

# THE AMERICAN KING OF THE TURF



## THE MAN WHO DECLARES THAT RACING FOR GAMBLING PURPOSES IS NOT TRUE SPORT

"I would not advise any man to start a breeding and racing establishment with the expectation of making a profit on his investment. With all of my successes taken into consideration, I do not know that I have made money out of my horses."

THIS was spoken by a man whose recent successes on the turf have netted him almost a third of a million dollars, who has probably done more than any other individual to make horse racing in America the legitimate sport that it may be in the hands of the upright lover of horsemanship for its own sake. Yet the earnings of only one fleet from his stables, the invincible Colin, have been \$100,000 this season. That is double the sum paid to the president of the United States and ten times the salary of the governor of the state of New York. Few college professors earn more than a twentieth part of it, and the heads of the larger banks and insurance companies receive much less than has been secured for his owner by this speedy equine.

Mr. Keene confesses to a decided fondness for Colin. It is evident that the wonderful colt holds the place in Keene's affections once occupied by the lamented Stribby. It would be the very apotheosis of ingratitude not to feel a tenderness for a horse that has added so much money to his bank account during the last season. Mr. Keene is not such a monster of ingratitude. His feeling for Colin is tinged with more sentiment than might be expected from a man who has spent so much of his life in Wall street. In fact, the owner of the Castleton stud admits that he yields to sentiment, especially in the matter of the naming of his colts.

### The Romance of a Name.

Sentiment cut a very pretty figure in the christening of Colin. While he was making up his mind what to call the promising son of Pastorella—so named from a certain shepherdess of classical origin—Mr. Keene came across a poem entitled "Colin's Complaint." It was written about two centuries ago, and its melody made a deep impression on the financier. The following verses gave him a suggestion for the name of his colt:

Oh, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;  
Thy pipe and thy laurels resign;  
Thy false one inclines to a snare,  
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

While Colin, forgotten and gone,  
No more shall be talked of or seen  
Unless when beneath the pale moon  
His ghost shall glide over the green.

This poem was the work of Nicholas Rowe, poet laureate in the reign of George I., and the intimate associate of Pope, Swift and Addison. By a lucky coincidence the colt's trainer also bore the name of Rowe. Mr. Keene was far too good a sportsman not to recognize something prophetic in all this. "Let it be Colin," he said, and it was so.

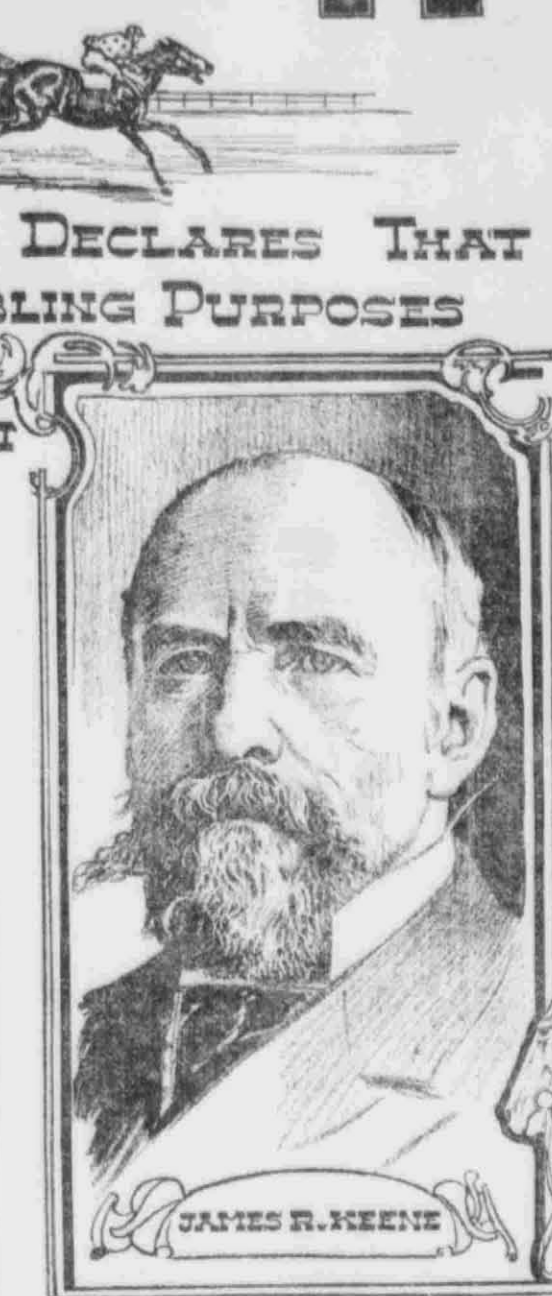
If this were not enough to convict the Wall street man of a "tender streak" for his racers further proof is at hand. Of all the horses he has ever owned it is probable that Domino was his Absalom. It has been said of Mr. Keene that next to his immediate family there was nothing on earth so dear to him as the great black colt that won for him such notable victories on the turf. When Domino died in 1897, his desolate master erected a monument over his grave which bore the inscription:

"One of the best friends I ever had and the fleetest horse ever foaled is dead."

