BELDAME WINS THE SUBURBAN.

Continued from First Page.

Mason, who raced along with Proper, was shut off twice, but made up a great deal of ground in the run through the stretch.

Dave Johnson's Jacquin, who won the Myrtle Stakes at Gravesend on Wednesday in such an impressive manner that his owner decided to start him in the big handicap, was a contender all the way, and it is probable that if he had drawn a position nearer the rail instead of the extreme outside he would have been in the money. As it was, after a rough journey he managed to finish a length behind First Mason, at the same time having a length over T. C. McDowell's Alan-a-Dale, who had worked very fast for the race, but quickly dropped back after the start and was never a contender.

Delhi was close behind Alan-a-Dale, and then came Ostrich, who was away from the post last and trailed the field for a greater part of the distance hopelessly beaten. John E. Madden's Adbell, who was well backed, was a factor for six furlongs, only to burn up the money of his backers in a most effective manner. English Lad, Fred Cook's Western champion, W. W. Darden's mare Miss Crawford and E. R. Bradley's Bad News were the tail enders, running through a cloud of dust which fairly blinded their riders.

HOW THE SUBURBAN WAS RUN.

FOURTH RACE—The Suburban Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward; value, $20,000; one mile and a quarter. Start good. Won driving. Time, 2:05 3-5. Winner, ch. f., by Octagon—Bella Donna. Owner, A. Belmont.

Horses.	P.	Wt.	St.	¼	½	¾	1	F.	Jockeys.	Open.	High.	Close.	Place.	Show.
Beldame	3	123	2	2²	2hd	2hd	2½	1nk	O'Neill	3	5	7-2	6-5	3-5
Proper	8	126	4	6h	6²	5h	3h	2h	W. Knapp	5	6	7-2	8-5	4-5
First Mason	9	118	9	3h	3hd	3hd	4²	3½	Bullman	20	25	20	6	4
Jacquin	11	106	7	4h	4h	4hd	6h	4h	J. J. Walsh	10	15	12	5	5-2
Alan-a-Dale	2	112	5	8h	8h	7h	6h	5h	Odom	20	30	20	8	4
Delhi	5	126	1	1hd	1²	1hd	1h	6h	Burns	5-2	7-2	3	1	1-2
Ostrich	1	95	11	11	11	11	9	7h	Crimmins	10	25	20	8	4
Adbell	6	109	3	5h	5h	6h	7	8	Fountain	6	7	5	2	6-5
English Lad	7	117	8	9	9	10	10	9	Nicol	20	40	30	10	5
Miss Crawford	10	106	6	7	7	8	8	10	Miller	20	60	40	15	6
Bad News	4	115	10	10	10	9	11	11	C. Kelly	30	40	40	12	6

and the jockeys were told to line up their horses with their noses to the ribbon.

They were an orderly lot with the exception of Proper and Bad News, who were extremely fractious and gave the assistants on the track no end of trouble. Round and round they twisted, with the jockeys sawing at the reins and the men with the cruel bullwhips slashing them over the legs, all to no purpose.

Finally Proper made a vicious kick at Delhi and caught the Keene colt a hard blow in the hind leg, which he lifted as if in pain. Starter Cassidy roared until his face looked like a railroad danger signal, but still the two bad actors waltzed around, apparently determined to make all the trouble possible.

OFF TO A FAIR START.

Starter Cassidy's eye finally caught them all in a straight line, and he raised the barrier to a beautiful start. Every horse got a fair break, and with the quickness with which they got away went up the tumultuous cry all over the track:

"They're off! They're running!"

Then began a race that was not only a moving picture filled with thrilling incidents but acted as an electric battery on the great crowd of men and women. Hysterical shrieks, excited cries and a low rumble that swelled into a roar helped to send the horses away on their journey.

Tommy Burns, always alert at the post, had Delhi in motion simultaneously with the pressing of the button, and with several mighty strides the Keene horse made a dash for the rail, which he secured so quickly that there was a cry of joy from those who had helped to make the son of Ben Brush the favorite.

But O'Neill was just as much on the alert as Burns, and though he was compelled to let Delhi take the rail he hustled Beldame along with so much swiftness of foot that she was close upon the Keene colt's flank with Adbell, Proper and Alan-a-Dale close behind, all struggling for advantageous positions.

