr. Sam Berger, Jeffries' astute manager, had heard all about the ecia that had attended the governor's visit at Johnson's camp in the afternoon, there was a conference between Mr. Berger and other members of Jeffries' training squad.

As a result of this conference, James J. Corbett was appointed ambassador, carrying plenary powers, and Mr. Corbett came to Reno a short time after midnight last night looking for the governor.

Corbett found the governor and Mr. Rickard in the back room of a quiet cafe. What conversation passed the world will never know, but this moving picture Rickard announced that at 4 o'clock this afternoon the governor would again visit Jeffries' camp, and this time his expectations would surely be fulfilled.

This word passed around Reno more quickly than the announcement of the arrival of a New York divorcee. Before 8 o'clock there were fifty automobiles parked in front of the Meana Springs training quarters, and every car running on a fifteen minute schedule from Reno carried passengers hanging on to its tail-board. The privileged ones, sporting experts, ex-champions, dopers, wine agents, and plain reporters, fled through the front gate leading to the training quarters and took up their position on the grass plot in front of the Meana Springs large armchair, in which the unvanquished always sits himself on these sunny afternoons. Jeffries, however, was preparing for the ordeal alone in his chamber within the training quarters.

Only a False Alarm. The vulgar horde, having no privilege and coming only to pay their meed of worship, scattered among the current bushes, fell into the creek and in other ways engaged themselves until a shout brought them hurrying to the restraining fence surrounding the sacred grass plot. It was a false alarm, only the correspondents and ex-champion posing before the moving picture machines in easy and familiar attitudes. Sam Berger said that film ought to be labeled "Thanksgiving Day in Bloomington Asylum."

Then about 4 o'clock came the anticipated moment. Rickard's big touring car whirled up from Reno at a forty-mile clip and passed directly in front of the "diamond" sign before the ex-champion's gate.

In the car with Mr. Rickard were Gov. Dickerson, Capt. Cox, of the State police, and a flying squad of reporters. The crowd surged to the fence. The three moving picture men behind the carefully leveled muzzles of their machines had packed their cameras on tripods and cranked a light battery of newspapers photographers crouched expectantly in the foreground. Sam Berger stalked into the front door of the training quarters and called out rascally: "Oh, Jeff, he's here."

There was a moment's pause, and then the 225 pounds of fighting man appeared on the porch. He was wearing a sign which some agent had the forethought to hang on the horsehoe above the door. Instantly the cranks of the moving picture machines began to twitter, the shutters of the camera squad snapped spitefully, and everybody drew a long breath. Rickard, meanwhile, had descended from his automobile and accompanied by the governor and Capt. Cox, he advanced through the rows of Sweet William flanking the wooden side-walks and leading directly to the pride of the white race. With an elaborate gesture, Rickard introduced Jeffries to the governor, although the same ceremony with not a single camera present. The governor shook hands with Jeffries and said something which the nearest listeners did not catch. The undefeated champion bowed vigorously and clicked six silver dollars together in the palm of his left hand.

After that Rickard took the governor by the elbow and Jeffries by the hand and led them both directly into the raking fire of the vitagraph machines. All of the select ex-champions, sporting specialists, and correspondents, seeing that the cranks of the machines were still turning, fell into line and gravely marched by these recording agents of history.

After that Jeffries dug for the house and there was a mad scramble for the dancing platform behind the house, upon which it was expected that he would perform for the governor.

There must have been 200 people. Half of them were women. All of the local divorce colony were out in force. Some of them manuevered their hands with the cute little knives the wine agents had given them while they were waiting for the real show to commence.

Governor Shows Up.

After everybody had been seated or had taken his place standing, three deep about the dancing platform, Rickard and the governor came out of the kitchen door of the training quarters and ascended the platform. There was a respectful demonstration for the governor and a second and really enthusiastic outburst of applause when Farmer Burns came out and with great dignity laid several pairs of boxing gloves and a punching bag in the middle of the ring. Battling Nelson was not overlooked, and when he swaggered through the crowd and placed himself and his cottonwool ear under the shade of a cottonwood tree.

held up his hand as a signal, and what happened after that even Keokuk, Iowa, will know in time.

