SPORTING GOSSIP BY EXPERTS

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REVERIES OF A REFEREE

BY GEORGE SILER.

I wonder if the fighters and the referees of today ever give a thought to the rosy path they travel as compared with the rocky roads the old time pugs and the ring officials were compelled to hike over in the long ago? If they do not I will venture to state that if their paths were so thickly strewn with rocks as were those of the old time, bare knuckle scrapper and the men who officiated for them, the game would have died ere this for want of men to take a hand in it.

Imagine, if one can, a present day ring official giving an unbiased decision surrounded by a crowd of ruffians with drawn pistols and with several of them placed so close to his head he could see the contents of their respective barrels without a magnifying glass. It required a game man to referee a fight honestly in those days and ring history records buth few of them. Even if a referee were honest, game, and determined to give an honest decision, he considered his life more valuable than the verdict he would be likely to render, and generally decided in accordance to the demands of the mob.

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The mob in the olden days was the "whole thing," and it was 10 to 1 that the man it was with took down the money. The fighters of Irish extraction were the most fancied and the mob was with them whenever one of them contested agaist an Englishman. Of the latter class Tom Allen, who died in St. Louis a short time ago, was the most disliked. Tom was game to the core and a fairly good fighter, but he was a disagreeable sort of a fellow, made few friends, and therefore had a hard row to hoe. He came to this country in 1867, the same year that saw the rrival of Ned O'Baldwin, and other fighters not so well known. His third fight in America was with Mike McCoole of St. Louis, and took place at Foster's island, about twenty-six miles below St. Louis, in the Mississippi river, on June 15, 1869. McCoole had the "sure thing" crowd with him and upon entering the ring walked to Allen's corner and offered to wager $1,500 on the result. Tom, who did not have a dollar, stepped to the center of the ring and said: "Gentlemen, I have no money or I would freely bet it, and I am very sorry that so much prejudice exists in regard to my nationality. I declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States two years ago, and if you will give me time enough I will prove myself as worthy a citizen as any of you. I came here today to fight this gentleman and all I ask of you is to give me a fair show. I ask no favors. I have no money, but I am going to try to win some and will do my best."

This manly speech was applauded by a few, but it had little effect on the ruffians who had surrounded the ring to see that McCoole won. The latter was outclassed and to Tom was like a sheep in the hands of a butcher. Mike did not have a look in and was literally chopped to pieces. The mob, however, was determined he should not lose and when in the ninth and what proved to be the last round, they claimed he had fouled Mike, broke into the ring and demanded the referee, Val McKinney, award the fight to their man. McKinney hesitated just about a minute. He saw the McCoole men clubbing Allen's handful of admirers high unto death with all kinds of murderous weapons, and when the muzzles of several revolvers were placed to his head, he said he would reserve his decision until he returned to St. Louis. Upon his arrival in that town he awarded the fight to McCoole, stating that Allen had fouled by gouging Mike's eyes in the last round.

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Tom's next battle was with Charley Gallagher, two months after his fight wtih McCoole, and this also took place at Foster's island. When the match was arranged Allen offered to put up $2,500 to Gallagher's $1,500 if he would fight 300 miles from St. Louis, but Charley said fifty miles from St. Louis or nowhere, and Tom, anxious to fight, agreed. The battle, like that with McCoole, was a one-sided affair, Tom having matters his own way, beating Charley to a standstill in eleven rounds. In this round Tom Kelly, one of Gallagher's seconds, threw up the sponge, and as Allen ran over to Charley's corner to shake his hand, he, Gallagher hit him on the nose. Tom, thinking it was a job to mob him, jumped over the ropes and the referee decided the fight a draw. On the following day he reconsidered his decision and awarded the fight to Gallagher because Allen had left the ring before a decision had been rendered, but with the agreement of the fighters he would call it a draw. Tom, of course, objected, but when informed he would not receive a dollar if he did not agree to a draw, knuckled.

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Undoubtedly the most bare faced ring robbery of the long ago occurred in the Billy Edwards-Arthur Chambers lightweight championship fight which too place at Squirrel island, Canada, on Sept. 4, 1872. Both men were Britons. Edwards arrived in this country early in the '60's, and had won the lightweight championship of America by defeating Sam Collyer twice. Chambers, who was a featherweight, and who could fight at 116 pounds, came across the big pond in 1871 with a high class reputation. He had no intention of batiling in other than his class, but as the match between his friend "Bat" Mullins, who was sent for to fight Edwards as an "unknown," was taken sick after the match had been clinched, Chambers, rather than to lose his forfeit (he was backing "Bat") agreed to fight Edwards.