This may seem extravagant, but there was much to justify it. There was at least one reason why Mr. Keene could afford to be sentimental over the dead racer and could speak of him as "one of the best friends I ever had." In 1893 the financier was threatened with downfall in Wall street. The foundations which he had been years in laying were slipping from beneath his steady feet. Turn as he would, nothing but apparent disaster confronted him. It was a question of ready money, and none was to be had. It was only a comparatively paltry sum that was needed to rescue the threatened millions, but it seemed to be impossible to obtain it in time. It was at this crisis that Domino performed the feat that won for him the lasting friendship and even gratitude of his owner. Within a short period he won for his harassed master more than \$150,000, enough to set the financier on his feet again.

### Not a Good Investment.

It is in the face of all this that Mr. Keene still insists that a racing establishment whose owner is also a breeder is not a safe investment. He declares that there have been many years in which his horses have cost him at least \$125,000 more than the proceeds of yearling sales and purses won. Yet this seasoned American turfman does not regret that he has dabbled so extensively in the costly sport. He has always been most anxious that he may be employed for speculation that makes him desirable. Racing for gambling is not sport. It is a fact that he is a wonderful work of nature, a fine, high spirited, happy gentle and intelligent animal that



JAMES R. KEENE

With him it appears to be a genuine love for the game itself and not for what it may bring. This is how he expresses it:

"It is the gratification of possessing something that you know is a little better than that possessed by anybody else. At least, that is the winner's way of looking at it. Beyond that it is a matter of intense personal pride. One man is devoted to his yacht because it is a faster yacht than that possessed by any of his friends. Perhaps it embodies some of his own ideas about construction, and for that reason he is fonder of it than he would be if it had been designed and built for him by others. Another man is attached to an automobile because he thinks that it is a little better than the automobile of any other owner or maker. The man who has the best hunting dog takes pride in that dog because it can do certain things in the field which are impossible for other dogs."

"So it is with the wonderful race horse. It is not the sum that the horse may earn, it is not the possibility that he may be employed for speculation that makes him desirable. Racing for gambling is not sport. It is a fact that he is a wonderful work of nature, a fine, high spirited, happy gentle and intelligent animal that



PETER PAN AND HIS JOCKEY



THE GREAT PETER PAN



THE GREAT PETER PAN

is a little superior to all others of his time and whose courage is tested by the races he runs and the results which follow."

### The Man Himself.

James R. Keene is the most picturesque figure in Wall street today and the most stalwart as well. Battle scarred veteran of finance that he is, he bears the marks of countless financial encounters carried on for more than a score of years, he is as vigorous and alert as he was when he first made his appearance in the thick of the fray. His life story reads like a romance, and it teaches the lesson of infinite patience and bulging tenacity. How, a broad shouldered and rosy faced English lad, he came to America with his parents and located in California, becoming a miner and in time the possessor of a fortune of \$50,000,000; how he moved eastward as far as Chicago and picked up several millions more; how he proceeded to New York and lost everything but honor, a lamb shorn by Jay Gould and Cyrus W.



KEENE AT THE RACES

Although Mr. Keene was president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange in old "bonanza" days, he has never owned a seat in the New York exchange. Nevertheless, he has often bent this famous institution to his will as if it were an embryo board of trade in a country town. Many a time he has converted it into a seething pandemonium. It is affirmed by those who know him that he has never yet set foot within the exchange, yet men who have paid fortunes for their seats are but pawns in his game.

### A Wall Street Estimate.

The following is a Wall street man's estimate of the great speculator:

"There is no man that can talk better or more forcibly than Keene when he wants to talk. There is no man who would serve better as a statue of silence when it behooves him to say nothing. He does not let his right hand know what his left hand does. How he distributes his orders, who his brokers are, no one can tell. As he is not a member of the stock exchange, he makes no trades in his own name. He changes his brokers frequently. One man may have selling orders from Keene and another order to buy, yet none but Keene knows that the orders come from the same source."

"All arts of manipulation are his. He can conduct a still hunt for the control of stock in such a noiseless manner that the opposition never has its suspicions aroused. Again, he can manage a campaign with all the fanfare and clamor of a sham battle. It all depends on what he is after."