First Jeffries did a little rope-jumping exhibition, then he boxed with Choyznik, Jack Jeffries, and Berger. A bag-punching set-toe exhibition and relieved the ex-champion from his arduous duties entailed by the contracts with the moving-picture company.

The governor and Rickard returned to Reno, and the crowd reluctantly dispersed.

Accommodations Are Scarce.

The Tony Lubelski Trans-Atlantic Vaudeville Company dropped down over the mountains from the West at an early hour this morning, and before the hotel sweepers had polished the cuspidors for another day's work the whole twenty-seven of the Trans-Atlantics were lined up in front of the night clerk in the Golden Hotel.

"Rooms!" echoed the night clerk. "Well, I understand that Bill Simpson has got in a new stock of alfalfa hay over at the Fashion Stables, and he is taking ladies in the harness room on cot's, gents will have to sleep on the alfalfa."

"Any oats thrown in for the ladies?" asked Miss Flossie Dolande, who had been sitting up in a chair all the way from Oakland, and whose temper was correspondingly acidulous.

"No, ma'am; but the ladies have to go next door to the back room of the Oasis saloon to get the wash-up, and they stake themselves to their own soap and towels at that."

There was a shivery laugh from the Trans-Atlantics. Tony Lubelski gave the sign to shoo the ladies, and the procession moved through the dawn to the Nonpareil transient rooming-house. Here a landlady in maternal curl paper distributed them over five rooms. Manager Lubelski listened to the ultimatum regarding rents; \$44 per night for the whole troupe, and if he thought he could do any better he could try.

Breakfast for the Trans-Atlantics was had at Thomas' Cafe. That meal set Mr. Lubelski back just \$37.

"I feel them on rice after this," sighed Mr. Lubelski as he stood in front of the Golden Hotel and watched his dry clothes burst into a flame at the end. "And I'll get a board stable to take the contract for the lot."

About 150 carpenters are now at work raising the wooden coliseum on the outskirts of Reno, where the fight is to take place. The scattered piles of lumber have begun to take shape, and by Saturday night, so the contractors have promised, the structure will be completed and ready to receive the crowds on Monday.

A pine board is a pine board almost everywhere in this arena, there Monday will see a remarkable distinction between pine boards. The two rows of seats directly beneath the raised platform upon which the world's championship will be decided are reserved for the army of correspondents. There are 134 spaces allotted to them, so the contractors say. Then behind these two rows there are twenty-eight rows of pine boards representing 2,600 seats, which are worth \$50 a piece. The aristocracy of the pine decreases in even ratio to the increasing distance away from the squared ring. There will be 1,000 seats at \$10, \$200 at \$20, \$200 at \$30, \$50 at \$35, and away back to the peaks and altitudes of the great structure are 6,500 for the humbler sports who have only \$10 to invest in amusement.

Not only those who pay \$50 for a little cardboard of admission see better than others, but, as some have figured it, they would not have any distance to go to the arena, but they would have any portion of the mazy underlending. The contractors have assured the promoters, however, that they have not sacrificed stability by the simple construction of the big tiered boxes. Ten dollars will be as much insurance against unpleasant circumstances as \$20.

There are certain circumstances which will make the comfort of the spectators a problematical factor. There are to be no cushions. No soda water or other beverages. Bottles will be peddled through the arena, but this means some fight followers are so simple in their directness of expression that they might hurt the bottles at either of the principal entrances. By the same token, anybody who is suspected of carrying a revolver pass the vigilant State police and deputy sheriff guards at the entrance.

No Drinks Admitted. If anybody is appreciably drunk, he will not get through the gates, even if he has \$50 tickets. By the same token, anybody that is disposed to regale himself inside of the arena from a bootleg or flask that he may have smuggled past the guards will be advised not to do so. There will be soft pedal on language also. Ushers and deputy sheriffs will be empowered to make declarations of disapproval or comment which translate the accepted Nevada code of gentility.

