

News of the Sporting World at Home and Abroad

TOD SLOAN COMES TO HIS DEFENSE.

"I Never Did a Wrong Thing in My Life," is His Declaration.

BEGAN CAREER IN FALL OF 1887

Declares He Never Bet a Dollar on Any Horse but the One He Rode in Race.

The following interesting article about the little jockey, Tod Sloan, was written by the famous rider himself:

I commenced my racing career in the fall of 1887. I served my first year with Johnny Campbell and rode my first race Feb. 5, 1889. I rode with indifferent success for a couple of years, 1890 and 1891. In 1892-3 I went off and seemed to have lost all ideas of riding, and came to the conclusion that I knew nothing about it. I made up my mind to try some other vocation, but through the instigation of Charles Hanlon, a lawyer in San Francisco, and the assistance of George Rose, I was induced to give race riding another chance, as these two gentlemen saw money in me that I could see in myself—they being about the only ones who did see anything in me.

On Feb. 5, 1889, I rode my first race, and I have never been called better than a jockey since. I was very much surprised to find that a certain English rider, who paid a visit to America, and passed criticism on some of the jockeys riding in the country, I made up my mind to go to England. My opportunity came in the fall of the same year, when James R. Keene asked me if I would go to England to ride a horse for him named St. Cloud in the Cambridgehire stake at Newmarket. I told him I would. He asked me when I would be ready to go, and I told him immediately. If necessary, he said: "You can leave Monday on the Majestic."

I think I sailed on the 17th, landing in England about the 20th of the month. I took headquarters at Newmarket, went on the course every morning, and galloped the horse St. Cloud. The people turned out in the morning to see St. Cloud run away with the race, but they were disappointed, as St. Cloud acted like a child. I stood around trying to get mounts in the morning. They did not take kindly to my style of riding, and they would not even let me gallop their horses at exercise. I was never considered in the racing over there.

Though I could get nothing to ride for several weeks, I stayed around, home-sick and heartbroken. I had money, and made up my mind to stay in England until I had to buy my own horses in order to get mounts. My first year in England is well known, although I had nothing to ride of any consequence, yet I rode 14 races, 20 of which I won. The following year I went back to England, and I rode 18 races and won 45. Many people have, no doubt, been mistaken in regard to what they have read as to my treatment my first year abroad.

Lord William Beresford, with whom I was afterward associated in racing, started a horse named Meta II in a race where she had no chance. Charlie Wood wished to get out of riding the horse, and who, in the Derby the following year, was a prohibitive favorite. Mr. Cuthbert, an American agent for Lord William, who will bear me out in this statement, came to me and asked me how I would like to ride a race. I told him very much, and he said: "We have two in today. Meta II is of no account, and Sandia is the old Cambridgehire, has a good chance." I said, "Very well, I would be glad to ride." He told Lord Beresford about it, and his lordship said I could ride. If I liked, when Cuthbert told me not to ride one if I could not ride the other, I concluded not to ride the bad one.

Lord Beresford said, "Very well, then, he need not ride either." Cuthbert came back and told me what he had said, and I told him to go back to Lord William Beresford and tell his lordship that I had changed my mind, and would ride the bad one, as anyone could win on a good horse. I rode Meta II and beat Jeda a head on the post. His lordship was so elated he told me he would let Wood find another mount in the Cambridgehire, and I could ride Sandia now. After I had ridden Sandia and won the old Cambridgehire with him, Lord William Beresford was as pleased as a child with me, and he told me to go to Hurst park the next day to ride for him. I told him I could not, as some people had arranged a pheasant shoot for me. He said, "Never mind those people; tell me who they are and I will go and see them." He saw them and got them to excuse me from the shooting. The winning on Meta II, therefore, my beginning of an upward career.