The constant strain of speculation seems to have left faint impress on the rugged personality of Mr. Keene. His sharp gray eyes have lost none of that determined sparkle of youth which refuses to acknowledge the approach of age. His very face is as fresh as that of a much younger man, and his upright and well proportioned figure is accentuated by the most punctilious attention to matters of dress. It is at his New York office, 30 Broad street, that he is Keene, and Keene only, oblivious to all else save the story told by the ticker. He is at his desk shortly after 9 o'clock, and thence he goes to the races he is able to be in the market hours the ticker claims his undivided attention.

### Keene at Work.

One of his employees once gave this picture of him as he appears during office hours:

"With his hands clasped behind his back, his inscrutable gray eyes fixed in fancy on the brokers shouting themselves hoarse around the stock posts, pausing to look at the tape, he paces back and forth with the light tread of a panther ready to spring on its prey. There is something almost cruel in his expression—relentless it certainly is. He is not the man you see watching the running of some classic event at the track nor the man you may see in the Waldorf chatting pleasantly with his friends. He is Keene playing the game that he loves, playing the game for the sake of winning it rather than for what he may get out of it."

"The whirling ticker draws him toward it, fascinated, and with the same panther-like tread he stalks up to it. He leans his elbow on the pedestal, resting his chin on his hand. The heavy mustache cannot hide the grimness of that firm mouth. His gray eyes take in the figures on the whirling tape. It seems as if nothing can resist that fixed, concentrated stare. If mind has power over matter, he surely hypnotizes the tape. In fact, some of his superstitious followers think this is one of the secrets of his power."

"To him the tape is an open book. There is no need of stock gossip or the chatter of the street. He has read that visibly, rather-like gall too long to remain in its dressing gown. He has held the flying ribbon of tape too often not to know its vagaries. To him it is the pulse of the market, and he knows its every throb. One touch, one glance, and he can make a diagnosis. He knows how and when to stimulate the feeble best by 'supporting' orders, or check the rising impulses by selling a block of 10,000 shares."

This is the premier American sportsman, the man who has never hazarded a dollar on a horse race, and almost equally worthy of exploitation is his son, Paul Keene, a genuine gambler, bon vivant—but that is another story. W. S. EMMERY.

# George Westinghouse, Inventor and Man of Genius; The Man Who Made High Speed Railroading Possible

IF George Westinghouse says it will work, it will—that settles it," remarked a prominent captain of industry recently during a vigorous discussion of one of the inventor's latest evolutions. That is a fair expression of the business world's opinion of the man who is the dominant factor in a score of great manufacturing establishments representing an investment of \$100,000,000 and furnishing employment to nearly 40,000 persons.

This confident trust in Westinghouse's ability to "make good" came from a knowledge of his career and of the fact that he has met with few failures. He has had some strenuous moments in his business life, but in none has he been vanquished. When he acquired the patents covering the use of the alternating current and established the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company, he was met by the most formidable opposition to the system. In those days it was the belief among scientists that the use of the alternating current was out of the question that it was altogether too dangerous and uncertain in its action to tifle with. The older electrical companies claimed that they had satisfied themselves by numerous trials that the direct current was the only thing that was safe and that was fit for general public use. So convinced was everybody that in several states efforts were made to have the use of the alternating current prohibited by law.

Westinghouse was satisfied that he knew what he was doing, and it was not long until he had proved it. He took the contract for lighting the Chicago World's fair at \$1,000,000 less than his lowest competitor. In order to fulfill his obligation he was obliged to fight for every step he took. First he was enjoined from using the Edison incandescents in the manufacture of lamps, as well as the air pumps for exhausting the bulbs. Nothing daunted, he set about it and invented a new lamp and a new pump, which were so satisfactory that he was enabled to meet the terms of his contract.

Mr. Westinghouse's greatest achievement in recent years has been to bring to perfection the 4,000 horsepower locomotive which is designed to haul heavily loaded trains through the Pennsylvania tunnel under the Hudson river. It required four years of costly



GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, INVENTOR AND MULTIMILLIONAIRE.

experimentation to develop the scheme, and some of the parts of the powerful machine were used in the operation of a miniature engine as long ago as 1891. That is a fair indication that the inventor is now making use of ideas which occurred to him a good while ago. Neither time nor money counts in the Westinghouse shops when the "old man," as he is called, is working out a certain line of experiment. When he is convinced that a design is founded on correct principles, he will keep at it until all mechanical obstacles are overcome. His assistant engineers may throw up their hands, but he will continue to work at it.

