SPORTS AND SPORTSMEN.

PROGRAMME OF SPORTS TO-DAY.

RACING.—Brooklyn Jockey Club, Gravesend, 2:30 p. m.

GOLF.—Women's handicap, Apawamis; women's team match, Englewood, Ardsley; men's championships, Powelton; women's handicap, Morris County Golf Club.

BASEBALL.—Brooklyn against St. Louis, Washington Park, Brooklyn; Cornell against Wesleyan, Middletown, Conn.; Georgetown against Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge.

POLO.—Tournament, Meadow Brook Club, for Meadow Brook cups; Lakewood against home team.

IMP PLEASES THE PUBLIC.

THE OLD MARE FIRST AT GRAVESEND.

SHE WAS THE ONLY CONQUERING FAVORITE OUT OF SIX.

What is the toughest of metals? Imp is made of it, and she is a popular idol on the turf in spite of the perverse schemes that have been carried out with her on several occasions. The men who have her and hold her do not deserve their good fortune. To them she is a golden goose, which they are willing to kill that they may get the golden eggs. What a staid, demure, quiet old matron she is! To her the betting ring is naught, and the turmoil of the poolrooms is empty and void. She thinks of nothing else than doing her duty in a modest, unassuming way. From early in the spring until skating begins her merciless owners bang her about incessantly. They show no sympathy for her, no unselfish affection. To them she is like a slot machine, and they drop their pennies in and look for dollars. Pitiful it is that this faithful, docile creature has fallen into the hands of those who do not use her as she should be used.

The turf boom is at its height, and the public support of racing is lavish. At the Gravesend track the holiday host was so numerous that no one could doubt the popularity of racing. The news that the Prince of Wales had won the Derby with Diamond Jubilee was talked about all over the grounds. An American colt, James R. Keene's Disguise II, was third. Turfmen at the course were pleased that so eminent and honored a sportsman as the Prince had been successful again in the famous race at Epsom, and had once more entwined the blue ribbon with the jewels of his favorite Order of the Garter. The heir to the British Empire, including Johannesburg, the Modder River, Spion Kop, Witwatersrand, Pretoria (hereafter) and the railroad from the Cape to Cairo, is admired on American tracks because his career as a racing man has been along the mountain tops and not among the valleys. Were the American turf to be favored with the presence and active cooperation of a large company of owners with views and methods as broad and generous as those of the Prince of Wales, the sport in this country would rise above its present standards. The fact that Mr. Keene's colt was third was a topic of lively debate at the track. Several years ago, when Mr. Keene's Domino was doing wonderful things, the Keene colors had a notable following. Those were halcyon, hyperion hours for the Keene stable. Since then Mr. Keene has repeatedly led campaigns in Wall Street to lower values. Since then he has chosen his familiar associates in Tammany Hall. Since then he has employed the bear jockey Spencer. Hence it may be admitted frankly that Mr. Keene is not so widely popular on the turf as he was once, and therefore the longing of Americans that Disguise II should capture the Derby was not so intense as it might otherwise have been.

Dividends on Brooklyn Jockey Club stock and on the fourth debenture scrip of the McGrath Catering Company, will be prodigious in 1900. To the first race yesterday the club added only $700. To the second it added $750. To the third the added money was $1,000. To the fourth $1,000. To the fifth and sixth only $700 each. Philip J. Dwyer owns a bulky block of the stock of the Brooklyn Jockey Club. He is already one of the foremost millionaires in the Gravesend district of Kings County. Some of his friends say that a few more days like yesterday will encourage him to negotiate with Gelshenen, Carroll and Morse for the control of the Garfield National Bank, and also of the Whiskey and Ice Trusts. McGrath's bar profits are so Babylonian that he is ready to lend Mr. Dwyer a million or two, should Gelshenen, Morse and Carroll insist upon a cash advance of a few millions.

It was the finest of holiday weather on Long Island, and the biggest and best natured of holiday crowds went to the track. But the railroad service was early Egyptian. It took time to build the Pyramids, and it took time to travel to and from the course. A pleasant habit those railroad sages on Long Island have—that of choking up their lines with cheap trolley cars and forcing the steam trains to and from the track to creep behind the trolley cars at a pace which would compel any self-respecting snail to die of disgusted inanition. Miraculous railroad management in Kings County! Hum over the college ditty of our infancy—"In the days of old Rameses, were you on a Brooklyn trolley car?" or something like that. And then avoid Kings County if you are in a hurry.

