SPORTS AND SPORTSMEN.

THE BROOKLYN, CONROY'S.

KEENE THREE-YEAR-OLD FIRST OF HIS AGE TO WIN IT.

BANASTAR, THE FAVORITE, LEFT FAR BEHIND—A BIG CROWD SEES CONTESTS ON A TRACK DEEP IN MUD.

Under a driving, chilly rainstorm, and on a track fairly swimming with sloppy mud, James R. Keene's three-year-old colt Conroy, by St. Leonards—Lady Invercauld, galloped home first yesterday afternoon in the classic Brooklyn Handicap at Gravesend, accomplishing the drenching journey in 2:09 flat. Behind him, something over a length, and not quite a length and a half, labored the plucky Herbert, W. C. Rollins's game four-year-old son of Albert, who was nearly five lengths in advance of Standing, who ran third, at least ten lengths in front of Alsike, the next to pass under the wire. Far, far in the ruck came Banastar, the favorite; Banastar, the winner of the Metropolitan of 1901, Banastar, the hero of the Brooklyn Handicap of 1899, and the holder of the record time for that celebrated race.

Turf history was made yesterday at Gravesend, for never before has a three-year-old won the Brooklyn Handicap, whose conditions have seemed to favor the older horses.

Although it was, after the first half-mile, little more than a two horse race, the Brooklyn Handicap of 1901 was a spectacular and certainly a sensational affair, for Banastar, Sidney Lucas and Raffaello, old horses known to like a heavy track, were beaten off with ridiculous ease by a three-year-old who had never, until last Thursday, indicated that he was entitled to class among the best of the thoroughbreds in training. Mr. Keene's grand colt, for such he proved himself to be, took up four more pounds than the handicapper had assigned him, in order that Winnie O'Connor might ride him, flashed to the front as the red flag fell, and was never headed. O'Connor was easing him up six lengths from home.

Never was worse Brooklyn Handicap weather. All Friday night rain fell at intervals, and when morning dawned the prospects for a fine day were anything but brilliant. Nor did they improve with the passing of the forenoon, and before noon the rain, which had ceased for a time, began to fall again in good earnest. It let up a bit about the time the first race was called, but just before the six two-year-olds began their sprint for the Expectation Stakes the lowering clouds grew suddenly blacker, and in a moment there began a heavy downpour that drove everybody under cover, and continued throughout the afternoon. As may be imagined, the track was little better than a quagmire, and the spectacle presented by the dripping grandstand and the forests of umbrellas that sheltered the bettors as they ran to the betting ring or to the paddock between races was anything but inspiriting. If anybody has any doubts about the popularity of thoroughbred racing in this part of the country, let him imagine the conditions thus described, and then reflect upon the fact that, in the face of these conditions, not one less than fifteen thousand persons went to Gravesend to witness the great battle of the runners, and stuck it out until the Keene colors had triumphed and Conroy's rider had been lifted in the floral chair. What the attendance would have been had the day been fair is a matter of interesting conjecture. As it was, the long grandstand's two tiers were jammed to their utmost capacity, and every foot of space in the field stand was occupied.

STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE BETTING RING.

It was a strenuous life and no other in the betting ring. This speculative amphitheatre has been enlarged since last year, and this is doubtless all that made bare existence possible there yesterday. The big race days are generally lifesavers for the layers of odds, and yesterday was far from being an exception. The public seemed almost insanely bent upon risking its money, and between each race, the "gents" who sit on the high stools and defy the talent to pick the winners, were fairly assaulted by thousands who were anxious to accept the challenge. The ring was simply jammed with wildeyed, breathless men, who pushed and shoved and elbowed each other and trampled on each other's feet in a desperate endeavor to get near enough to some bookmaker to deposit a roll of bills in his keeping. Hundreds of persons who wanted to bet were glad enough to escape with their clothes whole from this maelstrom of humanity, without backing the horse of their choice. It was a football game on a large scale. If there is to be more of that sort of thing the wise man will take along a noseguard and a pair of shin protectors when next he goes to the races on a big day.

The paddock, being under cover, was thronged before the race of the day. All of the candidates warmed up before the race, and Banastar showed all his accustomed dash and fire, but none of the racers was allowed to do more than gallop a half mile. All of the field named but four appeared in the paddock. Prince McClurg, All Gold, Blues and Star Bright were the absentees. The races of the last three had not been such as to make them look dangerous, while Prince McClurg, who has not raced this year, was not thought to be fit. The withdrawal of Blues left Conroy the only three-year-old in the race. He had many admirers in the paddock, but Banastar, of course, was the principal attraction, and so close did his friends crowd about him after the jockeys had mounted that George Odom had to caution them to beware the flying heels of his spirited mount.

