

# How Jockeys are Trained.

SOME OF THE BEST KNOWN JOCKEYS AND THE AMOUNT OF FLESH THEY PULL OFF BEFORE THEY ARE IN SHAPE.

I HAVE BEEN very much interested in the methods of training adopted by men who are engaged in athletic sports and callings of various sorts. Many curious facts have come under my notice in a rambling way, but I doubt if anything is of more interest to a casual man than the manner in which jockeys reduce their weight in order to ride at the number of pounds prescribed for them on the race tracks, writes Blakely Hall in *Frank Leslie's*. Any man who has frequented the Russian baths in New York has doubtless observed at times the small, attenuated, and sometimes skinny figures that recline in the hottest corners of the Turkish room, or soak with melancholy determination on the hottest slab of the steam room. They take no notice of their surroundings, but it is to be noted that the bath attendants treat them with elaborate and almost absurd respect. Once in a while a bather comes in who sits off at a distance and gazes with an almost idolatrous affection at one of the skinny little men or boys. This particular bather is in all probability a racing man, and he feels the keen admiration which all race goers entertain for a successful jockey. We pay the jockeys well enough in America to insure a better lot of youngsters than the turf boasts to-day. The boys have not, as a rule, a just and proper notion of what they owe to the public or to sport, and so much loose and criminal riding is tolerated, particularly on what are known as the winter tracks, that the boys have grown careless in some instances and criminal in others. There is one quality, however, which I admire in all of them, and that is their tremendous perseverance and pluck. I have known a jockey to go into a Russian bath in the morning after taking a particularly rigorous course of medicine, undergo the most trying experience with the extreme heat of the establishment until he had lost four or five pounds by what is technically, and perhaps accurately, known in this system of training as "hard sweating," and then go out and put on a suit of thick flannels, a heavy cardigan jacket, and an overcoat, and walk and run ten miles in the blazing sun. The medicine used here has been enough to weaken any ordinary man and take the pluck out of him, but the jockey would undergo the whole of this exhausting regime and show up at the track to ride at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, weighing seven or eight pounds less than in the morning. He might be pallid and almost too weak to sit in the saddle, but he had got down to the proper weight, and that was reward enough for him. When it is considered that these boys are merely skin and bones to begin with, it can be seen what a tremendous strain on the constitution it is to work off so much weight.

I remember one instance when Garrison, who is, I think, in the opinion of most race-goers, the most intelligent, plucky, and wide-awake jockey in the country, took off eight pounds in twelve hours in a Russian bath, from 6 in the evening until 6 the following morning. I have never heard of any authenticated instance of another jockey taking off as much as this. I have not gone into the subject extensively, but, as I said at the outset, it has always been of a good deal of interest to me, and I have watched the jockeys carefully. Anybody who thinks that it is an easy matter for an athlete who is trained down to the last ounce in weight to take off eight additional pounds in 12 hours should try it. There are very few men, even among those who are carrying from 20 to 50 pounds of superfluous flesh, who can reduce themselves more than a pound or a pound and a half during a long bath. Garrison is a slight and slenderly-built man, and as he always keeps himself in condition summer and winter, he does not easily run to flesh, so that he does not experience the resistance that many crack riders do in taking down his weight.

McLaughlin, for a long time Garrison's rival, and a jockey who did much to build up the fortunes of the famous Dwyer stables, has had to yield to increasing weight. He is what trainers speak of as one of the "hardest reducers" in the world, and it is almost impossible for him to keep anywhere near his racing weight. The effect of this is to practically drive him out of the saddle at the very time when his career promised to be the brightest on the American turf. A jockey who can ride as McLaughlin and Garrison have done is sure of an income of anywhere from \$15,000 to \$30,000 a year. Most of the jockeys rise to success from the bottom of ignorant stable boys. It can be easily understood that there are many inducements to keep well within the racing weight. McLaughlin goes into a Russian bath and takes the most extreme treatment in the hottest rooms for three or four hours. By this he manages to get off perhaps three pounds. Then he is rubbed, scrubbed, and put through an extraordinary massage treatment, besides wearing "sweaters" every day and doing an enormous amount of exercise. With all this he cannot keep down to a good figure.

It is just as natural for some men to be fat, and trainers of McLaughlin's mark one in his bearing, "as it is for some to be short or tall. If nature wills it that way there's no use of tryin' to run again it."