Miss Crawford, Jacquin, English Lad and the others lost ground at the start because the others were more able to get into their strides, and it was not until the first quarter pole was reached that anything like a good line on the general run of the race could be obtained.

Then it was that Delhi showed the way with a length and a half over Beldame, who was running directly behind him two lengths in front of Adbell, with Jacquin, First Mason and Proper closely bunched and the others strung out behind.

The first quarter had been run in 0:24 3-5 and Delhi was traveling along under wraps, his mouth wide open and Burns looking around him to take in the situation at a glance.

O'Neill also had Beldame under firm restraint, while Fountain, who rode Adbell, seemed to be hustling along the Madden colt with undue haste. Jacquin, who was on the outside, was running easily, and so was First Mason and Proper. But the others seemed to be in the midst of a mad scramble to make up the lost ground, their riders apparently feeling that no time should be wasted in an attempt to get nearer the pacemakers.

DELHI LEADS IN THE BACKSTRETCH.

Around the lower turn and into the backstretch the mighty Delhi fairly flew. He increased his lead to two lengths as he rushed up to the half mile post, where he was timed in 0:48 1-5. But Beldame was running so smoothly that even the most ardent supporters of Delhi refrained from giving vent to their feelings because the race was still very young and O'Neill had not made a move.

Adbell, Jacquin, First Mason and Proper held the same relative places that they had held at the quarter, the others still struggling along in the dust cloud with no chance to distinguish themselves.

It was at the three-quarter pole that Delhi began to show the effects of the pace-making. Burns at that point let out a link or two and began to urge the Keene colt in order to maintain his advantage.

The crisis was at hand for as Delhi reached the beginning of the far turn, where he was well extended, Beldame with a sudden burst of speed rushed up to his flank, thereby showing that she had only just begun to run her race.

It was now a desperate moment for Burns, and as he saw Beldame cutting down his advantage stride by stride he sat down to ride Delhi as if for his life. On rushed the son of Ben Brush with all the gameness that he possessed, and on came Beldame with tremendous power under a slight urging from O'Neill.

Where one jockey was riding with all the strength at his command the other was simply nursing along the great mare with the skill of an accomplished horseman who was confident that his mount would sooner or later take command. So around the far turn the brilliant spectacle was watched by the crowd with bated breath and thumping hearts, no man feeling sure enough of the result to let loose an ear splitting warwhoop.

BELDAME'S NOSE IN FRONT.

In fact, save for a suppressed murmur and the low buzzing of voices that pervaded the multitude there was no undue excitement until Beldame with a mighty rush got her nose in front as O'Neill steered her into the homestretch. The mile had been completed then in 1:41 1-5, and Delhi was beaten.

He was beaten to a standstill, too, for though Burns applied the whip and drove his spurs into the colt's glossy flanks there was nothing left in Delhi but a shadow of his former greatness.

He curled up like a selling plater and amid the groans of his heartbroken supporters he dropped back to ignominious defeat, and as Beldame with queenly bearing loomed up as a winner even a quarter of a mile from the waiting judges the crowd, bubbling over with enthusiasm, began to cheer.

But the race was not over by any means, for as Beldame headed Delhi both Proper and First Mason, with Jacquin hanging to them, came bounding along on the outside, their jockeys leaning over in wild efforts to increase their speed. O'Neill had not made a move for his whip up to the last furlong pole, but hearing the cry that swept up from thousands of throats, "Proper, Proper! Here comes Proper," he reached for his weapon at the same time beginning a sharp hand drive to maintain the mare's supremacy.

Proper was a dangerous horse at the sixteenth pole. He was coming like a whirlwind, with Willie Knapp slashing his flanks with the whip and calling on him to do his best. As Proper drew away from the others and slowly but surely was cutting down Beldame's lead the excitement of the moment made the blood boil and sent a lump into the throat.

Thousands had been bet upon Proper, and it looked as if they would be won. But O'Neill was the master of the situation. Swinging his whip first about Beldame's ears and then close to her flanks, although she did not feel a single stinging blow, O'Neill drove her on in triumph, with thousands leaping to their feet, throwing hats and canes into the air and dancing for joy.