That obsolescent and innocuous old dame Imp did a great deal to maintain the popularity of racing. She didn't know any better. She had no clear notion of what she was doing in the Parkway Handicap. She was asleep from the first stride to the last, and O'Connor wisely let her sleep. In fact, O'Connor rode her coolly and quietly, and did not wake her. When she wakes up she stops running. Imp breaks swiftly and smoothly at the start when no one disturbs her peaceful slumbers. She runs best in front. O'Connor rode her better than any other jockey has ridden her this year. He let her sleep, but he never let any other horse take the rail from her. With a snore which shook the grandstand, Imp began her journey drowsily, but a little in front of the field. O'Connor crooned a lullaby, and the old mare snored as steadily as did John A. Morris in the snoring chamber, which he built for his nightly oratorios in his country house near the Seaman homestead in Westchester. O'Connor gently rocked the cradle and crooned and crooned. His crooning did not stop until after Imp had passed the judges. As a crooner O'Connor was not excelled by the primeval Celtic bards. Imp dreamed and slept and snored from end to end, and was first, still sleeping soundly. And then the people shouted. Imp's triumphant trance was the impressive feature of the day. Few runners ever seen in this country are as much liked by the masses as Imp is.

The time was fast, but time in public races is no decisive test of the true merits of thoroughbreds. That has been proved a thousand times and more. The greatest racers do not break records, unless they are especially sent against time, as Salvator was.

Just here and now let it be recorded coldly and even icily that, good mare as Imp is, she is not the greatest racer or the greatest mare ever foaled in America. No, indeed. She is one of the half dozen greatest mares ever foaled in America, but not the greatest. And set this down also: When Imp meets Ethelbert and Jean Beraud both will outrun her, good day and good track, good start and good riding. Don't lose your heads over Imp, my merry gentlemen, good mare as she is.

Every favorite except Imp was defeated. That was a hard game for the holiday multitude. Bullman was persistently useful to the bookmakers. His riding was of the Turkish type, with a touch of abdominal introspection. In the second race he rode Intrusive as Silenus rode the goat. In the Parkway Handicap he rode Senator McCarren's Survivor as Coogan rode the greased pig at the Kerry fair of 1857. In the fifth race he rode the favorite, Schoolmaster, as the clown rides the trick mule in the circus. In the last race he rode Trumpet without judgment or dash. In frank language, Bullman's riding was so bad that the stewards ought to have given him an enforced vacation for a time. His jockeyship was indefensible. He can do better when he is in earnest. His peculiar riding transferred many thousands of dollars from the pockets of the holiday throng to the bank accounts of the bookmakers. Will Bullman go without his reward?

Why doesn't "Judge" publish a cartoon of Bullman in colors? Bullman has a sublimely dignified and intellectual countenance. His face looks like a composite grouping of the features of a goat, a sheep and a pig.

Turner often rides brilliantly for certain owners. His riding of John E. Madden's Luerana in the fifth race was excellent. Luerana was not the favorite. Turner generally rides with smartness and energy for Mr. Whitney. He ought to do so. Mr. Whitney has been most liberal to him. He has ridden some of the Leigh horses in the right vein. But his riding upon Wait Not, the odds-on favorite in the second race, was not worthy of him. He could have ridden Wait Not far more efficiently if he had cared to do so. That was plain.

The Tribune's racing column yesterday warned its readers to beware of Spencer, who dislikes holiday crowds. Fortunately Spencer had only one mount. That was on Doublet in the last race. Doublet was unplaced, although by some strange accident he was in front at the start. Beware of Spencer on holidays—and also on other days.

J. W. Colt freely backed his horse Lackland over the hurdles in the first race, but it was Lackland's off day, and he was slow and clumsy over the jumps and between the jumps. He came in fourth. Dr. Eichberg was first and Mazo second.

W. M. Barrick is known on the turf affectionately as "Billy" Barrick. Gossip whispers that at one time Mr. Barrick could guess under which shell the little black ball might be hidden, and also could conjecture which corner of a card was seemingly bent by the astute shuffler. But Mr. Barrick in recent years has held a proud place in the front line of turf plungers. A rumor was heard that Mr. Barrick had carried over a few accounts in the New Jerusalem division of the betting ring. How could that be? Isn't Mr. Barrick the very soul of honor and invariably affluent? Anyway, his colt James captured the second race, and it was reported that Mr. Barrick plunged on James. Therefore all was quiet in the vicinity of Forty-second-st. and Longacre Square last night.