Little Bergen does not have much trouble in reducing his weight, as he has seldom been above 112 pounds. He runs all the way down to 100 pounds and he easily reduces himself four or five pounds, as the occasion warrants, by going into the hot room of the bath, curling up in a corner and simply lying there while the perspiration rolls off of him. Once in a while he uncurls himself, goes to the plunge and rubs his head with ice water, then returns to his former position and stays there pluckily until he is down to the proper weight. Tarral is another easy reducer. He usually takes the hot-room for two hours, then swims around in the plunge for a long while, and returns for another hour in the intense heat. If this is not enough he puts on a sweater at the track and plods around in the dust hour after hour, until he is fit to ride at the weight set out for him on the card. Jockeys like Tarral, Bergen, and say Grace, whose weight is about 110 pounds, are not so much worried by the platoon of disaster known as too much weight as the broad-shouldered and big-boned boys. Many jockeys of the latter build are sure, steady, clear-headed boys, with plenty of pluck and strength and the other qualifications that go to make up a successful jockey; but they have to undergo such extraordinary tortures to keep down to a weight which will not place a crack horse

at a disadvantage in a race, that they get nervous, irritable, and lose their skill. The difference between a perfectly healthy and robust man and a man who has reduced himself by internal and external means until he is so nervous and weak that he cannot hold himself up, is a wide one. A strong dose of brandy before the race commences may pull together a few of the falling bricks, but it does not give the rider the cool judgment and thorough balance which comes of perfect health. That is one reason why some of the boys who are naturally small and thin have a big advantage on the season's mounts over much more clever jockeys who are handicapped by big frames or a disposition to grow stout. There seems to be a great difference, too, in the abilities which jockeys show toward reducing themselves. An hour in steam heat with one man will take off a pound while it will not reduce the weight of another three ounces. They tell me that Spellman was one of the readiest reducers that ever went into a bath. He was known on one occasion to take off seven pounds in four hours. His weight in summer was usually 130 pounds, while he usually rode at 111 pounds. It is said that Spellman on one occasion, having to ride at a light weight at short notice reduced his weight in one night from 111 pounds to 104 pounds in a little less than five hours. He was always the source of more or less alarm to the attendants of the bath, for they could never tell exactly how he was getting on. He would walk into the hottest corner of the steam-room, wrap a wet towel around his head curl up in a chair with his head resting on his folded arms and his legs crossed, and sit like a sphinx for hours. Once in a while one of the attendants who knew him well would go and speak to him, but the boy would not answer a word or lift his head. They were always afraid he had fainted from exhaustion or had succumbed to an accelerated action of the heart, but they were afraid to disturb him. After sitting two or three hours in this position he would uncurl himself, drift to the outer room and drink a bottle of ice-cold beer. Then he would resume his former position and remain there with the thermometer at 160 or 170 degrees of heat, and the perspiration dripping off of him steadily. When he finally got out of the bath and had been thoroughly well rubbed he was invariably light enough to ride. Spellman died about two years ago on Sixth avenue. It was at a first thought that he had been robbed and murdered, but the coroner decided that he had fallen and hit his head against one of the pillars of the elevated railroad, causing concussion of the brain which resulted in his death.

Jockeys are very careful to take off no more than is absolutely necessary. For instance, if they weigh 112 pounds and have to ride at 110, they take off exactly two pounds and not another ounce. The more they reduce themselves the weaker it makes them, and they never punish themselves unnecessarily. They are of course always careful in the matter of diet, and most of them keep in training in winter as well as in summer. They affect the Turkish rooms particularly. In the first room the temperature is usually 135 degrees; in the second it hovers about 160 degrees, dry heat, and in the Russian, or vapor room the temperature is usually 116 degrees, which is equal, it is said, about 175 degrees, dry heat. The rigorous training which the boys undergo in these baths rather disposes of the theory, I think, that Turkish baths cause heart disease. If they had any such effect as that, all the jockeys would be killed off in a week at the beginning of the racing season. At one of the largest baths in New York, which was started in 1861, there have been only two deaths from heart disease in 29 years, and the bath has an average of 60,000 bathers a year. This hardly shows that the heat is affected by the Russian or Turkish baths. On account of objections made by the other bathers the colored jockeys are not allowed in any of the public baths of New York. Some time ago one of the proprietors of a bath here issued tickets to a prominent colored jockey, and two or three of the tickets were used by the boy, but the opposition and indignation on the part of the other bathers compelled the manager to keep the young jockey out. He made a great row about it, and there was finally a compromise on a money basis.

**APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.**

The Most Benevolent of Faces May Shield a Very Malignant Temper.

Persons going over the Desplaines street viaduct, says the *Chicago Herald*, have seen an old woman sitting at the edge of the Kinzie street pavement and accepting in the most abashed manner such pennies as the charitable poor saw fit to give her. She was one of the most refined-looking old women you would see in a year's travel. Her face was a very model of patient suffering and refinement in woe. Her perfectly white hair was smoothed away under an old-fashioned bonnet, and there was a bit of lace about the headdress. A little black silk cape was folded across her breast, and the dress beneath it was so tidy and clean that the abject misery of a beggar's position for such a person went right to the hearts of all who saw her. First the quaint bonnet and that bit of white lace would attract attention, and then the mute despair of the visage so framed in decent adversity would fix the gaze and keep it till your right hand would go right down in your pocket and you would bring up a dime or a quarter and never think of outraging yourself by giving her pennies.

It was not a very classic neighborhood, but then viaducts do not usually run in the best portions of town. And the very abasement of everything in the neighborhood was in favor of the woman, for it seemed so unusual to find her here in the smoke and the grime and the pollution of Desplaines and Kinzie streets. Anybody could see she was a lady, and that she had fallen from a very great height, and they asked no questions. They simply gave her what they could and hurried past to spare the blush that came with the stammering, agonized thanks. The whole picture was so curious that little children would gather around in respectful silence and gaze at the woman with a sort of curiosity that amounted almost to worship. Sometimes they came too near to suit the mendicant, and then she would ask them to go away. This they usually did for they seemed to think a being so refined and unfortunate must not be disobeyed.

But after a few days they got a little better acquainted. They saw she was doing a pretty good business, and lost a little of their sympathy. They never said a disrespectful word to her, but they stood a little closer, and they would not go away so

readily when she told them to. One evening a little tot crept quite near, and stood there looking into the fine old face and wondering—just wondering, as a little girl will, even at the viaduct. The old woman turned, and told her to run away. The order came with the sweetest, though the saddest of smiles, and some one in passing saw it and gave up a dime. The little one did not obey, and that provoked the patient mendicant. She saw that this venturesome child drew after her all the urchins in the neighborhood, and she knew her strong point was her lonely attitude, her isolation and friendliness: She did not want children's sympathy; there was no money in it.

"Get out!" she said to the children, but the face was just as sweet and the voice was just as mild and low. They didn't move.

"Get out, or I'll skin the last one of you!" she said. The face was still fair, but the voice was charged with venom. They moved a little, but did not go far away.

"Long!" she hissed, and she whirled on her little heel and stooped as if for a spring upon them. They all went away but the first little tot, and she seemed to be charmed by that basalisk eye and the suppressed wrath of a dulcet tongue. A moment passed while they eyed each other, and then the old woman, with the agility of a parrot, snatched a crust from her side, and, swinging it around, struck the little one on the shoulder.

"Get out!" she hissed. Then she recovered, turned again to the approaching crowd and resumed that sweet, peaceful, sad, serene expression. Some people saw the assault, but they passed on. The rest knew nothing about it. They gave her money because they pitied her. The little tot was weeping bitterly, sobbing, for her heart as well as her shoulder was hurt. A big boy dropped from a passing street car. He went to the group of children and talked with them for a moment. Then he struck a bundle of papers, and the sidewalk and the sidewalk touched the old woman on the arm.

"That's my sister you hit," he said.

"Get out!" said the old woman. He was interfering with her business.

"You got out, you old Jezebel!" he responded. "I know you. You own two houses on Butterfield street. Get out, or I'll throw you over on de tracks."

Her face fairly blazed with wrath. The peaceful look was swept away in a glare of passion. The fine, white lips framed a tirade as vile and as profane as the levee can teach. Yet she was afraid of him, and when he gazed himself in the pose of a gladiator and started to rush for her she swept her arms about crutch, stool and the little old reticule, and sped away across the viaduct as if from a demon.