BELDAME VICTORIOUS.

Though Proper struggled on with the heart of a lion and the speed of a lightning express he could not overhaul Mr. Belmont's superb mare, who won amid a wild demonstration of approval and happiness which will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to see it.

Beldame's name was on every tongue, and Beldame's fame will be handed down to coming generations with the story of this her greatest achievement on the American turf. Then as she came back to the scales there was another ovation for her and for her jockey, and the band made a royal hit when it played the popular air "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me."

Led away to the paddock Beldame was soon rubbed down and petted by her trainer, and then, accompanied by her constant companion, a pony who was purchased from Mars Cassidy by Burlew some time ago, she walked to her comfortable stall to enjoy a well earned supper. And so the Suburban of 1905 was run and won in a fair, square, sportsmanlike manner by a thoroughbred whose popularity has never been excelled.

HOW OTHER RACES WERE RUN.

George C. Bennett Takes Double Event —Waterlight's Fast Mile.

The Westerners pulled off a good thing in the third race at Sheepshead Bay yesterday, the Double Event for two-year-olds, over the last five and a half furlongs of the Futurity course, when Fred Cook's George C. Bennett came home a handy winner. H. P. Whitney's Ironsides, with Hildebrand up, and his first mount since he was suspended at Gravesend, was a hot tip and finished second, with James R. Keene's Bohemian, who was conceding weight to everything in the race, third. Bohemian, despite the fact that he was carrying top weight, 126 pounds, was made favorite at 5 to 2, and was well supported. Ironsides was also heavily played, and the price about George C. Bennett, who had opened at a short figure, gradually went up to 3½ to 1, when the Westerners began to pour money into the ring on this colt. His price dropped to 5 to 2 and he closed favorite.

The start, which was made up the chute, was fair, and Nicol immediately placed George C. Bennett in a nice position. As the field rounded the bend to the stretch Bennett was leading, with Ironsides second and Bohemian third. In the run home Cook's colt was never in trouble, winning handily by a length and a half in 1:07. Ironsides was an easy second over Bohemian, beating the Keene colt by four lengths for the place.

The handicap at one mile, second on the card, resulted in an easy victory for James B. Brady's Waterlight, 4 to 1. He carried 118 pounds and stepped the mile in the fast time of 1:39, and many horsemen were of the opinion that he could have done a second faster. O'Neill sent Waterlight to the front at the start, followed by Sinister, 7 to 1. In the run down the backstretch Waterlight was just breezing along in front. O'Neill never made a move on the Watercress colt, who galloped home a winner by two lengths. Agile, the 3 to 1 favorite, closed up ground in the stretch and finished second, with Workman, 20 to 1, third.

With Lady Amelia scratched in the first race, Ivan the Terrible was made an odds on favorite at 9 to 10 and won by a head, after a hot fight all through the stretch with Kurtzmann, 7 to 1. Jocund, 7 to 1, was third. The time was 1:14 2-5.

J. E. Madden's Timber, backed down from 5 to 2 to 7 to 5, won the fifth race, for maiden two-year-olds over the last five furlongs of the Futurity course. Timber while on the way to the post threw Fountain, his rider, near the field stand and ran away at full speed for seven furlongs. He was finally caught at the end of the seven furlong chute, near the Whitney stables. Meanwhile Fountain was picked up and carried back to the jockeys' room and O'Neill was substituted, and incidentally scored his fourth victory of the day. As the field rounded the elbow at the stretch bend Timber was in front, but in the run to the wire O'Neill was compelled to ride him hard to win by half a length in 1:01 2-5. McKittredge, 5 to 1, made a bold challenge in the stretch, but was not quite able to get up. Sufficiency, 4 to 1, finished third, two lengths back.

Memories, from the stable of Woodford Clay, scored an easy victory in the sixth race, one mile and a sixteenth on the turf. Memories was a heavily played favorite at 7 to 5, and after lying in a good position to the stretch moved out and won by four lengths from Possession, 15 to 1. Action, 15 to 1, was third. The time was 1:48. The summaries:

FIRST RACE.

For three year olds and upward; $1,200 added; six furlongs, main course.