A florid and rubicund tip made Carl Kohler the favorite in the Bedford Stakes. Carl Kohler was unplaced. On public form Tonicum should have been the favorite. Ridden by McCue, he was an easy winner. L. O. Appleby has a filly upon which he has bestowed the suitable name of Quagmire. He backed Quagmire for third place. She came in last. Quagmire should be sent South, and be held in reserve in the Dismal Swamp to wait for the next total eclipse of the sun. She might be useful to cast a shadow when the astronomers are developing photographic plates. It might be difficult to invent any other use for her. For slow development in a dark stable she would be a treasure.

Heider was the successful rider over the hurdles. Mitchell, McCue, O'Connor, Turner and Odom rode the winners of the flat races.

The summaries follow:

FIRST RACE—HURDLE HANDICAP; $700 added. One and three-fourths miles, over seven hurdles:

		Betting.	St.	Pl.
L. V. Bell's br. c. Dr. Eichberg, by Candlemas—Nell Swift, 4 yrs., 142 lb	(Heider)	1	6—1	8—5
F. R. & T. Hitchcock's ch. g. Mazo, 4, 135	(G. Green)	2	5—1	7—5
R. T. Wilson, jr.'s, b. h. Athamas, 5, 130	(Dayton)	3	15—1	5—1
Lackland, 4, 153	(Finnegan)	0	4—5	out
Hardy Pardee, 4, 130	(Owens)	0	6—1	2—1
Hardy C., 5, 145	(Raymond)	0	15—1	4—1

Time—3:17.

Won easily by six lengths; same distance between second and third.

SECOND RACE—Special weights; $750 added. One and one-sixteenth miles.

W. M. Barrick's b. c. James, by St. James—Belottie, 3 yrs., 92 lb (car. 91)	(Mitchell)	1	3—1	1—1
J. H. Carr's ch. c. Wait Not, 4, 109	(Turner)	2	9—10	out
L. Waterbury's ch. h. Intrusive, 5, 124	(Bullman)	3	3—1	1—1
Picardy, 3, 92 (car. 96)	(Cowman)	0	20—1	6—1
Strathconan, 4, 106	(Wedderstrand)	0	12—1	3—1

Time—1:47⅘.

Won neatly by two lengths; three lengths between second and third.

THIRD RACE—BEDFORD STAKES; for two-year-olds; $1,000 added; selling. Four and one-half furlongs.

R. W. Walden & Son's ch. c. Tonicum, by Silver Fox—Tonique, 105 lb.	(McCue)	1	5—2	4—5
P. J. Dwyer's b. g. Malden, 102	(O'Connor)	2	7—1	5—2
C. T. Patterson's br. c. Quiz II, 95	(Dangman)	3	10—1	7—2
Tower of Candles, 106	(Jenkins)	0	8—1	3—1
Beau Gallant, 102	(Odom)	0	10—1	7—2
Princess Otillie, 97	(Slack)	0	12—1	4—1
Sliurian, 95	(Brennan)	0	40—1	12—1
Carl Kohler, 105	(Mitchell)	0	6—5	3—5
Quagmire, 97	(Rausch)	0	12—1	4—1

Time—0:55.

Start fair. Won ridden out by two lengths; a head between second and third.

FOURTH RACE—PARKWAY HANDICAP; $1,000 added. One and one-sixteenth miles.

Harness & Brossman's blk. m. Imp, by Wagner—Fondling, 6 yrs., 124 lb	(O'Connor)	1	9—5	3—5
Eastin & Larabie's b. c. Kinley Mack, 4, 127	(McCue)	2	3—1	4—5
P. H. McCarren's b. c. Survivor, 4, 100 (car. 105)	(Bullman)	3	5—1	8—5
Charentus, 6, 103	(Maher)	0	3—1	4—5
Jack Point, 4, 93	(Rausch)	0	30—1	10—1
Half Time, 4, 98	(Mitchell)	0	12—1	4—1

Time—1:46⅘.

Start good. Won driving by a length; three lengths between second and third.

FIFTH RACE—For maiden two-year-olds; $700 added; special weights. Five furlongs.

J. E. Madden's b. f. Luerana, by Russell—Cheesestraw, 109 lb	(Turner)	1	3—1	1—1
P. H. McCarren's ch. c. Alfonso, 112	(McCue)	2	7—2	6—5
J. L. Holland's The Golden Prince, 112	(Clawson)	3	30—1	10—1
Schoolmaster, 112	(Bullman)	0	2—1	4—5
Humboldt, 112	(Jenkins)	0	30—1	10—1
Movay, 112	(Maher)	0	7—1	5—2
Hengist, 112	(Doggett)	0	10—1	4—1
Queen of Quality, 109	(Wedderstrand)	0	40—1	12—1
Remsen, 112	(O'Connor)	0	10—1	4—1
Automaton, 112	(Odom)	0	20—1	7—1

Time, 1:01 4-5.

