

BIG WINNINGS OF FOREIGN TURF

French Owners Carried Off the
Honors for the Season.

AMERICAN EARNINGS SMALL

King Edward Not Successful and Is
Near the Bottom of the List
—The List.

The winnings of 1935 of prominent owners on the turf in England and France have been figured up and they make the winnings of the American owners look rather small. The largest sum won by any single owner goes to a Frenchman, M. de Saint-Alary. His horses won \$1,600,000, while R. S. Sieberson won \$1,000,000. Mr. Sieberson, who is at home on the eastern turf, won \$52,555.

It should be added that M. de Saint-Alary is also to be credited with \$7,400 additional won by his horses because of the fact that he was their breeder, of the fact that his total for the year was \$1,607,400. He is a young man, popular in fashionable society and compared to a newcomer on the turf. In both cases and that of the leading English owner Mr. Sieberson, they have to thank a 3-year-old filly for their big winnings. M. de Saint-Alary's Kazi Kourgan and Mr. Sieberson's Scythia. The latter went to Paris to run for the Grand Prix but was unplaced.

Nine English owners won \$50,000 and upwards. Col. McCalmont following Mr. Sieberson with \$27,800. Sir J. R. Manly, with \$20,750; Arthur James, with \$19,250; the Duke of Portland, with \$17,250; J. G. Drabings, with \$15,450; the Duke of Devonshire, with \$10,750; Sir James Muller, with \$5,475, and Sir R. W. Griffith, with \$3,175.

The next name in the list to strike attention from an American standpoint is that of W. C. Whitney, who ranks sixteenth, with \$27,800 to his credit. A record, indeed, from his \$99,600 of the previous season, when he ranked second. His famous horse Derby winner, the Duke of Portland, was a very grievous disappointment this year, as, although frequently started for very valuable races, he almost always declined to try. Mr. Whitney's wife were not in important races, as his stable was successful 14 times.

Then in alphabetical order Richard Croder won four races with \$8,925; Lord Dunraven seven, with \$8,925; Theodor, 11, with \$23,720; Frank Gardner, 11, with \$20,750 (Mr. G. is a rich American member of the London stock exchange); Mrs. Langtry, six, with \$18,400; Foxhall Keene one, with \$18,400; the young Duke of Westminster, two, with \$7,210. I mention the Duke's result because it was against his representative that Mr. Sieberson bid \$50,000 for a yearling at one of the famous sales which dispersed the late Duke's splendid racing establishment.

His majesty, the king, had to rest content this year with two races, worth more, \$7,570.

In France eight owners won \$50,000 or more. M. de Saint-Alary leading as

above, and followed in the order named by M. Callault, with \$41,141; M. de Bresson, \$30,187; Camille Blanc, \$23,162; Vicomte d'Harcourt, \$17,966; M. A. Abelle, \$12,100; Baron de Schickler, \$55,413; and William K. Vanderbilt, \$53,433. Mr. Vanderbilt's French winnings being just under \$35,000 better than last year. The other well known American owner in Paris and, like Mr. Vanderbilt, socially as well as on the turf, Wadsworth Rogers, a Philadelphia by birth, also did considerably better than in 1935, for he this season won \$19,110 as against \$11,220 in 1935. Charon, the famous automobile chauffeur, who goes in for horse racing pretty extensively, also made an upward move, winning \$17,000 this season, an increase of over \$20,000. Taking the two years together, however, by far the most conspicuous winner is M. Callault (for whom poor little Johnny Reiff was leading jockey), for while he did not top the list on either occasion, his total for the two seasons is \$257,218.

THE SKATERS SEASON.

Continued Cold Weather Has Stirred
Out Enthusiasts.

The cold weather we have been having for the past week or 10 days has put the various ponds and skating rinks in first class shape, and daily and nightly hundreds of skaters could be seen wending their ways to the various sheets of glassy ice, and the dealer in skates (the kind you wear) has had a busy time in supplying the demand. In fact, one or two local dealers state they have been totally unable to supply the demand for skates and many of the enthusiasts have been compelled to send elsewhere for them or forego the pleasure of cutting stars and seeing them.