"She's de worst old thing out of de Bridewell," said the boy, as he pulled his evening papers from under the sidewalk and resumed his business.

But the tender little tot went home with her heart full of wonderment.

**OBEEDIENCE TO THE DEATH.**

A Delectable Anecdote of Napoleon, the Czar and the Prussian King.

The editor of *Gil Blas*, in his last issue, vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I. was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian king at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on loyalty.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the czar.

"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian king a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.

"Call the Gardiste Marceau," he commanded, and Marceau appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, sire."

"Blindly, whatever it is?"

"Blindly, sire."

"Then jump out of that window."

"But I have a wife and two children, sire."

"I will care for them. Forward!"

And the Gardiste Marceau, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out.

"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.

"What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovitch."

"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."

"Yes, father," answered the guardsman, and he did it.

"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to his servant. A six-foot uhlman, with a row of orders across his breast and a scar across his forehead, entered.

"My friend," explained the king, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardsman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"

"Is it for the fatherland?"

"No."

"Then I refuse to do it."

*Gil Blas* thinks the anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the present.

**A VALUABLE FIND.**

A Chalk Mountain Discovered in Illinois Which is Worth a Fortune.

From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Last winter the discovery of a huge mountain of pure chalk in Union county, one mile from the Alexander county line, three miles from the line of the Grand Tower and Carbondale railroad, and within three miles of the Mississippi river, was announced; but until the past few weeks the magnitude of the find was not appreciated, inasmuch as the work of development had not proceeded to any extent. The mountain is about 150 feet high, and from borings thus far made there does not appear to be any limit to the chalky substance. The mountain is the property of Jonathan Perry, whose residence is at Mount Vernon, Ill., and who is just now mining the chalk in his cars at \$5 per ton.

The chalk is found by scratching away about a foot of the soil, when the pure white substance is exposed in a solid mass unalloyed by any foreign matter, apparently as pure as the driven snow. The discovery is the more important from the fact that it is said to be the only chalk bank known in the United States, and as it is convenient to the railroad and to the Mississippi river where it may be handled in barges, its value is not likely to be over-estimated. A company of capitalists in this city are investigating the mine with a view to purchasing the entire property.

You Will See Him Often.

From the *Baltimore American*.

A religious writer sums up the character of Satan in these words: "He is totally depraved; he possesses vast intellectual power; he is subtle; he is false; he is malicious."

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**PURSUED BY SHARKS**

Thrilling Experience of Fishermen in a Yacht Off the Jersey Coast.

Exciting Experience With a Fifteen Foot Man-Eater—An Actor and a Monkey the Heroes of the Hour.

TOWNSEND'S inlet runs down to Hereford inlet. Stone harbor is midway between the two inlets, and is a famous place for shark fishing, says the *Philadelphia Times*. There occurred at Stone harbor the rarest and raciest adventure of this summer season. J. B. Ratcliffe, the comic actor, made up his mind to take a day off with Richard Stevenson, a gentleman farmer from West New Jersey. Sherman Todd's catrigged yacht, the *William Boothby*, was engaged. What surprised the party most was that after an hour's hard fishing neither fisherman could coral onto a single bite, not even a tiny blackfish. This was soon explained. Stone harbor was full of big sharks devouring the moss-bunkers, chased in from the deep sea by the all-devouring mackerel.

Ratcliffe, who is an all-around sportsman, always travels with a parrot and a monkey, both given him by some of his admirers in Brazil. He brought the parrot and monkey with him to see the sport. Ratcliffe also brought on board with him that latest and most effective agent of civilization, a repeating rifle. When the shark came too near the boat the actor fired his repeater into them, and the inlet soon ran red at ebb tide with blood of the hungry man-eaters. This raised, as he expressed it, "a bloody great commotion among the sharks," who began forthwith to fight each other.

There must have been fifty of them. Two of the most conspicuous gave battle in a sea war to the death. The man-eater was 15 feet long and the other at least 10 feet. Stevenson dropped his bluefish line, and against Sherman Todd's earnest remonstrance, picked up a fish harpoon and let fly at the biggest shark and struck him square on the spinal column. The shark dashed off toward Avalon, pulling up the killick, lashing the water into a white foam as he ran away with the boat as if it had been a shell propelled by crack oarsmen of the Schuykill navy.