Won in a drive by a length; three lengths between second and third.

SIXTH RACE—$700 added; for three-year-olds; selling. Five and one-half furlongs.

T. D. Sullivan's br. c. Hesper, by His Highness—Alhada, 102 lb	(Odom)	1	6—1	2—1
C. F. Dwyer's b. c. Trumpet, 104	(Bullman)	2	7—2	6—5
J. P. Martin's br. f. Kamara, 100 (car. 101)	(McCue)	3	8—1	3—1
Miss Hanover, 98	(O'Connor)	0	3—1	1—1
Her Ladyship, 96	(Phelan)	0	5—1	2—1
Gold Or, 103	(Wedderstrand)	0	12—1	4—1
Cupidity, 96	(J. Daly)	0	30—1	10—1
Doublet, 107	(Spencer)	0	6—1	2—1
Premature, 106	(Mitchell)	0	8—1	5—2
His Royal Highness, 109	(Turner)	0	8—1	5—2
Nabocklish, 106 (car. 108)	(Patton)	0	100—1	40—1

Time—1:07⅘.

Won driving by a head; a length between second and third.

GRAVESEND ENTRIES FOR TO-DAY.

The entries for to-day's races at Gravesend are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward. About six furlongs.

Name.	Wt.	Name.	Wt.
Marblehead	110	Fonsolee	100
Kinnikinic	110	Owas Queen	99
Margate	105	Prestidigitator	97
Merry Day	104	Wax Taper	95
Our Gertie	102	The Benedict	92
Dolando	101	Her Ladyship	92
Sir Christopher	101		

SECOND RACE—For three-year-olds; non-winners of $2,000; weights eight pounds below the scale; allowances. One and one-sixteenth miles.

Kilogram	118	Ceylon	110
McMeekin	118	Matt Simpson	110
Herbert	113	McGrathiana Prince	107
Sarmatian	113	Nansen	98
Contestor	113	Rochester	98

THIRD RACE—Selling; for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

Yorkshire Boy	103	Miss Cleburn	94
Gold Heels	102	Lambkin	94
Educate	101	Delmarch	93
St. Glor	101	Harlem Lane	92

FOURTH RACE—Handicap, with $1,000 added; for three-year-olds and upward. One and one-eighth miles.

Survivor	126	Half Time	117
Maximo Gomez	125	Latson	112
Knight of the Garter	119	Hardly	110
Gulden	119	Laudeman	106
Pupil	118		

FIFTH RACE—For maiden two-year-old fillies. Five furlongs.

Mary McCoy	112	Courtesy	112
Miranda	112	Mariah Bolton	112
Ada Beatrice	112	Ida Carbry	112
Barbara Frietchie	112	Relucent	112
Empress of Beauty	112	Janice	112
Mudder	112	Infallible	112
Add	112	Princess Pepper	112
Dame	112		

SIXTH RACE—Selling; for three-year-olds and upward. One mile and seventy yards.

Kirkwood	110	Chappaqua	101
Dan Cupid	108	Sir Guy	99
Rare Perfume	104	Precursor	99
Maximo Gomez	103	Hesper	90
Sensational	102	Post Haste	84
Lucky Star	102		

ON THE SPEEDWAY.

CARYLE CARNE DEFEATS COBWEBS IN TWO BRUSHES OUT OF THREE.

COLONEL F. N. LAWRENCE DRIVES THE GREAT TROTTER WITH RARE SKILL—COBWEBS WILL TRY TO REGAIN HIS LOST LAURELS NEXT MONDAY.

Cobwebs, 2:12, the honest chestnut trotter that has made his name famous among horsemen all over the world since Speedway Park was opened, met with a fair, square defeat shortly after noon yesterday in a series of brushes with the big, flea bitten gray horse, Caryle Carne, 2:11½, driven with masterly skill by the veteran road rider, Colonel Frederick N. Lawrence, of Bay Shore, L. I. Although it was not generally believed that the two crack trotters would meet yesterday to renew their struggle of ten days ago, 2,500 or 3,000 pedestrians and several hundred road riders were on hand, hopeful of witnessing a battle royal between the rival flyers. Nathan Straus objected to driving on a crowded road, where awkward reinsmen are always getting in the way of the speeders, and it was not until the mounted policemen had enforced the rules, which require everybody to keep close to the curb line when going slow, that the owner of Cobwebs consented to start. He said the excitement of Cupram's runaway on Tuesday had made him too nervous to do justice to his horse, but he was unwilling to disappoint the crowd.