As was anticipated, Billy carried too many guns for his lighter opponent, although Arthur gave him a stiff argument. They battled away for twenty-five rounds, Billy having the upper hand and looking a sure winner. During the half minute rest before the call of time for the next round, George Seddons, Arthur's business partner and chief second, bit Chambers on the shoulder and at the call of time for the twenty-sixth round, Arthur rushed into a clinch and permitted himself to be wrestled to the ground. Cries of foul were immediately raised by Chambers' seconds, who claimed Arthur was biting. They picked Arthur up, walked him to the referee, Billy Tracy, and made good their claim by showing the teeth marks on his shoulder where Seddons, during the session between rounds, had bitten him. The referee, who was in on the play, awarded the fight to Chambers on a foul and got away with it.

This was Edwards' last fight, as shortly after he was appointed a policeman in New York by Ed Stokes, who was convicted of killing Jim Fisk.

Two years later Chambers and Seddons dissolved partnership and fought for the featherweight championship, which Arthur won handily. Arthur's last fight was with Johnny Clark of Philadelphia. This was for the lightweight championship and was won by Chambers.

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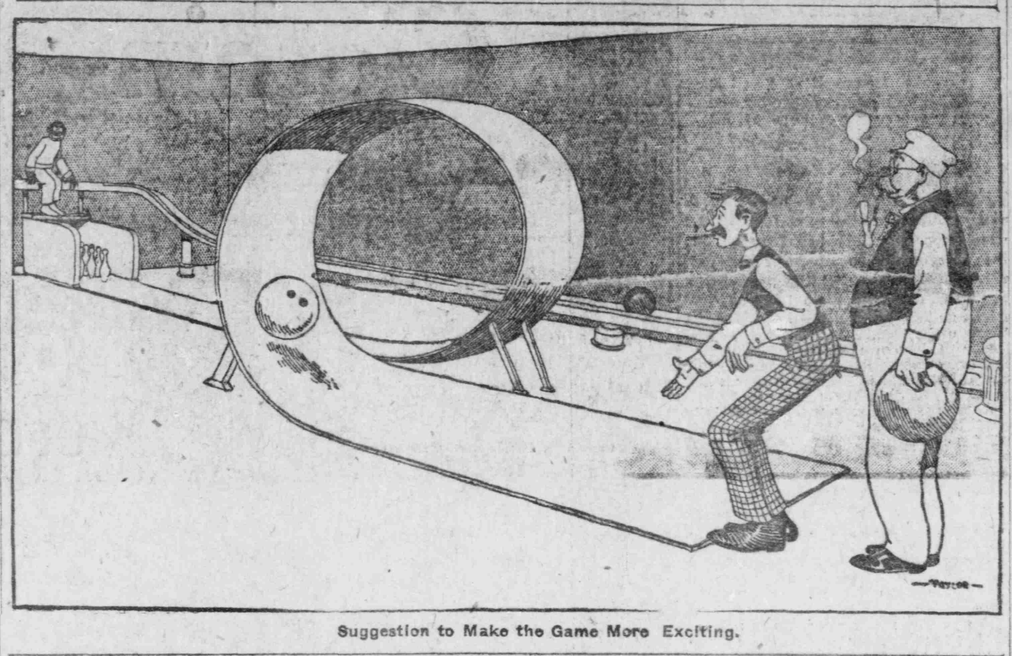
One of the fiercest and bloodiest battles in those days was that between "Fiddler" Neary and Pete Croker, which took place at Flushing, L. I., on Oct. 25, 1872, and lasted seventy-six rounds. It was an "off the reel" affair. That is, the match was arranged in a barroom at 10 p. m. and an hour later a select party of eight, which included the seconds of the principals, hiked into carriages and drove to the fighting grounds. The ring, an impromptu affair, was pitched in the back room of a saloon, but before the men had stripped for the fray, fully 200 of Croker's friends, who had received the tip, were on hand to see that the Briton did not win.

Neary put up a game battle, but as his adherents were outnumbered 50 to 1, his chances of winning were slim. The crowd compelled him to fight strictly in accordance with the rules, but permitted Pete to do anything but bite. Fouls on his part were overlooked, and his seconds never lost an opportunity to throw the "boots" into "Fiddler" at the termination of rounds.

