THEY'RE OFF AT THE TRACK

Racing Today at the Butte Track and the Thoroughbred Colts Are In a Bunch in Six Events—Under the Auspices of the Montana Jockey Club Butte and Anaconda's Tracks Big Meetings Will Be Held. Owners, Horses and Racegoers Will Find Excitement and Delight in the Rare Sport at the

BUTTE'S BIG RACE MEETING IN FULL BLAST

Good Men at the Head of the Jockey Club—Good Horses Face the Flag.

Horse talk is in the air in Butte today and the breezes of a thirty-day's stretch will be laden with gossip about the slim gallopers at the paddocks. The thoroughbreds are all in fine fettle, trim as the skill of trainers can make them and each of them has a record to make before the public of Butte. Already scores of people have secured a line on racing form and are keeping tab on the records of the animals who have faced the starter on previous occasions.

Today's races are only a mild taste of the excitement that is promised when the meeting gets under way in good shape. The plans have been laid for a good meeting and it is very probable that there will be excellent racing.

The preparations made for the racing season by President Wilson of the jockey club and Manager Laurence and their able assistants justifies the prediction that the coming weeks of the race meeting in Montana will be far ahead of any of the meetings in the west as far as courteous dealing with those who are obliged to meet the management in a business way. The men who have charge of the races are all well qualified for the positions they hold.

During the last two meets in Butte there were no harness races, but this season it will be different. There will be both trots and paces. Many persons prefer this class of racing and its advent will be warmly welcomed by them. There are now at the track fifty stables of horses, some of which are to participate in the harness events and the others in the flats. Dan Dennison, the well known trainer, has charge of six two-year-olds, bred at the Bitter Root farm. As an evidence that they are not common youngsters it may be stated that after Mr. Daly's death they were sent to New York, along with other promising high class colts and sold to the highest bidders at public auction last January.

Even the great Hamburg, for which Mr. Daly paid $40,000, and with which he won more than his purchase price in stakes and purses before placing him in the stud at the Bitter Root farm, was sold in this manner, as was also Ogden, the horse which, as a two-year-old, won the rich futurity stake in New York. The highest price paid for any of the colts in Mr. Dennison's string was $2,400, the lowest $600. One other stable at the track is in charge of Ted Hayes, who is also a noted trainer of both harness horses and runners. The stable includes about a dozen trotters, pacers and runners at present, but there are some additions to be made to it. Both Mr. Dennison and Mr. Hayes have spent much time looking after their racers and have them in good trim.

The names and pedigrees of the colts under Mr. Dennison's care include:

Flourish, b. g. by Tammany, dam Fleur D'Or. The latter is a half sister of Han D'Or, Helen Thomas and Lucy Bell. The price paid for Flourish was $2,400.

The Weaver, b. g., by Gold Finch, dam One Cent, and Billy Gwyn. This youngster brought $1,300 at the sale.

Imported Mintaka, b. c., by Crowberry, dam imported Mintcake; the latter a full sister to Minting. The price of this animal was also $1,300.

Imported O'Kuste, b. f., by Ayeshire, dam Desayuna; the latter a half sister to Bouquet, she being by Kendall, the sire of Galte Moore. Her price was $1,150.

Imported Mildred Schultz, b. f., by Orvieto, dam Imported Coalesce; the latter a half sister to Coal Dust. This filly was foaled in England and was the last piece of horse flesh bought by Mr. Daly. At the sale she brought $600.

Winnicook, b. f., by Montana, dam Whyota; the latter being a half sister to Ornament. Her price was $1,100.

The thoroughbreds in charge of Mr. Hayes are all green so far as racing is concerned, but have been trained to face the flag without manifesting that embarrassment which usually accompanys a green one to the post. Among Mr. Hays' charges are Pastmaster, a bay gelding six years old, by Prodigal, dam Winell; the latter by Wilkes Boy. This animal is a trotter and was bought by Dave Magee at the sale of the Daly horses which took place at the race track in this city a few months ago.

Captain P, a pacer, by Alameto. This animal is owned by Silas F. King and is green. Caption, by Prodigal, dam McCap, by Robert McGregor. Caption is a trotter, and although he has never been raced he has a record of 2:19. He is seven years old. He is owned by Dennis O'Neil.