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Ivan the Terrible, 3	120	O'Neill	9-10	2-5 1h
Kurtzmann, 3	110	Nicol	7-1	2-1 2hd
Jocund, 4	118	Spurling	7-1	2-1 3h
Regal, 3	110	Martin	5-1	7-5 4
Zeala, 3	110	W. Davis	7-1	2-1 5
Santon, 5	118	Lyne	50-1	15-1 6

Time, 1:14 2-5.

Good start; won driving; Ivan the Terrible, ch. c., 3, by Pirate of Penzance—Kate Pelletier; owned and trained by W. W. Darden.

SECOND RACE.

Handicap; for three-year-olds; $1,200 added; one mile:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Water Light, 3	118	O'Neill	4-1	8-5 1²
Agile, 3	122	Martin	3-1	even 2¹
Workman, 3	110	Miller	20-1	8-1 3³
Uncas, 3	98	Baird	12-1	5-1 4
Blandy, 3	124	W. Davis	16-5	6-5 5
Sinister, 3	104	Nicol	7-1	5-2 6
Jake Sanders, 3	115	Odom	7-1	5-2 7
Red Friar, 3	104	Burns	40-1	15-1 8
Amberjack, 3	87	J. Johnson	60-1	20-1 9

Time, 1:39.

Good start; won easily; Water Light, br. c., 3, by Watercress—Lunina; owned by James B. Brady; trained by M. M. Allen.

THIRD RACE.

The Double Event, of $20,000, for two-year-olds; last five and a half furlongs of Futurity course:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
George C. Bennett, 2	122	Nicol	5-2	9-10 1¹ⁿ
Ironsides, 2	114	Hildebrand	5-1	2-1 2¹
Bohemian, 2	126	Burns	3-1	even 3¹ⁿ
Bill Phillips, 2	117	Travers	30-1	10-1 4
Cary, 2	122	Lyne	50-1	15-1 5
Jerry Wernberg, 2	117	O'Neill	3-1	even 6
Belmere, 2	117	Baird	15-1	6-1 7
Vet, 2	117	Martin	50-1	15-1 8
Transmute, 2	119	Odom	50-1	15-1 9

Time, 1:07.

Fair start; won handily; George C. Bennett, br. c., 2, by Orsini—Libertiflibbet; owned by Fred Cook; trained by W. E. Phillips.

FIFTH RACE.

Maiden race No. 1; for maiden two-year-olds, at four pounds below the scale; $600 added; last five furlongs of Futurity course:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Timber, 2	118	O'Neill	7-5	7-10 1ⁿ
McKittredge, 2	118	Shaw	5-1	2-1 2²
Sufficiency, 2	118	Odom	4-1	8-5 3³
Accountant, 2	118	Martin	5-1	2-1 4
Snow, 2	118	Baird	30-1	10-1 5
Caplas, 2	118	Nicol	8-1	3-1 6
Sir Tristan, 2	118	Raynor	100-1	40-1 7
Adonis, 2	115	Redfern	10-1	4-1 8
Huddy, 2	118	Sperling	100-1	40-1 9
Hector, 2	115	Knapp	30-1	10-1 10
Lord of the Forest, 2	115	W. Davis	20-1	8-1 11
Red Flag, 2	118	Bullman	50-1	20-1 12
Brother Bill, 2	118	Moriarity	100-1	40-1 13

Time, 1:01 2-5.

Fair start; won driving; Timber, b. c., 2, by Ogden—Lola A.; owned and trained by J. E. Madden.

SIXTH RACE.

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

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Memories, 4	107	Lyne	7-5	8-5 1ⁿ
Possession, 4	109	Hildebrand	15-1	6-1 2h
Action, 5	106	O'Neill	15-1	6-1 3h
Pretension, 4	112	M'Laughlin	5-1	2-1 4
Supreme Court, 3	89	Miller	5-1	2-1 5
Gold Dome, 4	101	Baird	15-1	6-1 6
Orly II, 5	107	Burns	6-1	2-1 7
Uncle Urigh, 4	116	Martin	6-1	2-1 8
Port Arthur, 3	86	Henning	60-1	20-1 9
Rocklands, 4	101	Carroll	100-1	30-1 10
Dr. Taylor, 5	108	L. Smith	100-1	40-1 11
Rockaway, 4	106	W. Knapp	10-1	4-1 12

Time, 1:48.