The ever popular game of hockey will soon be in full blast and already several teams are in process of organization and there has been some talk of organizing a league, pair the teams off and play for the city championship. In addition to this game, arrangements have been made for skating races and a fancy tournament. Four of the city's best skaters have entered for the contest and it is likely that others will seek to take a chance.

It is believed that the sport is more popular this year than ever, before and the weather man will only please give some more freezing cold nights the skaters will be happy and will pronounce a benediction on his head.

REMARKABLE RECORDS.

Horses and Races Passed into History Are Recalled.

The turf is full of romance, and in a recent article Ralph N. Tozer has grouped some remarkable records of the thoroughbred which are out of the common. Kincaid, an Austrian mare by Buccanier, is entitled to first mention, for she won 64 races and never suffered defeat, while she numbered among her victories some of the largest stakes offered in the countries where she performed.

Populist, an Oregon gelding, won four races in one day, so his owner assured me, and declared he had captured 400 races "in the bushes" before he suffered defeat at Butte, though such wins are not a matter of record in the official turf guide.

Little Reb, a horse owned by Billy Lakeand, on Feb. 24, 1881, won the last race of the day, one and a half miles, with 118 pounds up, at the Mardi Gras meeting in New Orleans, and on Feb. 25 captured the first race, one and one-eighth miles, 100 pounds up, by four lengths; the second race, mile heats, 118 pounds up, in straight heats, the first by half a length from Audex, the second by a neck from Moscow; then he went on and won the third event on the

card and the fourth successive race, one and a fourth miles, by a length. Hodges rode him in all these events, and it is one of the greatest feats accomplished by a horse in the last 25 years.

Thad Stevens, son of Langford and Mary Chilton, by Glenoe, and bred in California, won a four-mile heat race that took four heats, or 16 miles to decide. It was at the Ocean House track in 1873.

Tally Ho, by Boston, Oct. 8, 1849, won a four-mile heat race that took four heats before a decision was arrived at. Free Trade taking the first heat in 7:33 1/2, Tally Ho the second in 7:45 1/2, Boston the third in 7:53 and Tally Ho the last in 8:10 1/2.

Peyton, by Imp. Glenoe, also won a four-mile heat race of four heats against Fashion. Ballou, by Imp. Yorkshire, at the Lexington (Ky.) meeting of 1857, won the first heat in 7:30, the second in 7:45, the third in 7:50, the fourth in 8:00, the fifth in 8:10, the sixth in 8:20, the seventh in 8:30, the eighth in 8:40, the ninth in 8:50, the tenth in 9:00, the eleventh in 9:10, the twelfth in 9:20, the thirteenth in 9:30, the fourteenth in 9:40, the fifteenth in 9:50, the sixteenth in 10:00, the seventeenth in 10:10, the eighteenth in 10:20, the nineteenth in 10:30, the twentieth in 10:40, the twenty-first in 10:50, the twenty-second in 11:00, the twenty-third in 11:10, the twenty-fourth in 11:20, the twenty-fifth in 11:30, the twenty-sixth in 11:40, the twenty-seventh in 11:50, the twenty-eighth in 12:00, the twenty-ninth in 12:10, the thirtieth in 12:20, the thirty-first in 12:30, the thirty-second in 12:40, the thirty-third in 12:50, the thirty-fourth in 1:00, the thirty-fifth in 1:10, the thirty-sixth in 1:20, the thirty-seventh in 1:30, the thirty-eighth in 1:40, the thirty-ninth in 1:50, the fortieth in 2:00, the forty-first in 2:10, the forty-second in 2:20, the forty-third in 2:30, the forty-fourth in 2:40, the forty-fifth in 2:50, the forty-sixth in 3:00, the forty-seventh in 3:10, the forty-eighth in 3:20, the forty-ninth in 3:30, the fiftieth in 3:40, the fifty-first in 3:50, the fifty-second in 4:00, the fifty-third in 4:10, the fifty-fourth in 4:20, the fifty-fifth in 4:30, the fifty-sixth in 4:40, the fifty-seventh in 4:50, the fifty-eighth in 5:00, the fifty-ninth in 5:10, the sixtieth in 5:20, the sixty-first in 5:30, the sixty-second in 5:40, the sixty-third in 5:50, the sixty-fourth in 6:00, the sixty-fifth in 6:10, the sixty-sixth in 6:20, the sixty-seventh in 6:30, the sixty-eighth in 6:40, the sixty-ninth in 6:50, the seventieth in 7:00, the seventy-first in 7:10, the seventy-second in 7:20, the seventy-third in 7:30, the seventy-fourth in 7:40, the seventy-fifth in 7:50, the seventy-sixth in 8:00, the seventy-seventh in 8:10, the seventy-eighth in 8:20, the seventy-ninth in 8:30, the eightieth in 8:40, the eighty-first in 8:50, the eighty-second in 9:00, the eighty-third in 9:10, the eighty-fourth in 9:20, the eighty-fifth in 9:30, the eighty-sixth in 9:40, the eighty-seventh in 9:50, the eighty-eighth in 10:00, the eighty-ninth in 10:10, the ninetieth in 10:20, the ninety-first in 10:30, the ninety-second in 10:40, the ninety-third in 10:50, the ninety-fourth in 11:00, the ninety-fifth in 11:10, the ninety-sixth in 11:20, the ninety-seventh in 11:30, the ninety-eighth in 11:40, the ninety-ninth in 11:50, the hundredth in 12:00.