Poor Neary fought Croker and his seconds until he was blind, and even then did not want to quit. He took an awful grueling, from which he did not recover for two months. Croker was the better man and could have won unassisted.

LOOP THE LOOP BOWLING—



Suggestion to Make the Game More Exciting.

Swimming Game Gaining Fast

BY H. J. HANDY,

Holder of World's Records, 300 to 600 Yards.

Ranking with the most popular of winter sports this year is swimming. With Chicago, New York and San Francisco all booming the sport, and new natatoriums building all over the country, swimmers and swimming rapidly are gaining a place in the public interest that they never have held before.

During the last year average attendances and entry lists nearly have doubled, and this increase of interest has been accompanied by a more than proportionate increase in the general proficiency of swimmers throughout the country. Whereas a year ago houses rarely were sold out at swimming meets, there are few occasions now upon which the limited capacity of the natatoriums at which races are held is not taxed to the utmost.

Although it is the outdoor meets which usually bring out the crowds, swimming is far more of an indoor than an outdoor sport. Not only does the indoor season last three times as long as the outdoor but the best swimmers seem to prefer tank races, and enter to a much greater degree into the promotion of the sport indoors. Perhaps it is that faster work may be done in the still water of an indoor tank, perhaps it is that indoor swimming is the better equipped courses, but, in any event, nine aquats out of ten prefer the indoor game.

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Undoubtedly swimming is a sport that merits promotion, the promotion it is receiving, and more of it. It is a clean, competitive sport, absolutely unlike any other, although a parallel to the running game. Not a single sport is there like it, in that it requires no apparatus, no mechanical aids or equipments. The swimmer swims as he was born, making use of only such faculties and powers as he was endowed with. He uses no ball, no racquet, no bat, no glove, no headgear or shin guards. He wears on some occasions a so-called suit, which always is abbreviated to the limit and made of the nearest approximation to lisle mosquito bar that is practicable. The more he is as nature made him the better he can perform. It is always a contest of man against man, and no element of weakness in anything but the swimmer ever can effect the result of a race. To this fact as much as any other the sport owes its popularity.

Swimming differs from its sister sport, running, in that there is more than one way in which speed can be accomplished. There is but one way to run, but there are at present five standard swimming strokes, with innumerable permutations and combinations. A new method of swimming has been added almost each decade for some time past, yet it is in reality a sport still in its infancy. Although men have swam for hundreds of years, it is only recently that rapid strides have been taken in its advancement, and it is probable that several methods yet unknown will come to light before the close of the century.

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Unquestionably the fastest swimmers of the day are double overarm men, but it is not established that it is their stroke that has made them so. It is always a probability that it is the man, not the stroke, that is fast, and this is a problem which defies solution. It is the idea of the most expert authorities and students of the game that each man has a stroke adaptable to his mechanical make-up, and this point of view is in all probability the correct one, inasmuch as to a great many swimmers certain strokes absolutely are impracticable.

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Although an innumerable number of heavily built men throughout the country are working hard to master the crawl, none of them can make a success of it. Their legs are too heavy to stay at the surface of the water without doing some of the work, and any motion which tends to keep them at the surface is not only retardent but most of all takes valuable blood and energy from their arms, not sufficiently strong to overcome this weight.

To a swimmer with short and slender legs only is this stroke adaptable, and the man gifted with heavy and strong lower limbs cannot make speed without using this strength.

The scissors kick of the double overarm and side stroke is just as inadaptable to the man who can best shine as an exponent of the crawl; that is, to the man of slight lower build. For a man with four foot legs like those of Daniels the scissors kick is the method which will give the best results, and it would be nonsensical for him to fail to make use of it.

For the swimmer of heavy build and of powerful back, arms and legs, the trudge-on kick and arm stroke by all means is the best. Swam by sheer force of muscular power, this method enables a strong man to make speed whether he knows how to swim or not. He need only to be powerful and know the movement to accomplish surprising speed regardless of the energy he loses.

The side stroke finds its almost proficient followers in men of slender build, such as Brewer, the American champion of 1902. Such a man by swimming without a roll can cut the water like a knife, if he has a wide kick and a strong underarm. This same stroke, however, is utterly useless to the opposite class of swimmer, who only wastes his time by working on it.

