HERMIS'S VICTORY

Suburban Winner Runs in 2:05, New Record for Race.

THE PICKET IN SECOND PLACE

Irish Lad, the Heavily Backed Favorite, Finishes Third.

Small Field of Crack Thoroughbreds Go to the Post for the Rich Handicap at Sheepshead Bay—E. R. Thomas's $60,000 Horse Makes a Runaway Race of It, Shows Superb Speed and Wins by Two Lengths—A $400,000 Fortune Lost on Irish Lad—Great Crowd to See the Classic Struggle.

Making the pace from the moment the barrier went up until the end of the journey was reached, E. R. Thomas's $60,000 Hermis, the five-year-old son of Hermence—Katy of the West, won the $20,000 Suburban Handicap, at a mile and a quarter, at Sheepshead Bay, yesterday afternoon, in 2:05, the fastest time on record for the race.

He was well in hand as he passed the judges two lengths in front of the Waldeck Stable's four-year-old colt The Picket, by Falsetto—Voltario, winner of the Brooklyn Handicap, who beat Herman B. Duryea's Irish Lad, by Candlemas—Arrowgrass, by a short head.

Ten lengths back came W. B. Jennings's Proper, by Prestonpans—Prime II., who, in turn, was twenty ahead of W. B. Leeds's Major Daingerfield, by Handspring—Mon Droit, while the Hampton Stable's Africander, by Star Ruby—Afric Queen, trailed home last, fifteen lengths away.

IRISH LAD THE FAVORITE.

Irish Lad was an overwhelming favorite at odds on, while Hermis was second choice, with The Picket and Proper on equal terms. The other two starters were generally neglected. Hermis and Irish Lad each carried 127 pounds, but, according to the scale of weights at this time of the year, Hermis was in receipt of two pounds from the favorite, who also gave two pounds to Africander, three to The Picket and seven to Major Daingerfield and Proper.

The pace set by Hermis won the day. It was a heartbreaker all the way. Irish Lad was the runner-up, but at no time did he have Hermis extended and Redfern was looking back at the struggling field after he passed the last sixteenth pole. The first furlong was run in 0:12 1-5, the quarter in 0:24 2-5, the half in 0:48 2-5, the three-quarters in 1:13, the seven-eighths in 1:25 1-5, the mile in 1:38 2-5, mile and one-eighth in 1:54 4-5, and the mile and a quarter in 2:05.

HERMIS'S TRAINER A PROPHET.

William Shields, the trainer of Hermis, said on Wednesday that the great horse would win the Suburban in 2:05 or better, a prediction that, while remarkably correct, did not carry much weight with the wise men of the turf. The running of the Brooklyn Handicap was too fresh in the memory of the public, for in that big race it was recalled that Hermis, after running on equal terms with Irish Lad to the head of the stretch, curled up and finished outside of the money.

It was only a remarkable performance on the part of Hermis in the Brookdale Handicap last Tuesday that made him second in favor, for the public was prone to the belief that Irish Lad and The Picket would be fighting it out at the end of yesterday's affair.

$400,000 LOST BY THE FORM PLAYERS.

Irish Lad carried more of the public's money than any other favorite that ever went to the post for the Suburban. A well known speculator at the request of THE SUN estimated that probably $250,000 was wagered at the track on the chances of Mr. Duryea's colt. He was also heavily played in the future books, and it was said last night that all of $400,000 had been lost upon his defeat.

Several days ago Irish Lad wore blinkers in a trial for the race. He worked so kindly that he wore them yesterday. Some turfmen were inclined to believe that they were of little benefit to him, but it would be hard to say that they actually caused his downfall, for Hermis was in such magnificent condition and had such a world of speed that no horse, it is believed, could have hung to him over the route and then beaten him in the run home.

E. R. THOMAS'S LUCK TURNS.

The success of Hermis was a signal triumph for his owner, Mr. Thomas, whose, turf fortunes this year have not been brilliant, in spite of the large expenditures with the idea of possessing a world beating racing stable. From the time that Mr. Thomas bought Hermis for $60,000 from L. V. Bell, the horse was a disappointment, as far as many of his richest engagements were concerned, and when he was vanquished in the Brooklyn, Mr. Thomas thought seriously of declaring him from the Suburban and sending him to St. Louis to run in the $50,000 World's Fair Handicap, which will be decided one week from to-morrow. But Andrew Miller, one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, when asked for an opinion on the matter, advised Mr. Thomas to keep Hermis in the East, telling him that he had one of the greatest racehorses in training, and that, in his opinion, the son of Hermence would surely win the Suburban.

With gradual improvement, culminating with a victory in the Brookdale, Hermis convinced Mr. Thomas that he was a Suburban possibility, and the young millionaire turfman bet enough on him yesterday to win $50,000 from the layers, in addition to about $17,000, which was the winner's share of the stake, and now Mr. Thomas is seriously considering the advisability of shipping Hermis to the Mound City for the richest handicap of the year.

