

Melos Wins the Annual Spring Steeple Chase

THE SECOND ANNUAL Spring Steeple Chase was run under ideal conditions and the size of the crowd that turned out to witness this Pinehurst Classic was of such proportions that many applicants for seats in the grandstand had to be turned away. Cars of the Jockey Club members lined the track for some distance and the track rail offered a soft seat for many.

The matinee began with a Class B. Pace with four Pinehurst favorites lined up at the start. The first heat was decidedly the best one to watch for there was a pretty struggle maintained from start to finish between Mittie Bedworth and Direct Bell. Direct Bell seems to be travelling better at the present time than she has done so far this season. This pretty gelding, driven by Thomas, got away to a good start and ran a pretty race, but in the second heat he was unmanageable, broke at the start and cantered half way around and ended up in third place. Mittie Bedworth won the first heat and lost the second to Loucella, who had not figured prominently and was not counted dangerous. But Loucella went like clockwork and all her rivals strung out along the track until it looked more like a procession than a race.

The second event on the card was another exhibition by Mr. Hyde's young thoroughbreds, Gold Bell, Joseph Guy and Eliza Dillon, distinguished members of the collection of Dillon-Axworthy colts now wintering in Pinehurst—the home of bracing air and good sand clay roads whereon to jog these coming futurity winners. Taylor, Brown and Hyde are clever pilots. By manoeuvring constantly they kept their trotters bunched and staged a hub-rubbing affair that pleased the gallery. Gold Bell took the first heat, and Joe Guy the second. Joe Guy seems to be the popular favorite of the three; he is a high-stepper that the crowds delight to watch, and when he leaves Pinehurst the good wishes of the entire resort will go with him.

Uncle Sand, ridden by Lassés, was picked to win the mile flat, and he won easily—time 1:43 2-5. He went to the fore at the start and his lead was never challenged until the home stretch when Molly O. made a strong bid for final honors. Atwell handled Molly in his usual good style. Ray-O-Light, ridden by Miles, got home third, and was followed by George Roach.

The next event was the 5½ Furlong Flat. It was Atwell's turn to win from Lassés, who was riding Lyndonia and unfortunately was eliminated from the contest by losing a stirrup. Although Atwell piloted Lady Betty home in 1:9-1-5 and won, he found a challenger in Wright, riding Doctor D. Doctor D., who always gets a good start and goes well and usually occupies first place most of the journey, never seems to pull out a winner. A spurt at the tape proves his undoing. The Swoope entry,

Wasseon, ran better than usual and took third place.

The Steeplechase was a splendid contest, but was marred by the fall of Taylor at the troublesome jump across the field where there are so many spills. He was riding Algardi. He sustained a fractured collar bone and will be out of the races for the balance of the season. Algardi was running third at the time of the accident and there was little chance of finishing a winner.

The race was between those deadly rivals, Melos and Little Horn. Russian Pinion was scratched for lack of a jockey, so Little Horn and Melos fought it out between themselves. Melos was the favorite and won. Both horses took the jumps beautifully and ran close together; but it was not primarily a jumping contest. It was an endurance test, and the younger horse had the better of it.

The specialties included an exhibition of Roping by Mr. Thomas L. Hogan of Syracuse. His performance was well received by the spectators, who made allowances for the fact that the horses from the stable—Rob Roy and Submarine—were not used to having a rope thrown at them and consequently shied and made Mr. Hogan's work unusually difficult.

Lucile, the riderless runner, showed her heels to Atwell, riding Rosewater. Miss Julia Butterfield's tactics of walking her pony in the egg race were highly successful, and she was awarded the prize.

Mr. Thomas riding Virginia in a trotting race showed the way to Cameron, riding Mrs. P. C. Thomas's beautiful Biogal Mangle, who did not seem to be in the mood of trotting.

PROGRAM AND SUMMARY

CLASS B. PACE

Horse	Owner	Driver
(Weekly Harness Event for Trophies)		
Direct Bell	Covington	Thomas
Mittie Bedworth	F. Eden	J. Smith
David B.	Wilson	Wickert
Princess Ingomar	H. Fry	F. Smith
Loucella	H. Eden	Eden

FIRST HEAT

Mittie Bedworth, 1st; Direct Bell, 2nd; Loucella, 3rd; Princess Ingomar, 4th; David B., scratched.