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To illustrate the absolute impracticability of one man's stroke to another, one has only to picture Harry Le Moyne of Brookline trying to swim the crawl with his mammoth feet—his shoes are size fourteen double E—trailing behind him. He would make about as much progress as a sixteen-foot yacht with a ten-foot centerboard on sideways. He would be lucky if he did not find himself going backwards.

Not so wildly impracticable is it for one swimmer to be able to swim all his strokes with some show of speed, but there is one of them which is best for every man, and in general it may be found from this outline.

CATCHERS I HAVE KNOWN

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON.

If, as the old-timers declare, baseball has degenerated, the alleged degeneration is in the catching department.

This new generation has the old beaten all hollow as far as backstopping goes—but there were giants in those days.

Kelly, Em Gross, Jim Clements, Buck Ewing—where are their equals today? Kling, Sullivan, Criger, McFarland, Bowerman—these are accepted as the best today. They are more finished in their work, they have fewer passed balls, but, with great mitts, with chest protectors, improved masks, and steadier pitchers—and those pitchers farther away—they, ought not to have as many. But these do not pull off the plays that the old catchers did. They are not the hitters, the runners, or the throwers. True, they throw more accurately, but somehow they don't make the plays.

Without detracting from the fame of the present-day catchers, I wonder what they would do if they had to throw against as many wild, erratic baserunners as the fellows of fifteen or twenty years ago.

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In the old days the catchers were sluggers and nowadays the catcher who hits .250 is considered a wonder, and most teams count their catchers out entirely in the slugging department.

Somehow or other there are few good catchers being developed, and the scarcity extends from top to bottom of baseball. The test of this lies in the fact that Jim McGuire, never a top-notcher in the old days, now is a star in his old age, and Malachi Kittridge, who fell short of being in the first class when in his prime, ranks higher now than he did then.

A few of the youngsters, especially Moran and the red-headed youngster Dooin, promise well, but the crop is short.

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The most interesting catcher that ever donned a wind pad, and by the same token the best backstop that ever played the game—so far as mere back stopping went—was poor old Tim Donohue.

Tim had one "hallucination," as he would call it were he here now, and that was that he could run. Really one of the slowest runners in the world, he never could time himself under ten seconds. And one of the best things ever pulled off was on him. He beat out a bunt one day on the Chicago grounds. How, I don't remember. Possibly the third baseman was paralyzed. But the next morning at practice he was gloating.

"Why," he said, "if Anse would let me bunt I'd hit .300. I can beat them out as well as any one."

There was a lot of joshing and kidding, and finally Callahan and Dahlen offered to bet Tim $1 a bunt that Cal could pitch and Dahlen play third, with a stationary first baseman, and throw him out. Furthermore, they agreed not to start from their positions until he hit the ball.

It looked easy for Tim and the fun started. Tim poked down a pretty bunt and Dahlen, after standing still until Tim was well under way, ran in, and, picking it up, shoved it into his pocket. Meanwhile Tim was tearing along towards first, and just before he got there Callahan pulled another ball out of his pocket and threw Tim out.

The fun got Lot. The whole gang, kidding Tim, howled with delight, as Cal and Dahl, each with a ball planted in his pocket, threw Tim out time after time until he surrendered. But he was game.

"The greatest pair of fielders in the business," he said. "Keeler couldn't beat one out on them in a week. They're wonders."

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Jim McGuire is one of the quietest and most docile ball players in the world, but once he got into trouble. It was when he was catching for Cleveland. That day Pat Tebeau, Jess Burkett, McKean, O'Connor and that crowd was after Tim Hurst, who was umpiring, and Tim, after chasing them to the bench, finally drove them off the field. Pat was frothing at the mouth, and sticking his head over the gate by the clubhouse, kept yelling to McGuire to go after Hurst. Every few minutes he would howl at McGuire: "Go at him, Jim!" And finally, along about the seventh inning, Hurst called an awful ball. McGuire, willing to make good with Tebeau and angry over the bad decision, rushed down through the diamond, straight at Tim, who never moved until just as McGuire reached him, then, stepping forward, he landed a short jab in Jim's ribs and kicked him on the shins. McGuire was so asounded that he backed nearly to the plate, and Hurst, following him, remarked calmly: "And if you don't like it, pass it on to Pat."

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Big Em Gross, who was one of the heaviest hitting catchers that ever handled hot ones off the bat, and who could throw like a shot, had one weakness, and that was in catching (or rather in not catching) those tall spiral fouls. He could run circles under them about half as big as Rhode Island when he was playing with Providence, and then misjudge the ball ten feet.