HERMIS MAY GO FOR WORLD'S FAIR PRIZE.

His racing partner, Alexander Shields, when asked about the matter, after yesterday's race, said that the trip was under consideration and that while no decision had been made it was possible that the horse might go.

It was generally understood that Shaw received instructions to ride a waiting race with Irish Lad. Whether he did or not, the fact remains that he made no attempt to go to the front from the moment the starter said the word. He kept Irish Lad several yards from the rail throughout the journey, and approaching the far turn the Candlemas colt attempted to run out. In order to keep him straight Shaw was seen to rise in his stirrups, using the butt end of his whip over the favorite's head.

That Irish Lad did not run up to the form shown in the Brooklyn was the consensus of opinion, for he was very tired at the head of the stretch and could not stall off The Picket, who was also tired, yet stood the grueling with greater stamina.

SMALL FIELD AND PERFECT TEST.

Proper, Major Daingerfield and Africander never had a chance after they got away. The pace was too much for them, and their jockeys soon lost heart. It was one of the smallest fields that ever ran for the Suburban, but it afforded a perfect test for each horse, the race being truly run and the best thoroughbred carrying off the prize.

Fully 45,000 people saw the race. Robert Pinkerton admitted that more than 40,000 had passed the turnstiles. There were 16,000 in the field alone, 8,000 of them occupying vantage points in the new triple-deck stand. Seventy bookmakers did business in the field, while nearly a hundred handled the public's money in the big ring.

GREAT CROWD TO SEE THE SPORT.

The crowd began to arrive at the track before 12 o'clock, and from that time until just before the horses went to the post for the Suburban there was a steady stream of racing enthusiasts who filled every nook and corner of the vast enclosure. The clubhouse was jammed with notables. The private boxes, extending half way along the second tier of the grand stand, were filled with New York's fashionable set, while the lower part of the structure overflowed with radiant women, all of whom seemed to have come from the dressmaker with new creations.

From the middle of the infield the picture was worthy of the painter's brush. From the paddock, where the horses were saddled and cooled out under the lofty shade trees, to the clubhouse veranda, thence to the grand stand and green lawn in front of it and the turbulent field, the great throng stretched in wonderful array. A yellow sea of straw hats, constantly bobbing up and down and carried hither and thither as if by strong currents, was something remarkable to look upon. Then the many flashing colors from the hats and dresses of the women, the gathering of humanity on the top of the stands, the hurly-burly in and out of the betting ring and the general hubbub everywhere served to make the scene one of memorable excitement as far as the eye could reach.

All sorts and conditions of men and women were grouped together in this vast army which had come to the track side to show allegiance to the thoroughbred and to wager gold with the chalkers in the ring.

TURMOIL IN THE BETTING RING.

And in the ring, by the way, there was turmoil galore. At no previous big race of this kind was there ever such eagerness to bet. At times it seemed as if the layers, who had thrown aside coats, vests, collars and ties, would be swept from their stools. Men fought and wrestled for a chance to get their money down. So fearful were they that the big race would be run without a chance to bet on their favorites that many of them were ready to commit assault and battery, with the possibility of being lodged in the station house.

The sellers of tips at the track gates did a land office business. The thousands were hungry for information, and they were willing to pay for it, too. But it turned out that few of the purveyors of racing intelligence spoke by the card, for it was, on the whole, a disastrous day for the public, the ring winning heavily on the transactions of the afternoon.

TOUGH MEALS FOR THE HUNGRY ONES.

In their hurry to get to the scene of the race hundreds, and it might be said thousands, forgot to eat before they left the city, and by the time they came tumbling out of the railroad trains and the trolley cars they began to realize that the inner man had been neglected. So those who did not feel strong enough financially to pay the prices for victuals inside of the track patronized the improvised restaurants outside of it. Frankfurters made of leather, sandwiches that had grown old in the service, so-called steaks and chops cooked in tents, cold chicken, and all kinds of soft drinks disappeared as if swept off the earth by a hurricane.

Yet it was a good-natured crowd, all the way through, and from the smallest piker to the biggest millionaire, the same feeling of enthusiasm prevailed. The first three races, all providing big speculation, had been run when preparations for the Suburban began. Shorthose had been scratched, as was generally expected, and when the names of the jockeys to ride in the big race had been hoisted in full view of the assemblage, the crowd began to look for the warm-ups.

THE CRACKS WARM UP WELL.

Irish Lad was the first to come thundering down past the stand. He looked to be as fit as human hands could make him and with magnificent strides he convinced the populace that he was ready and willing to bear the public's wealth to victory if possible. Hermis, too, warmed up in splendid shape, and so did The Picket, while there were cheers for good old Africander and the sleek Major Daingerfield.