The layers made Banastar's price 8 to 5, and there it stayed for the most part, although a few would give no better than even money. There was a good deal of play on the Farandole colt, among his backers being Clarence H. Mackay, his owner, but not enough to hammer the price down. Conroy opened at sixes, but he had so many friends on the strength of his grand appearance and the beating he gave Blues on Thursday at Morris Park that fives were the best that could be had against him when the bedraggled parade to the post began. Herbert, that game little colt, was also so much fancied that the layers rubbed from eights to sixes, while Alsike, who opened at 60 to 1, found enough place players to lower his quotation to 40 to 1. The bookmakers thought 8 to 1 almost right for Standing, but nobody wanted him, so they raised the price to 12. Watercure was likewise neglected at 15 to 1 and King Bramble at 20.

CHEERS FOR BANASTAR.

It rained great guns when the bugle blew, and not even the efforts of the band could make the skies seem brighter. Despite the external gloom, however, all was enthusiasm in the big grandstand, and as the Mackay colors appeared at the paddock gate, borne along by Banastar, a little cheer went up. None of the horses appeared pleased with the rain, excepting Raffaello and Sidney Lucas, who ploughed along unconcernedly. It was their going, and they appeared to know it. Conroy, who brought up the rear, laid his ears back, and tiptoed disdainfully up the sloppy stretch to the starting gate just beyond the field. The start for the Brooklyn Handicap is around the bend in the track, and is anything but well placed. If a chute could be built to make the start a straightaway many turfmen think it would be an improvement.

The antics of Sidney Lucas caused a long delay at the post. The rest of the field went away no less than five times, but the Top Gallant colt declined to move, and the flag did not fall. Mr. Fitzgerald, unmoved by the drenching downpour and determined to send the racers off upon their muddy journey quite evenly, was patient—more patient than the thousands, who had risen and stood intently watching for the fall of the yellow flag. At last as Sidney Lucas came down on a canter the barrier flew up, McCue drove his mount forward, the nine racers swept off almost on a line, the starter dropped his flag, a roar went up from ten thousand throats, and the great race was on.

Conroy struck his stride with amazing swiftness, and O'Connor sent him at once a length to the fore. As the field slopped through the mud in front of the grandstand, Herbert, Banastar and Standing ran almost nose and nose behind the leader, with the others in a closely gathered bunch just behind. In this order they ran to the first turn. Then Herbert moved up on the outside and overlapped the flying Conroy, and so they ran half way up the backstretch. Here Standing was called upon, and soon his nose had reached the saddle girth of the son of Albert, who was half a length behind Conroy. Banastar was next, a clear length, and for a few strides appeared to close upon the three leaders. It was only a momentary effort, however, and the next instant he began to fall back, and the cry went up, "Banastar is beaten!" It was all too true, and as the crowd realized the truth it gave a great gasp, and turned its glasses again upon the two that were making the running. Smith was visibly calling upon Herbert as the far turn was reached, and slowly the plucky colt responded. Inch by inch he crept up upon the leader, until his nose had reached to Conroy's neck. "Herbert! Herbert! Look at Herbert!" screamed the crowd.

But even as the words were uttered the son of Albert ceased to gain. He did not lose though, and the two leaders swung around the home turn and straightened out for the final struggle with Conroy still only a neck nearer home. He had been running within himself, however, and as O'Connor leaned low over his neck he proceeded to prove it. Herbert was doing his best, but he could not hold his place. Soon Conroy was a length and a half before Herbert, and behold! the rest of the field were nowhere.

EASING UP ON THE WINNER.

O'Connor glanced over his shoulder at the last furlong pole, saw that the race was won, and eased the three-year-old that had done what no three-year-old had done before him, though many had tried, so that Herbert closed a bit in the last three strides and passed under the wire second by a length. Standing was a very bad third. Alsike, Sidney Lucas and Raffaello were closely bunched in that order, and Banastar, King Bramble and Watercure were far away.

There was a tremendous cheer for Conroy as he cantered back to the judges' stand, and another for O'Connor as he was lifted in the floral chair. Then the winner was led away to his stable, and the lucky ones went to cash their bets. The Brooklyn Handicap of 1901 was over and a new milestone in turf history had been set up.