Colonel Lawrence did not reach the Speedway until just before noon, and it was after 12 o'clock when the gray and the chestnut horse jogged slowly up the road toward the bend to make the start. No particular point had been agreed upon as the starting place, but the drivers of the horses had decided that the one who first passed the electric light post opposite the point of rocks on the east side of the driveway, a furlong from Washington bridge, was to be the winner. Cobwebs wore a pair of knee boots, held in place by blue elastic bands passing over his shoulders, and Caryle Carne was rigged with white felt ankle and tendon boots forward, with scalpers and shin boots behind. Both horses were hooked to light pneumatic speeding wagons, and both looked to be in fine form for a short brush, though too high in flesh to carry their speed very far. As the horses jogged up toward Dyckman-st. for the start Caryle Carne led the way. Just above the bend Mr. Straus called out to Colonel Lawrence:

"Let's turn here."

Their positions were, of course, reversed when they wheeled about to get away, but the driver of Cobwebs waited for the gray horse to come up from the rear. Colonel Lawrence set him a-going with a rush which carried him to the front by half a length by the time both horses were under way. In his effort to head the bold going gray, Cobwebs set the clip so fast that Carne soon began to wabble and roll. Some of the spectators down near the bridge mistook it in the distance for a break, but his driver kept him on his feet until the end of the stone wall had been passed. Cobwebs, trotting like a piece of machinery, with head down and ears laid flat back on his neck, had changed positions with Carne in the first quarter and was now nearly a length in front. Colonel Lawrence rallied his horse with all the art of a McHenry or a Geers as they neared the finish, but Carne was doing his best, and when he tried to let out another link he went off into a wild, lunging break, while Cobwebs drew away, winning by two or three lengths.

"I told you so," were the first words of the railbirds after Cobwebs crossed the line. "There isn't a horse in the world that can beat Cobwebs down the road to-day, and there never has been one that could do it."

There had been no agreement for more than one brush, but when Colonel Lawrence asked for another trial Mr. Straus nodded assent. So they jogged their horses back toward Dyckman-st., lifting their hats in recognition of the handclapping all along the line. This time the start was made fully a furlong further from the finish line, and the crack trotters were under full steam when they came into view around the bend and squared away for the straight work. Cobwebs appeared to have a slight lead, though his advantage, if he had any, was very slight. Neck and neck they stepped it off at terrific speed to the end of the stone wall without a waver on the part of either horse. Mr. Straus was making his whip whistle through the air with his right hand, while he held the reins with his left. All of a sudden the gray horse faltered and the sharpshooters sang out:

"There he goes again. He's up. He can't go the pace with Cobwebs."

Caryle Carne was in the air, two lengths behind his rival, and with less than a furlong yet to go to the finish line, Cobwebs looked like a sure winner. Then it was that Colonel Lawrence showed his skill as a driver. Before the onlookers could realize what was happening he had straightened the gray horse out again and was sending him along at a clip which carried him over the road two lengths to Cobwebs's one. Mr. Straus let the whip fall on the tiring chestnut trotter's back, but he had shot his bolt, and the strong going gray beat him a short head in the last stride.

Each horse had now won a heat, and the rubber was, of course, in order. The third round was a repetition of the second, except that Cobwebs tired more quickly than before. When Carne recovered from his usual break near the end of the stone wall he overtook the chestnut horse in a few strides and beat him by an open length or more at the end.

The new "King of the Speedway" is a flea bitten gray gelding, upward of sixteen hands high. He was foaled in 1891 at Portland, Ore., and was bred by Van B. De Lashmutt. His sire was Hambletonian Mambrino, a son of Menelaus by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Carne's dam was Lady Gray, by Confederate Chief; grandam by General Knox. The horse came out as a three-year-old and has been campaigned every year since 1894. Colonel Lawrence bought him last fall for $1,375.

ACCIDENT ON THE PATERSON TRACK.

Paterson, N. J., May 30 (Special).—Nearly three thousand people attended the trotting races at the old Hohokus track, near Ridgewood, this afternoon, and some first class sport was seen. One accident occurred. At the break in the last heat of the third race Lady McNeil crashed into the rear of Hunter's sulky and a wheel was torn off. No one was injured. Hunter is owned by Dr. T. E. Brooks, of Paterson.

DIAMOND JUBILEE'S DERBY.

PRINCE OF WALES AGAIN CAPTURES THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE ENGLISH TURF.

London, May 30.—At the second day's racing of the Epsom Summer Meeting to-day the classic race for the Derby Stakes of 6,000 sovereigns was won by the Prince of Wales's Diamond Jubilee. Simondale was second and James R. Keene's Disguise II, ridden by Tod Sloan, was third. Diamond Jubilee's time was 2:42. This equals Persimmon's time, which is the record for the Derby.