As the horses one by one returned to the paddock there was a rush for the betting ring. The layers, realizing that they were about to be mobbed, put up even money against Irish Lad. Instantly there was a riot in the ring. Men waving $2, others clutching tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds dashed up to the books in battle array. As fast as the layers could record the bets this money went down, while other men struggled forward to wager thousands wherever they could place their wagers.

FIERCE ONSLAUGHT ON THE LAYERS.

It was a fierce onslaught, yet the layers stood their ground and swept the flood of yellowbacks into their cash boxes without turning a hair. It seemed as if everybody in the ring wanted to back Irish Lad, and soon the layers' sheets contained long strings of bets that took up all the space. New sheets were substituted in many instances, and still the money of Irish Lad continued to flow.

The clubhouse commissioners who usually bet markers now began to get in their work. They hurried from book to book betting $1,000, $2,000 and $5,000 at a clip and the layers soon rubbed from even money to 9 to 10 and in many cases 4 to 5.

John Walters, one of the best known clubhouse commissioners, went the rounds and got down $40,000 on Irish Lad before he was through. It was said that he wagered some of this money for the owners of the favorite, who have always bet heavily on him.

Meanwhile hundreds of bettors who did not like to place their money at odds on turned to Hermis, The Picket and Proper. Hermis had opened at 3 to 1 but the immense plunge on Irish Lad made his price go back a point to fours. Mr. Thomas's commissioners got busy when the latter price was quoted, and it was said that they succeeded in placing about $12,000 on him.

HERMIS AND THE PICKET HEAVILY PLAYED.

Some of the smartest horsemen followed suit, but the price against Hermis remained steady. A world of money was also placed on The Picket. His victory in the Brooklyn made him look a good thing, yet his price went back from fours to fives. Proper was in demand all over the ring toward the close. He opened at sixes and was played down a point, especially in the place and show books. The Westerners playing him heavily to show, and backing The Picket to win. Major Daingerfield was always obtainable at 30 to 1, but nobody had any use for Africander, so it seemed, for opening at 15 to 1 he soared to 50 to 1 at the close.

IRISH LAD THE PADDOCK CHOICE.

There was a lively scene in the paddock during this time. Irish Lad was the magnet for society. As Trainer Rogers and his assistants rubbed the colt down after his warm up and prepared to saddle him, he was completely surrounded by a cordon of admirers, including many women. His owner, Herman B. Duryea, and his former racing partner, Harry Payne Whitney, looked on with interest. In the throng were many noted trainers who were sure that Irish Lad would come home with the money.

"Is this Irish Lad?" asked a society woman of a well known owner; "aren't you just crazy about him? I think I will have to get back the money I lost on him in the Brooklyn Handicap."

"Isn't he a darling," said another beauty; "I just love him. He's the sweetest thing I ever saw. I know he'll win, for he looks so noble and so kingly."

Jockey Shaw, wearing the well known Duryea colors, green and white, stood near at hand as glum as an oyster. Shaw never had much to say, anyway, and the excitement about him did not seem to make any impression. He held a whispered consultation with Trainer Rogers and then prepared to mount.

In another part of the picturesque paddock Hermis was receiving the finishing touches. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas looked the horse over critically and spoke words of encouragement to Arthur Redfern, who wore the gray and magenta silk jacket. William Shields, rotund and good natured, threw the saddle cloth on the back of the $60,000 horse and then strapped on the saddle.

"He will win sure," said he, and his father, Alex Shields, hurried off to the betting ring.

SADDLING THE LESSER LIGHTS.

Carroll Reid got The Picket ready, while Karl Jungbluth, one of his owners, stood at the colt's head and patted him on the nose. Walter Jennings, who wears spectacles and looks anything but a trainer of race horses, saddled Proper and gave his instructions to Odom. Charley Dwyer and a party of friends looked rather sorrowfully at Africander, who has been such a source of disappointment to his young owner this season. Major Daingerfield had many admirers, and his trainer, Tom Welsh, was asked again and again if he had a chance. His only reply was a broad smile.

IRISH LAD GETS RAIL POSITION.

The bugle sounded a few minutes before 4 o'clock, and when Irish Lad stepped out of the paddock on to the track he received an uproarious welcome. Hermis followed him closely and in a jiffy all six were walking slowly up the track, the crowd looking at them critically and in a ferment of excitement. Starter Fitzgerald was waiting for them at the barrier rigged opposite the new field stand.

Irish Lad had drawn the rail position, with Major Daingerfield, Proper, The Picket and Hermis ranged in that order to the outside. Irish Lad, Hermis, Africander and Major Daingerfield all wore blinkers. The starter, as soon as the horses reached the post and the barrier had been lowered, stood on the track in front of them and said to the jockeys:

"You know your positions and all you have to do is to stand still. When I say the word make your horses break."