Then comes Prochien, also a trotter, by Prodigal, dam Helen T, the latter being a full sister to Arion. Prochien is owned by former Senator Lee Mantle, and although he has never been raced is quite promising.

Poor Guest is a very promising six-year-old trotter by Prodigal, dam Guelda, she by Guy Wilkes. This animal is owned by Daniel Jacobs.

Erudition, a trotter, by Expedition, dam Yuba, the latter by Harold, is seven years old and is owned by Miles Finlen. He has a record of 2:20, made last year.

Placer is a green trotter by Gould, dam Kentucky Volunteer. She recently arrived from Bozeman to be trained by Mr. Hayes. She is the property of Al. Love.

There is also in Mr. Hayes' string an unnamed trotter by Bozeman, whose dam was by Woodnut.

Among the pacers are Exuberate by Expedition, dam Yuba, by Harold. Exuberate is eight years old and belongs to J. C. Strong.

Ralph R, by Del Gamo, dam, Anule Rooney, the latter by Deputy. This animal is also owned by Mr. Strong, has no record and is six years old.

Tom Burns, eight years old, by Murey, dam, Marie Bell; the latter by Albert W. This horse is named after Jockey Tommy Burns, and is owned by Ted Hayes.

Another trotter from Bozemtn holding membership in Mr. Hayes' string is Lady Director, with a record of 2:19¼. The Lady is well bred and will be a contender in harness events at the track.

Sand De Lee is a runner owned by Mr. Hayes. The animal is by Tammany, dam Silvia, the latter by imported Rossington; is a two-year-old and was bought by Mr. Hayes at the Daly sale of colts.

THE CAMERA CASTS A FATAL SPELL

Evil Influences of Wooden Limbs, Cross-eyed Men, and Unlucky Numbers Only Cured by Time.

"Gentlemen," said Ramsdell, the official photographer, "I struck a curious phenomenon today, a strange reminiscence of the past, a relic of barbarism so absurd, so ridiculous—"

"What was it?" asked Frazier, whose chief business in life is telegraphing.

Frazier winked at the rest of the crowd, for the photographer's boots bore a suggestive coating of dust, and in the third buttonhole of his vest was a pink string that told the story of his day's occupation.

"Well, to come to the point," began Ramsdell, "I was sent to the races to photograph some of the fast animals out there, Derby candidates, you know. The paper wants them for Saturday, and I didn't imagine there would be any trouble about it. I went out and found an owner and asked permission to take a few shots at the beasts.

"'No, sir,' said he, 'you can't.

"I asked him why, but he wouldn't say a word, but just turned away. I hunted up a trainer after that, and he was as positive about the matter as the owner. So I asked him why not.

"'As a matter of fact, young man,' said he, 'it's none of your business why not. But I'll tell you privately that it is not good for the horses.'

"I tried to explain, but he was busy. After a while, when both the owner and trainer were out of sight, I approached a stable boy and tried to bribe him.

"'What's dat? Photygraph a Dehby candidate? Ya! ya! W[illegible], I guess not.'

"And the little black idiot laughed until I thought he would burst. By and by he got better and I asked for an explanation.

"'Wy, boss, doan you know? Doan know why you cain't photygrahp no race hoss? Wy, de camera is de wurst kind of a hoodoo. Dey jus' couldn't win no race if you was to take their pitchers.'

"And I guess that was it. That outlandish hoodoo superstition had saturated all intellects from coon stable boy to owner, who at least should have known better."

A this point the photographer relapsed into forgetfulness of his surroundings and thought of the ten-dollar bill that had separated itself from him at the track. Frazier the telegrapher, who was posted on such matters, took up the tale.

"In all probability he did, too, but that doesn't cut any ice. The big man is about as superstitious as the little fellow at the track."

"How about myself?" asked some one. "You're a man of intelligence. Do you believe that taking a horse's photograph will hoodoo him?"

"Well, in one way I know well enough that it can't make any actual difference in a horse's speed, and yet, way down in my insides I feel that I wouldn't have a horse of mine photographed. It does seem to hoodoo somehow. That's straight. I've known of lots of cases.