Good start; won easily; Memories, blk. f., 4, by Sir Dixon—Merdin; owned and trained by Woodford Clay.

HEAVY BETTING ON BIG RACE.

Beldame, Delhi and Proper Carry the Bulk of the Public's Money.

Outside of the Suburban the betting was comparatively light. Though the running of the first race was put back fifteen minutes because of the strike of the Mets, there was practically no big betting on that event at all. The handicap was the chief magnet for the money. Joe Hayman bet $2,000 on Beldame, Henry Grann and H. R. Shaffer placed $1,000 each on the mare, who also carried $500 bets made by Newton Bennington, George Newton, W. Gratz, Joe Vendig and others. The clubhouse commissioners at the last moment wagered $5,000 on Beldame, and when the horses were at the post Delhi and Beldame were equal favorites at threes.

Proper had the support of many smart speculators. Wheelock bet $1,500 on him, Honest John Kelly, Eddie Burke, Kid Rogers, Sammy Carroll, Abe Lonegan and Billy Hayes all bet $1,000 on the Prestonpans horse. Dave Johnson wagered $1,500 on Jacquin. Jesse Lewisohn went to Delhi for $2,000, Sol Lichtenstein and Smith Keime for $1,000 each, Bill Porter for $1,500 and Orlando Jones and Bill Cowan for smaller amounts.

Charles Head Smith wagered $2,000 on Adbell, who was supported by John E. Madden, Jule Garson, Counselor Lichtenstein, Eddie McDonald, Dr. James McDermott and E. R. Thomas, who bet $1,500 on him. Julius Frank took First Mason at 30 to 1, placing his bet across the board.

Bennington and Lichtenstein cashed on Ivan the Terrible in the first race, with Dave Johnson splitting $1,000 on Jocund. When "Diamond Jim" Brady's Water Light won the second race Jesse Lewisohn clean up $6,000. Tommy Meehan, who possibly bet for Brady, had $1,500 on the colt, and Bennington $500. Wheelock lost $2,000 on Agile, Eddie Burke $1,000, Joe Hayman $1,000, Bob Tucker $1,000 and Timothy D. Sullivan $500. Orlando Jones and Henry Griffin went to Sinister with Tom Costigan, Max Blumenthal and Alex Shields playing Uncas. Sam Hildreth split $500 on Jake Sanders.

George C. Bennett, the winner of the Double Event, was played by all the Western operators. The clubhouse commission was $5,000. Joe Hayman bet $2,000 on Bennett, Sol Lichtenstein placed $1,000 on Bohemian. Counsellor Lichtenstein took Bohemian for $500. Morris Stack bet $1,500 on Jerry Wernberg, who was also backed by Johnny Coleman and Ike Thompson.

The fifth race was a gold mine for those who backed John E. Madden's Timber, for even after the colt ran away and his price went up to 2½ to 1 after closing at 7 to 5, his supporters went up and down the line and backed him down again. George Wheelock placed $2,500 on Timber; so did Joe Hayman, with Charles Head Smith wagering $5,000. Kid Rogers $2,000. Sol Lichtenstein $1,000; Sammy Carroll $1,000, Joe Vendig, Fred Lowe, John Waldman, R. Reilly, John Madden, Fred Johnson and Abe Lonergan $500 each. Bob Tucker, John E. Moran and Johnny Coleman played Accountant. John A. Drake bet $2,000 on Memories in the last race. Charles Head Smith and Lewisohn also backed the mare heavily, with Wheelock playing Orly II., Honest John Kelly taking Pretension and Sam Hildreth Action.

The Suburban Handicap was worth $17,000 to the winner. This turf classic was first run in 1884, the winners being Gen. Monroe, Pontiac, Troubadour, Eurus, Elkwood, Raceland, Salvator, Loantaka, Montana, Lowlander, Ramapo, Lazzarone, Henry of Navarre, Ben Brush, Tillo, Imp, Kinley Mack, Alcedo, Gold Heels, Africander and Hermis, who holds the record for the race, 2:05.