The funny part of the performance was to see Joe Quest while Em was in pursuit of one of these fouls. Every time the ball was fouled high Joe would turn his back, drop his head, put his hands behind him, and call to the short stop: "Has he got it? Has he got it?"

Fortunately for Joe he was far enough from Em to be safe until the big fellow got over it.

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Mike Kelly, of course, was the greatest catcher that ever lived—in spite of his passed balls. He caught with his brains and he invented about half the alleged brainy plays that his successors have used.

One story shows how quick Kel thought. That year the National league passed the rule permitting a manager to take a player out of the game at any time. One day Kel was on the bench and Flint was catching. It was a tight game, and, late in the struggle, with men on bases, one of the opposing batters hit a foul fly over towards the bench. Quick as a flash Kelly jumped from the bench, yelled, "Flint, you're out of the game!" and caught the foul. Then he took Flint's mask and started in to catch.

He gave Gaffney a strenuous argument, but Gaff refused to stand for it.

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Bill Schriver, the old Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Chicago and elsewhere catcher, had the hardest head of any white man that ever caught baseball. Players who passed Bill used to rap him on the head playfully with their bats.

One day he was with Minneapolis and was catching a wild young pitcher named Kaggey, who was a bit nervous. There was a runner on first base and Kaggey was watching him closely. Schriver took off his mask to fix the strap just as Kaggey pitched a fast inshoot. The ball hit Bill in the forehead, dropped on to the ground, and Bill, picking it up, threw the runner out at second. Then, as he started again to adjust his mask, he said:

"Say, young fellow, look where you're pitching after this."

AND THEN HE WENT.

(Meggendorfer Blatter.)

Little Brother (to sister who is sitting with her fiance)—Do you know what I think?

Sister—No; what is it?

"I think if I were not in the room Mr. Jomes would kiss you."

"You impudent boy! Leave the room instantly!"

COUNTING HIS CHICKENS.

(Familie-Journal)

Jack Senior—How many times have you been plucked?

Dick Junior—Four times, counting next commencement.

TOUTS OF THE OLD DAYS

BY HUGE E. KEOUGH.

Most of the touts that we knew in former days have eschewed conspicuous connection with the game, and have taken to renting gilded offices and patronizing the advertising columns of papers which votaries of horse racing most do read. But the old methods of steering a confidence stranger on speculation bent in the right or wrong direction have not become obsolete. Racing associations have legislated against the youth with the bucket and the scraper. He no longer is allowed to mingle with the gambling throng. But the soft, insinuating chap with the sweater and 100@112 pounds displacement still lingers, and he still peddles the same wares that were peddled by his predecessors who have died, gone to jail, or become respectable. As new race followers are born every day, ancient spiels are applicable at the psychological moment.

One of the most fetching of ancient spiels is the assumed relationship to a prominent jockey. To play this part successfully one must have the physique and a colorable family resemblance as to face, a good front, and a dash of histrionic ability makes the game stronger, but like the minor ingredients in a pudding, those are not always essential. The flavor may be supplied and the end served without such elaboration.

There was a dapper little lad on the turf about ten years ago, and as far as I know he may be still sticking about, who passed successfully as the own brother of Willie Martin, Tod Sloan, Willie Caywood, James McLaughlin, Tommy Burns, Dick Clawson, and "Iceman" Spencer—and he always got away with it. He was, to my notion, the most able adept at the fraternal system of touting that ever came in view. He overplayed his hand however, when he hung himself on the family tree of a prominent colored rider. This having got abroad, he was forced to ride in the Jim Crow seats, and consequently lost class with his better clients. He met this exigency by hiking out to pastures new.

But all this is merely by way of illustration, and has nothing to do with the assumed relationship of a 200-pound hustler named Levinsky to Jockey Frank O'Neil. It is not necessary to say that there was nothing in the comparison of O'Neil and Levinsky to suggest a common progenitor this side of Adam. But as the subject was particularly soft and was shedding money like an able seaman on shore leave, Levinsky was nothing daunted. He stood his prospective victim up against a post and cautioned him not to move until he went down to the paddock to see his brother. The prospective victim waited until Levinsky returned, and whispered hoarsely in his ear: "It is all right, get down."

"And are you a brother of O'Neil's?" asked the good man.

"Of course I am," said Levinsky. "Hurry up and slip me."