When the beaten Banastar came back to the weighing-in it was found that he had cut himself badly on the near hind foot—so badly that he favored the wounded member perceptibly. Mr. Mackay, his owner, could not say at what period of the race the injury was inflicted nor would he say that in his opinion it had affected the result. He was obviously disappointed at the defeat of his horse, but was, for all that, among those who congratulated Mr. Keene most heartily.

The fractional time for the race was as follows, beginning with the first eighth of a mile: 0:24 4-5, 0:36 4-5, 0:49 2-5, 1:02 1-5, 1:15 1-5, 1:29, 1:42 2-5 and 2:09. Diablo won the Brooklyn Handicap in the same time in 1893; Kinley Mack in 2:10 last year, and Banastar in 2:05¾, the record, in 1899. Yesterday's time, in view of the conditions, must be regarded as very fast. The winner received $8,000, Herbert $1,500 and Standing $500.

The Expectation Stakes, which preceded the big race, proved rather a disappointment. Highflyer, Goldsmith, Whiskey King, Firing Line, Kaleidoscope and King Edward were scratched, and only five two-year-olds went to the post. The Hoyden was a 9 to 5 favorite over Golden Cottage, at 11 to 5, but F. R. Hitchcock's The Goldfinder made all the running and won as he pleased in slow time. Sir Tom Tiddler bolted to the outside rail at the head of the stretch and would not finish.

When the horses swam to the post for the sixth race, a selling affair, five furlongs, Sunderlands behaved badly and kicked little Niles, who had the mount on The Hartford, breaking his knee. This caused a long delay while a stable boy was secured to take Miles's place. The band beguiled the interval by playing "Oh Dear! What Can the Matter Be" and "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," while the rain came down in torrents. Red Damsel won the race easily.

Two horses in the two mile steeplechase refused the fences and did not finish, and Fool Hardy, at 12 to 1, beat Walter Cleary, the favorite, in the very last jump. Blueaway at last won a race, finishing five length before Himself in the sloppy gallop over a mile and seventy yards.

Another Keene victory opened the day's racing, when Outlander, at 9 to 2, beat nine horses of various ages after a hard drive over six furlongs. Mr. Keene's friends are said to have backed both Conroy and Outlander heavily, and consequently to have enjoyed a profitable day. The splendid victory of Conroy, as well as that of Commando in the Belmont on Thursday, reflects credit upon James Rowe, who trains Mr. Keene's horses. The sharps are already busy comparing the respective merits of Commando and Conroy. The latter is unquestionably much improved over his two-year-old form.

Despite the inconveniences of travel which attended the journey to Gravesend and the vile weather conditions attendant, the number of women present was remarkable. Conspicuous among them was Edna Wallace Hopper, whose able and veracious press agent declares that she paid a large sum to the management of the Casino Theatre in order that there might be no matinee of Florodora and that she might consequently see the running of the Brooklyn Handicap. The actress told her friends that she bet $500 on Banastar, but by backing Herbert for place and third, had more than made good the loss. Other bets, she said, netted her more than $2,200 profit. The press agent was taking a day off yesterday, but he was not particularly missed.

THE SUMMARIES.

The summaries follow:

FIRST RACE—Handicap; for all ages. About six furlongs.

		Betting.	St.	Fin.
J. R. & F. P. Keene's ch. g. Outlander, by St. Leonards—Prohibition II, 3 yrs., 116 lb.	(Spencer)	1	9—2	8—5
T. D. Sullivan's blk. c. Colonel Padden, by Charaxus—Meta Russell, 3, 109	(Bullman)	2	11—5	4—5
Goughacres Stable's br. c. Dublin, by Atheling—Wild Honey, 3, 111	(Landry)	3	8—1	3—1
Ben Viking, 100	(Lyne)	0	50—1	15—1
Isidor, 130	(Shaw)	0	12—1	4—1
St. Finnan, 95	(Daly)	0	12—1	5—1
Belle of Lexington, 111	(Cochran)	0	4—1	7—5
Trillo, 97	(Slack)	0	8—1	2—1
Egotism, 99	(Thompson)	0	100—1	50—1
Fabius, 105	(Miles)	0	100—1	30—1

Time—1:11⅘.

Start fair. Won ridden out.

