

# AMERICAN JOCKEYS ON FOREIGN TRACKS

## Danny Maher, the Best Pilot in England Today; in France the American Style is Still Supreme



WINNIE O'CONNOR, (WITH THE CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH) AND SHAW

MAHER ON 'SPEARMINT' AFTER WINNING A BIG RACE

J H 'SKEETS' MARTIN

JAY RANSCH WHO FORMERLY RODE FOR VANDERBILT BUT NOW IS EMPLOYED BY BANKER EPHRUSSI

BY DEXTER MARSHALL.

HILE American jockeys and trainers and racing methods generally are still at the forefront in France and several other European Continental countries, it is no secret that Americans and American ways are less important factors on the English turf just now than formerly.

It is true that an American owned the winner of this year's derby and that the colt was ridden by an American jockey; also that Danny Maher is considered by the most British of British racing men to be the best of all the jockeys who have ridden in England this year. Yet the important factors on the English turf just now than formerly.

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FRED TAVEL AND HIS FAMILY

the season he won event after event with monotonous regularity, more of them of the first magnitude, to be sure, but all of them good, respectable races, and so numerous that to name them here would be to turn this article into a catalogue. Last year Cormack rode in Russia, where his name was at the head of the list of winning jockeys. He is a Canadian by birth and a product of the Western circuit, where he was regarded as a jockey of rare ability for some years, but he has never been well known in the East.

Next to Johnny Reiff, Milton Henry is more talked about, probably than any other jockey in France. He was under obligation this year to ride for Baron Edmond Rothschild and afterward for Count Forstner, Ephrussi, the big banker, and Prince Murat. He won the French Derby (Prix du Jockey Club) on Mordant, owned by Ephrussi, and the Grand Prix de Paris on Saint Soud, owned by Rothschild. These are classic events, the stakes of the first normally being 100,000 francs, but really about 150,000 of the second, normally 200,000 francs, but really 250,000.

Whoever rides to victory in either of these races becomes a hero in the eyes of all French racing followers. Henry won them both, and in consequence had a double dose of hero-worship spooned out to him. It's a wonder if his head hasn't been turned by it, but they say it hasn't.

Possibly that is because, like some other men he has had his own taste of discipline in his day, having been shut out of French racing at the same time and for similar reasons as the Reiff had. Between the time of his adversity in France and the year of his license there he tried his hand in the States, but for some reason didn't do much. His notable wins in the past included the Oaks in 1901, with J. R. Keene's Cap and Bells, but he did not sign with Rothschild until the close of the season of 1906, after making a great record. It was a feather in Henry's cap this year that after having won the French derby on Mordant, he was the leading jockey on the Pacific Coast in 1902 and has been riding three years in France.

country used to predict years ago that the time for him to become too busy was near at hand, but it has never come yet, although he has to work like a major to keep his weight down. He has a son John, now 12, apprenticed for three years to George Hyams, trainer for Baron Springer. The youngster bids fair, they say, to do his father credit in the saddle by and by.

Harry Lewis, Fred Tavel's most formidable rival on the Austrian turf, fought him a desperate battle for the first place last year, and on the last morning of the season the battle was undecided, for their names were both at the head of the list of winning jockeys, each having won exactly as many races as the other. Tavel rode two winners on that day, however, while Lewis rode only one. Thus Tavel maintained his supremacy. Tavel is ahead this year.

Ben Rigby and M. Miles are the other two American jockeys in Austria. Rigby was formerly a figure at St. Louis, but never well known in the East. He went to France first, and after leaving America in 1900. He remained in France six years, earning, perhaps, 50,000 francs a year, occasionally riding a race or two in Italy and winning the Italian Derby in 1904. He went to Austria last year. His employer is Baron Herzog. He had done some riding for "Father Bill" Daly on this side, but never was lucky or skillful enough to make a big name for himself here.

Hungary now boasts of being the riding home of J. H. "Skeets" Martin, who has had an international reputation ever since he won the Derby in 1902 astride of Ard Patrick. His career has been a

lively one. He began on the California tracks nine years ago, and always has been known as a "tough-and-trady" rider.