The stable of Burns & Waterhouse accomplished the unparalleled feat of winning all five races on the day's card at Redwood City, Cal., Jan. 3, 1888, with Midflow (Devlin up), Obsidian (Thorpe rider), Napam (Thorpe), Recreation (J. Woods in the saddle) and Shasta Water (Thorpe up).

Tally Ho, by Imp. Mortimer, won a race at Brighton Beach and immediately afterward was taken over to Coney Island and course, where he won one of the big handicaps (the Twin City, I believe). Kentucky, by Lexington, dam Magna, by Glenoe, won his only start as a 2-year-old was beaten once as a 3-year-old (in the Jersey Derby by Norfolk), and was not thereafter defeated, winning all the big stakes, his record being 20 straight—six as a 3-year-old, seven as a 4-year-old and seven as a 5-year-old.

In the Canebrake of 1857, Priores (bred in America and owned by Richard Ten Broeck, who died about 1892 at Redwood City, Cal.) ran a day's heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess for the rich stake and then won the run-off.

Harry of the West, by Lexington-Laura, won 14 races off the reel in 1866, two being at three miles, six at two-mile heats, four three-mile heats and two were four-mile dashes.

Sally Hope, by Sir Arch, won 15 races of four-mile heats in succession without ever losing a heat.

There was a dead heat between three at Brighton Beach in the '80s between Barnum, Blue Rose, and another whose name I cannot recall.

The unbeaten horses of the world that ran five or more times were: In America—American Eclipse, Hanley's Maria, Ball's Floriole (sire to the dam of Boston), Imp. Monarch, Norfolk Asteroid, Sensation, Tremont-French Park and El Rio Rey. In England—Flying Childers, Eclipse (O'Kelly's), Bay Middleton, Ennui, Barcadine (an Irish horse) and Ormonde, now in California. In Australia—Grand Planter.

Beeching, by Dr. Syntax, and dam of the St. Ledger winner, Newminster, won the Doncaster cup, one of England's most important turf events, four times—in 1837 with 115 pounds, in 1840 with 125 pounds, in 1841 with 125 pounds and in 1842 with 125 pounds up. Several horses won it twice, viz., Touchstone, Alice Hawthorn and Vedette (sire of Galopin). Fleur de Lis, Priam, Harkaway, Charles XII and Canzou each won the Goodwood cup twice.

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A GAME GAMBLER.

Ups and Downs of One Sam Hildreth—His Streak of Luck.

Having increased a "shoe-string" to a comfortable fortune within three days in New Orleans, Sam Hildreth, once trainer for William C. Whitney, is prepared to follow his maxim, "Press your luck," and he confidently expects to make big winnings this week. He says that his run of ill luck has ended, that nothing can keep him from winning and that as a climax to his good fortune he expects soon to be reinstated by the Jockey club so that he can take his horses to the eastern tracks next spring.