"Well, sir," said the good thing, "I don't doubt yer word, but from what I have seen of you and the other brothers of O'Neil around here, that young man must be chatin' wid his name."

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Conjure up a cold day on the sand dunes of Indiana, with a twelve-knot wind out of the northeast. Snow in fine [illegible] a frame shack which houses and aims to protect against wind and policemen the paraphernalia of a poolroom. Hud died about the big heater are a score of pinched-faced men who have sublime faith in the possibility of running a $1 bill into a month's rent and a meal ticket with twenty-five punch places on it.

A man with a leaky mustache and an overcoat that has a tendency to hike up in the collar has secured the inner rail. He is toasting the front part of his body and using the occupants of the outer ring of stove huggers for a wind shield. He is comfortable and expectantly happy. He has that in his pocket which will make him whole and set him down a few lengths in the lead. It is a yellow telegram from a friend in the front, and it puts up to him good and strongly that Payne, in the fifth race at New Orleans, cannot lose. Such is his faith in the sender of the telegram that he has blown open the baby's bank to get $2 in order to materialize the dream of his friend at the front. The price at the track is 4 to 1, but he gets 2½, or 5 against his 2, the poolroom keeper having generously hunched it a half a point, as he is getting a play on Little Scout at 1 to 2.

By and bye the sad-eyed and tired-voiced operator drawls out something which is intelligible only to the practiced ears. He means that there is about to commence the fifth race at New Orleans. The man at the stove pricks up his ears and starts to jolly himself. He says to his neighbor: "Now, see what that castoff of Whitney's will do with that bunch of hounds." The neighbor happens to have "his" on Little Scout, and the remark of the man with the leaking mustache annoys him.

All is quiet again. The silence is broken only by the ticking of the instrument and the jingle of a stack of silver dollars, which the cashier alternately is separating and joining, and the whistling of the wind outdoors.

How is it, by the way, that all poolroof telegraphers carry their vocal organs in their noses? "Bessie McCarthy in the lead, Payne second." Tick, tick, tick. "Quarter—Payne leads, four lengths; Sea Shark, sec-und—neck; Bessie McCarthy, third, six lengths."

The man with the baby's bank roll digs the backer of Little Scout gleefully in the ribs. The backer of Little Scout feels like swinging on him, but restrains himself.

"Half—Payne leads by ten lengths; Shark sec-und; Scout half-length away." The man with the leaky mustache is celebrating wildly. The backer of Little Scout is resentful.

"Three-quarters—Payne leads by ten lengths; Scout sec-und and coming fast."

The man with the two case ticket stops dancing and begins to root.

"Stretch—Payne leads by three lengths; Scout sec-und and coming fast."

Anxiety lays hold of the despoiler of the baby's bank. The backer of Little Scout give him a scornful look, which tapers off into contempt and pity.

"Winner—"

The crisis is at hand.

"Little Scout wins e-a-s-y — three lengths; Payne sec-und; Bessie McCarthy third."

The last seen of the blower of the baby's safe is trekking across the windblown dunes in the direction of Lake [illegible]

Memories of Champion Trotters

BY HENRY TEN EYCK WHITE.

Race horses are better tempered, as a whole, then they used to be, but there is still room for improvement in a good many of them. The public is treated to yarns, mostly of the fake order, about the wonderful intelligence of noted horses, and they almost invariably are described as being family pets, when as a matter of fact the reverse is generally the case.

The three trotting champions of the present day—Lou Dillon among the mares, Major Delmar among the geldings, and Cresceus among the stallions—are a fair average as to equine dispositions. Lou Dillon is a real pet, but Delmar and the Cresceus horse are "mean" and could easily be made man killers. Indeed, the story goes that the Ohio stallion did seriously if not fatally injure a boy several years ago, but yet during his racing career he was taken care of by a slight, weak-looking young man named Eddie Mitchell, and appeared to be tractable enough when the lightweight attendant was at the end of the halter, even on occasions when he was paraded before thousands of people and there were the usual noises that go with affairs of that sort.

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Cresceus has been described by his late owner, George H. Ketcham, as a horse of strong likes and dislikes, not given to making friends, but not cross or in any way dangerous to strangers. To those who have charge of him, Mr. Ketcham says, he shows a lovable disposition and an interest in them that is truly remarkable. As a rule stallions are rather more intelligent than geldings or mares, and but for the fact that they are usually sluggish when driven alone, would be the best road horses, as they are not easily frightened. In fact, the average stallion colt when being driven on the road will want to investigate a street car or automobile instead of shying at it.