There was commotion on that boat. The monkey flew to the rigging, Stevenson went below. The parrot, who had sat serenely aloft in his cage up to this moment, began to scream, "Jim Ratcliffe, give the shark h—!" Ratcliffe stood, rifle in hand, bold as the boy who stood on the burning deck. Sherman Todd was cool enough to keep the yacht in the channel and turn her toward the drawbridge. All the sharks pursued the captive.

Nearing the drawbridge the harpoon pulled out, and the boat giving a sudden lurch over west Stevenson in 30 feet of water, yelling lustily. He is a capital swimmer, but he was in imminent danger of being devoured alive by the 15-foot shark, whose anger was kindled as he made vicious lunges at the boat and with dull thuds struck her bottom with rebounding blows. Ratcliffe refilled his rifle's magazine after throwing a line to Stevenson, who struggled, a spent swimmer, to regain the yacht. Ratcliffe's good aim at the school of sharks surrounding us clearly saved Stevenson's life. He was soon pulled aboard—wet, but happy as "a Laverock in a lilt."

All the sharks within a mile gathered around the boat. The fight was renewed between the big and little shark, the 15-footer and his enemy, and determined the victory. They tried to sail away, but the big wounded shark came up near the boat, took a flying leap, and fell plump into the bottom of the yacht. Jocko, chattering, flew to the top of the mainmast, and the parrot screamed with rage: "Kill the d—d shark and be done with it."

There lay the monster thrashing the bottom of the boat. Stevenson disappeared in the cabin, but Ratcliffe stood his ground, safe behind the big mast, with only two cartridges in his rifle. He fired at the big shark, but in his nervous haste, killed the little one. Stevenson came up from below with new courage, seized the small axe and aimed a deadly blow at the vicious enemy, flapping the deck as with a trip-hammer. The axe struck the shark on the tail, and up went his flukes with a tremendous splash, sending the axe spinning into the thoroughfare westerly. Jocko came down and knocking Stevenson senseless near the rudder post.

Just as Ratcliffe was aiming his last round at the shark's heart Jocko came down from the rigging, seized a belying pin which nobody else had seen, and gave the big shark the finishing blow on the back of the head, which made the monster quiver like an aspen as the monkey flew back again up the rigging like a streak of greased lightning.

Ratcliffe was equal to the emergency and delivered his last shot, 10 feet away, into the shark's brain. One convulsive throb and the monster lay motionless on his perch aloft and seemed as happy as a clam at high tide. The parrot preened his feathers, and in a shrill falsetto voice, cried out:

"We've won the bloody day!"

A bucket of salt water thrown over the prostrate Stevenson brought him back to this mundane sphere, a place he says "I am loth to quit by reason of a blow from a shark's tail!" The two sharks were weighed at Anglesea and together turned the scales at 1,457 pounds. Ratcliffe and the monkey were the real heroes of the hour.

**Spain's Youthful King.**

Paris Letter to the *Philadelphia Telegraph*.

There comes from Spain the most cheering accounts of the health of the child sovereign Alfonso XIII. He is growing fast, is once more strong and lively, and, in fact, gives no end of trouble to his mother and his governess by his exuberant spirits and head-over-heels ways. Just now he is enjoying the baths and sea breezes at the lovely seaside resort of Concha, and whenever his small majesty makes his appearance in front of the royal bath-house he is saluted on all sides with cries of "Long Live the King!" A comical story is told concerning his behavior in church. He has been often reproved for laughing and talking aloud during divine service and has become quite exemplary in those respects. A few Sundays ago he accompanied his mother to the service at the church at Concha. The priest whose duty it was to preach the sermon was a stalwart and energetic ecclesiastic, and he got excited by his own eloquence, and banged the pulpit cushion, and shouted out his denunciations of the wicked in a very vehement style. At his first pause there came from the royal pew a little piping voice, remarking shrilly: "Look here, man; don't you know it is very wrong to talk out loud in church?"

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PROPOSALS wanted for the erection of a new city hall. Bids will be received by the city clerk until 6 o'clock p. m. Wednesday, September 24, for the erection of the new city hall. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the City Clerk. A certified check of \$500 must accompany each bid. The building committee reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Signed, P. J. GILLIGAN, City Clerk.

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