His horses, recently bought from John W. Schorr, having won five races and run second three times within three days, Hildreth started on a bout with chance Saturday night last in the southern city that ended in his being \$18,000 on the good.

After his fall, John Peters, had won Saturday, Hildreth betook himself to the Louisiana club, there with \$2,300 of his winnings on the track, where he encountered "Plunger" Charlie Ellison, Frank James, the famous ex-bandit; Albert Simons, owner of Moor, the Crescent City handcap, was a "Parson" Davies, the well known pugilistic impresario.

Hildreth had not been at the whist table more than half an hour before he had \$2,000 to his credit. He next tried faro. He began betting in the most prodigal manner and soon was richer by \$4,500. When the shift for midnight lunch occurred Hildreth had increased this to \$7,000. He started in on roulette at 2 o'clock in the morning, playing the colors at the Royal. Over the same spinway he encountered Riley Graman.

Hildreth stacked yellows. He played four times in succession without ever once forcing the croupier to deliver in the cash drawer. The proprietor, walked over and greeted the horseman pleasantly. A few words of explanation followed, and then, amidst the craning of necks, the big play was on. Hildreth staked his remaining checks and two \$1,000 bills to the red. The ball spun, white, and in a moment Hildreth was just \$2,000 ahead of the game.

The topping of cortex as the gray dawn peeped through the high casement windows brought Hildreth's wonderful night of luck to a close. He won \$9,500 all told.

Last July Hildreth went broke, and a week ago possessed only the proverbial shoestring. Today he is the absolute owner of \$18,000 worth of horses and has a comfortable sum in ready cash.

WHAT ABOUT IT ANYWAY?

Is Young Corbett and Terry McGovern Going to Meet?

It would be absolutely proper form if the promoters of the Corbett-Terry McGovern fight at Detroit were to form a quartet and render that beautiful and touching ballad, "Fallen by the Wayside."

For if ever a contest dropped from public view with sickening thud, it is the aforesaid bout. Not one in 10 perhaps throughout the country are mentioning the same and there is not enough interest aroused in the same as the present time to even warrant the "Back Alley Spider" or the "Slaughter House Pet" or "Hinky-Dink" to challenge the winner, and it is surely a sad day when such celebrities as those mentioned above overlook an opportunity to get their names in the papers by challenging some one.

The bout has been driven from pillar to post and it has arrived at the stage

where decomposition has set in. Never was there a bout arranged that promised so bountiful a return of the world's most coveted merchandise as the above contest. The whole country, that is, that part of it that has an inkling of sporting blood in their veins, were aroused to a thirty-second degree of interest. It was on the tongues of everybody and anybody that possibly would intend to be present when the best two little wits in the country today clashed to settle the question of supremacy.

The advance sale of tickets in Louisville, which reached the \$34,000 mark, indicated this. It would have been simply a question of whether or not the building would have held all the people that desired admission and \$50,000 had been a fair figure to have placed the question of receipts. The surprise was the much and when the public demands a thing it is hard to see how the same can develop into a failure.

Of course no fault of the Louisville fiasco can be placed at the door of the promoters or fighters. It was an unfortunate occurrence that the courts should act as they did just at that time. But its one of the fortunes of war, and they were forced to accept that which they could not prevent. Everything that was possible to be done was done by Bob Gray and his associates. With the failure at Louisville came another lapse of interest for several months and the fighters and their manager again in-acted the bids of clubs desiring the contest.

It had been confidently expected by those "in the know" that Bob Gray and his Louisville club would secure the prize. Instead, however, to the surprise of almost everybody, Detroit loomed up as a factor and captured the prize (prize if you care to call it such this time). It was almost a foregone conclusion that Detroit could not bring off the bout. But it was rumored in certain circles that it was never the intention to have Terry and Corbett polish each other's faces in that quiet and staid old burg. It was given out that "the managers" knew their business and they wouldn't have posted that \$5,000 with the Cincinnati Enquirer.