Major Delmar was kept a stallion until 4 years old, and in his third year was already a fast trotter for that age, taking a record of 2:15 with such ease that he looked like a 2:12 horse. But even then he had developed a most vicious temper, and he was made a gelding with the idea that he would become more tractable. But for awhile there was not much improvement, and when he was racing as a 5 and 6-year-old it took three men to hitch him up, and even then he was trying to kick somebody most of the time, while his manners in the stall were bad. "Doc" Tanner, who has had charge of the horse since Mr. Billings bought Delmar, tells me that the great gelding's temper has changed for the better, but he is still "a mean horse" around the barn, although when hitched up most any fair reinsman can drive him at speed.

Lou Dillon is a pet. In the stall she is as clever as a poodle dog, and likes nothing better than to estertain visitors, whereas Cresceus and Delmar would scatter a crowd instanter. Lou, although fidgety and nervous on the track, especially when it is desired to make her go at a slow gait, is safe for a woman to drive on the road, and if there is anything capable of scaring her it is yet to be discovered. In fact, when she is shipped from one city to another as good a way as any to send her from the track to the raliroad station is to put a boy on her back, and there is no occasion to be particular about her wearing a bridle, as a halter will do just as well, and a saddle would be wholly superfluous. Thus equipped, Lou will walk sedately through the streets of the largest cities, looking, as she plods along, more like some lady's phaeton mare bound for a summer resort than the champion trotter of the world—a mare that is all nerves when on the race track and that on the road could be driven by an infant.

Lou Dillon, by the way, is one of the few intelligent horses that are not also mean. Any horse with a little more brain than the average soon discovers that he is stronger than a man, and sooner or later makes use of the fact, the result being a runaway, a kicking match, or some other form of equine devilry. Also, practically all horses are of hysterical temperament, which accounts for their running away and butting into a stone wall or leaping over a precipice.

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Taking the trotting champions from the days of Dexter to the present time, there is not one that could not easily have been made vicious by improper treatment, and some of them were dangerous in spite of all precautions. Dexter was handy with his heels and would bite a man. He hated Doble, his driver, as kind a man as ever sat behind a horse, and the great reinsman never gave the horse his slow work, for the reason that the minute he got up Dexter would begin to pull and fret and refuse to take the moderate exercise that was wanted of him. Dexter remained an unsafe horse for strangers to be about up to the day of his death. Goldsmith Maid, that succeeded him as champion trotter, was a wild, harum scarum mare that was not broken to harness until 7 years of age. She was a noted fence jumper in her youth, and one of her favorite exploits was to leap the fence that surrounded her pasture and take moonlight excursions for miles through Orange county, New York, where she was raised, always coming home by daylight.

When she was the champion trotter, Goldsmith Maid was not exactly a cross mare, neither was she a pet. "Old Charley," who took care of her for many years, and who once for five seasons slept in her stall every night but three, had the mare's confidence, but nobody else did. After she was retired and her first colt was born nobody could get near her, but when "Old Charley" came along one day and went to her paddock the old mare was overjoyed, nosed him all over, and seemed to take real pride in showing him her foal.

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St. Julien, the next champion, was a wild, hawky horse of the most wonderful will power, and he was driven as much as seventy-five miles a day over the California roads in an effort to make him tractable—this after he was known to be a fast trotter and had been sold for $20,000. In every way a kingly horse, St. Julien asserted his sovereignty in and out of the stable, and no one but "St. Julien Bill," who was for years his caretaker and comrade, had any influence with him. The horse really loved Bill. After St. Julien's racing days were over so far as meeting the best horses in the land was concerned, his owner was offered about $5,000 for the old horse by a man who thought he would do to trot the free-for-alls on half-mile tracks. But the owner said "No." St. Julien had earned him a lot of money and he was not going to see him abused.

So it was arranged that Orrin Hickok, who drove the horse, and "Bill," who took care of him, should accompany the former champion to a ranch, where he was to roam for the rest of his days. St. Julien was a wise horse, and something told him that he was to be left behind after he had been turned loose. So instead of galloping on across the field he persisted in hanging around the entrance, and when Hickok and "Bill" finally started away he followed them as far as he could, and the last thing they heard was his pitiful whinny to be taken along. Turned loose on the ranch with a big band of ordinary horses, St. Julien kept to himself. Twice a year, when all the stock on the ranch was rounded up, he would be seen, but at no other time. Finally he was missing one fall when the horses were assembled for inspection, and a search revealed his bones in a little gully where the one-time famous trotter had laid down to die.