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

F. H. Milden, jr.'s, b. h. Blueaway, by Getaway—Blue Maid, 6 yrs., 107 lb.	(Shaw)	1	6—1	2—1
N. Bennington's ch. c. Himself, by Himyar—Felicite, 3, 100	(Wonderly)	2	3—1	6—5
J. A. Bennet's ch. f. Animosity, by Star Ruby—Harmony II, 3, 84	(Thompson)	3	3—1	1—1
The Golden Prince, 87	(J. Daly)	0	8—1	3—1
Andronicus, 107	(Cochran)	0	4—1	8—5
Ethics, 102	(Miles)	0	50—1	15—1
Big Gun, 111	(Van Dusen)	0	20—1	5—1
Thoroughbred, 87	(W. Daly)	0	20—1	8—1
Elnus, 105	(O'Connor)	0	20—1	8—1

Time—1:47⅘.

Start good. Won cleverly.

THIRD RACE—EXPECTATION STAKES, of $5,000; for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

F. R. Hitchcock's br. c. The Goldfinder, by Jim Gore—Bagpipes, 115 lb.	(Slack)	1	4—1	7—5
Green B. Morris's b. c. Golden Cottage, by Golden Garter—Pink Cottage, 115	(Piggott)	2	11—5	4—5
S. S. Brown's b. c. Meridian, by Sir Dixon—Merdin, 115	(Bullman)	3	12—1	4—1
Whiskey King, 115	(Rutter)	0	5—1	2—1
The Hoyden, 113	(Spencer)	0	9—5	3—5
*Sir Tom Tiddler, 115	(McCue)	0	12—1	4—1

Time—1:02⅘.

*Bolted and did not finish.

Start good. Won cleverly.

FOURTH RACE—BROOKLYN HANDICAP, of $10,000; for three-year-olds and upward. One and one-quarter miles.

J. R. & F. P. Keene's ch. c. Conroy, by St. Leonards—Lady Invercauld, 5 yrs., 102 lb.	(O'Connor)	1	5—1	2—1
W. C. Rollins's b. c. Herbert, by Albert—Bonnie Ola, 4, 99	(Smith)	2	6—1	2—1
Mrs. R. Roche's ch. c. Standing, by Candlemas—The Lioness, 4, 113	(Piggott)	3	12—1	5—1
Alsike, 99	(Brennan)	0	40—1	10—1
Sidney Lucas, 110	(McCue)	0	8—1	3—1
Raffaello, 111	(Mitchell)	0	6—1	2—1
Banastar, 122	(Odom)	0	8—5	4—5
King Bramble, 105	(Bullman)	0	20—1	8—1
Watercure, 100	(Shaw)	0	15—1	6—1

Time—2:09.

Start good. Won easily.

FIFTH RACE—Steeplechase handicap; for four-year-olds and upward. About two miles.

Harry Hewitt's b. g. Fool Hardy, by Hayden Edwards—Response, 5 yrs., 139 lb	(Barry)	1	12—1	4—1
*J. W. Colt's b. g. Walter Cleary, by Candlemas—Kanawha, 4, 150	(Mara)	2	9—5	3—5
J. H. McCormick's br. h. Dr. Eichberg, by Candlemas—Nell Swift, 5, 155	(Finnegan)	3	5—1	2—1
Bullingdon, 147	(Green)	0	4—1	6—5
Hawk, 130	(Barry)	0	30—1	10—1
Passe Partout, 148	(Donohue)	0	2—1	7—10
*†Leo Johnson, 142	(Brazil)	0	9—5	3—5

Time—4:15⅘.

Start good. Won driving.

*Coupled. †Refused and bolted.

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

G. C. Johnson's b. f. Red Damsel, by Hastings—Red Girl, 108	(Landry)	1	11—5	4—5
G. B. Morris's b. c. G. Whittier, by Kismet—Prose, 105	(O'Connor)	2	8—5	3—5
P. Winmer's b. f. Tebula, by Longstreet—Taffeta, 104	(Lyne)	3	30—1	10—1
Step Onward, 97	(Cochran)	0	6—1	2—1
Benton Gray, 105	(Mounce)	0	20—1	8—1
The Hartford, 101	(Creamer)	0	30—1	10—1
Sunderlands, 92	(Michaels)	0	30—1	10—1
Rona, 92	(Thompson)	0	7—1	5—2
Merry Hours, 98	(Brennan)	0	20—1	6—1
Buzz, 102	(Slack)	0	30—1	10—1

Time—1:03⅘.

Start poor. Won easily.

GRAVESEND ENTRIES FOR MONDAY.

FIRST RACE—Five furlongs.

Laodice	111	Sweet Clover	107
G. Whittier	110	Neither One	107
Smart Set	110	James Fitz	107
Jack De Mund	110		

SECOND RACE—One and three-eighths miles.