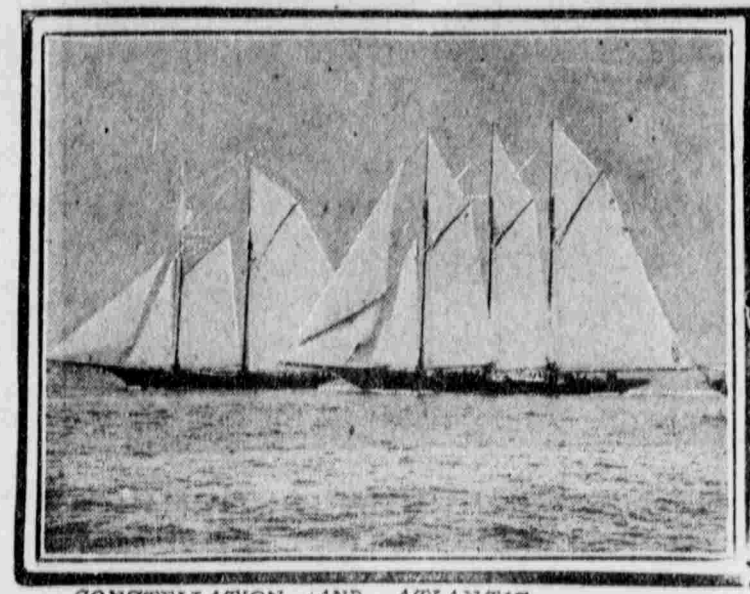
I went racing every day afterward, and enjoyed the same privileges I did before, as many Americans can vouch for, as they have seen and talked with me on the course. I don't know how to spell it now, but the place they named me from is known as the Loco Electric Au Pigeon, meaning the jockey's weighing room. The club allowed the same to be published in their official racing calendar. This was done without any hearing or reason whatever. When I read the next morning the action the French jockey club had taken against me, I was thunderstruck. I was absolutely innocent of having any connection in any way, shape or form with the club. I did not have a single farthing on the mare. I wrote to the Vicomte de Arcourt, asking him if he would give me a hearing, as I thought it was unjust to act so hastily without a defenseless man without any money or reason, or any ground for action, without at least giving me a chance to defend myself. I asked him if he did not think it was fair to give me a chance and to find out from me if I could not prove the statements made about me were all absolutely false. He did not answer my letter, but he sent me a hearing, as I explained my case to Maitre Labori. I told him all the facts, and he said it was the most outrageous thing he had ever heard of. He told me if I fought the jockey club, no matter what I got, I must lose, but that I could not afford to stand in the eyes of the people a man who has been implicated in a fraudulent practice. "You must fight with me, and you cannot lose; you are a poor fellow. They have not one leg to stand on. Allow things to be at the very worst, and allow that you had

backed this mare to win a fortune, they have no control over you, as you do not come under their jurisdiction. You pay your way to the race course, you never received admission tickets from the jockey club, you are a privileged person. They have no right to act upon you at all. It is absurd to think that every little boy or any man who gallops horses on the training grounds of the jockey club should ask permission to do so, because we all know better. There is no law for it, there is no rule in racing that demands an exercising boy to have permission to gallop a horse. The fact that the Vicomte St. Phalle asked you, and also told the stewards it was at his request you galloped the mare, was quite sufficient to vindicate you, had they not had some feeling against you, or any reason, and their feeling was nothing more or less than jealousy."

The following year I was under contract to Mr. Fleischmann and William C. Whitney. Lord William Beresford kept on King Mr. Whitney to send me to England. At the finish of the Saratoga meeting, Mr. Whitney called me aside and told me that Lord Beresford wanted me very badly in England, and

I lived at the Palace hotel, and went racing the same as the gentlemen of France, all of which did me no good, but it was my pleasure to live that way. In the spring of 1903 I had been galloping horses for the Vicomte de St. Phalle, and many others. Nothing had been said about galloping, and I might as well mention that whatever I did for any of the members or people I galloped for, was at all times gratuitous. I went to Chantilly, also Latite, to gallop horses for St. Phalle at very early hours in the morning many times, and he never even as much as paid my railroad expenses. On the day preceding the Prix de Diane, St. Phalle came to me on Long Champagne race course and said: "My dear Sloan, my race mare Rose de Mais is sick and coughing badly." I told him that it did not surprise me, as she had been coughing for a week before. In the meantime I told him Mr. Charon had asked me if I would look after her for him, and I said, "Sloan, will you do that for me?" I told him I would. He said, "Oh, you are so good. You are always good." I said, "Never mind, looking at a horse is nothing much to do."

TWO CONTESTANTS.



CONSTELLATION AND ATLANTIC

The famous Constellation and Atlantic will enter the great ocean race in May. The Constellation is owned by Francis Skinner, Jr., of Boston, and is one of the fastest American boats. The Atlantic is the property of Wilson Marshall. She is 187 feet long and an exceedingly fast boat in a strong breeze.

that he would do the best he could to get along without me if I came to go to England. That was in '98. When the fall came, nothing would do but I should sign another contract, the first call on my services for Lord William Beresford, the second call with his royal highness, the Prince of Wales. I stayed the full year out, and went back the following year, 1900. I rode during the year as free lance, and in the fall, at Newmarket, Lord Beresford told me I must ride the following year for his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, at salary of £6,000, or \$39,000.

All this time Mr. Whitney had been calling Lord William Beresford to get me a ride for them at any price, but my deal had been closed with his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, and as much as I regretted not being able to ride for Mr. Whitney, I was powerless to revoke my other engagement.

That was my undoing. From the day the first man in England had secured the services of a foreigner in the sport the press and people of England turned against me. I believe to this day that if my royal highness had never made any arrangement with me to be his first jockey I would never have had the trouble I have gone through.

