TARAL'S SUBURBAN TIP.

AMERICA'S PREMIER JOCKEY PREDICTS LAMPLIGHTER TO WIN.

The Secret of Riding is to Move in Sympathy With Your Horse and at the Finish Be Away Forward on His Back.

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The great Suburban of 1894—always the most interesting race of the year, not even excepting the Brooklyn Handicap—will be run on Saturday, June 16th, on the lovely course of the Coney Island Jockey Club at Sheepshead Bay. The event will mark an epoch in the history of the American turf. A score or more of the fleetest thoroughbreds of our country are entered for the fray. At least fifteen will face the starter. These include Handicap, Suburban, Futurity, and Mertopolitan, winners of the past, and are unquestionably the best horses in the western hemisphere to-day. They are Dr. Rice, Clifford, Sir Walter, Lamplighter, Leonawell, Lowlander, Don Alonzo, Sport, Banquet, Pessara, Commanche, Bassetlaw, Picknicker, Ajax, and Terrifier. Byron McClelland's gallant colt, Henry of Nevarre, I do not think will run, but will be reserved for rich three-year-old stakes, like the Champion and Realization, which he is almost certain to capture.

Lamplighter would have. Indeed he would likely win. I said before and after the Handicap that I believed that the Doctor was a better horse at weights, 112 pounds against 122 and 120 respectively, than either Clifford or Sir Walter. He proved it with Sir Walter and would have done so, I think, with Clifford had the great western crack made a good start and not been left at the post.

In the Suburban, however, Dr. Rice will have a heavier impost. For every stake race he wins between the Handicap and Suburban days, he will be penalized five pounds. He has already won one such race and in all likelihood will win one or even two more. So that he may have to carry 122 or even 127 pounds. He is not as strong an animal as Lamplighter, and certainly cannot carry as much weight as the son of Spendthrift, if he is in proper conditon, and will have a hard enough task to hold him on even terms thorougbout the race with five pounds less weight to carry. With 122 pounds up, the Doctor should make a great battle for first or second place.

Clifford and Sir Walter will unquestionably put up a great fight at the Suburban. If they are a bit off condition now, as some keen sportsmen aver, they are almost sure to be on edge on June 16th, because they will have plenty of time for rest and toning up. Both are great horses. Clifford has a magnificent western record. Before coming east he had participated, I am informed, in twenty-seven races, twenty-three of which he won, coming in second twice, third once and only being unplaced once. It was too bad he was left at the post in the Handicap. I trust that he will have better luck in the Suburban and get off well and show what is in him. A horse as game, speedy and enduring as he may win the meed of victory, but I pin my faith to Lamplighter.

If lion-hearted Sir Walter is himself, and is near the leader's throat latch on Suburban day, whoever that leader may be, he will have to hustle hard for victory. This honest horse does not know how to quit. His courage stays with him to the last. He never yields while there is a foot of ground to be traversed. His last furlong is his best, and it is here he has often caught a rival who would be fleet of foot, but not stout of heart. With Lamplighter Dr. Rice and Clifford, however, he will have a hard game. He cannot break their hearts. The race will be to the animal who is the swiftest as well as the strongest.

I have frankly stated that I believe that one of the "Big Four" I have named will win the Suburban prize. That is my honest conviction. I think that the Suburban will be a grand struggle from the moment the starter's flag flashes on the contestants to the second they cross under the wire. In a fighting finish I expect, condition, position, and other things, as I said before, being as nearly equal as maybe, that Lamplighter will win first money, Dr. Rice, second, and either Clifford or Sir Walter, third.

Like many a wiser man, however, I may greviously err in my selections. I am not infallible in equine or any other matters, and one or two or possibly three of the brilliant field I have left out of serious consideration may upset all my calculations, and capture first, second, and third prizes. Horses like Lowlander, Leonawell, Don Alonzo, Pessara, Terrifier and even old Banquet are exceedingly dangerous at any time in a bunching like that of a Handicap or Suburban, especially if they have a favorable weight. Banquet, for instance, gave me a hot race the other day when I rode Dr. Rice a second time to victory. He was at the Doctor's saddle girth at the finish. He might duplicate or better that performance in a great contest like the Suburban. Any of the rest may do the same.