The sale of tickets is going on briskly in Rickard's clubrooms over Jim May's building on the corner. Rickard received a telegram from Gleason this morning, telling of a \$12,000 sale of tickets in San Francisco yesterday. The cancellations of seat bundles, however, which were rejected for San Francisco, the fight is expected, Rickard says he believes of the total of 15,000 seats provided in the arena, 14,000 will be disposed of before noon on July 4.

The promoters are figuring on the basis of orders for special trains in computing the number of the higher-priced seats that are going to be sold. Only one of these trains is figuring on the basis of that is bearing big Tim Sullivan, the stakeholder of the fight. It is expected to arrive here on July 1. There are two empty rows on the way from Chicago and St. Louis. Fifteen will be dispatched from San Francisco on Saturday and Sunday, and two will leave Los Angeles on Friday. Besides these, a single special train is expected from each of the following cities:

Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Denver, Salt Lake, Birmingham, Ala., and New Orleans. A report comes from San Francisco that fully fifty automobile parties will be starting there in the next two days for the trip over the Sierras. Reno of this quarter of the desert after the fight already is looming up in the office. This morning somebody with an inspiration went down to the ticket office at the depot and bought the last three upper berths on the train for the West that will leave Reno on the night of July 6. There was not a linen closet that could be had by any train. Price—about July 4 or 5.

This ingenious plunger promptly returned to the lobby of the Golden Hotel and offered to wash each of the Pullman tickets against \$10 that Johnson would last fifteen rounds. He found takers within ten minutes, and the tickets were duly sealed up in envelopes with the coin and left in the hands of the hotel proprietor. The tickets cost him just \$150 apiece. A man from Newark, N. J., who was reading over the notices of the filing of divorce suits, which regularly fill two or three columns in the advertising pages of the Nevada State Journal, looked up from his paper this morning and nudged a friend sitting in the next chair:

"Say, Fred, if I don't get out of here by July 6 my wife back there will be filing a counter suit just to copper a card she'll think I'm playing out here. What do you know about the comforts of a stock car?"

The Divorce Colony.

Speaking of divorces, and already the divorcees on the Eastern papers that play the divorcee and the pugilistic miles side by side, have begun to arrive in town, the incoming advance of the army of sports has already learned the conventions of Thomas' eating place. Now,

Thomas makes pretensions at being the Shanley's of Nevada, and they are pretty good pretensions in so far as the price marks carry. In the main room of Thomas there are two large tables which are invariably reserved for the divorcees. The waiters speak of these tables as "The widows' corner."

No man sits at the tables except by invitation, and such is the squancy of Reno here that it must be what Jack London, the blood and bones writer, who is now on the ground, would call an "abysmal brute" that would dare to sit in the "widows' corner," under the eyes of all the rest of Thomas. "Several interesting little friendships are now in progress that have had a recent inception in Thomas."

One of the Eastern newspaper men who knows Jack London's meter, just to give Mr. London another little bit of publicity this morning, composed and published on the hotel bulletin board a notice he labeled "The Little Things in the description of the fight which London will write, provided Jeffries wins. It was this:

"And the shaggy cave man returned to his rocky lair with the bone."

JEFFRIES LACKS IN TWO ESSENTIALS

Continued from Page One.

But is there not just a certain risk in building on the third prediction?

Big Bob Armstrong is rabid on the subject of Jeffries. He says the fight will not get ten rounds, because Jeffries is a terrible man who has been putting it all over Armstrong daily.

Trainer Cornell says that Jeffries is tireless, and that he can't be made to puff, but when you ask if he has ever sent the big fellow on a really long journey, he will admit that the longest spell of boxing he has given him at any time was fifteen rounds, followed by shadow boxing, chest exercises, and rope skipping for an hour.

I asked him if he had ever made Jeffries run ten miles straight, either before or after boxing twelve rounds. He said he had not, and did not believe in that sort of extreme work. Of course, I did not argue. I am there to get information, not to give it.

Sam Berger is a negation. He is willing to talk. He will show you how there is no way for Jeffries to lose. But this means nothing.

