

HERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME, ESPECIALLY WHEN SLOW HORSES TRAVEL UNDER FALSE COLORS

LAGER BETTORS SLUMBER WHILE LONG SHOT GRABS RACE FROM REAL HORSES

The "Wise Ones" Caught Napping When Outsider Leads Field in Sixth Race at Havre de Grace. Great Dolly Smashing the Dope

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

THEY waited a long time for a long shot to stick his or her nose under the wire at Havre de Grace yesterday. The talent loomed the bumps for five races, cashing short bets and getting shorter prices, but had back until the big noise of the day was put over. Every one was positive some how would come staggering down the homestretch under heavy odds, and every one was right. There was a slip-up in the program, however, for in the sixth race, when a terrible looking apparition named Great Dolly scattered home in the lead of several regular horses all of the wise guys were looking out of the window and admiring the scenery. Great Dolly cashed for \$42.40 for each \$2 ticket, and not more than two were presented at the paying teller's cage. I don't know who had the other one, but it was a paying teller's cage. I don't know who had the other one, but it was a paying teller's cage.

When the figures appear and the long shot has been officially declared the winner a change of sentiment occurs. The vast throng in the stands lets out a hearty cheer and a stranger would imagine that a thousand or so were about to collect and pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. But such is not the case. They simply are cheering the race, and for a time imagine what they would do had they placed their bets on that "lame state" or the "dog" that upset all of the dope and lived to tell the tale.

IN OTHER words, the race track crowd kids themselves and looks out of the window just to be in sight with the game. It's a great game if you don't get looking.

Those Names Very Often Are Misleading

HAVRE DE GRACE, as we hightowers call it, is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon—if that's all you spend. The track is concealed in one of the picturesque pockets of the Susquehanna Valley, and there is enough swell scenery and pure country air to delight the heart of a guy who likes those things. The customers, however, have no time to gaze upon the beauties of the place unless they're meeting the beauties of the place—i.e. in the betting ring near the pari-mutuel machines or on the track when the horses are running. Everything else is dull, drab and exceedingly uninteresting.

The well-trained horses are present to look upon, for they are highly trained animals and do their best every time they start. The only thing wrong is in the names they carry, for sometimes one is misled. For instance, a speedy steed named Otto Flore appeared in the second race and all of Otto's friends purchased tickets on the horse to win. At the present writing they still have the tickets and Otto Flore is running yet. It's a good thing Otto doesn't write his names on his nose.

Another imposition was in the third event, which introduced almost every horse on the track. Among those who faced the starter were Charles A. Comiskey, and that almost ruined the second race with loose legal tenders. Comiskey was among the holders of tickets and saw him take the lead when the barrier fell and slowly peter out in the homestretch—just like his White Sox ball club in the 1918 pennant race. In the fourth a guy named Dan Double-crossed his friends, and what Charley McFerran did to his well-wishers in the fifth was a shame. Christie was noble in the sixth and Flora Finch broke every one in the final act.

THERE'S nothing in a name, and you can prove it any day at the track.

"Tip" in Final Race a Life-Saver

WHAT seventh race, however, was more or less of a benefit, and many of the speculators were able to return to Philadelphia on the lightning express, which did not stop except at every station. James F. Dougherty, the Baron of Leiperville, had paid the running expenses of the track for a couple of weeks when the final event was called. The horses entered were perfect strangers to him and he sought expert advice. In other words, he wanted one of those things called a "tip." Casper P. Sharpless was unable to tell a convincing story and was passed up as non-sensational, but Ollie Armstrong, one of Media's leading citizens, had an interesting story to tell. Mr. Armstrong evidently spent some time in research work, for Mr. Dougherty listened eagerly and absorbed every word.

"I can see nothing but one sterling steed in the next event," said Ollie, "and that is—". Here the orator looked around him to see that nobody would steal his stuff and quickly placed his finger on the name of a nag sixth on the list.

"If that horse can't cross his legs and hobble home in front of those dogs," he resumed, "then I'm through guessing the ponies. He is the steed of the field, is accustomed to the distance and will win running backwards. Outside of that I have nothing to say. Use your own judgment, but I am going down heavy on that nag."

AND now comes the best part of the story. Royal won the horse selected, and Royal won in a walk. Ollie was right.

Baseball Honors Well Apportioned in Two Leagues

ACCORDING to Associated Press records, based upon the daily box scores of the major leagues, honors in the abbreviated pennant races of 1918 were well apportioned among the various teams of the two circuits. In the National League the Chicago Cubs, winners of the senior organization flag, accumulated the largest number of runs, while the greatest number of hits rattled off the bats of the Cincinnati clan. St. Louis was charged with making the most errors, Boston had more runners stranded on the bases than any other club in the league, while St. Louis was the easiest to score runs against.

Table with columns for Clubs, Played, Tied, Won, Lost, Runs, Hits, Errors, Losses, and O. R. for National and American Leagues.

