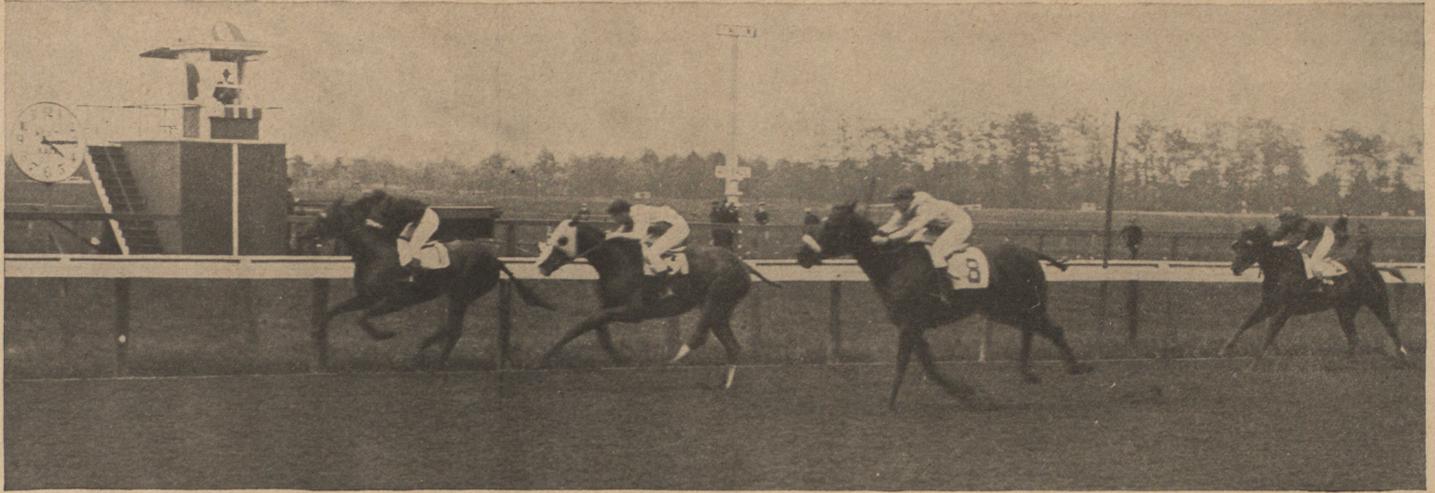


PRIZE WINNERS ALL

Photographs
by
Greely
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The new hero at Belmont Park—Hourless—winning the Withers for his owner, August Belmont. He won by a half length from Rickety, with Skeptic in third place.



Mrs. William J. Clothier, of Philadelphia, was a very much envied young person at the Belmont Terminal races. First because her horse, Rousseau, took the lead, lost it by taking the wrong turn on the second lap, retraced the distance, and came in first. And secondly because of the blue and white foulard frock, the first of the season.

Here's a tip. If you would be sure and pick a winner in the clothes race select Mrs. Alexander D. B. Pratt. She may wear the much-seen black and white com-



ination as at Piping Rock, but there will be winning points like the braid on the skirt, the fur cape and the draped crown of her white hat. Here we have Mrs. James Lowell Putnam coming in second.



No sartorial costume created as much comment as the French blue uniforms of Captain Audibert and Count de la Greze, both officers in the French army. Feminine eyes noted the perfection of fit and line and the jaunty flare of the coats. Standing beside the Captain is his wife, the former Nelda W. Robinson, the granddaughter of Mrs. J. Hood Wright, and at the right the Countess de la Greze, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steel.



Here's where the fun of the Belmont Park dog shows comes in, and the exhibitors are enjoying their "dinner pails" with the relish of one who has worked hard. Left to right they are Hastings Arnold, Atmore Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Al Davis and Mrs. Arnold, whose woolly sweater and checked skirt attracted almost as much attention as her dogs. She is one of the women who wear wool veils with their sports costumes.

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Every one at Piping Rock was eager to wish Miss Evelyn Biddle—the Horace Biddles' daughter—all kinds of happiness and to wring in congratulation the hand of her fiancé, Judge Norman S. Dike, of Brooklyn. Incidentally the women couldn't resist whispering in Miss Biddle's ear the fact that she looked very bride-like in her light cloth dress and flowered hat.

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All eyes are for the bride on this her day of days, and on Saturday, June second, Miss Alice Ford Huntington—now Mrs. Charles H. Marshall—was a far more important personage in the eyes of the Staatsburgers than her sister, Mrs. Vincent Astor, or her father, Robert P. Huntington. For those who were not privileged to peek, the gown was of lace and organdy.

Central News Service.