JOCKEY BOOKER BADLY HURT.

THROWN ON GRAVESEND'S TRACK AND KICKED IN THE HEAD.

More Than 40,000 Persons See Contend Win the Parkway and Africander Take the Bedford Stakes—Col. Padden and Five Nations Win for Frank Farrell.

More than 40,000 men and women attended the races at Gravesend yesterday afternoon. The crowd was even larger than that of last week when the Brooklyn Handicap was run, and was, therefore, a record breaker. Long before the first race was decided every inch of the big stands was taken, the aisles were crowded and hundreds of women were compelled to stand up along the rail, hemmed in on all sides. No rush, confusion, disorder or boisterous fighting have been seen in a local racing card before. So great was the jam of thousands of men refused to go into the grandstand after the second race, preferring to remain out in the sunshine and watch the horses run without betting on them. It was a perfect day for the sport, the horses were close to public form and the ring was more hard hit, four favorites and two outsiders getting home in front, amid great enthusiasm.

But there was an accident in the third race, the Bedford Stakes for two-year-olds, the result of which is the death of Jockey Booker. This mishap cast a damper over things generally in the excitement of speculating as to bettors and the uncontrollable craving for news the crowd forgot all about it. At the Seney Hospital last night Booker lay unconscious, suffering from concussion of the brain with little hope of recovery. The boy had the mount on F. S. F. Randolph's Red Knight and was coming down the stretch close to the front when the colt stumbled and fell. Booker was thrown headlong under the feet of the horses who were rushing behind and one of them kicked him in the head, smashing his helmet and tearing his right eye out. Then Zadok fell over Red Knight and little M. Thompson got a similar kick, while women shrieked and men turned pale. Booker instinctively struggled to his feet and staggered a couple of yards toward the rail, the blood pouring from his wounds, when he fell headlong unconscious and was quickly picked up by the bystanders. Thompson was apparently badly hurt, too, but he came to all right later on.

The starter's carriage was called into use immediately and both boys were carried to the jockeys' room. Then an ambulance from the Seney Hospital took Booker away, while the crowd gradually recovered its nerve. The accident occurred almost exactly on the same spot where there was a similar Saturday in which Odom, Jenny and Sysonby figured in the fall of their horses Cervera and Lamp o' Lee had to be destroyed because of their injuries. Booker has been riding so well this year that he never been without engagements. Well behaved and has a host of followers. Yesterday's card had lighted upon the Bedford Stakes brought out a field of twelve plenty of figuring and a world of betting. E. J. Wilson, Jr., Turnpike and Dillon Tattersalls, Africander were the favorites, followed by the crowd's pets, Contend by August Belmont, Henry of Navarre, Col. Yardarm, at fives, Mary McCafferty and Red Knight, at sixes, Blue Banner at seven, and Chippewah backed down to eights. Eleven jockeys were sent away in a bunch, but after the first quarter had been covered Africander showed wild fire speed and left his company as the race progressed. He finally won galloping by six lengths, Col. Yardarm, always secondary, was half a length before Blue Banner, who beat Bernard by two lengths. When Red Knight fell he was in third place, a length behind Chippewah, and was making a strong bid for a better position. The time of the race was 1:02.

The Parkway Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth, was another good betting proposition. Advance Guard, with 116 pounds, and Burns up, was the favorite, after Blues had been scratched. But the Great Eastern horse went up from 6 to 5 to 3 to 2 as the race money flowed in other channels. Gottfried Walbaum's Smart Set, with only 94 pounds, was a magnet for enough coin to force his price from sixes to fives, but the real good thing, which was whispered about in the most guarded way, was Tom Measham's Contend, by Galore—Conjecture, who was called at 6 to 1, and gradually went to threes. The pace had the pacemaker up on contend, and soon as the barrier went up he rushed the figure colt to the rail with a killing sprint. The Regent and Smart Set were quick to follow, while Advance Guard as usual got off slowly and trailed his pacy with his accustomed confidence. But there was something as quit in Contend's makeup and he raced ahead up the backstretch with Golden Idol sitting still.

It was a shifting struggle between The Regent and Smart Set meanwhile and at the top of the stretch it looked as if the former might win as he had reduced Contend's lead to a short neck and was a length before Smart Set was coming rapidly. Just then Green K. Morris's Waterboy, 15 to 1, with Jackson up, came from behind with a wet and collared Smart Set. Then he went after The Regent so earnestly that the latter lost the whip. Contend, too, got the lash, but Waterboy was the strongest and as they dashed down to the wire with the crowd roaring for Contend to end with wonderful power Contend lasted well, and, standing the drive of Waterboy, he won by a length in 1:13 flat. Waterboy's performance was remarkable, inasmuch as he ran the track record made by Ogden with 122 pounds last September. Jackson rode a commendable finish on Waterboy and Contend, who was out of the place by half a length. Brushing a head before Albert Forward with Golden Idol stretched out in the lane strong, but was too late.

It was a great day for Frank Farrell, the Dominick contingent, for he won with Col. Padden and Five Nations, the Lamplighter contingent, for Contend, Col. Padden's triumph is really one of the most popular incidents of the day, for the horse was a favorite with the crowd and at the same time merited the support he received. He pounced upon the Brooklyn Handicap winner, Africander, and, after a long, hard, gruelling battle, in which Africander showed the game stuff he is made of, Col. Padden won by a neck. August Belmont's Sysonby, with 126 pounds, ran a creditable race for the last favorite, Hooker, which was beaten a length. Africander, with 126 pounds, was a good third, and Blue Bonnet, with 104 pounds, was fourth, while Lady Albercraft, 104, was fifth. Sysonby was apparently badly hurt, too, but he came to all right later on.

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