### Bred in the Bone.

George Westinghouse may be said to have come naturally by his inventive genius. As many of his boyhood hours as he could manage were spent in his father's agricultural works at Schenectady, N. Y., and he began at an early age to take an active part in everything that was going on in the establishment. When he was fifteen he produced a rotary engine after his own design. Not long afterward he was able to pass an examination for the position of assistant engineer in the navy, and he went to Annapolis to complete his studies in that line.

Before he had finished his course the civil war broke out. Although a mere boy, he enlisted in the cavalry service and served a year. After his discharge he received an appointment as third assistant engineer in the navy and was assigned to the Muscatine, whence he was transferred subsequently to the Potomac fleet.

At the close of hostilities Westinghouse went back to Schenectady and became a student in the classical department of Union college. He made up his mind long before graduation that active participation in the mechanical field was best in accordance with his tastes. About that time he perfected a railroad frog which proved to be a success and gave him considerable reputation. Shortly afterward he conceived the idea of what was destined to become one of the most useful inventions of the age, the air brake.

### How the Idea Came.

The inspiration of the air brake came to him after witnessing a collision between two freight trains. First he be-

gan to develop the old wagon brake on a larger scale, but in time he realized that it wouldn't do—that a motor cylinder under such a car would be necessary. He had found a good deal about the use of compressed air in the Mont Cenis tunnel, and he determined to make use of it in his model.

It is small wonder that railroad men were delighted when young Westinghouse called their attention to his new invention and asked them to give it a trial. It was so novel, and its promoter was so young and untried. They looked askance at the enthusiastic young man and shook their heads sagely with the confidently expressed opinion that stopping trains with wind was not exactly feasible.

**His Air Brake Tested.**

Westinghouse had very little ready money, but he was not long in finding a capitalist who had and who was willing to put some of it into the new venture. Finally it was the Pennsylvania railroad that was persuaded to give the air brake a trial on its line. The brakes were fitted to an engine and four cars, running between Pottsville and Schuylkill, Pa., and the first trip was made under this novel equipment. As it happened, the air brakes were the means of preventing a collision at this first trial.

At this time Westinghouse had just passed his majority. It became evident at the first test that the air brake was all that it promised to be, and now there were plenty of capitalists who were anxious to share in its exploitation. It was realized that the Pennsylvania had made high speed railroading possible and a company was organized at once to manufacture the brakes, and the following year Mr. Westinghouse went abroad to introduce his invention. He also went to work to improve his appliance, and in time produced the triple valve, which permits the brakes to be used simultaneously on a train of many cars and which can be applied to a car's wheels to break away.

**His Favorite Recreation.**

Even now work is apparently the chief recreation of Mr. Westinghouse. He enjoys the process, however difficult, of creating something that will prove of value to the world, and he believes in building, true and perfect machines and in giving the purchaser what he wants. Therein lies an element to develop the old wagon brake on a larger scale, but in time he realized that it wouldn't do—that a motor cylinder under such a car would be necessary. He had found a good deal about the use of compressed air in the Mont Cenis tunnel, and he determined to make use of it in his model.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

The little Marquis of Donegal, who is not yet four years old, is lord high admiral of Lough Neagh by heredity. He was at a garden feast recently when some one asked him, "What is your name?" "Admiral Donegal," promptly replied the youthful marquis. Besides the two titles mentioned, he is also Viscount Chichester, Baron and

wished to attend him first he said. "Not a bit of it. Go to those other fellows first. I will wait my turn." Since he began his army career as a lieutenant in the Scots guards in 1864, Lord Methuen has enjoyed a popularity with soldiers which few English officers secure.

A good story of Father Bernard Vaughan is told. A guest at Trinity college, Dublin, with other ladies and gentlemen, the party after dinner inspected the famous Holbein picture of King Henry VIII, the much married monarch. "What would you do, father, as a Jesuit, if King Henry there were at this instant to step out of the frame?" asked a gentleman. "I should request all the ladies to leave the room," came the immediate reply.

A member of the Lyfild (Essex) cricket club, Master A. Lyfild, hit his dog to recover balls which are lost on the cricket ground, which is surrounded as by deep ditches. During a recent match the animal recovered two balls, one of which had been lost a week previously.

A motor van loaded with lawn tennis appliances caught fire in Westminster bridge road, London. Firemen who were called threw into the roadway a number of sand-bags because the van

tennis balls, which were scattered for and covered off by children despite the efforts of the police.

A young visitor was sent to jail at Jersey, England, the other day for twenty-four hours because during the battle of flowers he threw an empty basket weighing a few ounces from a triumphal car and struck a policeman with it. The sentence caused considerable indignation.

There are nine platforms, accommodat-

ing and local folk increased outside the station gates and gave the prisoner a big reception.