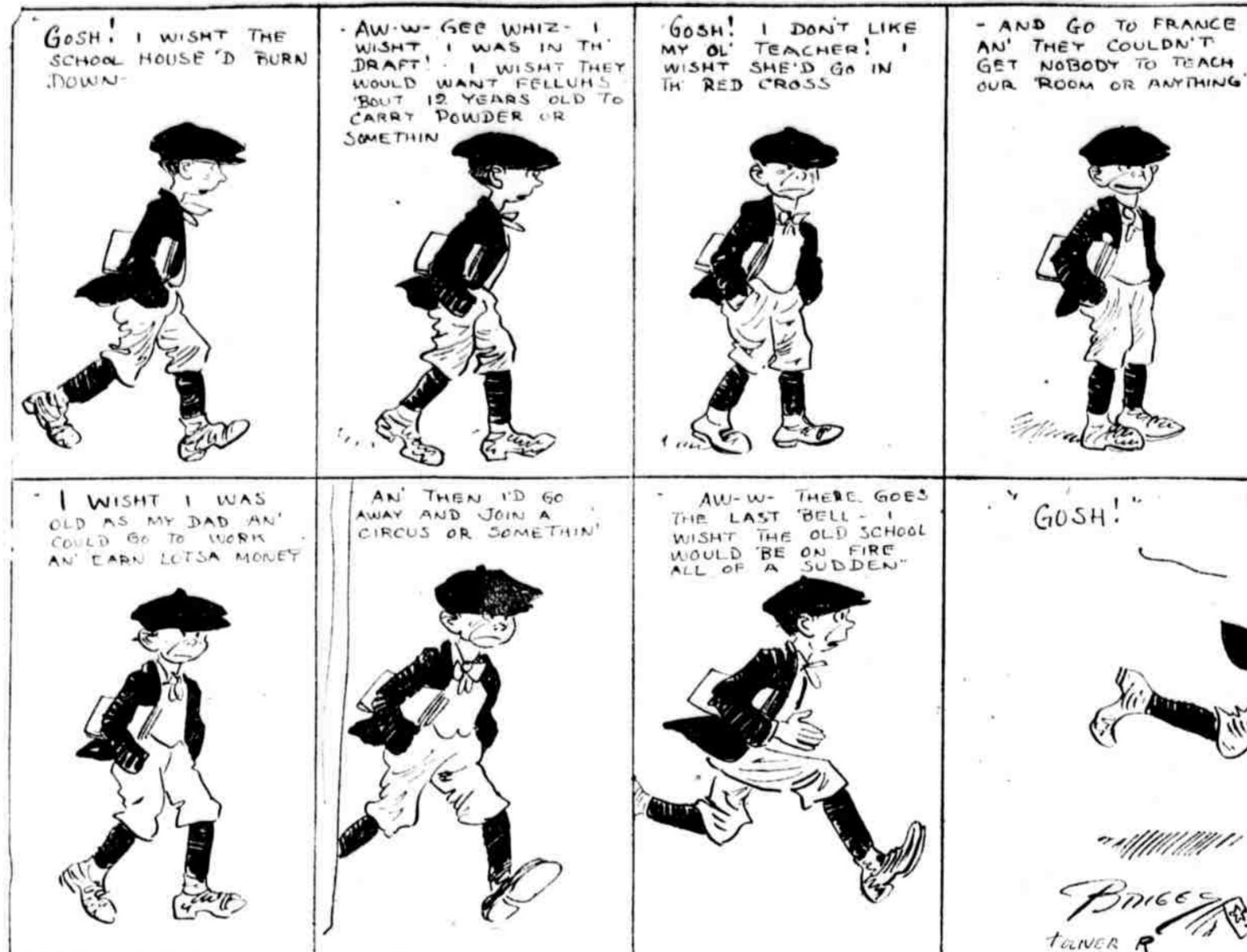
HEMPLE BOXES DRAW

Jack Hemple, U. S. M. C., of the signal station at Paoli, and Bob Grant, U. S. N., boxed a slashing four-round bout at Camp Fuller last night and at the end the decision was a draw.

Both men exhibited unusual cleverness, and there was plenty of free hitting. Hemple played for the body but was a bit slow. Grant tore in and took many chances in his effort to land a knockout blow. His judgment of distance was slightly faulty and swings labeled a K. O. were often short and frequently enticed Hemple's neck.

RACING at HAVRE DE GRACE September 10 to 28 inclusive SEVEN RACES DAILY

WHAT DOES A BOY THINK OF ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL



ARCHIVES WORRY ABOUT FOOTBALL TENDLER AND CHANEY IN BOUT AT NATIONAL A. A.

Can't Understand Why They Are Idle While Others Practice Daily First Important Meeting of Star Left-handers in Decade Will Be Staged Here Tonight

By PAUL PREP... THORPE OPPOSES ADAIR... CHANEY HAS ENGAGED MOST OF THE BEST FEATHERWEIGHTS AND LIGHTWEIGHTS IN THE WORLD.

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DAWSON SHOOTS EAGLE ON 12TH

For Second Time at White-marshal Tee Shot Is Holed Out

By WILLIAM H. EVANS... The twelfth hole at the White-marshal Valley Country Club is one of the exciting and hardest ones shot in the Philadelphia golf district.

In all the years the club has been in existence there had been but one eagle on the hole, L. F. Deering having the honor of holing out on his tee shot.

Next Sunday's match between Chick Evans and Bobbie Jones and Jerry Travers and Max Marston for the benefit of the fund for returned wounded.

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