His first riding east of the Atlantic was done in England in 1901. He won the first race entrusted to him and has been winning a fair percentage of all his races ever since then. He has had trouble now and then with the authorities because of his anxiety to "set there." Martin has done some riding in Egypt as well as in Hungary.

Henry Bloskruith, another Pacific Coast jockey, who rode a season or so in France for Edmond Blanc, is also in Hungary riding for Baron Henrien and other nobles of that country. He is one of the best youngsters who ever bestrode a racer on the tracks at Budapest.

Germany and Russia.

Germany has two American jockeys, Willie Shaw, who, in 1905, rode Electioneer, the winner of last year's Futurity, and Tommy Burns, who rode in France last year, without making any great impression, owing to poor mounts, say his friends. Both Shaw and Burns have done well this year, and that is one of the reasons, no doubt, that Johnny Reiff and Willie O'Connor have been engaged to go to Germany next year, each, it is said, at a salary about equal to \$25,000; although that figure may be high. O'Connor was married in July to an English girl named Lotus, and, by the way, Eugene Leigh, the trainer, was recently married to Miss Lucy Stevenson, also English.

Shaw rode this year for the stable of

Herr Weinburg of Frankfurt-on-the-Main. He was star jockey for "Pittsburg Phil" the late George E. Smith—for some years, and last year rode in this country for E. Thomas, Tommy Burns, and after Whitney's death rode for John W. Schorr, the millionaire turfman of Memphis. This year he was employed by "Count Lehndorff," which is the racing name of the German Emperor.

E. Turner, who first appeared in Europe as jockey Buchanan, was a figure on the tracks of Belgium this year. J. Hour, at one time employed by Frank Farrell, has been in Russia three years; J. Wingfield, a well-known jockey in the West and South for some years, was in Russia this year for the first time. So was William Gammon, one a James B. Keene jockey, and all three are doing big things here.

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The scarcity of jockeys from this side of the water this year in England is by no means the only visible sign of the decline of American influence on the British turf. The American style of the Derby cup, already in being thought a few years ago, is going out, or at least undergoing a modification. Stated conservatively, the Mr. Horace Lennard, racing editor of the Sporting Times of London, the situation is as follows:

"Nearly all our jockeys," said Mr. Lennard to the writer, "are now using longer stirrups than they have used for several years, and are getting rid of the 'crouch' seat. They do not use as the English did before. The English began to ride in England, and they still ride well forward, but they do not go to such extremes as they did when most infatuated with Sloan and his ways."

When the Sloan craze was at its height he was initiated to the point of exaggeration. British jockeys then copied the seat, but they came out of the craze, and he learned that the best riding in the world is not done by the crouch seat, but by the English seat, and he is now a convert to the English seat. He is now a convert to the English seat, and he is now a convert to the English seat.

Mr. Lennard's not to think the small number of American jockeys riding in England this year was due to any prejudice against them on the part of the British public or British owners. Naturally, and as a matter of patriotism, an English jockey would be more popular than an American one with an English crowd, and as was always the case with Sloan and with the American boy who can win in more highly esteemed than the English lad who cannot.

The American jockeys have left England for the time being," said Mr. Lennard, "mainly because they cannot make money on the English turf. There is a lack of good native jockeys in France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Italy and Russia. The people of all these countries like to see racing, but they do not develop many first-class riders. England develops more than any other country, and American jockeys are employed elsewhere are the chief reason, in my judgment, why American jockeys are not so prominent an element in England as formerly.

The feeling that was manifested to some extent against American jockeys when Sloan and some of the others got into trouble seems to have died a natural death. It was never shown conclusively that the jockeys did anything wrong, whatever the suspicions against them have been. They are supposed to have been the "victims of their friends," who are believed to have made big winnings, which later they divided by giving "presents" to the jockeys. Anyway the English seem as willing to forget the past as the Americans are, and so we put forward a claim that American jockeys have been the only ones who have "made mistakes." Maher and Lyle certainly are considered above reproach.

