

# THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1917

FIVE CENTS

## MISS BLISS ON JESSIE C.

Wins the Ladies' Cup in the Jockey Club Races. Bachelor Comes Back on Garth

Virginia Hampton Leads the Thoroughbreds. Two Year Old Trot Develops Some Good Youngsters

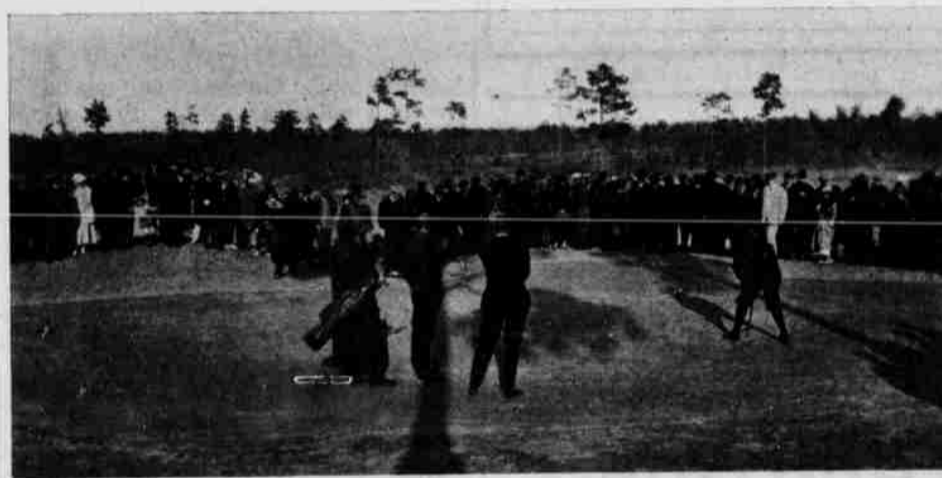


RIDING her favorite, Jessie C., Miss Mable Bliss from the Pine Crest Inn surpassed all her previous records in a breakneck finish against Miss Eleanor Abbe and Miss Esther Tufts in the Ladies' Dash. It was one of the hardest races of the season, and her victory, which is the second consecutive, establishes her finally in the lead of all the girls riding this season. These three have ridden nearly every race and have become as expert as any jockey in the stable. They are so evenly matched and their every race is so hard fought that the interest and rivalry has become intense. So much the greater honor to Miss Mable, who leads to date—and so much the greater venture for those seeking to rival these three on the track.

Nat Hurd went back to his old love yesterday and brought the Travellor prancing home a substantial victor in the Guests' Purse. Souther challenged with Button. Button, whose performance is worthy of a more noble name established a reputation in the girls' races, and is a hardy and persistent little animal with unlimited ambition. He made a good run for it, beating the Grey Eagle hands down, and outclassing Chief. And Chief had as good a chance as he will ever get, being handled in the best possible form by Joe Bachelor of Raleigh, who understands this racing game.

Since the last campaign and hard running resulting in a vindication of the Meadowbrook string over the hurdles, the steeple chasers have been drawn in for a bit of a rest, preliminary to a fresh start next Wednesday. The Little Horn and the Whisper Bell each have a much heralded and closely contested victory to their credit—and Miriam H. is back in form, eager for revenge. Welch intends for his stables to be in at the finish—and so next week you have your choice of camps, with all tips equally valueless.

The fast going of the day was provided in the flat race  $\frac{5}{8}$  of a mile limited to thoroughbreds.



BRADY MAKING THE SEASON'S RECORD OVER NUMBER TWO

And here the Meadowbrook string put one more panel in their tablet. Bachelor came to life again and romped home four lengths ahead of Kedron on Garth. Hurd had Kedron in good shape, and with Whitlock in the saddle backed him for first place. His confidence in his performance was justified. But Garth had some unsuspected ginger under his girth and made it anyhow.

Tatum brought Col. Welch's Kendelew in third, while Souther got left at the post with Captain Heck, the Pinehurst entry. Captain Heck was entirely unreasonable in the matter. Before the race began he insisted on running the whole circle on his own, a furious pace. And then

when the flag was dropped was asleep at the switch.

The youngsters were brought out in a half mile trotting race. Silica, the beautiful little two year old bay mare from the Reynolds' stable, did the stunt like a veteran on exhibition, turning the tables on Mrs. H. N. Reeves, last week's winner, driven by Swinnerton. Thomas' sorrel stud Young Billiken, made his first appearance in a public performance. He came in last, but without signs of having strained himself any. It will take a week or two of work on the track before the real speed is developed, or the drivers care to push these debutantes to the limit.

## DIXON LEADS THE VAN

Plants the Winning Banner in Annual Flag Contest of Tin Whistles

Channing Wells Makes Farthest North in the Second Division



THE Flag Contest to the burying ground. The annual spectacular graphic game of the Tin Whistle Club, wherein he that goes farthest goes best, was on the cards Wednesday last. Handicaps were arranged to give everyone their allotted number of strokes, and they got off according to schedule in two classes skillfully named A and B.

All afternoon the tides rolled towards the Club House, and reached high water mark among the pit falls and bunkers from the 16th green on. The little American flags planted down the fairways made a picturesque reminder of some heroic charge, with only three survivors of Dixon's corps up to the redoubt of the 18th cup. Clayton L. Dixon of Philadelphia alone passed the home plate and bore his colors on down the course winning the charge where his ball came to rest just short of the last bunker on the 19th fairway. W. E. Truesdell of Fox Hills and McLaughlin the artist sank into the last cup with their last breath, leaving their comrade Danforth dead at the pin, having given out of ammunition one putt from home. Mementos to the dying hopes of many sturdy men stood all around. There within an easy four foot McDonald of Lambton furled his flag, and on the other side drooped the banner of Weller of St. Cath-

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