REDFERN ALERT AT THE START.

Then he walked slowly to his box on the rail, where he picked up the electric button with which to raise the gate. One of his assistants had Irish Lad by the bridle. There was a little twisting and turning, but it did not last long, and just as all suddenly faced the ribbon simultaneously Mr. Fitzgerald pressed the button and cried: "Come on!" It was a perfect start, but Redfern was more alert than the others and Hermis, with a sudden bound, secured an advantage.

With a wonderful burst of speed Mr. Thomas's horse rushed straight across the track and got the rail. Redfern sat down and rode with hand and heel to maintain this advantage. As they swept down past the judges' stand Hermis was a length in front of Irish Lad, who was clearly under restraint, with The Picket, Proper, Africander and Major Daingerfield following in the order named. The crowd was in an uproar immediately.

HERMIS QUICKLY OPENS A GAP.

Down to the lower turn Hermis, with Redfern still riding him, swept with a tremendous rush. As he reached the curve he was a length and a half in front of Irish Lad, with The Picket three lengths back, and the others trailing, hopelessly out of it, it seemed.

Those who held watches on the race predicted then and there that Hermis was out to kill off the others, and that if he could stay the route he could win easily. Turning into the backstretch Redfern judiciously took Hermis up and allowed him a breathing spell.

IRISH LAD UNDER WRAPS.

Mr. Thomas's horse was running along so easily and smoothly that it looked as if he would stay. Irish Lad, under wraps, was following about a length back and possibly twenty yards from the rail, while The Picket was still third under a tight hold from Helgerson.

"Why doesn't Shaw take Irish Lad to the front?" queried many expert turfmen, who were amazed to see Irish Lad was under waiting orders. "If he would go up to Hermis he would soon take the heart out of him, no matter how fast the pace, and then he could come on and win."

"Yes, but he would probably kill himself off," was the rejoinder of others, "and then The Picket would take his measure in the stretch."

FIRST HALF MILE IN 0:48 2-5.

When Hermis passed the half-mile pole a hundred watches showed that he had run this distance in 0:48 2-5. Redfern was still nursing him along most skilfully, and Irish Lad was still a length behind. The Picket followed two lengths back and six lengths in front of Proper. Major Daingerfield was three lengths behind and a length before Africander.

Throughout the multitude few could be convinced that Irish Lad, when the proper time arrived, would not overhaul Hermis and kill him off. So confident were the backers of the favorite that he would win that there was very little alarm as the horses raced up the backstretch. But as Hermis gradually increased his lead as he neared the three-quarter pole, where he was timed in 1:13, the crowd began to be uneasy, and there were cries of:

CROWD URGES ON THE FAVORITE.

"Get up there, Irish Lad!" "Get up to him, Irish Lad!" "Go to him, Shaw; don't wait any longer!" "Hurry up!"

It was at this point that Irish Lad began to show a tendency to run out. Because of this tendency the blinkers had been put on, but seemingly they were of no avail. It was clear to close observers that Shaw had his hands full, for the clever jockey began tapping Irish Lad on the side of the head with the butt of his whip, at the same time making an effort to keep the Candlemas colt closer to the rail. Helgerson had begun to ride The Picket, and with tremendous jumps the winner of the Brooklyn Handicap was soon close by Irish Lad's side next to the rail.

Redfern had not as yet let Hermis down, but the Hermence horse was full of running and seemed able to keep up the pace forever.

HERMIS DRAWS AWAY.

"Hermis will win!" was the cry that swept from throat to throat. Every move of the horses was watched with intense interest, and it gradually dawned upon the people that in order to win Irish Lad would have to run the race of his life.

Standing on their stools placed close to the rail, the bookmakers had been chuckling at the apparent discomfiture of Irish Lad, and when they saw The Picket come alongside of him while Hermis drew away they lost control of themselves completely and let loose a wild, derisive yell.

The defeat of the favorite meant thousands and thousands to them, and they rooted against him as they had never rooted before.

Turning into the stretch Hermis had an advantage of three lengths. The crowd was uncontrollable. Men and women were leaping up and down, waving their arms above their heads and shrieking like maniacs.

REDFERN LETS THE GREAT HORSE DOWN.

The crucial point of the race had arrived. Could Hermis stay to the end? That was the question that was asked on every side, and it was readily answered when Redfern, letting Mr. Thomas's horse have his head, held his lead in such a manner that it was apparent he could not loose the race, barring accidents.

"Hermis! Hermis! Hermis! Hermis gets the money! Come on, you horse, and win the prize!"