Sidney Lucas	126	King Bramble	108
Gulden	120	Rochester	100
First Whip	112	Matt Simpson	96
Decanter	110	Sailor King	95

THIRD RACE—About six furlongs.

Trillo	106	His Royal Highness	103
Candling	106	Oliver Mc	103
Dr. Riddle	106	Kerry Lady	101
Tinge	106	Margraviate	98
Mizpah	105	Marothen	98
Gold Lack	105	Billionaire	96
Sky Scraper	105	Dora F	95
Malster	104	Jils Greenwood	95
Ventoro	103	Edna J	91
Mark Twain	103	Connie	85
Judge Wardell	103		

FOURTH RACE—THE PATCHOGUE. About six furlongs.

Sadducee	111	Trillo	104
Colonel Padden	108	Himself	102
Hultzilopochtli	106	The Musketeer	98
Contend	105	Brandy Smash	97

FIFTH RACE—One mile and seventy yards.

The Rhymer	116	Wallabout	108
The Puritan	111	The Golden Prince	105
Lanceman	108		

SIXTH RACE—Five furlongs.

Peninsula	112	The Hartford	112
Goldseeker	112	Sombrero	112
Columbian	112	Cryptogram	112
Big Nine	112	Brixton	112
James P. Keating	112	Gay Boy	112
Shandonfield	112	Five Nations	112
Far Cry	112	Linora	109

MATCH RACE AT NEWPORT.

Cincinnati, May 25.—The feature of the card at the Newport track to-day was the match race between R. J. Hiner's Unsightly and W. T. Shafer's Terminus at a mile. The weather was cold and raw. Summaries:

First race (six furlongs)—Zenaide, 110 (Richards), 8 to 5, won; Lot Thomas, 115 (Narvaez), 15 to 1, second; Socapa, 112 (Jackson), 3 to 1, third. Time—1:17½.

Second race (four and one-half furlongs)—Wedding March, 107 (Beauchamp), 8 to 5, won; Myrtle Dell, 107 (May), 4 to 1, second; Foundling, 107 (Jackson), 6 to 5, third. Time—0:56¾.

Third race (six furlongs)—Imperialist, 106 (Richards), 4 to 5, won; Toluca, 106 (Beauchamp), 7 to 1, second; Uterp, 106 (Hothersall), 5 to 2, third. Time—1:17¾.

Fourth race (one mile)—Unsightly, 103 (Beauchamp), 2 to 5, won; Terminus, 106 (Aker), 7 to 5, second. Time—1:45.

Fifth race (mile and one-sixteenth)—Sarah Gamp, 86 (Batiste), 6 to 1, won; Albert Vale, 107 (Williams), 2 to 1, second; Hinsdale, 100 (Cogswell), 6 to 1, third. Time—1:54.

Sixth race (six and one-half furlongs)—Abe Furst, 115 (K. Winkfield), 7 to 2, won; Jim Gore II, 111 (Narvaez), 7 to 2, second; Sundown II, 106 (Jackson), 7 to 1, third. Time—1:26¼.

Seventh race (one mile)—Charlie Daniels, 127 (D. Hall), 2 to 1, won; Mr. Brookwood, 127 (Meidling), 3 to 1, second; Cardenas, 127 (C. Walker), 10 to 1, third. Time—1:52.

RESULTS OF WORTH RACES.

Chicago, May 25.—The Worth Jockey Club's meeting which closed to-day has been by far the most succesful spring meeting ever held in Chicago. The attendance has been large, and although few high class horses were at the post, the racing on the whole has been clean. To-day's summary follows:

First race (six furlongs)—John Drake, 93 (Jackson), 9 to 1, won; Lakeview Belle, 91 (Rice), 4 to 1, second; Ranco, 105 (Winkfield), 9 to 2, third. Time—1:15⅘.

Second race (selling; six furlongs)—Denman Thompson, 101 (Dominick), 6 to 1, won; Minyon, 107 (Coburn), 5 to 2, second; Braw Lad, 114 (Winkfield), 8 to 5, third. Time—1:15¼.

Third race (four furlongs)—Ed. Austin, 118 (Coburn), 1 to 2, won; Nat Mitchell, 105 (Dominick), 9 to 1, second; Brannigan, 118 (Winkfield), 3 to 1, third. Time—0:50⅘.

Fourth race (five furlongs)—Robert Waddell, 102 (Dominick), 2 to 1, won; Moneymuss, 102 (Coburn), 1 to 2, second; Boney Boy, 111 (Winkfield), 2 to 1, third. Time—1:02⅘.