There were 293 bookmakers of all classes operating on the track, including 74 Mets and 10 non-members in the front line, 82 in the back line, 18 standees and 109 in the field.

AUGUST BELMONT HAPPY.

Owner of the Great Mare Overwhelmed With Congratulations.

Of course, the eyes of society were turned toward the box where sat August Belmont when Beldame led home her field. Every one knew that Mr. Belmont would be happy and he made no effort to disguise the fact. All his friends within reaching distance had a hand out for his. He had but one answer, and it was the phrase which he had muttered all during the 125 seconds of the race: "I knew it, I knew it." He had had sublime faith in the Octagon mare and had followed her with his eyes every step of the way as she trailed Delhi around the first turn and along the backstretch. Doubt may have been mingled with this faith until the stretch turn was reached, but after that every one who was watching Mr. Belmont saw that he considered the race over. When Beldame reached the withers of the Keene crack at the beginning of the sprint for home the master of Belmont Park lowered his glasses with a sigh that indicated that to him, at least, the race was over. It was a pleased sigh; he knew that no one could catch her now.

Even when the Western rater, Proper, came on in the stretch with a stride magnificent, Mr. Belmont did not frown, for he realized, as did every one else at the track, that there was no stride to measure with that of the queen of the turf. His glance never left her as she swept down the stretch, passed the winning mark and turned and started back for the judges' stand. Last year she was his, but her running qualities were not. Now she was all his and she had accomplished a feat known only to one other of her sex, the wonderful Imp.

Men of all sections of society pressed forward to congratulate Mr. Belmont on the victory of his mare. Edward R. Thomas was followed by Tod Sloan, the jockey, who said: "She's a great mare, Mr. Belmont."

"I think she is, Sloan," said Mr. Belmont.

Abe Hummel, the lawyer, rushed into Mr. Belmont's box like a shot out of a gun and grabbed the hand of Beldame's owner.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Belmont," shrieked Abe, wringing the hand as though it were a pump handle.

"Oh, please," cried Mr. Belmont, trying to release himself from the grasp. "That's all right."

"But I congratulate you, sir, on your mare's great victory," said Mr. Hummel, as he continued to wring. Mr. Belmont's hand was purple before he had disengaged it from that of Abe.

Perhaps the opening day of Sheepshead Bay was not as great a social event as the opening of Belmont Park, but it brought a great number of celebrities nevertheless. The box holders in the club stand included Pierre Lorillard, J. A. Black, F. L. Robbins, John A. Drake, John W. Gates, Edwin Main Post, W. S. Fanshawe, Joseph Widener, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.; Herman B. Duryea, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Howland Pell Haggerty, Robert L. Stevens, E. C. La Montagne, W. K. Knapp, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, F. M. Bull, Frederick Bull, former Mayor Hugh Grant, J. Cooley, August Belmont, E. C. Potter, E. R. Thomas, Cornelius Fellowes, John H. Bradford, J. Henry Alexandre, R. T. Wilson and Louis V. Bell.

James B. Haggin entertained a party of men in his box. Alfred G. Vanderbilt brought down Willing Spencer and Thomas B. Clark in his auto. Among those in the boxes were Mrs. Cornelius Fellowes, Miss Fellowes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tilden Swan, Mrs. McAdoo, Blair Painter, Alfonso de Navarro, Miss Claire Bryce, West Lucile Thornton, John E. Cowdin, Hamilton Cary, L. F. H. Belts, Elisha Dyer, Jr., M. Orme Wilson, Charles G. Francklyn, W. B. Coster, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Duryea, who entertained in their box Mr. and Mrs. James Eustis, Archibold Thomson, Leonard Jacob, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bull; Mrs. Norton Winslow, who was a member of the box party entertained by Mr. and Mrs Howland Pell Haggerty; Decourcey Forbes, August Belmont, whose box party included Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bird, Clarence Dolin of Philadelphia, Captain and Mrs. William Emery, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Vatable, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goedby Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Main Post, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Widener and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Edey.