Jack Jeffries has more sense than any of the rest. He will take advice; he listens. Overconfidence is a peril. Penn had it before the Michigan game last fall and lost. When a man is overconfident he does not both the little things as he would if he knew he could only win by the skin of his teeth. It is a good thing to give the other fellow credit for being better than he really is, and of worrying until the test comes for fear something will take off that fine edge so essential to victory.

Take this morning as a sample of Jeffries' work-out. He went out to do road work with Burns and Cornell. They were gone one hour. I was where I could see them all the time, and they never broke out of a good fast walk. I could have kept up with them myself.

When they came in Jeffries was wrapped in blankets for a sweat, while the rubber and trainers sat around reverently and waited for the great man to permit them to take a little rubbin' down. Jeffries may be good enough to win. He looks it, but he could have made the victory certain by being less merciful to himself and a little less confident.

WHITE FOR REFEREE.

New Yorker Will Serve If Rickard Is Disabled. Reno, June 29.—Charles White, of New York, who is now on his way to the fight, was selected as deputy referee to-night at 9 o'clock at a conference between Tex Rickard, Tom Flanagan, Johnson's manager, and Sam Berger, Jeffries' manager.

Francis Nelson, of Montreal, was the first choice of the trio, but in answer to a telegram he said that he could not serve. The selection of White followed after considerable discussion. When Rickard announced the name of White at the conference, he said: "You can take any bet up to 1,000 to 1 that this means my retirement as referee, and you'll lose if you take end against me. I don't intend to retire from the refereeing. I simply want a man to take my place in case I'm injured or in any way incapacitated during the fight."

AMATEUR LEAGUE STANDINGS.

Table with columns for league names and scores. Includes Capital City League, Departmental League, Sunday School League, and Marquette League.

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Table with columns for league names and scores. Includes Commercial League, Bankers' League, and Olympia League.

Table with columns for league names and scores. Includes Southern Railway League, Colored Departmental League, and Smart Set Beats Clintons.

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POTOMAC SIGN MINDIES' COACH

Dick Glendon Succeeds Pat Dempsey at Local Club.

"Dick" Glendon, one of the foremost coaches in the country, has been selected to coach the Potomac Boat Club crews, succeeding "Pat" Dempsey, who has resigned.

Glendon begins his duties at once. Dempsey resigned to go to Ocean City, Md., where he conducts a hotel. In so doing Glendon, the Potomac Boat Club has one of the ablest oarsmen and coaches in the country.

For the last five years Glendon has been coaching the Annapolis crews and has met with marked success. He recently renewed his contract with the Naval Academy authorities, and will have charge at the Navy boat houses next year.

His connections with the Potomac Boat Club will in no way interfere with his position at the Naval Academy. He will retain both positions, and it is expected will give Washingtonians a crew that may stand well with his Navy crew. A race between these two crews under the same coach is not improbable.

Glendon is forty-five years old. He was a prominent member of the Boston Athletic Club twenty years ago and was regarded as one of the greatest oarsmen of his day. He gave up rowing fifteen years ago and has been engaged at several colleges since in the capacity of coach.

BIG RACE TO-DAY.

Yale Wins Best Positions Over Harvard.

Red Top, Conn., June 29.—Harvard was the loser in her first race with Yale on the Thames River this afternoon. The event was between freshmen four oars, and Yale covered the mile in 5 minutes, 20.4 seconds, the Crimson quartet finishing two seconds later.

The "gentlemen's eight" race did not take place, as Yale could not muster a crew of graduate oarsmen. Harvard, however, sent her graduate crew out at 5:30, and rowed a mile over the measured course. Whether the Andrew Grayes trophy cup will go to Harvard by default is a question to be settled later.

Yale won the toss for all three of the big races to-morrow. Yale chose the east side for her "varsity eight and four-oar" events, and the west side for the freshmen eight contest.

LATONIA RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Four and a half furlongs. Out-fitter, 105 (Kennedy), \$3.00, won; Mocker, 108 (Peak), \$10, second; W. W. W. (Peak), 110 (Peak), \$10, third. Time, 1:30.4. Second race, 6 furlongs. Out-fitter, 105 (Kennedy), \$3.00, won; Mocker, 108 (Peak), \$10, second; W. W. W. (Peak), 110 (Peak), \$10, third. Time, 1:30.4.