Fifth race (selling; one mile and an eighth)—Ben Chance, 110 (Dominick), 12 to 1, won; Walkenshaw, 111 (Winkfield), 8 to 5, second; Trebor, 103 (Otis), 7 to 1, third. Time—1:55.

Sixth race (selling; one mile and seventy yards)—Thurles, 110 (Mathews), 3 to 1, won; Tobe Paine, 112 (Winkfield), 4 to 1, second; El Caney, 105 (Coburn), 3 to 1, third. Time—1:48⅘.

A GOOD CARD AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, May 25.—The fine card offered by the Fair Association brought out a large crowd to-day. Three favorites, two second choices and two long shots won the money. Summaries:

First race (selling; one mile)—The Caxton, 91 (O'Neill), 18 to 5, won; Mystery, 111 (Bloss), 7 to 1, second; Chickamauga, 107 (Givens), 15 to 1, third. Time—1:44.

Second race (purse; five and a half furlongs)—A. D. Gibson, 107 (Weber), 40 to 1, won; Ed D., 114 (Barringer), 50 to 1, second; Jake Weber, 111 (Rose), 3 to 1, third. Time—1:07¾.

Third race (selling; mile and one-eighth)—Farmer Bennett, 91 (Woods), 6 to 5, won; Ida Ledford, 102 (O'Brien), 6 to 5, second; Silver Coin, 112 (Foucon), 6 to 1, third. Time—1:56⅘.

Fourth race (the Kindergarten Stakes, for two-year-old colts and geldings; purse $1,500; five furlongs)—Charles W. Meyer, 121 (Woods), 2 to 5, won; Trio, 115 (McCann), 20 to 1, second; Kaloma, 118 (Foucon), 4 to 1, third. Time—1:01¾.

Fifth race (selling; one mile)—Ben Frost, 108 (Givens), 15 to 1, won; Saline, 91 (Bell), 12 to 1, second; Belle Simpson, 102 (Harshberger), 3 to 1, third. Time—1:44.

Sixth race (purse; one mile)—Sail, 97 (Harshberger), 4 to 1, won; Duellist, 106 (Rose), 1 to 2, second; Sarner, 103 (Moody), 5 to 1, third. Time—1:42.

Seventh race (selling; seven furlongs)—Brulare, 109 (Plunkett), 2 to 1, won; Verify, 111 (Harshberger), 4 to 1, second; Meddlesome, 110 (O'Brien), 30 to 1, third. Time—1:29.

END OF LATONIA MEETING.

Cincinnati, May 25.—The Latonia meeting wound up with miserable weather and a bad track, but the attendance under the adverse circumstances was large. Four favorites, one second choice and one outsider were the winners. Summary:

First race (six furlongs)—Prince of Africa, 106 (Ward), 5 to 1, won; Back Talk, 103 (Peretto), 4 to 1, second; Beauty Book, 101 (Irvin), 8 to 5, third. Time—1:23¾.

Second race (one mile)—Janowood, 96 (Murphy), 4 to 5, won; Sprung, 106 (Howell), 8 to 1, second; Uledi, 92 (Hicks), 8 to 5, third. Time—1:52.

Third race (six furlongs)—Bill Massie, 102 (Hicks), 2 to 1, won; Suave, 104 (Ellis), 6 to 1, second; Troubaline, 101 (Weir), 10 to 1, third. Time—1:22⅘.

Fourth race (Turf Congress Handicap; mile and one-eighth.)—Cambrian, 110 (Knight), 1 to 2, won; Isobel, 98 (Peretto), 8 to 5, second. Time—2:04⅘.

Fifth race (five furlongs)—Jaubert, 106 (Gilmore), 7 to 2, won; Easter Boy, 107 (Callahan), 4 to 1, second; Miss Charlie, 108 (Ellis), 7 to 2, third. Time—1:08.

Sixth race (five and one-half furlongs)—Sad Sam, 104 (Wedderstrand), 2 to 5, won; Islip, 105 (Hicks), 40 to 1, second; Indian Boy, 107 (Ellis), 10 to 1, third. Time—1:15.

CELTIC PARK OPENING POSTPONED.

The athletic carnival arranged by the Greater New-York Irish-American Athletic Association, at Celtic Park, Long Island, has been postponed until Memorial Day.

SHARKEY'S FATHER AND SISTERS HERE.