It would be useless to try to describe the gowns of the women, all suited to the perfect day, and equally futile to tell of the outer things worn by some of the male leaders of fashion. E. Berry Wall, once a marked man among the strikingly attired, was completely outdone by such butterflies as Dr. J. Grant Lyman and his set. Dr. Lyman had red in his hat band, in his scarf and everywhere else possible. Those who had marveled at the strange outfitting of Orlando Jones, the bookmaker, who has the most wonderful check suit not worn under canvas, stood aghast as they viewed Dr. Lyman. Richard Harding Davis vied with all in the matter of neckwear, for his grass green tie was not to be outdone. Everywhere could be seen the grayest of gray suits, the queerest of queer collars, the oddest of odd shoes and the most peculiar of peculiar hats. Summer surely had come.

The General Utility of a Serge Suit.

If you are going to get close to Nature this summer, or if you are going to summer at Work-on-Manhattan—one of our serge suits will stand you in good stead. Ours are serge suits of many virtues—won't fade, won't gloss, won't wrinkle, vested with the vigor of snap and style, our "Concave" Shoulder and "Closefitting" Collar.

From $15 to $30 Serge Suits of blue, black and gray in conventional and the new long single and double-breasted models, with angular lapels and deep side or centre vents, characterized by our "Concave" Shoulder and "Closefitting" Collar.

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SUMMER FOOTWEAR for Misses and Children.

ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE ASSORTMENTS OF MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR NOW OFFERED, EMBRACING HALF-SHOES OF TAN RUSSIA CALF, BLACK KIDSKIN AND PATENT LEATHER; WHITE CANVAS BOOTS AND OUTING SANDALS OF RUSSET LEATHER; ALSO INFANTS' SANDALS OF COLORED KIDSKIN.

(DEPARTMENT ON THIRD FLOOR.)

Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York.

BOOKMAKERS ARE DEFIANT.

GO ON STRIKE AND THEN BREAK THE RULES.

Force Excluded Members Into the Front Line in Opposition to the Wishes of the Coney Island Jockey Club—There May Be Serious Trouble To-day.

The trouble between the bookmakers' organization, known as the Metropolitan Turf Association, and the Coney Island Jockey Club, as forecasted in yesterday's SUN, came to a head an hour before the first race. On Wednesday George Wheelock, the president of the Mets, after having a request for exclusive privileges in the front line of the betting ring refused, made a threat that he and other members of the Mets would make book on the lawn, if necessary, which caused an order to be given to the Pinkertons to eject such offenders from the racetrack.

The governing committee of the Mets decided to come to the track yesterday prepared to resort to drastic measures. The Mets to the number of eighty-six had drawn for positions, although it is said that out of this number twenty of them were without bank rolls and were simply accepting positions with the idea that somebody would supply them with the wherewithal for booking purposes. But when the Mets arrived at the track yesterday about 1 o'clock they found that, acting upon instructions from the Coney Island Jockey Club, John G. Cavanagh, the superintendent of the betting ring, had set aside places for seventy Mets and ten non-members in the front line.

Incidentally Cavanagh had allotted these seventy places to the Mets in accordance with his own ideas and not in conformation with the drawing for positions as held by the Mets. This meant that there was no room for sixteen Mets unless they chose to do business in the back line.

Finding that, although they were paying no revenue to the track for privileges, their bluff had been called, and that the Coney Island Jockey Club as owner of the track had decided to manage its own affairs without dictation, the Mets through their governing committee held an immediate indignation meeting and sent word to Cornelius Fellowes of the Coney Island Jockey Club that they wished to confer with him in the ring.

But Mr. Fellowes, feeling that a conference was not necessary inasmuch as the bookmakers have not been recognized in any way since the close of Belmont Park, declined to accept the invitation.

By that time the governing committee had become worked up to a point where resentment of some sort was deemed advisable, and word was hurriedly sent to the "Mets" who had climbed upon their stools in the ring to refrain from making book on the first race until they should receive orders to quit entirely for the day or to proceed as usual.

In other words, a strike was ordered, much to the indignation of the crowd, which showed little sympathy for the belligerents and scored them roundly.

Meanwhile, Frank Tyler, the Hummingbird, who has been repeatedly blackballed by the Mets, for unknown reasons and who has been making the biggest book in the ring since it was declared open, proceeded to open the market and as soon as he showed the first quotations on his slate a great cheer went up from hundreds who surrounded him.