"And I'm like all the rest of 'em. Most of the gang are ashamed to confess it, though. But we're superstitious just the same. Why? That's more than I can answer. It's in the dust of the track, perhaps, but probably it's a matter of education and association. However it comes, it is there just the same.

"You laugh? You needn't. It's a fact. There are habitual race track men right here in Butte, and we are all built the same way when it comes to these things.

"Th number 13 gag is one of the oldest of the lot, as well as one of the strongest. There's nothing like the hold it has. A few weeks ago I was out in Hot Springs, and the blame fool clerk put me in room 13. Did I stay there? Not much, not in room 13, anyway, seeing I came away from that town a winner.

"My hotel was crowded, and so were all the rest, and I thought I was surely up against it when I first saw that number on the door. But, pshaw! That didn't bother long. As soon as the bellboy was gone I went outside and reversed the numbers. And, say, I found old 31 very comfortable quarters, whereas 13 had been just the other way.

"There are other things, too, that count. A one-legged man is one of the most common. We are all afraid of him. For my part, whenever I see a timber-foot, I just know it's all up for that day. Any bets I make will go wrong, no matter whether it's in a sure thing or not.

"And the cross-eyed man is of the same breed. After you have gazed at one of the squint-eyed guys your choice is bound to be left at the post or to fall and break a leg on th e homestretch. Can't help it. Don't talk to me. I know it. And the combination of the two—they're enough to give you a bad streak for a week.

"Let me tell you that when you get a streak of losing you may as well quit first as last. You can walk around the block and chase down all the alleys or do anything you can think of to lose your hoodoo. But it's no good. You can't do it. Just wait until it wears itself out. It will do that after a while. The hoodoo will get tired of his job and go off to bother some one else. But while it's on everything goes wrong. You go up to a stand with the 'long green' in your fingers to put it on a good thing at 20 to 1. And just as the bookmaker is ready to attend to your case some one asks you what you are betting on. You tell him and drop your hand at the same time. Before you can catch the blue pencil boy's eye again the gong has sounded and it's all off. In such cases your 20-to-1 shot always comes in ahead by two lengths.

"But if your luck is running the other way you can't lose. Manybe you are leery of the whole bunch, but think you'll put just a little on the favorite at 1 to 2. You come to the stand as before, and all of a sudden it strikes you that you'd better play some skate of a selling plater at 50 to 1. You change your mind at the last second. The favorite gets lost in the shuffle and your 'skate' comes sailing in ahead.

"That's just the way everything is at the track. It's simply impossible to figure out by calculus or algebraic equation and the laws of chance what horse is going to win the five furlongs on a muddy track, and so we trust to luck and the bookmakers take the difference. Some men had rather pin their faith to the magic of a hunchback's spinal column than all the 'dope books' ever printed. And I guess they are as near correct as any one."

SUNDAY EXCURSION, OREGON SHORT LINE.

Glen and return $1 00
Dillon and return 1 50

Special leaves Butte at 8:30 a. m. Sunday, returning arrives at Butte at 10:15 p. m. Stops to drop off and pick up fishermen and picnickers on the Big Hole.

Bungalow stools are about the height of a chair, stand on four legs and have a large square seat made of soft, woven threads. The effect of these stools is very good, particularly when the seat is in the solid colors. They cost $2.50.

1901

MONTANA JOCKEY CLUB

Butte, and Anaconda, Mont.

60 Days' Racing

BEGINNING AT BUTTE SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

Preliminary Derby Handicap, June 29
Hot Times Stakes, July 4
Montana Derby, July 6

Six or More Races Each Day, Including One Harness Race.

Admission $1.00. E. D. Laurence, Manager

Boston & Montana Band. Ladies Free Saturday—First Day.

Cycle and Motor-Cycle

RACES

Every Night on the Saucer

Commencing

Saturday, June 29th

27 Pieces 27 B. & M. Band Concert 27 Pieces 27

East Park Street,

Between Arizona and Ohio

Admission 50c Children 25c

Reserved Seats on Sale: Hight & Fairfield, P. C. Gillis & Co., I. A. Heitkroener