Among the passengers on the Lucania, which arrived here from Liverpool yesterday, were James Sharkey, Miss Margaret Sharkey and Mrs. Mary Lappin, the father and sisters of Thomas Sharkey, the prizefighter. They came from Ireland to pay their son a two months' visit. The pugilist, a diamond in his shirt bosom and wearing a rain coat and russet shoes, met them at the pier and took them to his home in Sheepshead Bay.

THE YOUNGERS SAVED ELKINS'S LIFE.

THE SENATOR HAS WORKED FOR THE RELEASE OF THE FORMER MEMBERS OF QUANTRELL'S BAND.

From The Kansas City Journal.

In connection with the steps being taken in Minnesota to parole Cole and James Younger, the members of the famous Jesse James band of highwaymen now serving life sentences at the Stillwater (Minn.) State prison, the story of how Cole Younger and Frank James saved the life of Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, in Civil War times is recalled. For many years Senator Elkins has been exerting himself in behalf of the two Younger brothers, and had on two occasions personally requested Governors of Minnesota to pardon the two men. The last time was with Governor Lind, to whom the Senator told the story, and asked if he did not think the Youngers had been punished enough. The Governor replied that he thought they had; but the time being just before the last election last fall, he thought, the men being so notorious, it might become a dangerous issue in the State campaign. Senator Elkins is reported as telling the story of the service Cole Younger and Frank James rendered him to Senator Culberson recently, as follows:

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Elkins family lived in Missouri, and the Senator's father and one brother allied themselves with the Confederacy. Stephen joined the Federal forces. At that time the Younger brothers, including Bob, who died at Stillwater, and Frank and Jesse James, were members of the famous Quantrell band, and on one of their raids young Elkins was captured. The chief Quantrell ordered Elkins "to be taken to the rear," which meant "to be shot." Cole Younger and Frank James recognized Stephen as an acquaintance toward whom they had nothing but friendly feelings, and persuaded his guard to turn him over to them, saying they would be responsible to Quantrell. As the band was riding along a bugle call started them at a gallop, and Elkins asked Cole Younger what it meant. Cole replied that it meant a fight and a chance for him to escape. He told the man, who is now a Senator, that there was a fork in the road about a half mile ahead, and that the band would take the turn to the right and for him to ride for his life to the left. Elkins followed his advice to such good effect that he escaped without being missed at first by any one, except the two highwaymen who had been his friends. Since their capture and imprisonment Senator Elkins has done everything possible to secure their pardon. He is much pleased to hear of their prospective release after serving nearly twenty-five years for their crimes.

GOLF.

DOUGLAS WINS METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP AT APAWAMIS.

DEFEATS SEELEY IN FINAL ROUND 11 UP AND 10 TO PLAY—HANDICAP CUP FOR STEBBINS.

Findlay S. Douglas, of the Nassau Country Club, won the metropolitan golf championship at Rye yesterday by defeating C. H. Seeley, of Wee Burn Golf Club, 11 up and 10 to play. It was not a spectacular victory. Seeley's nerve trying contest with Travis on the previous day, coupled with the sodden condition of the greens, made him a lethargic opponent. Even before the match started opinion favored Douglas so strongly that odds of 2 to 1 were offered on the latter's success, and after the first half was over none was willing to concede that the Wee Burn man had even the smallest chance of victory.

The day was never intended for golf. A cold, spiritless, shivering crowd made an effort to cheer the two players on, but the snap had gone out of the battle long before the morning play was over. The weather was much in Douglas's favor, for the ex-champion is seldom handicapped by slow greens, while Seeley found them decidedly against him. His driving was capital, well aimed, swift and snappy, but in his approaching and putting he was wofully weak. Apparently cool, his more critical strokes betrayed a nervousness that was lacking in his previous game against Travis. George Strath, the Wee Burn professional, acted as his caddie and balance wheel, but on a number of occasions the youngster chose his own clubs and elected to go it

FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS.
Winner of the Metropolitan golf championship.

alone. Douglas had as caddie John Harrison, who had been his faithful mentor throughout the week.

Starting out in the forenoon, Douglas won the toss and chose the honor. He made a long, clean drive well up the course. Seeley was apparently afraid to put his back into his, for he was well short of the Scotchman. Both chose brassies for their second shots, and both were short of the green. Seeley then missed a 10-foot put for a half, and the hole went to Douglas.

On the second hole both reached the green in 3, where three shots were fiddled away, each having a good chance to win. The hole was finally halved in a mediocre 6. Seeley elected to use a cleek from the third tee, and the error cost him heavily. Douglas reached the green on a combination of good driving and mashie work, while Seeley was more than twenty yards short. Douglas was out nicely in 4, winning the hole and leaving him 2 up. Facing the third, Douglas sent a beautiful drive singing toward the green, which he reached on an equally good mashie. Seeley had to play the odd to reach the same point, and consequently lost the hole.