A man by the name of Frank Gardner, knowing that I was under this engagement, got in with me and bought horses and persuaded me to give him second call on my services. He also claimed horses in the selling races, and a great many people thought he was a shield for me, thinking me to be the real owner of the horses, which caused me a great deal of annoyance.

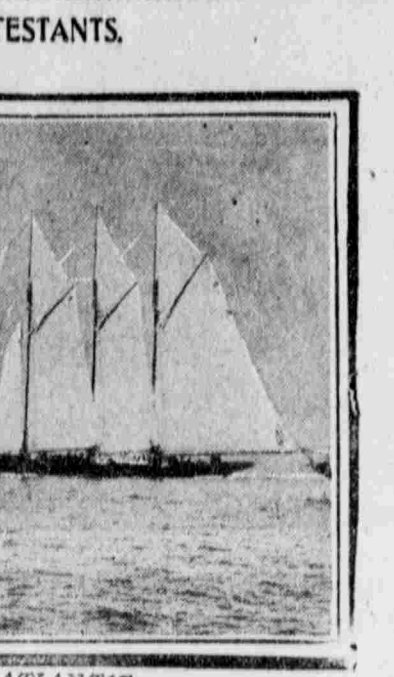
I was not very much surprised when I read from the English calendar in December, 1900, that the stewards thought it advisable for me not to apply for a license, as a very prominent riding horman in that country told me when he asked me if it were true that I was going to be the first jockey for the future king, that he did not think I would ride at all the coming year for anybody.

After the decision of the stewards I went to Paris. I bought horses, trained and galloped when I cared to. I won lots of races, and the money success I had, the more trouble I got into. Horses under my control and management won 84 per cent of the races started in; these horses, before coming under my control, all having been selling platters.

This so enraged the Frenchmen that they began to cry "Dope," something that I had never seen and have not seen yet, but from day to day they kept growing more bitter toward me. They called me a wizard and said I was too sharp for them, and that I was using stimulants on the horses. Nevertheless, I had resorted to sharp practices of any kind.

I don't know just how the American league clubs fared, but I know that I am safe in saying that not more than three of them quit to the good in a financial way last year.

"The public has been under the impression too long that baseball clubs are gold mines, when in fact there is more money lost at the sport than ever was made at it. I know what I am talking about, for in the 18 years that I have been a club owner I have made money in just two seasons."



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The famous Constellation and Atlantic will enter the great ocean race in May. The Constellation is owned by Francis Skinner, Jr., of Boston, and is one of the fastest American boats. The Atlantic is the property of Wilson Marshall. She is 187 feet long and an exceedingly fast boat in a strong breeze.

He said, "Get on her back in the morning and gallop her about a little bit, and see if you think she is too sick to start in the race," which I did. That was the morning of a race—Sunday morning. I told him if the mare was longed to me, I would certainly start her, as I thought the cold was only in her head, and as he was not a betting man, he had nothing to lose and a big race to run for.

The mare opened at 4 to 1 in the betting, and went to 10 to 1. Chat Blanche, the favorite, the property of Maurice Callout, who was an enemy of mine, came in second, and won the race, and most likely a probability.

Thus terminated my racing career, and what the future has in store for me I have not the slightest idea, but the few words I have said here are absolute facts. Instead of being a regular winner, as that Harry Monahan and Tiv Kreling would also assist in the mirth-making. When Britt caught sight of the lurid posters yesterday the madness of the proverbial wet hen was not

in it with him. There Jimmy beheld himself pictured as a minstrel man. But he could find no fault with the picture, for he was logged out in his opera rings and looked dead swell.

"This is an outrage," roared Britt, glaring at a Belvedere poster. "An outrage, I say. Who gave these people permission to bill me as an attraction to a free show? I certainly didn't. If they don't do something about this I'll sue. I'll see my lawyer and see what damages I can get. I am surprised at Coffroth that he should do a thing like that."

"This hurts my vaudeville prospects. I intend to go on the road some time and get the money with my monologue, but if I am billed as star in minstrel shows like this it will ruin me."

Britt's statement may seem all right to some, but at this distance the whole business looks like an advertising dodge.

Four Hundred Babies.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, Chicago, shelters homeless, awaiting adoption, and there are nearly 400 babies there. Sister Julia writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of the Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Ask for 'Honey and Tar' and insist upon having it, as it is a safe remedy and certain in results. Refuse substitutes. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co."

Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

He neglected to take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first signs of kidney trouble, hoping it would wear away, and he was soon a victim of Bright's disease. There is danger in delay, but if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at once the symptoms will disappear, the kidneys are strengthened and you are soon sound and well. A. R. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, had a severe backache and pains in the kidneys and was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

You Needn't.

You needn't keep distressed after eating, nor belching, nor experiencing nausea between meals.

SIR THOMAS' CLOSE FRIEND.



SIR THOMAS DEWAR.

