

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

FIVE CENTS

WHERE IS BACHELOR

Can't Be Found Since Little Horn Carried Off Holly Inn Trophy in Steeple Chase

Wanamaker Rides Second in Hurdle Race. Miriam H. Expected to Come Back Next Week



EVEN the Great Napoleon met his match at last, and it match at last, and it is L. Sullivan finally fought one battle too many. Whether

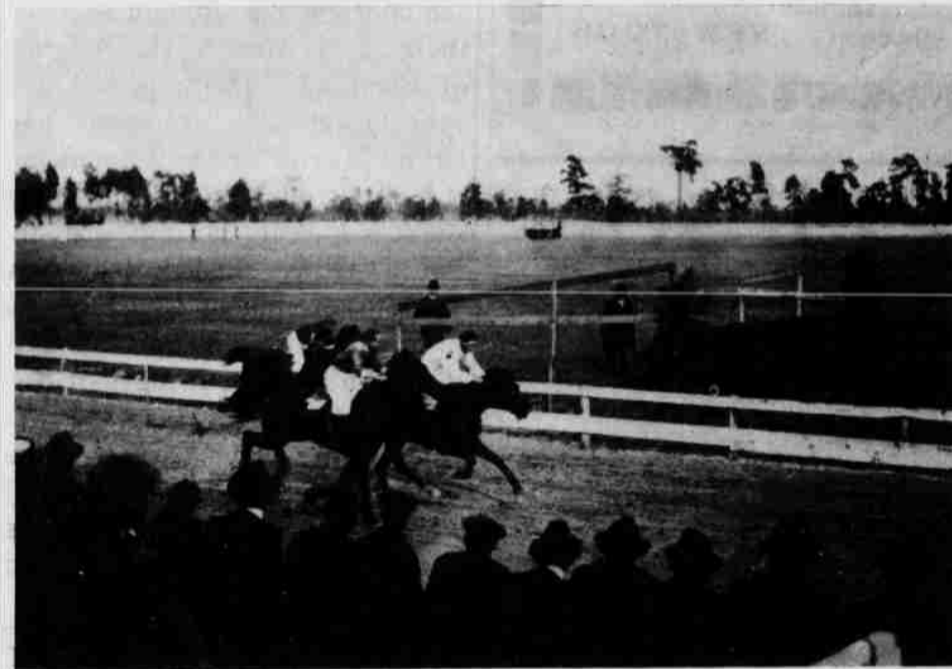
this is the fate of the great little mare Miriam H., hitherto unchallenged champion of the Jockey Club track, the pride of Col. Swigert's heart, and the one boast of Bachelor's life, remains to be seen. She is all heart, and the rest speed, as the Irish say, and doesn't know the sensation of following anything on four legs.

But she was certainly beaten fair and square Wednesday. She was up against a stiff game. The Meadowbrook Stables ran their famous jumper, the bay mare Whisper Bell, with Rodman Wanamaker up, generally credited with being one of the best gentlemen riders in the game, and Nat Hurd had his Virginia mount, Little Horn, in condition. And these two made it a travelling performance.

They were slated for the mile and a half course inside the field, for a very substantial purse, and there is no doubt that the Hurd and Meadow Brook Stables had it in for the plucky little favorite. Bachelor's creed had been that "They can't beat her. She can't be beat. She can finish any race on the cards and have enough wind left to inflate a balloon. She is all heart and speed."

Well, she took the lead at a furious pace followed jump for jump by the Red and Green of the Meadowbrook Stables, with Lit-

tle Horn trailing, and Whitlock letting Travellor take his time. Passing the judges' stand for the first round Wanamaker turned the Whispering Belle loose, and she climbed the hurdles in magnificent form, took the lead, and made for glory. Bachelor hung on and the Little Horn laid low. Smith rode the race of his life. That boy is a rider. The second time around he began the sprint, and with all the reserve power in the world began the inexorable overhauling. Turning the last quarter he passed Miriam H. and took his place alongside the Philadelphia beauty, and there they



A CLOSE FINISH AT THE JOCKEY CLUB

stuck lick for lick into the stretch. There the last ounce was called for, and the Little Horn drew away five seconds to the good under the wire. The bleachers were astonished and electrified. But both Swigert and Wanamaker say the end is not yet. One beating does not make a record. It is the first time the brave little mare has lost since early last Season, and there is too much power behind the Meadowbrook mount to give the palm the first trip over an alien course in a new country. Whitlock rode the Travellor in perfect style and made a good finish against a field a

little too fast for him. So they will run it again next Wednesday, for both the purse and what private conviction dictates and it may be that Bachelor will once more appear on the rialto.

The closest event of the day, and the most doubtful from headlong start to breathless finish was the match between Mrs. H. E. Bradford of New York and Miss J. C. Yaeger of French Lick, on Topsy and Hatto. They boiled into the stretch as if they were tied together, and nobody could have said who won if Hatto hadn't stuck out her tongue and so obtained the decision. French

NORMAN MAXWELL

The Young Philadelphia Star Wins St. Valentine's Tournament

Ned Beal of Uniontown Showed Some of the Best Golf and the Stoutest Heart of the Week



Norman Maxwell, the young Philadelphia star that made his debut on the Pinehurst links last Tuesday, hit the strong legion of the first division in the St. Valentine's Tournament on the rebound, and made his slashing way into the championship. It was all done in his heralded form, somewhat of a surprise after his indifferent showing in the medal round. In that round it took him at least two streaks of luck to qualify at all. His 88 was good for a bare chance for a place in the President's division only by virtue of W. E. Truesdell's withdrawal of his 83. And even at that he had to play off a tie with Tom Kelley of Southern Pines and Donald Parson the Youngstown expert, and made his hole only by virtue of prolonged putting practice indulged in by Kelley.

But thereafter he played golf. At the very first turn he was pitted against Gardner White, whom he had met last in the final round at Lakewood. White had him two down at the turn, travelling steady as a church in par. But the Aronimink star squared it all on the twelfth, took the lead on the 13th, made a winning Eagle on the 15th and won his match on the 18th, two up.

Dixon gave him a hard battle in the second round, but succumbed on the 17, and then he sailed into Seggerman, the Englewood champion and medal-

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