Success in any race, great or small, depends largely upon the jockey. A good horse may be beaten by an indifferent animal when the one is mounted by a poor or careless rider and the other by a competent and painstaking rider. In a great race the slightest error of judgment on the jockey's part is apt to prove fatal to a good horse's chances of winning. He may, for instance, undervalue the pacemaker of a race and one or two horses who cling to him, and by "laying back," get inextricably mixed up for a moment with a lot of "dead" or beaten horses. When he finally extricates his horse and goes after the leader or leaders, the jockey finds that he is too far behind and that he cannot overhaul them. He has underrated their speed. Or, again, he may err by driving his horse at a killing pace in the outset of the race and have not bottom left when the stretch is reached. Then the boy who has laid back within striking distance and has kept some reserve power in his nag, drives to the front and wins the victory.

In a race of any kind—and most especially a stellar event—a jockey should not only have a fair line on the qualities of the other horses in the race, but should thoroughly know his own. By that I mean his disposition as well as speed, pluck and staying powers. Some horses must be "worked" with whip and spur the moment the starter's flag flashes. The are lazy and would lag, if permitted. There are other horses who will stop right still the moment a whip is put to them. They must be "jollied" along. A kind word and a gentle pat of the hand will do ten times more good than whip or spur. This is noticably the case with two-year-old horses and fillies. Even grown up mares are frequently troublesome in this way, especially in the spring of the year.

Some horses want to have their own way when racing, and nothing can be done with them if not accorded this privilege. Such a horse is Don Alonzo. The great mares Firenzi and La Tosca were also gaited this way, and particularly in the months of May and June. You could not pull them. They had to be given their heads. Other horses you must constantly pull or they would soon run themselves out.

The worst horse to handle is the "sulker." The famous Tenny and his equally famous half sister and brother Tea Tray and Banquet, are given to this habit, as indeed, are almost all the Rayon D'Or breed. They want to cut out the pace themselves and spurt when they wish to. Tenny could be humored with safety in this way, for the great swayback possessed such a wonderful burst of speed and had such tremendous powers of endurance that he could quickly overhaul almost any rival in the stretch. A sulky horse is a bad one either bet on or bet against. He will disappoint you either way when you least expect it; lose when you have put your money on him, win when you have stacked up a pile against him. As a rogue of a man is to be avoided in any of the relations of life, social, business, or religious, so should a rogue of a horse be left severely alone by the speculator at the race track. Never bet one way or the other on a race in which a sulking rogue is entered.

"Lifting" a horse is the most arduous way of riding for the jockey. Here the rider must stand altogether in the stirrups, lean over his animal and actually nurse and "lift" him up by the reins a good part of the journey. This is generally done with weak youngsters or old "cripples." I was compelled to do that with the game old Diablo in the Handicap of 1893. When a horse is weak, uncertain of his footing and liable to stumble, it gives him great confidence in himself and he will fight bravely, which he might not do if he were not thus assisted by the jockey.

The great secret of riding is to maintain a rythmic movement with that of your horse. In other words, keep perfect time. That lessens the weight greatly upon him. At the finish especially the jockey should be away forward on his horse—on top of his head, so to speak, so as to minimize his weight on the horse. It must be remembered that a horse's head and shoulders are his strongest parts, and the centre of his back the weakest. Consequently, when a jockey is away over his horse his weight is the lightest, and he is helping his nag the most. A perfect symphony of movement, however, must be observed, or else the jockey's weight at the crucial crisis will bear down like a ton on the poor racer.

I forgot in my genralizatin of horses, to say that the majority of great horses are thoroughly "honest" and easily managed. They will neither sulk nor quit if not given their heads, not stop short, touched up with whip or spur. On the contrary, they will respond gamely to all calls made upon them and contend with Spartan spirit for the mastery. Such horses were the renowned heroes of the past—Lexington, Leamington, Ten Broeck, Longfellow, Harry Bassett, and that royal son of gallant Prince Charlie, Salvator. Such horses are the "Big Four" I have named and others of the brilliant field outside of them. Such a horse unquestionably will be the splendid steed which will win the crown of triumph at the Suburban.

FRED TARAL.