That was the prime and juicy yarn that was handed to the public, and it was put up, was in stage money, and that the little pieces of paper which your Uncle Samuel is supposed to sign were never deposited with the Cincinnati paper as the articles call for. It is therefore only fair to state that the man who made the match and allowed both Terry and the champion to go into training without first insisting that the deposit be placed where it belonged ought to have his head fed. He's certainly a prime subject, that could easily be developed into a "horrible example" for some doctor illustrating the doctrine of lunacy.

Still, no one is entitled to have any sympathy for the principals in this affair. It's their own fault that they have not come together. They could have gone to San Francisco, where several clubs bid for their services without the least chance of interference on the part of the authorities. Instead, however, they preferred to remain "east" and eat snowballs for Christmas instead of a slice of "Aunt Fustiana's plum pudding." It was ever thus with those whose thick skin is too dense to cope with the opportunities that present themselves.

The constant changing of date, date and place of exhibition, as the old showman would say, has caused all interest in the fight of vanish, and unless some heroic promoter with a faculty of arousing the public to take a new hold on the interest in the same, it will not draw enough money at the door to pay for the training expenses of either man. That's the situation in a nutshell. So what's the use of beating about the bush and deceiving ourselves?

If Young Corbett and Terry McGovern are sincere in their efforts they will stop even listening to eastern pro-

motors (unless it is Bob Gray), pack their trunks and immediately board a train for San Francisco. It's the only place that will prove magnetic enough to again draw public attention to the bout. If they do not agree and don't want to meet, then they are perfectly right to keep up their game of "now you see it and now you don't."

It's up to them whether or not the public is to be deceived that they really intend to meet—Denver Post.

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WHEN PAT PLAYED THE LION.

"No, said the lion tamer to Paty Flannigan, 'you can't have a job to look after the animals; but our pet lion died last week, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you \$2 a week to dress up as the lion.'"

"Two pounds!" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world? Right, sir!"

So Paty dressed up as the lion and lay down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened and the performance commenced, says London Answers.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Main are ye me?" said Paty. "Think of me wife and children!"

"Get in," replied the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Paty thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the cage. The lion's big fangs were fixed on him he uttered a doleful wail and commenced praying in Irish. The tiger walked over to him.

"What's the matter with ye?" said he. "Sure, man, ye needn't be afraid. I'm Orish myself!"—Unidentified.

Don't Worry.

This is easier said than done, yet it may be of some help to consider the matter. If the cause is something over which you have no control it is obvious that worrying will not help the matter out, but decidedly unpleasant ailments, in your control you have only to act. When you are cold and have an attack of pneumonia, buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and use it judiciously and all cause for worry as to the outcome will quickly disappear. There is no danger of pneumonia when it is used. For sale by all druggists.

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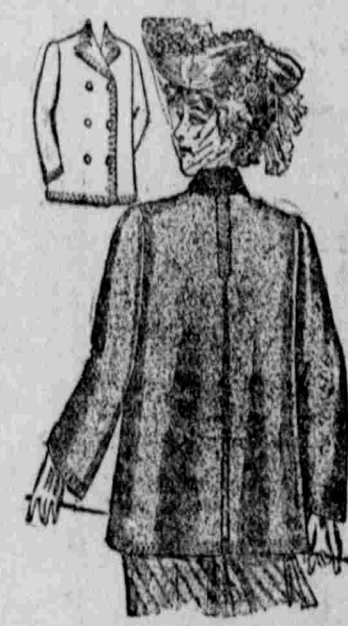
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Etc., etc.

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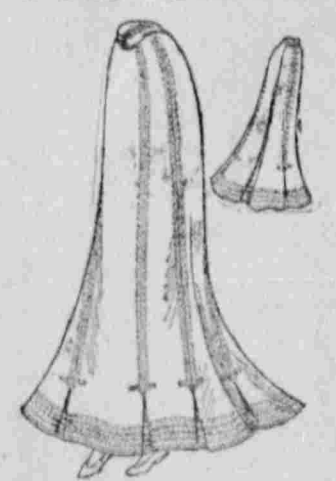
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