### Some Good Stories Told by and About Prominent People

**His Hamlike Honesty.**

MRS. M. G. QUACKENBOS, whom Attorney-General Bonaparte has made one of his special assistants in the campaign against the trusts, is a New York lawyer of great brilliance.

Mrs. Quackenbos has the faculty of underlining a remark with an appropriate simile. Thus, discussing the other day the character of a certain notorious millionaire, she said:

"I suppose there is some honesty in the man, but it is hard to find. It reminds me of the railway ham sandwich."

"A man, you know, paused bitterly in the consumption of a very hard, dry railway ham sandwich, and said to the other man sitting at the table:

"'Oh, you ain't come to it yet,' said the man, with a smile.

"A minute or two passed. The man's jaws worked gloomily. Then they stopped again, and he said:

"'I don't see no ham yet, young woman.'

"'Oh,' she replied, 'you've gone and bit over it now.'"

**Same Kind of Faith.**

ARCHBISHOPIAN was praising the late Bostonian John Joseph Williams.

"And Archbishop Williams," he said, "had a cutting will. I'll never forget one day when I lunched with him, how he sniffed and said:

"'What is this strange smell? It rather takes away my appetite.'

"'I felt warm and uncomfortable, and touching my bald head I have not had a hair there for 22 years—I murmured:

"'It is an ointment, sir, an ointment made of tea leaves, petroleum and onion juice, that has been recommended to me as an infallible hair restorer. I am giving it a trial.'

The archbishop laughed.

"'Don't you think you are doing a foolish thing?'" he said.

"'No,' said I, 'I put considerable faith in this ointment. The testimonials—'

"'Faith!' said the archbishop. 'Well, that sort of faith is rather silly. It reminds me of two little Back Bay children.

"'The father of these children came upon them suddenly one afternoon in his dressing room.

"'Here,' he shouted angrily, 'what are you doing with my large new bottle of hair restorer?'

"The older child pointed to a set of furs.

"'Oh, papa,' he said, 'we are going to make mamma's moth-eaten sable muff as good as new again.'"

**A Nature Fake.**

IT WAS the venerable John Burroughs, and not President Roosevelt, who started the campaign against Nature-faking. Mr. Burroughs has for years, with ridicule no less than with logic, punctured the Nature-faker's bag of gas.

At a dinner in Boston he narrated a Nature fake. It was as easy to believe, he said, as many of the Nature-writer's anecdotes. Then he began:

"My cousin's wife's baby was very ill, and finally the crisis came, and the little one fell into a deep sleep. The sleep was to be decisive. On the child's awakening the doctor would know whether it would live or die.

"Well, in order that this momentous slumber might not be disturbed my cousin's wife, going about on tiptoe, nudged every peep—chair-legs, cups and saucers, plates, the door-bell.

"And Sa, the noble dog, from his seat on the sofa, talking in the salutation at a glance, silently got up on a chair and stopped the eight-day clock by touching the pendulum with his paw."

**She Got Him.**

MISS EDITH HUGHES was one of the wildest and most popular of the Buckeye Daisies, a group of young ladies sent on a summer tour of Europe by a Columbus newspaper.

"Miss Hughes," said another Buckeye Daisy, during a recent visit to Cincinnati, "had an amusing passage-at-arms with a Frenchman in our Paris hotel.

"The Frenchman, a great joker, continually attacked marriage. I believe his wife had gone back on him, or something. At any rate, he was always saying bitter and sarcastic when marriage came up.

"Well, one night, as we were all taking our coffee together in the lounge after dinner, the Frenchman winked at our large crew of Buckeye Daisies and said:

"'I don't see why a man needs to marry when he can buy a parrot for \$5.'

"Miss Hughes spoke up promptly:

"'As usual,' she said, 'woman is at a disadvantage here. A bear, I understand, can't be purchased for less than \$200.'

**Nevermore.**

WHEN H. G. WELLS, the noted English novelist, was in Boston, he praised Poe at a dinner.