* * *

Maud S was St. Julien's successor as champion trotter, and she was a good deal of a crank. For one thing, she was willing to kick in harness and was strapped down to prevent a too free use of her heels. William Blair, the man who broke and drove the cantankerous filly to the world's record, had no success worth mentioning with other trotters, although he trained plenty of them. When William H. Vanderbilt bought the mare she had nothing better to her credit than a 4-year-old trial of 2:17¾. He paid $20,000 for her—or, at least, that was the price agreed upon—but when it came to sending the money the owner of the mare wired that the driver was entitled to $1,000 and that the buyer would have to pay that. Mr. Vanderbilt stood the raise, and in telling me the story he seemed to regret the $1,000 more than he did the $20,000 that preceded it.

After Maud was a champion Mr. Vanderbilt, who was a fine horseman, drove her double, but one day at Saratoga when he reached over with the whip to lift her tail from the crossbar she "got light behind," and not long after that he sold her to Robert Bonner for $40,000, so the original investment was not a bad one.

* * *

Jay Eye See succeeded Maud S. He was a pony trotter and was the first horse of that gait to do a mile in 2:10, which record he never lowered. Jay Eye See was named in honor of his owner, Jerome I. Case of Racine, Wis., and the name is simply the initials of his owner spelled out. This name, by the way, was suggested by H. D. McKinney of Janesville, Wis., a great friend of Mr. Case, and manager of the Case horses. When Mr. Case died, Jay Eye See was no longer young. After getting the trotting record he turned pacer and took a record of 2:06½ at that way of going, being the only champion to shine at both gaits, and his combined record is still the best on the books. The Case family did not have any notion of selling the pony trotter. They had seen another Racine trotter, Phil Sheridan, owned by Stephen Bull, a partner of Mr. Case, tenderly cared for until his death and realized that was the proper way to look after a great horse whose usefulness on the track was gone. So Jay Eye See was given a fine pasture in summer and a warm stable in winter, and today, at the age of 27, he is hale and hearty, a living example of the fact that some people have real sentiment about their horses.

Sunol came along and took championship honors after Maud S and Jay Eye See had become stars. She was the most bloodlike looking harness horse I ever saw, but a terror to train on account of her nervousness. She was cross in the stable to strangers, and had no use for Charles Marvin, who trained and drove her, albeit he is the most kindly man in the world. Horses do not recognize faces, but they can remember a voice, and when Sunol would hear Marvin talking to the men in the stable down would go her ears, and she was ready for a battle. Unlike the other champion trotters, Sunol was a marvel as a colt, taking the world's record for 2, 3, and 4-year-olds before coming to her full speed at maturity. Like Maud S, Sunol was not of much use as a brood mare, as, although two or there foals were finally secured from her, all but one died.

* * *

But the champion trotter that has been good in every capacity was Nancy Hanks. She was a little, double-gaited filly that nobody but her breeder thought much of previous to breaking time. Ben Kenney, then not much more than a boy, was given the job of teaching the little filly the ways of the harness. She was a natural pacer, and to make her strike a trot and stick to it Kenney drove Nancy over a plowed field, where the softness of the surface and the inequalities of the footing made it impossible for her to pace.

Nancy Hanks has never forgotten about pacing, and after she had become a famous trotter she would often strike the old-time gait while jogging and go three or four miles that way before being willing to trot. And she was peculiar about who rode in the sulky when she jogged. With some men she would pull and fret herself into a sweat, but finally Doble's brother Henry was given the job, and the mare liked him from the start. When it was time to shoe Nancy considerable diplomacy was necessary to get her into the blacksmith shop, but if an apple was held on the inside of the door she would go after it and stay there. Nancy Hanks is the brood mare par excellence among all the champion trotting mares. Her son, Admiral Dewey, has a record of 2:04¾; Lord Roberts, another son, took a record of 2:12½ last summer, and others of her produce can step well.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

(Lippincott's)

Robbie's father had a man drop in to see him. After they had chatted a few minutes the guest was offered the only cigar on the table, so Robbie was sent upstairs for a fresh box. As the boy reached the top stair his father was startled to hear:

"What kind, papa? Do you want those you smoke yourself, or the kind you give away?"

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