A bit of hard luck was responsible for Seeley's loss of the next hole. Douglas had been forced to play the odd, and was still short, when Seeley, in making a well aimed put, rimmed the cup, and the hole was halved in 4. The next Douglas won in the bogie figure of 4, making him 3 up.

In going to the seventh Douglas pulled his drive into the rough, and followed this by missing his third. Seeley's third struck a tree, but Douglas was still playing the odd at the green. Here Seeley had a two-foot put to win, but instead of taking it he laid Douglas a half stymie. The latter, however, negotiated the difficulty successfully, and got what golfers call a stolen hole. The eighth was halved in the bogie figure of 4, and as Douglas got the ninth in 5, a stroke under bogie, the two men turned for home, with Seely 4 down.

On the tenth the Wee Burn player was down in a bogie 4 to Douglas's 5, the latter having rimmed the cup for a half. The next was a heartbreaking one for Seeley, for, having a half virtually in his grasp, he knocked Douglas's ball into the hole and failed to go in himself. The twelfth was also won by Douglas, this time in 4 to 5. The 260-yard thirteenth was halved in 5, Douglas having laid himself a half-stymie. A long put well holed gave Douglas the fourteenth. On the next, however, he hooked his drive, and, as Seeley laid a 150-yard iron short within two feet of the cup on his third, the Nassau man was beaten, 4 to 5. The next two were halved in 4 and 6 respectively. Douglas got the eighteenth, and the two finished the half with Seeley 6 down.

This was the beginning of the end. Starting the second round, Douglas lost a stroke in putting, but got the first hole in a bogie 5. The next was his also, in 5 to 6. Seeley was completely demoralized. Douglas was apparently invincible to every attack. The third was his in a bogie 4, the fourth in a bogie 5, and, though Seeley recovered sufficiently to take the next in a par 3, the end was not long in coming. The sixth was halved in 5, and, as Douglas got the next two, the match ended in the latter's favor by a score of 11 up and 10 to play. The cards follow:

MORNING ROUND.

Douglas	4	6	4	4	4	4	6	4	5	—41
Seeley	5	6	4	5	4	5	6	4	6	—45
Douglas	5	5	4	5	6	5	4	6	4	—44—85
Seeley	4	6	5	5	7	4	4	6	6	—47—92

AFTERNOON ROUND.

Douglas	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	*—	37
Seeley	6	6	5	6	3	5	6	5	*—	42

*Bye holes not played.

Although both men had been given permission by the handicap committee to have their scores count in the handicap, neither took advantage of the concession. It was a keen disappointment to the crowd, especially in the case of Douglas, for it was hoped that the latter would enter his card merely to indicate his true standing on this year's list. The absurdity of rating Douglas at a stroke below Travis caused renewed amusement to the onlookers, who naturally concluded that the man who could beat the man who beat Travis was hardly to be considered in the second class. Douglas's victory is certain to cause an immediate revision of the list in his favor.

Notwithstanding the absence of the finalists, however, the handicap was well supported, though its result was practically worthless to technical followers of golfing form. It was won by George H. Stebbins, of the Apawamis Club, who had been awarded a handicap of 34 for the double round, and who finished four strokes below his nearest competitor, J. G. Bates, of Columbia. Travis made the best gross score, 176. His card follows:

Out	5	6	4	5	4	4	5	4	6	—43
In	5	6	5	4	7	5	3	8	4	—47—90
Out	4	5	7	5	4	6	6	3	7	—44
In	5	5	3	4	6	6	6	6	5	—12—86—176

The summary of the other scores in this contest follows:

	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
G. H. Stebbins	196	34	162
J. G. Bates	185	18	167
C. P. Watson	189	16	173
W. J. Travis	176	0	176
J. A. Peck	207	28	179
J. S. Woods	216	36	180
C. P. Tiffany	194	14	180
F. A. Marsellus	198	18	180
F. W. Menzies	190	10	180
F. S. Wonham	209	28	181
H. A. Sherman	199	18	181
Irving Brokaw	202	20	182
L. Daniels	211	28	183
L. P. Bayard, jr.	197	12	185
F. H. Wiggin	205	18	187
C. F. Shellcross	220	32	188
A. W. Tainton	221	32	189
J. L. Taylor	207	18	189
W. Clark	212	20	192
J. D. Foote	225	32	193