One or two members of the Mets more independent than the others also displayed figures, but delegates from the governing committee soon got to them and begged them to desist. Over at Cavanagh's stand there were sixty applicants for the Mets' places, who had bank rolls and were eager to take a chance. Cavanagh assured them that if the Mets concluded to leave the ring they would be accommodated. It was within five minutes time of calling the horses to the post, and yet the Mets had not begun their usual operations and things began to look squally when suddenly the governing committee concluded to weaken for the time being, although they have no idea of giving up the fight.

"Go ahead and book," was the order that came to the Mets, and with it was a command to four members excluded by the arrangement, J. F. Duffy, George Levy, M. Marks and C. Heineman, to apply to Cavanagh for their books and slates and go to work.

These four men at the instigation of Wheelock and Charles Heney, who, by the way, has not booked in three years, were deliberately squeezed into places in the front line. The other twelve excluded members would have been jammed in, too, had there been room, for the Mets had decided to take the bull by the horns and actually defy the Coney Island Jockey Club by booking as many members as possible, regardless of the prescribed limit of seventy.

It looked for a moment as if there would be serious trouble, for the Pinkertons were on the alert to throw these offenders bodily out of the betting ring. But in view of the size of the crowd and with the idea of avoiding a panic the Coney Island Jockey Club decided to let matters stand until to-day, when it is believed that serious complications will arise. In short, the Mets put it up to the Coney Island Jockey Club to enforce its rules, and if the Mets are permitted to run the betting ring to suit themselves the Coney Island Jockey Club will be forced to back down, a proceeding not generally expected.

If the Mets were paying tribute to the track their demands for alleged rights would carry some weight. But with an open ring in operation and the Coney Island Jockey Club following the policy of the track managers to ignore completely the bookmaking element, most of the racegoers think the attitude of the Mets is a display of unwarranted nerve. It is said that there are many members of the Mets who are not in accord with this rule or ruin policy and will break away from the organization unless a halt is called. After the races one of the best known members of the Mets said:

"It would be a good thing if the Coney Island Jockey Club refused to allow the Mets to have the bulk of the allotments in the front line. It would also be a good thing if the organization was smashed. I for one would be willing to give up $100 a day for the privilege of booking without the annoyance of receiving foolish orders from a governing committee and without paying dues to an association which bids fair to get me into a peck of trouble."

"There are only about forty members who have their own bank rolls and just why this fight should be stirred up for the sake of others is not clear. It is bad business to defy the men who own the racetracks when we have no hold upon them in any way. It taking this defiant attitude the leaders of the Mets evidently believe that they can force the Coney Island Jockey Club to terms, for should they leave the betting ring in a body they think that racing would receive a serious blow, because the public would not have men of responsibility with whom to make their bets. But it may be said that John Cavanagh has applications from men who are strong financially and who will guarantee the public against loss. The situation has sifted down to a question whether the bookmakers or the track owners are to rule the turf, and it is a pretty safe bet that the bookmakers will lose. The public is with Cavanagh and the track owners to a finish, and if the fight comes this will be quickly demonstrated."

JIM CORBETT ENJOINED

From Buying Tom O'Rourke's Delavan Without H. B. Harris's Consent.

James J. Corbett, former champion pugilist, and now an exponent of high art on the stage, is not going into the hotel business just yet. It was Corbett's intention, with the financial aid of Parson Davies, who has managed a few prizefighters in his time, to take over the thirst emporium of Tom O'Rourke at Broadway and Forty-fifth street, which is known as the Delavan. They met yesterday in O'Rourke's place to close the deal, but before Corbett could affix his name to any paper he was served with an injunction issued by Supreme Court Justice Clark.

The injunction was obtained by Henry B. Harris, the theatrical manager, who says that if Corbett engages in the liquor business or any other without his consent, he violates the theatrical contract he has with Harris. The injunction restrains Corbett for thirty days, and he says he won't fight it. It is more than likely that he will try to obtain the consent of Harris.

Half Blinded by Giant Cracker.

Eddie Duffy, 9 years old, set off a giant firecracker near his home at 300 West Tenth street last night and did not get out of the way quick enough when it exploded. His face and hands were burned and he was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where it was said that he would probably lose the sight of his left eye.

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