SECOND RACE—Five furlongs. Marned, 108 (Mountain), \$5, won; Oriental Pearl, 106 (Soville), \$10, second; Washita, 106 (Martin), \$4.00, third. Time, 1:25. Mr. Kelly, Count de Oro, Minnie Wind, Uscera, Fenir, Deloay, Dusty, Colista, Mary Day, Alameda, Queen, and Wino also ran.

THIRD RACE—Six furlongs. Lotta, 105 (Soville), \$3.00, won; Acelin, 116 (Peak), \$11.10, second; Cellare, 105 (Kennedy), \$1, third. Time, 1:24.4. Zepher, 114, Lethy Welle, and Lady McNally also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Mile and seventy yards. Pinhook, 112 (Horn), \$10, won; Tom Hag, 105 (Herbert), \$2.00, second; Dr. Hoelder, 107 (Gibbs), \$10, third. Time, 1:52.4. Also ran: Alton, 110 (Horn), \$10, fourth; Minto, 110 (Horn), \$10, fifth; Impudent, 110 (Martin), \$10, sixth; Queen City, 110 (Ries), \$10, seventh; Marned, 108 (Kennedy), \$7.00, eighth; Elizabethan, Placido, and May Birdie also ran.

SIXTH RACE—One and three-quarters miles. Marned, 108 (Kennedy), \$7.00, won; Etilal, 115 (Grand), \$5.00, third. Time, 3:59.4. Lois Carnegie, Quags, and Nadin also ran.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Five and one-half furlongs. Mendlin, 112 (Horn), \$10, won; Alton, 110 (Horn), \$10, second; Novity, 111 (Shilling), \$10, third. Time, 1:56.4. Watserv, Mr. Gollyth, Pleasant, Pat Miss, Ben Tass, Lockrose, and Ace of Clubs also ran.

SECOND RACE—About two and one-half miles. The Welkin, 110 (Davison), \$10, won; Minto, 110 (Keller), \$4 to 1, second; Gold Plate, 113 (Willow), \$10, third. Time, 3:59.4. Also ran: St. Patensy, Thistle, Essex, and O. K. also ran.

THIRD RACE—One mile and a furlong. Charley, 112 (Horn), \$10, won; Fagan, 112 (Horn), \$10, second; Star Actor, 107 (Powers), \$10, third. Time, 1:55.3. Henley, M. Cannon, Gracioso, and G. Simpson also ran.

FOURTH RACE—One mile and a furlong. H. H. H. (Horn), \$10, won; Fagan, 112 (Horn), \$10, second; Star Actor, 107 (Powers), \$10, third. Time, 1:55.3. Henley, M. Cannon, Gracioso, and G. Simpson also ran.

FIFTH RACE—Six and one-quarter miles. Hampton Court, 105 (Garner), \$10, won; Capt. Swanton, 100 (Lang), \$10, second; P. Johnson, 100 (Mason), \$10, third. Time, 7:10.4. Also ran: Winton Locksaw, 100 (Mason), \$10, fourth; Capt. Swanton, 100 (Lang), \$10, fifth; P. Johnson, 100 (Mason), \$10, sixth; Winton Locksaw, 100 (Mason), \$10, seventh; Capt. Swanton, 100 (Lang), \$10, eighth; P. Johnson, 100 (Mason), \$10, ninth; Winton Locksaw, 100 (Mason), \$10, tenth.

SIXTH RACE—Six and one-half furlongs. Folie (Garner), \$10, won; Comestione, 103 (Garner), \$10, second; Albrook (Reatherton), \$10, third. Time, 1:23. Biallo, Adjudice, and Wile Mason also ran.

RACING CARDS FOR TO-DAY.