It was a roar that went up with such volume that nobody could make himself understood, no matter how powerful his lungs were. A frenzied, howling, dancing crowd it was, from one end of the track to the other. Everybody was apparently happy, but it was only the enthusiasm of the moment that drowned out the sorrows to come later on.

GAME STRUGGLE TO FOLLOW THE PACE.

Irish Lad and The Picket followed Hermis side by side. Shaw and Helgelson had drawn their cruel whips and were laying the punishment on thick. Stride for stride their horses struggled gamely on, and for a moment it looked as if they might get up, but Redfern, with a tantalizing smile upon his face, turned around and gave one fleeting look, then let out another link, and Hermis, a racehorse all over, reassumed his former advantage.

HERMIS FINISHES IN FRONT.

At the last sixteenth it was a foregone conclusion that Hermis would win, and the crowd went wild. Hats were thrown high in the air and the bobbing sea of straw hats seemed to have been moved by a tidal wave, for there was a general leaping up and down to see the finish of the fastest Suburban that had ever been run.

As Hermis dashed past the finish line, bedlam was let loose, and when in a terrific drive each horse being out to the last ounce, The Picket took the place from Irish Lad by a head there was a yell of triumph from the Westerners, who had maintained ever since the running of the Brooklyn that the winner of that classic was the master of the son of Candlemas under any racing conditions that might be named.

Eliminating Hermis from the race, the finish between The Picket and Irish Lad was identical with that of the Brooklyn Handicap, although Proper finished much further behind the Candlemas colt than at Gravesend.

CROWD CHEERS THE VICTOR.

As the time was hung out, the crowd realized the superb performance of Hermis, and when the comparatively little horse came walking back to the scales with Redfern for the moment the proudest jockey in America there was a new demonstration that lasted until the conquering thoroughbred had been relieved of his saddle and had walked away to the paddock to cool out.

Naturally the defeat of Irish Lad was on the tip of the tongue. Without discrediting the victory of Hermis many horsemen expressed the belief that if Irish Lad had run without blinkers and had been ridden without waiting orders his performance would have been decidedly better. But Hermis's grand race, his remarkable staying powers and the fact that he was not extended at the end would seem to indicate that Irish Lad would have had the hardest task of his career to win under the most favorable circumstances.

JOCKEYS TELL HOW THE RACE WAS WON AND LOST.

When asked about the race, Jockey Shaw said:

"I would like to run it over again and be allowed to ride Irish Lad as I did in the Brooklyn. I was told to wait with him and I did, but there was no time during the early stages of the race when I could not have gone to Hermis with ease. Had I done so I believe I could have made Hermis quit, as I did in the Brooklyn. Irish Lad tried to run out with me all the way up the backstretch and on the far turn, and that is why they put blinkers on. I believe it is the first time he ever wore them. But he worked kindly with them and it was thought that they would help him greatly."

"Hermis was at his best to-day," said Jockey Redfern. "I hustled him along at the start in order to get the rail and kept him going until I had rounded the lower turn. Then I took him up to give him a chance to rest himself, and when I got to the three-quarter pole I let him down again. It was the easiest thing in the world to win. He is a grand horse and I think he can beat them all."

John Huggins, who trained the late William C. Whitney's horses in England, said that he thought when the seven furlong pole was reached Irish Lad would surely win. He declared that in his belief Irish Lad was running easily and would come on as soon as Shaw called on him.

H. M. Ziegler, the Cincinnati turfman, who owned Hermis as a two-year-old, said he saw Shaw stand up in the stirrups in the far turn when Irish Lad tried to run out. He has always maintained that Hermis is a horse of championship calibre, and he had a good bet on him.

RECORDS OF THE RACE.

The Suburban is one of the classics of the American turf. It was first run in 1884, when E. J. McElmeel's Gen. Monroe, with 124 pounds, won it in 2:11 3-5. After that the winners were the Rancocas Stable's Pontiac, 105, 2:09¼; S. S. Brown's Troubadour, 115, 2:12 1-5; A. G. Cassatt's Eurus, 102, 2:12; W. Gratz's Elkwood, 119, 2:07¾; August Belmont's Raceland, 120, 2:09 4-5; J. B. Haggin's Salvator, 127, 2:06 4-5; D. McCoun's Loantaka, 110, 2:07; Marcus Daly's Montana, 115, 2:07 2-5; F. Lowe's Lowlander, 105, 2:06 3-5; Gideon & Daly's Ramapo, 120, 2:06 1-5; Erie Stable's, Lazzarone, 115; 2:07 4-5; Bleinton Stable's Henry of Navarre, 129, 2:07; M. F. Dwyer's Ben Brush, 123, 2:07 1-5; Roger & Rose's Tillo, 119, 2:08 1-5; Harness & Brossman's Imp, 114, 2:05 4-5; Eastin & Larable's Kinley Mack, 125, 2:06 4-5; J. H. McCormack's Alcedo, 112, 2:05 3-5; F. C. McLewee & Co.'s Gold Heels, 124, 2:05 1-5; and the Hampton Stable's Africander, 110, 2:10 2-5. In 1895 there were six starters.