Out of such a magnificent field, it will be seen at a glance that it will be extremely difficult to pick up a winner. Indeed it would seem rash to essay the task, but I will in a measure have the hardihood to attempt it. First, I will limit the field. I predict—other things being as nearly equal as can be, condition and position of the horses, skill of jockeys and luck in any possible bunchings, jostlings, or crossing, that Dr. Rice, Clifford, or Sir Walter and Lamplighter will be in the van struggling for the mastery at the finish. And a fierce struggle indeed that will be. All of the horses—and they constitute the "Big Four" of the equine world—are what sportsmen term "honest racers" (that is, never sulk nor keep a bit up their sleeve), marvels of speed and endurance, of almost human intelligence, and of lion-hearted courage. None of them will yield while strength and breath remain. Were the race confined to these four thoroughbreds alone, it would be the greatest contest ever witnessed in any country. No Derby or St. Leger of Old England, Grand Prix of Sunny France, or Handicap or Suburban of the land of freedom could compare with it.

The horses, too, will be ridden by boys whom I am vain enough to think know their business. Martin will have the mount on Clifford, Doggett, on Sir Walter, the famous "Snapper" Garrison, it is likely, on Dr. Rice, or some jockey equally capable, and your humble servant on Lamplighter. That is, I will straddle the bonnie brown son of Spendthrift if St. Leonard, from the stable in which I am employed, does not enter the race.

Which of these winged steeds will win the glorious emblem of victory? It is hard to say with such a trio as the remaining members of the "Big Four" against him, not to speak of the brilliant field outside of this great quartette, anyone of which, freighted with less of an impost as he will be, may crowd him at the finish. I am no tipster, but I am inclined to favor Lamplighter. Perhaps the wish may be father to the thought. Certain it is that I have set my heart on winning this race. Sleeping and waking it has ever been uppermost in my mind. I have won every honor that can be acquired on the turf except the Suburban and Chicago Derby. I have had the good fortune to capture the Metropolitan, Futurity, Realization, and all other stakes of any account save these two. I have only ridden three times in the Brooklyn Handicap and was lucky enough to win it twice. This year with Dr. Rice, and last year with old Diablo. I should have caught it the first year I rode in the Handicap, 1892, when I came a close second to Judge Morrow, on Pessara, but a man can't learn everything at once.

The Suburban and Chicago Derby, then, are the only two events I have not coralled on my brief span of life. I mean to capture them before I quit my calling if it lay in me. I hope and believe that with Lamplighter I will have an opportunity of gratifying one ambition in the coming Suburban. True, he carries the top weight—127 pounds—but he is a powerful big animal—the biggest of the "Big Four"—and can bear it comfortably.

Here are my reasons for believing that he stands a splendid chance of winning. First he has entered well into his fifth year and is at the very zenith of his physical powers. He is one year older than his most dangerous rivals, Clifford, Sir Walter and Dr. Rice, and consequently has that much advantage over them in strength and stamina. In a bruising race like the Suburban is almost sure to be, these two qualities tell quite as much, and even a trifle more, than gameness and speed. And as for the latter attributes I believe that the big brown son of Spendthrift is endowed with them to quite as much a degree as any of the other three. I will never forget how he broke from a seemingly hopeless and inextricable tangle of horses away in the rear in last year's Handicap and came flashing like a meteor down the track. I had just finished a hard fight, with Noble on Blume, and Doggett on Leonawell, for the lead in the stretch, and was almost coming under the wire with old Diablo apparently a sure winner, when Lamplighter, with the speed of a comet, dashed past the twain I had been fighting and came for me. Sims was riding him like a demon. I had barely time to dash my spurs in old Diablo's sides and urge him with my whip when the big brown horse was upon us. My old horse responded gamely and we crossed the line just in front of Lamplighter. He had spurted too late. Had he come on a few seconds before his rush would have been irresistible. A horse with such courage, speed, stamina and honesty is always to be dreaded, no matter what his mount.

Then, too, Lamplighter has had a splendid rest since last year and is fully recuperated for the severest kind of a struggle. He has entered no race yet this season, and probably will not go into any but the Metropolitan, until the Suburban is run. He should be fresher and stronger than any of the "Big Four" or field horses, who have all undergone some arduous work already. But he will have to fight all the way around the course at that to win, so exceptionally good are the horses pitted against him.

With the wight at which he won the Brooklyn Handicap—112 pounds—Dr. Rice would be the most dangerous adversary Lamplighter may meet. He is a game, speedy horse, and if he can get the weight he will be very hard to beat. He will be ridden by Taral, who will do his utmost to win with the Doctor. Taral is a jockey who never quits while there is a chance of winning, and he will be a factor in the Suburban if he can get a mount. Clifford is a game, speedy and enduring