The following was the result in detail:

The Prince of Wales's b. c. Diamond Jubilee, by St. Simon—Perdita II (H. Jones) 1
The Duke of Portland's b. c. Simondale, by St. Simon—Ismay (M. Cannon) 2
James R. Keene's b. c. Disguise II, by Domino—Bonnie Gal (Tod Sloan) 3

After a couple of preliminary races, the second of which was won by Doris, with Sloan up, the way was cleared for the Derby. There were fourteen starters, as follows: Diamond Jubilee (H. Jones), Frontignan (R. Jones), Bona Rosa (L. Reiff), Chevening (O. Madden), Disguise II (Tod Sloan), Most Excellent (K. Cannon), First Principal (F. Rickaby), Forfarshire (S. Loates), Sailor Lad (C. Wood), Sidus (T. Loates), Simondale (M. Cannon), Governor II (French), Democrat (T. Weldon) and De Wisant (E. Jones).

The betting previous to the start was: Diamond Jubilee, 6 to 4; Simondale, 100 to 6, and Disguise II, 8 to 1 against.

Chevening made most of the running to the straight, where Disguise II drew to the front, but gave way to Diamond Jubilee, who, stalling off the challenge of Simondale, won by half a length, amid deafening cheers. A length separated second and third horse. Bona Rosa was fourth.

In the paddock prior to the big race there was a brilliant gathering. J. R. Keene, Foxhall Keene and a number of American friends watched Disguise II being saddled. Diamond Jubilee was the centre of attraction and continually increased in popularity. As the horses paraded the Prince of Wales left the club enclosure and stood on the course, raising his hat in response to the great cheer which greeted Diamond Jubilee as the colt led the procession.

Among the well known persons observed in the vicinity of the Prince of Wales's party were noticed the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rothschild, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Portland, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord William Beresford, Earl Cadogan and the Earl of Durham, and their greetings were heartiest when Diamond Jubilee was announced to have won.

The present generation will never efface the scene when the Prince of Wales's Persimmon captured the blue ribbon of the turf, but to-day's demonstration, when Persimmon's own brother gave the Prince of Wales a second Derby, was almost its equal. For a moment, within fifty yards of the post, Simondale's wonderful stride seemed to threaten the favorite's chances. His head reached Diamond Jubilee's girth, but the latter's splendid form enabled him to maintain a short half-length lead, until, in the midst of mighty cheers, he passed the post a winner. The crowd then went wild with cheering. Hats, flags, sticks, etc., flew in the air as the Princess of Wales stood up in the royal box, smiling her acknowledgments of the applause, while the Prince of Wales and Lord William Beresford pressed forward to lead the winner to the enclosure. Then the little jockey, Jones, was taken to the royal box, and, amid renewed cheers from the crowd, received the personal congratulations of the Princess.

The surging thousands so pressed on Diamond Jubilee's quarters as he got back there after the race that he could hardly get along. But he gave no sign of irritation as the Prince of Wales took the reins and led the winner from the course to the weighing room, and the welcome "All right!" was shouted and the storm of cheering was redoubled. The Prince of Wales's arm must have ached with congratulatory handshakes which he received from the delighted crowd, which broke out into hearty singing of "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen." The popularity of the Prince has never been more in evidence than to-day.

Tod Sloan was also much congratulated on his excellent showing, and Mr. Keene expressed his satisfaction at winning a place.

Incidentally, the American contingent were heavy losers on the day.

In the American coaches were Mrs. Daniel Manning, Mrs. E. M. Southern and Miss Velasquez, of New-York; Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Jackson, of Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. J. T. High, of Chicago; Frank Andrews, of New-York; W. P. Stewart and A. L. and Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland.

Other Americans who patronized the coaches included Captain Johnson, Walter Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Flagler, Mr. and Mrs. Stickney, E. O'Day, W. A. Lindsey, H. M. Wright, R. E. Morris, J. Lee Tailer, N. I. Kaplans, of Pittsburg; T. H. McAuliff and J. Atterbury, of New-York; E. H. Butler, proprietor of "The Buffalo News"; Miss Ada Butler and Miss Josephine Barber, of Buffalo.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein went to Epsom by special train. The Australian Federation delegates travelled on the same train. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway was expected to accompany the Prince of Wales, but was indisposed.

At Epsom, while the usual crowds were on the hill and downs, the club and other stands and the enclosures showed the effects of the war in a marked decrease in the number of fashionable people present. Many hundreds of regular Derby visitors are in South Africa. The day, therefore, was not only shorn of much of its military interest, but the friends and relatives of officers at the front refrained from attendance.

