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Broadway at 34th Street

(One Block from Pennsylvania Station)

L. M. BOOMER, Managing Director

The Christmas Derby

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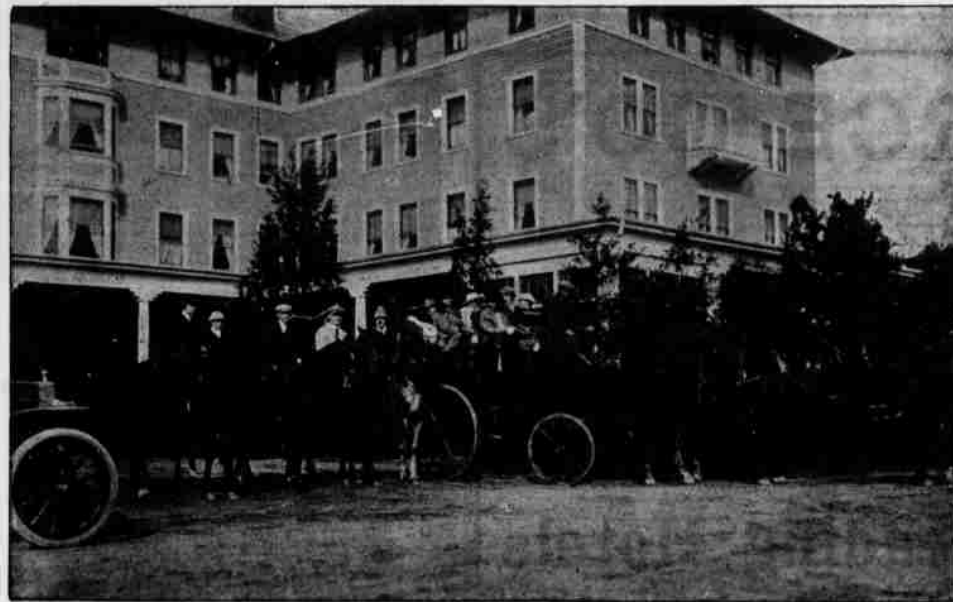
great pacer.

It wasn't any easy thing. True to a prophecy Walter C., the unbeaten pride of the Penny Stables, sailed into view gotten up like a trapeze; and when he lit out with the gong, sticks all over him, the crowd laughed and cheered. But Are Amm Bee, the favorite of the course, driven by Swinnerton to his limit, and Mattie, the much heralded, and Farmer Boy, and Toy Boy of the Thomas string, all raced in vain after this apparition. And when J. C. Thomas brought him home a winner, you should have heard them yell. Are Amm Bee stayed with him, and outran the Farmer Boy, driven by Reeves. Toy Boy developed speed none thought was in him, but the great bank of machines and the cheering mob, the flags and the band, and the many horses went to his head, and he ran away, beyond control, and smashed up his rigging to such an extent that they never gave him another trial.

Mattie the Great, the hope of Greensboro, was last. But a wise last. Her time had not come. In the second flight she started behind, but at the bend Thomas gave her the word, let out every shot in the locker, and the stand was thrilled to its feet. She went by the rest as if they were all tied to a post, and swept into the finish with Walter C. second and Are

Amm Bee third.

J. C. Thomas drove Walter C. over Mattie, cart, and the whole business breaking for home on the third heat, smashed up the gig, lit back in his seat by a miracle, and finished second just the same. This was Are Amm Bee's victory. And so they ran a fourth time, and found out what speed there was in the great mare. The time was 2.20 for the mile and an eighth.



TALLYHO! OFF FOR THE RACES

THE STEEPLE CHASE

We will have to hand it to Col. Swigert's Mir'am H.. It's a fine thoroughbred performer. The verdict of the paddock is not far wrong, "I reckon that mare peeraded. She romped. If she'd had a forty-foot chain round them other horses necks she'd have choked 'em to death. She gets twenty feet off from the hurdle, and she says, 'Pardner,

here goes'—and, gentlemen, she flies."

Ridden by Batchelor she took down the \$100 purse.

The real race lay between Sam and Travellor—between Joseph T. McCadden, Jr., of Princeton and Nat Hurd of the Jockey Club. Every ounce of speed, every fraction of a second was gotten out of these horses, and that's all there is about it. Hurd is the best rider we have, and has been study-

ing this Travellor animal until he may be said to have developed all there is under his girth. The beauty of it was to see McCadden, new to the course, take issue with Sam. Sam is a good old jumper, with plenty of fine stuff in him, but not generally expected to electrify the world. But he did. Hurd won by the last frantic jump, but the stables are still ringing with praises of the

Princeton boy's ride. One old hand declared, "Can he ride? He's a great huntsman, that fellow. The best I ever saw."

Cameron had no chance to show what he could do on old George. They hit the first barrier square, and took a nasty-looking fall, which fortunately broke no bones.

THE GUESTS' PURSE

Four of the hardest riders we have had on the track lined up for the Gentlemen's flat race, on the favorite string from the Pinehurst stables. Hurd rode Fay; Captain Eglin, U. S. A., was on Chief; Allan Loeb of New York, hot from his victory on the tennis tournament, was up on Crow, and McCadden took his chance on George C. It was a 3/8 mile dash, best two out of three heats. Hurd took the first heat with the Captain thundering at his heels. Loeb drove Crow home in the lead on the second, with the Captain still only a handbreadth behind. The final race was spirited travelling, with a Cossack finish, Crow still carrying the winning colors, and the Captain still one jump behind. McCadden, for all his riding, which was the remark of all the jockeys present, couldn't place George in either heat.

A SURPRISE

Judged by the element of pure speed, and finished riding, the best performance of the day, and a delight to the horseman's eye, was the thoroughbred race between Chase and Kittron. Batch-

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