SONG AND WINE'S DOUBLE EVENT.

Bennington's Crack Colt Leads From Start to Finish.

The first part of the $20,000 Double Event for two year-olds, five and a half furlongs, Futurity course, was the sidelight to the Suburban. Although he was represented in the original list of entries by Blandy, Newton Bennington luckily added Song and Wine, a three time stake winner, who took up 126 pounds, including a four pound penalty. The pair ruled prohibitive favorites at 1 to 4, while James R. Keene's Veto was second in favor, backed down to fives. John E. Madden's Councilman was heavily played to show. No sooner had the barrier risen than O'Neill got away like a flash with Song and Wine, the big Goldfinch colt having the rail. Councilman went after him hotly, with R. T. Wilson, Jr.'s Sparkling Star, 100 to 1, at the heels of the Madden colt. They maintained this order to the bend in the track, where Blandy, who had also been prominent, began to stop. Song and Wine went on about his business, but the weight told some as he reached the last sixteenth pole, and O'Neill sat down to ride him out to victory by a length and a half in 1:07. Sparkling Star disposed of Councilman for the place by a similar margin, Blandy being three parts of a length back.

The betting on the first race, a sprint of six furlongs, was confined to J. J. Ryan's Reliable and Jacob Worth's Mamie Worth. The latter was in receipt of twenty-two pounds by the scale from the big Watercress horse, who packed 140. Reliable was pounded down to even money favorite, while Mamie Worth receded from 8 to 5 to 9 to 5. At the start Reliable was slow to begin and was pinched off, J. Boland being compelled to take him by the overland route to the head of the stretch. Meanwhile Mamie Worth was off flying, and setting her usual heart-breaking pace she won all the way, having a length to spare, ridden out, at the wire, where she was timed in 1:13 1-5. August Belmont's Mizzen, 20 to 1, was the runner up from the outset and kept the place by six lengths. Reliable finished third, a half a length before Mattie Corbett's Dalesman.

John A. Drake's Bobadil, 2 to 1 favorite, finished far back in the ruck in the second race at a mile. W. B. Jennings's Letola, 4 to 1, attempted to make a runaway of it and had a commanding lead when she reached the far turn; but C. F. Fox's Seymour, 6 to 1, gradually overhauled her and in a heavy drive took the large end of of the purse by a half length in 1:40. Letola finished a length in front of R. W. Walden's The Southerner, 30 to 1, who took third money from Judge Denton, 8 to 1, in the last few strides by a half a length.

John E. Madden's Migraine, 2 to 1, was another disappointing favorite, for he was never prominent in the fifth race for maiden two-year-olds at five furlongs, Futurity course. R. W. Nelson's Diamond Flush, 11 to 5, second choice, on the other hand, got a superb ride from Shaw and won in a drive by a length in 1:01 2-5. T. L. Watts's Don Royal, 6 to 1, was second, six lengths to the good. In the final jump Mike Clancy's Delcanta, a 30 to 1 shot, secured third money from "Father Bill" Daly's Raiment, 100 to 1, by a nose.

The wind up was a handicap at a mile and a sixteenth on the grass, and like the other races it was a knock-down for the followers of form. Fred Johnson's Florham Queen was backed down to 9 to 5 favorite, but after she had made the pace for about half the distance she dropped back. Bullman came on with W. B. Jennings's Leader, who went back to sixes, at the head of the stretch and he won easily by two lengths. R. T. Wilson, Jr.'s Carbunole, 3 to 1, second choice, moved up from the rear guard in the final quarter and finished second, two lengths before J. L. McQuinn's Sweet Alice, 30 to 1. E. R. Thomas's Duke of Kendal, 4 to 1, was a length and a half away, beating the favorite a head. The time was 1:48.

SUMMARIES OF THE RACES.

Five Favorites Beaten, Much to the Joy of the Layers.

Five favorites were beaten, and the ring won heavily on the day. The summaries are as follows:

FIRST RACE.

For three-year-olds and upward; $1,200 added; penalties and allowances; six furlongs; main track:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Mamie Worth, 4	113	Burns	9-5	1-2 1¹
Mizzen, 4	118	Bullman	20-1	8-1 2ʰ
Reliable, 4	140	J. Boland	even	3-5 3ʰ
Dalesman, 4	118	Odom	20-1	3-1 4
Lux Casta, 5	113	H. Phillips	30-1	6-1 5
Waswift, 5	118	Hildebrand	20-1	8-1 6
Jacquin, 3	112	Martin	40-1	12-1 7
Grenade, 3	109	Gannon	200-1	50-1 8
Northern Star, 5	118	Higgins	50-1	15-1 9

Time, 1:13 1-5.