"I think hardly of your New England writers," he said, "for their contempt of Poe. I shall never be able to forget that Emerson called him 'That Jingle man.' Today a thousand read Poe where one reads Emerson, and not to know Poe's work is rather a disgrace. There is a little inn—"

"Mr. Wells smiled.

"It is rather a poorly conducted little inn," he said, "but the landlady gets every visitor to write something about it in a kind of autograph album that she keeps on her drawing-room table.

"One visitor wrote in the album many years ago:

"'Quoth the raven—'

"The landlady did not understand that quotation. She was not as well up in her Poe as she should have been. And ever since that time she has shown the cryptic line to every guest, entreating him to tell her, if he can, its meaning.

"But the guests are always too polite to tell her. They pretend they do not know. And hence, year after year, to every visitor, if he can, its meaning.

"The guests are always too polite to tell her. They pretend they do not know. And hence, year after year, to every visitor, if he can, its meaning.

**A \$50,000 Jockey.**

Danny Maher is a Hartford boy by birth and there is a story that he was intended for the priesthood by his parents. Anyway he was making his own living shingling shoes when 9 years old, and whatever his parents had hoped for, he had no idea of being a priest.

"Father Bill" Daly's brother Mike married the lad's aunt, and after some coaxing allowed him to work about the Daily Stable. There he showed that he was a natural-born horseman, and after exercising 2-year-olds for a while was allowed to ride a race at Providence, in which he fastened to make much showings.

He was rather a puny lad then, and it was feared he never would be strong enough to ride properly, but in 1897, he had improved so much that he then began to ride successfully and regularly. In

1899 he won the Brooklyn handicap with Banastar, but was left at the post with the same horse in the Suburban. This resulted in a "ten-day contract" that turfmen still like to speculate about, but Maher wasn't disqualified, and the next year was the star rider of the Eastern turf. Then he went to England to ride for the late Pierre Lorillard, and has been riding there ever since.

In the seven years Danny Maher has been abroad he had done some great work. He won the Derby in 1903 for Sir J. Miller on Rocsand, and was the third American jockey to push the nose of his mount to the front in that classic race, Sloan and "Skeets" Martin having been his forerunners. It was said at that time that Danny was under special arrangement to ride the horses of the Prince of Wales, but he never did so, however, for the reason, as was stated at the time, that the Prince preferred to have the Derby ridden by a Frenchman, and he was not wanted by his regular employers. He never did so, however, for the reason, as was stated at the time, that the Prince preferred to have the Derby ridden by a Frenchman, and he was not wanted by his regular employers.

**The Pickle Look.**

PRINCE WILHELM, of Sweden, told a New York reporter that Americans all worked hard and looked happy.

"In my country," the Prince went on, "we work hard, too, but we have not your happy look. Perhaps it is money, too, and is no secret in France that they, as well as all other jockeys, are now watched pretty closely by the

**The People's Choice.**

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE was talking in Madison about crushing monopolies.

"These concerns," he said, "live on the people, and therefore they try to flatter and delude the people. They pretend that it is on the people's suffrage that their existence depends. But this, really, is not

**A Dull Town.**

WILLIAM J. BUTTLING, the manager of Coney Island's Dreamland, is an Elk, and at the Elks' carnival last month, in reply to a speech complimentary to the Elks, he said:

"I am proud of my business, gentlemen. Life without wholesome amusement would be a dreary thing. It would be as dreary as the town of Peebles."

"You have heard of Peebles? Of course,

**The Gaffer.**

SENATOR FRANK R. BRANDEGEE and ex-Governor Bulkeley were discussing with a Hartford editor a certain Connecticut candidate for political honors.

"He is sure to fail," said Senator Brandegee. "He is beginning his campaign with the most compromising and absurd speeches. He reminds me of the man who wanted to be a trolley-car conductor.

"The man looked hearty, polite and intelligent, and the manager at the car-barns seemed to think well of him. After a number of questions, the manager said:

"'Well, what pay do you desire?'

"The applicant gave a loud laugh. Then he dug the manager in the ribs and said:

"'Oh, never mind about the pay, boss. Just give me the job, and I'll have a car of my own in a week or two.'"