Richard Croker and his two sons were among the early arrivals. Mr. Croker said that he regretted that he had no horse racing to-day.

"The Derby looks to me," he further remarked before the race, "a remarkably open event, while the indications point to the Prince of Wales's entry winning."

William K. Vanderbilt occupied a box, where he chatted with Mr. Croker.

The royal party arrived shortly after 1 o'clock. There was a great popular demonstration on their arrival.

The scenes and incidents along the Epsom road on one Derby day differ little from other Derby days. But the introduction of Union Jacks and banners inscribed "Johannesburg," in joyful recognition of Lord Roberts's entry into the Gold Reef City, was a feature of the sporting holiday. On the downs portraits of the Queen and the favorite generals were marked and distinctive features of to-day's jollification. Although the weather was not promising, the exodus from London was hardly less remarkable than in previous years. The Epsom road was congested by every variety of vehicle, while the trains had difficulty in carrying the throngs blockading all the stations.

The Prince of Wales this evening gave the customary dinner party to members of the Jockey Club. His guests included the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland and Earl Cadogan.

The conditions of the race were as follows:

The Derby Stakes of 6,000 sovereigns, by subscription of 50 sovereigns each, half forfeit, or 5 sovereigns only if declared by the first Tuesday in January, 1899; for three-year-olds; the nominator of the winner to receive 500 sovereigns, the owner of the second 300 sovereigns and the owner of the third 200 sovereigns out of the stakes; distance, about one mile and a half.

The entries closed on July 19, 1898. There were 302 subscribers.

The previous race for the Derby was won by the favorite, the Duke of Westminster's bay colt Flying Fox, by Orme—Vampire, with Cannon in the saddle. During the contest Holocauste, ridden by Tod Sloan, while heading the field and engaging in an exciting competition with Flying Fox, broke his leg at the fetlock joint, after entering the stretch, and subsequently had to be shot.

CYCLING.

THOUSANDS OF WHEELMEN THRONG THE PARKS AND AVENUES AND GO INTO THE COUNTRY.

Those who have made a close study of outdoor sports and recreations have come to the conclusion that Memorial Day is more generally observed in the sporting world than any other holiday. The scenes on the road yesterday bore this out, and in the opinion of veteran riders more bicycles were doing duty yesterday than on any previous day during the last two years. It was an ideal day for an outing of any sort, and especially fine for a trip on a wheel, whether into the country or over some of the popular wheelways. There was little breeze in the morning, but the wind freshened about 10:30 a. m., and there was just enough movement in the air after that to make a trip awheel thoroughly enjoyable.

The parade of wheels started early and continued late. It was noticeable that even in the early morning hours most of the riders carried lamps, a sure indication that they were prepared to remain in the open air until after nightfall. The large number of tandems out surprised many of the veteran riders. So many of the two seated machines have not been seen on the road probably in three years. The number of women out was unusually large. It was said earlier in the season that Dame Fashion had decreed that the woman should wear longer skirts on the wheel this year, as her sisters have done in England, but if this was so the majority of wheelwomen have forgotten the mandate. Long skirts there were in many pleasing patterns, but short skirts on diamond frame wheels were almost as plentiful. The sweater was seldom seen except upon the old-time riders on their way into the country, who know from experience that a sweater in a cold blast or a sudden rain is a blessing.

While the attendance at the various race meets was generally good, the real throngs were in the roads purely on pleasure bent. The driveways in Central Park were thronged all day, and at some points it was remarkable that collisions did not occur more frequently between the wheelmen, horsemen and automobiles. There was the same crush of wheels in the Boulevard, First, Fifth and Eighth aves. The roads in Westchester, and especially in the district of The Bronx and City Island, have not shown a larger attendance of wheelmen in many a day.

The largest turnout of the day was, as usual, in Brooklyn. The cycle paths showed a never ending whirl of wheels. Thousands went out Eastern Parkway and Jamaica-ave to the Merrick Road.

THE CYCLE DERBY.

EDGAR VAN VELSOR WINS TWENTY-FIVE MILE ROAD RACE—R. M. ALEXANDER CAPTURES THE TIME PRIZE.

The Irvington-Millburn twenty-five mile road race, called the Cycle Derby of the East, was run over the well known New-Jersey course yesterday in the presence of about ten thousand persons. Edgar Van Velsor, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, was the winner. His time was 1 hour, 12 minutes and 6 seconds. His handicap was six minutes, and he held the lead for most of the distance, and won easily. R. M. Alexander finished only twenty-second, yet he captured the first time prize. The road was rough in places and dusty.