SECOND HEAT

Loucella, 1st; Mittie Bedworth, 2nd; Direct Bell, 3rd; Princess Ingomar, 4th.

CLASS A TROT (Exhibition)

Horse	Owner	Driver
Gold Bell	Hyde	Taylor
Joseph Guy	Burnham	Brown
Eliza Dillon	Dr. Buchner	Hyde

FIRST HEAT

Gold Bell, 1st; Joseph Guy, 2nd; Eliza Dillon, 3rd.

SECOND HEAT

Joseph Guy, 1st; Eliza Dillon, 2nd; Gold Bell, 3rd.

MILE FLAT

Horse	Owner	Driver
Uncle Sand (120)	Hill	Lassés
His Nibbs (113)	Trotter	Wright
Geo. Roach (97)	Cameron	Carter

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Annie Oakley Gives an Exhibition

Ladies Join The Shooting School!



Annie Oakley Shoots an Apple off Dave's Head

ON FRIDAY the 19th Annie Oakley, the world-famous shot, will give one of her old-time exhibitions of trick shooting at the Gun Club. If you have the nerve to stand up to it, she might shoot an apple off the top of your head or shoot the ashes off the tip of your cigarette or shoot a nickel out of your fingers; and for her it is child's play to smash five flying targest before they can touch the ground.

Annie Oakley is always engaged in good work of some kind. This time she is campaigning for the Farm Life School. Shooting exhibitions are open free to the people of Pinehurst, but funds derived from the sale of souvenirs and the like are turned over to the Eureka School.

One of the popular features of Pinehurst is the Shooting School at the Gun Club, at which Miss Oakley gives lessons to ladies in the art of shooting. Among the pupils are Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Wanner, Mrs. Fleisher, Dr. Smyley, and others. Mrs. Fleisher goes in for trapshooting, and it is a wonder there are not more women taking up this branch of sport. Ladies, shooting is like everything else. You have got to try it to like it. Once you get interested in this great sport of outdoors you will understand why so many men and women take up trapshooting. They say—once a shooter, always a shooter.

To learn to shoot firearms of any sort means "out of doors." Out of doors means to anyone good health, especially to women. Of the outdoor games played nowadays, trapshooting is one of the most fascinating, and the most invigorating, and an accomplishment of which anyone should be justly proud. It is no more fatiguing than eighteen holes of golf.

Anyone with systematic and intelligent practice can, in a short while, make wonderful progress. As a general rule most women have a natural horror of firearms, and are too timid to try, sim-

ply because they have never been encouraged in that line, but there is absolutely no reason why women should not shoot just as well as men.

Nowadays a women need not hesitate to attend a shoot at any of the many organized gun clubs. It is perfectly "proper," and she will always find a crowd of very courteous gentlemen who will not only be glad to see her, but also extend to her every possible courtesy.

The first important thing for the beginner to have is a gun of proper fit. A mistake often made by the novice is to try some gun, which, as a rule, is not suited to his or her particular makeup. If a lady, the borrowed gun is almost certain to be too long in the stock and, as a rule, too heavy. The result is that it is held in an awkward manner, the recoil received from the shot frightens the shooter and she loses all of her enthusiasm then and there.

Have anyone who knows how to "fit" you with a proper gun, teach you the way to stand and hold, and when you have learned that you must "lead" your quartering targets, the "line up" your gun properly and shoot as quickly as you can. When you have learned to "concentrate" on each and every target, forgetting the ones you missed, and look forward with grim determination to smash the next one, then you have the "makings" of a shooter.

Do not try to shoot too much to begin with. Twenty-five or fifty shots is enough, at least until your shoulder becomes accustomed to the recoil. Shooting when you are tired may cause you to flinch, a habit which has spoiled many a good shot.

While self-confidence and concentration are great factors, you must not get the idea that you can learn the game right away. Just because you were fortunate enough to get that last string of 10 or 15 straight does not spell that you are a great master of the game. The

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