Good start; won ridden out; Mamie Worth, ch. f., 4, by St. George—Ethel Thomas; owned by Jacob Worth; trained by E. L. Graves.

SECOND RACE.

Selling; for three-year-olds; $1,000 added; allowances; one mile:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Seymour, 3	98	Travers	6-1	2-1 1ʰ
Letola, 3	98	Coleman	4-1	8-5 2¹
The Southerner, 3	112	Fisher	30-1	10-1 3ʰ
Judge Denton, 3	101	Crimmins	8-1	3-1 4
Greencrest, 3	103	Hildebrand	6-1	2-1 5
Bobadil, 3	108	O'Neill	2-1	4-5 6
Bob Murphy, 3	108	E. Walsh	30-1	10-1 7
Gay Lothario, 3	111	Redfern	7-1	3-2 8
Buckleya, 3	111	Helgerson	20-1	7-1 9
Niskayuna, 3	98	Oliver	60-1	20-1 10
Lord of the Valley, 3	111	Bullman	20-1	8-1 11
Tomcod, 3	103	D. O'Con'r	100-1	40-1 12

Time, 1:40.

Good start; won driving; Seymour, br. g., 3, by Loyalist—Duchess; owned by C. F. Fox; trained by F. Brown.

THIRD RACE.

Double Event of $20,000; for two-year-olds; colts, 122 pounds; fillies and geldings, 119; penalties and allowances; last five and a half furlongs Futurity course:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
*Song and Wine, 2	126	O'Neill	1-4 out	1ʰ
Sparkling Star, 2	117	Redfern	100-1	30-1 2¹ʰ
Councilman, 2	122	Shaw	10-1	5-2 3ʰ
*Blandy, 2	122	Bullman	1-4 out	4
Butling, 2	122	Burns	50-1	10-1 5
Veto, 2	114	Odom	5-1	9-10 6
Maximilian, 2	117	Martin	200-1	50-1 7

*Bennington entry.

Time, 1:07.

Good start; won ridden out; Song and Wine, ch. c., 2, by Goldfinch—Widow Clicquot; owned by Newton Bennington; trained by Fred Burlew.

FOURTH RACE.

The Suburban, of $20,000; a handicap for three-year-olds and upward; penalties and allowances; one mile and a quarter:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Hermis, 5	127	Redfern	4-1 even	1¹
The Picket, 4	124	Helgerson	5-1	6-5 2ʰ
Irish Lad, 4	127	Shaw	9-10	2-5 3¹ʰ
Proper, 4	110	Odom	5-1	7-5 4
Major Daingerf'd, 5	127	Martin	30-1	10-1 5
Africander, 4	126	Bullman	50-1	15-1 6

Time, 2:05.

Good start; won easily; Hermis, ch. h., 5, by Hermence—Katy of the West; owned by E. R. Thomas; trained by W. Shields.

FIFTH RACE.

For maiden two-year-olds; four pounds below the scale; last five furlongs Futurity course:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Diamond Flush, 2	118	Martin	11-5 even	1¹
Don Royal, 2	118	Burns	6-1	2 2ʰ
Delcanta, 2	118	Lyne	30-1	12-1 3ʰ
Raiment, 2	118	Spencer	100-1	40-1 4
Lindsay Gordon, 2	118	O'Neill	10-1	4-1 5
Cashier, 2	118	Cormack	20-1	8-1 6
Antimony, 2	115	Fisher	50-1	20-1 7
Linda Lee, 2	115	Higgins	40-1	15-1 8
Migraine, 2	118	Hicks	2-1	even 9
Highborn, 2	118	Redfern	10-1	4-1 10
Golden Green, 2	118	Redfern	100-1	40-1 11
Gold Rose, 2	115	Hildebrand	7-1	5-2 12
Petit Duc, 2	118	F. T'mps'n	100-1	40-1 13
Golowin, 2	118	Bullman	50-1	20-1 14
Brushton, 2	118	Helgerson	30-1	10-1 15

Time, 1:01 2-5.

Good start; won driving; Diamond Flush, ch. f., 2, by St. Julian—Golden Tea; owned by R. W. Nelson; trained by G. H. Avery, Jr.

SIXTH RACE.

Handicap; for three-year-olds and upward; $1,200 added; one mile and a sixteenth on turf:

Horse and Age.	Wt.	Jockey.	Betting.	Fin.
Leader, 4	110	Bullman	6-1	2-1 1ʰ
Carbuncle, aged	109	Martin	3-1 even	2ʰ
Sweet Alice, 4	93	Nutter	30-1	12-1 3¹ʰ
Duke of Kendal, 4	119	Redfern	4-1	6-5 4
Florham Queen, 4	102	Hildebrand	9-5	6-5 5
Mabon, 4	102	Olandt	100-1	30-1 6
Scotch Thistle, 3	86	Crimmins	50-1	15-1 7
Damon, 4	108	O'Neill	8-1	2-1 8

Good start; won easily; Leader, b. c., 4, by Mazio—Pas Seul; owned and trained by W. B. Jennings.