Sheepshead Bay. FIRST RACE—Six and one-half furlongs. Sir John Johnson, 110 (Horn), \$10, won; Gray Fisher, 110 (Horn), \$10, second; Far West, 110 (Horn), \$10, third. Time, 1:55.3. Henley, M. Cannon, Gracioso, and G. Simpson also ran.

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TENNIS TOURNAY.

Beals Wright and Eaves Beaten in Doubles.

Wimbledon, June 29.—In the fourth round of the doubles to-day Parke and Crawley beat Beals Wright and Eaves, 6-3, 3-6, 1-6, 6-1, 6-2.

In the first round of the mixed doubles R. B. Powell and Mrs. Sterry beat Mr. Howard and Mrs. Armstrong, 3-6, 7-5, 6-4.

Hardy of San Francisco, has been scratched from the All-England Plate. All-England Plate—Göbert beat Prof. Nettleton, 6-4, 7-5.

In the final for the ladies' singles Mrs. Lambert (nee Douglas), May Sutton's former opponent, beat Miss Bothby, the present holder of the title, 6-2, 6-2.

Mixed doubles, third round—R. B. Powell and Mrs. Sterry beat K. Powell and Miss Manser, 6-3, 6-1.

PLANS FOR HORSE SHOW.

Grounds at Culpeper in Readiness for the Event of the Season.

Special to The Washington Herald. Culpeper, Va., June 29.—The eighth annual exhibition of the Culpeper Horse Show and Racing Association will be held on the 4th and 5th of July, on the beautiful grounds of the association, near Culpeper.

The management announced that never before in the history of the association has it had a show the equal of the coming one. There are such well-known exhibitors as Thomas F. Ryan, Bowles Bros., M. C. Hazen, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Allan Potts, Blenheim Farm, of Baltimore, and many others. The afternoon will be devoted to the races and steeplechases. The stables are all full, and the entries in all the various exhibitions.

FORESTVILLE RACES.

Owner Sansbury Revises Card for Monday Matinee.

Dr. J. F. Sansbury, owner and manager of the Forestville Driving Park track, has revised his card of races for July 4.

The schedule of events for the day named, including entries, is as follows: 2.28 trot—Miss Miss, Miss Kushan, County Boy, and Bob R.

Free-for-all—Ed. Raif, Jubilant, Russell G., and Manella.

A match race for a purse of \$500, between Edward Daniels' Oldwood, 2:28, and George Goodner's Dr. Chase, 2:30, will follow the above event.

The events of the day will conclude with a running race of half-mile heats. It will be made up of overnight events. Yesterday was workout day at the track, and quite a large crowd of Washingtonians were on hand to witness the sport and clock the horses.

THE CLAY THAT IS EATEN.

Mined in the Hookwork Country and Used Mostly in Paper Making.

Those who are used only to the red clay of New Jersey and Pennsylvania and the brown clay of New York have been a little puzzled over the designation of some of the victims of hookwork as clay eaters.

In the Carolinas and Eastern Tennessee there are beds of pure white clay, as white as flour, and it is this sort of clay that is utilized for chewing. This clay is in small deposits throughout all South Carolina, but only the deposits in the neighborhood of Aiken and Langley are sufficient in extent, depth, and quality to be commercially valuable.

These beds lie anywhere from ten to thirty feet under the surface and are worked by side cuts. The earth is first removed from above over as large a surface as is desired and then the wall of clay is attacked from the side, an entrance being cut from some adja-cent valley, so that the mining is really done in an open cut, and mines that have been worked for years are finally nothing but huge white holes or excavations.

The clay is dug out by negroes with picks and shovels. Call other negroes with knives trim off the pieces, cutting out the traces of iron stain. It is then loaded on cars and hauled to a drying shed. Imagine standing from sixty to eighty feet below the surface of the earth in an amphitheater, the walls of which are pure white, with a Southern sun glittering overhead!

This clay is soft in texture and without grit and when dried out and powdered looks not unlike tooth powder. The beds are located by means of borings with a giant auger. One man in Aiken spent three months in the woods boring holes before he finally located a bed, but he was finally successful. Another bought an undeveloped bed simply from inspection of the borings for \$1,400 and sold it in three months for \$3