When the riders passed the spectators on the straightaway they could not be distinguished on account of the clouds of dust. Of the 138 entries 118 started and about 85 finished. There were twenty-one prizes in all. While collisions were frequent, the worst accident of the day happened to John J. Marshall, of this city. Frank J. Galvin, of New-Milford, finished second, but was disqualified for not making the turn at Millburn. The winner is twenty years old, weighs 145 pounds and never before competed in a road race. Will R. Pitman, of this city, was the referee. Summary:

	Handicap.	Time.
Edgar Van Velsor, Oyster Bay, L. I.	6:00	1:12:06
D. Danmann, Century Wheelmen, N. Y.	4:30	1:13:07
Ernest Gillott, Brooklyn	5:30	1:14:21
Collins Ayres, Morristown, N. J.	6:30	1:15:21⅘
F. Peffer, Irvington	5:30	1:14:21⅘
W. J. Keefe, Newark	5:30	1:14:58
J. H. Hunter, Harlem Wheelmen	5:00	1:13:53⅘
T. Firth, Harrison	4:00	1:13:11
Hugo Mackinnow, Forest Hill, N. J.	5:00	1:14:11⅘
Francis Forbes, Burnside	4:30	1:13:40⅘
D. C. Aldrich, New-York	4:30	1:13:40⅘
W. A. Harland, New-Haven	5:00	1:14:15
Jesse Hall, Millville	5:00	1:14:13⅘
W. Dobbins, Newark	4:00	1:13:38
B. F. Flynn, Newark	5:00	1:15:49
J. Hildebrand, New-Brunswick	5:30	1:16:19⅘
C. E. Homan, Lawrence, Long Island	3:30	1:14:19⅘
Nevus Bedell, Lynbrook, Long Island	4:30	1:15:19⅘
Floyd Krebs, Newark	2:00	1:12:49⅘
John Sherwood, Newark	4:00	1:14:49⅘
W. N. Munroe, Westhaven, Conn.	1:00	1:11:49⅘
R. M. Alexander, Hartford	scratch	1:10:50

Winner of time prize, R. M. Alexander; second time, W. N. Munroe; third time, Edgar Van Velsor.

COLLETT WINS ALL.

THE NEW-HAVEN RIDER CAPTURES THE THREE OPEN RACES AT BERKELEY OVAL.

George H. Collett, of New-Haven, captured all the prizes in the open bicycle races at Berkeley Oval yesterday, and made a world's record in the mile handicap. His time was 2:00 2-5. Collett's work was the best ever done by an amateur in one day. He not only won the hour race, but carried off the prizes for leading at the five mile, ten mile, fifteen mile and twenty mile posts. There was a fair attendance.

Summary:

One lap (novice)—Won by R. E. Morrison, New-York; A. E. Bleib, Brooklyn, second; A. G. Stolz, Brooklyn, third. Time—0:40⅘.

Bronx Borough half mile dash—Won by G. H. Collett, New-Haven; H. Y. Bedell, Hackensack, second; Gus Welsing, New-York, third. Time—1:13⅘.

Harlem mile handicap—Won by G. H. Collett, New-Haven (scratch); Gus Welsing, New-York (140 yards), second; T. T. Brown, C. C. C., New-York (140 yards), third. Time—2:00⅘, which is a world's handicap record.

One hour race—Won by G. H. Collett, New-Haven; John King, Newark, second; W. A. McClelland, New-York, third; George Holzhauer, New-York, fourth. Leader at five, ten, fifteen and twenty miles, G. H. Collett; lap prizes, H. Y. Bedell, first; G. H. Collett, second. Times—Five miles, 11:31⅘; ten miles, 23:31⅘; fifteen miles, 35:32; twenty miles, 47:39. Distance—24 miles 1,472 yards.

GOOD SPORT AT VAILSBURG.

KISER AND STEVENS AMONG THE WINNERS AT THE NEW-JERSEY TRACK.

The little track at Vailsburg was crowded to the limit yesterday. The various races were well contested. In the special match race Stevens won the final heat, but by so narrow a margin that many of the onlookers thought the decision should have been a dead heat. Earl Kiser captured the half mile for professionals by a small margin, with Cooper second. The other winners were Walter Babb, W. K. Hennion, S. W. Williams and J. P. Jacobson. Summaries:

Quarter mile novice—Won by W. K. Hennion, South Orange; William Glorieux, Newark, second; M. A. Sheridan, East Orange, third. Time—0:34.

Quarter mile handicap (amateur)—Won by Walter Babb, Paterson (10 yards