GOSSIP OF THE RACETRACK.

Thespians Back Hermis—Reliable Loses $100,000 for His Followers.

The theatrical profession received an agreeable shock when the news was promulgated that Miss Lillian Russell and Lew Fields had backed Hermis. Miss Russell sent a $2,000 commission into the ring and got it down at 4½ to 1. Fields was undecided what to do until he saw Miss Russell, when she told him that Hermis would come home on the bit, so, not to be outdone, the former partner of Joe Weber also bet $2,000 on Mr. Thomas's horse and also got 4½ to 1. Many Thespians who were at the track learned of these plunge bets and followed in the wake of the two stars, so that Hermis's victory was particularly gratifying to nearly all of the footlight favorites who were fortunate enough to partake of the good thing.

While a fortune was lost on Irish Lad, probably $100,000 was wagered on Reliable in the first race. The public has come to regard this big weight carrier as a racing idol, and because of his invincible performances in recent races it seemed like finding money to back him at 6 to 5 and evens. John J. Ryan, his owner, who has backed him heavily ever since he bought him, was confident of another success and placed $15,000 on the Watercress colt at the last moment. But a very wise contingent, including some of the best known plungers played Mamie Worth, so that the books broke about even on the race.

Joe Yeager was satisfied to make book nearly all the afternoon. He has suffered so many reverses lately that he has evidently decided to take a rest and let the public guess instead. He did a tremendous business in the big race, as did his associate, Frank Lanterman, as both laid against the favorite.

While five favorites were beaten and the ring naturally made money, the bookmakers did not begin to enjoy the profits that accrued on Monday when six first choices were defeated. When the sheets had been balanced on the Suburban few of the bookmakers were heavy winners, as Hermis had an army of backers among the rank and file of racegoers.

John A. Drake, John W. Gates, Newton Bennington and the big bettors of that set accepted 1 to 3 against Song and Wine and Blandy in the double event and even 1 to 4, but it was a lucky thing for them that Bennington added Song and Wine, who, by the way, has now won four rich stakes, the Juvenile, the Laureate, the Expectation and the Double Event. Just why Bennington advertised this colt to be sold at auction on Wednesday at Gravesend when he was withdrawn after a bid of $12,500, nobody can understand, unless it was for the purpose of drawing a crowd to the ringside. Song and Wine won yesterday in the same impressive manner shown in his other victorious races and it is safe to say that Bennington will not talk of selling him again.

John E. Madden thought his colt, Migraine, had the fifth race at his mercy and so did nearly all of the form players. Madden bet $2,500 on him, it is said, but the Top Gallant colt had no speed, and at the same time suffered poor racing luck. It was a terrific struggle for third money in this event between Father Bill Daly's Raiment, 100 to 1, and Mike Clancy's Delcanta, 30 to 1, and when Delcanta got it by a head, Clancy roared at Daly: "Begorry, Bill, I thought you was goin' to beat me!"

The Double Event is run in two parts Yesterday's race was of a guaranteed cash value of $10,000. The winner's share was about $6,000. The race was first run in 1899, the winners being Torso, Russell, His Highness, Ajax, Hornpipe, Keenan, Handspring, Ornament, Bowling Brook, Kingdom, Prince of Melbourne, Tower of Candles, Nasturtium, Merion and Aristocracy. The record for the race is 1:08 1-5, made by Merion in 1902, with 109 pounds. Song and Wine's time is next best, 1:07.

A member of the Chinese Embassy, accompanied by several American turf enthusiasts, took lunch in the clubhouse, but the party had been swallowed up by the crowd before the identity of the Celestial could be learned.

Steward H. K. Knapp said that the Suburban was one of the most wonderful races that he had ever seen. This was the opinion of many other followers of the turf who waxed enthusiastic over the result.

E. E. Smathers said yesterday that McChesney would be a sure starter in the Brighton Handicap and that Big Mac would come East immediately after the running of the World's Fair Handicap.

The running of August Belmont's Mizzen in the first race was a source of satisfaction to the chairman of the Jockey Club. This son of Hastings, who was a big stake winner as a two-year-old, was under suspicion last year, but he seems to have come to hand nicely under John Whalen's handling, and may win some good races later. Joe Yeager started his five-year-old horse, Waswift in the first race, but he went up in the betting. The plunger is evidently getting him ready for some future coup.

Gay Lothario was one of the tips in the second race that was played,