Sir Thomas Dewar has much to place him strongly in the public eye beside being the intimate friend of Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas Dewar is now in this country and his admiration of the American people is outspoken. In his interviews he has intimated that England is suffering from a case of "dry rot."

BRITT ANGRY AT COFFROTH.

J. Shakespeare Britt is really angry. He has not been quite so mad since the days Al Herford taunted him with challenges of all forms and varieties. Jimmy is angry because one of his best friends is giving him some advertising which was not of his seeking. As every one knows, Jimmy Coffroth conducts the Belvedere beer and music hall on O'Farrell street. Coffroth is setting up a minstrel show, and he thought it a good business stroke to bill the champion as one of his headliners. Without gaining Britt's consent, Coffroth put out posters announcing that J. Shakespeare would be one of the performers, and that Harry Monahan and Tiv Kreling would also assist in the mirth-making. When Britt caught sight of the lurid posters yesterday the madness of the proverbial wet hen was not

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It is conducted by Shannon & Respass, and any woman who so desires may walk up and hand her own money to the block man.

Pool boys still flourish to the extent of a dozen or so. But they are patronized chiefly by those women who object to going to the book themselves, or who use the boys as messengers. For the most part, the women seem to prefer putting up their own money.

It is certainly a novel spectacle for the male members of the sporting fraternity to witness a crowd of skirted bettors standing in front of the book and studying the odds, as their male compatriots do in the ring beneath them. There is none of the wild stampeding for opportunities to get bets down, however, except at post time, as the book is for the women alone, and the pool boys also place bets there.

The odds on the books are the same as those in the field books downstairs, so the woman gambler must still take a bit the worst of the odds. At that, prices have been so erratic that they probably get as good odds as they would have downstairs.

Cold weather has kept down the attendance of women somewhat, but the book seems to be prospering, and is looked on as quite an innovation. It is said to have cleared a neat little sum on account of receiving a fairly general play.

THE GREATEST FIGHTER.

Honor Belongs to Old Man Bob Fitzsimmons—Held Three Titles.

Bob Fitzsimmons, the only man in the world who ever won three titles in different divisions of the pugilistic realm, was born a great fighter.

Fitz started out as the middleweight champion. He was too great for that class and tackled heavier men, meeting with grand success. He won the heavyweight title, and after that he fought the light heavyweight honors. Middle, light-heavy and heavyweight champion of the world! That's what Fitz was, if anyone should venture to ask.

His peculiar build helped him greatly in his fights. That small head, it would have been hard enough to hit it had it been a regular sized scound, but being of a smaller size, Jeff was the only man who could locate it. His enormous shoulders helped him cover up his jaw and the punch usually glided off or landed on the large shoulder blades, doing more damage to the opponent's arms than to Fitz himself. His small waist was another great advantage. He had no area to land on in that part of his anatomy and was very lucky there.

In getting away from an opponent, Fitz long legs counted much, and with the spread he could get in and out of an exchange without exerting himself. He need not jump or hop. He could draw them in and out, just as though they were scissors of enormous size.

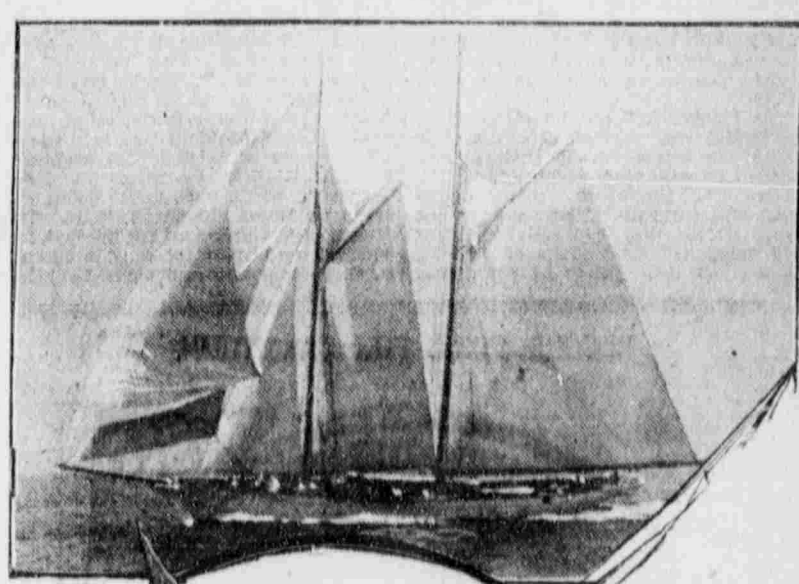
In his youth the old man worked at the forge and this helped the muscles of his forearms to such a size that he could hit a man without pulling his arm back, and knock him down. A mere twist sometimes was all he needed.

Age is all that ever put Fitz out of the champions' class, and it will be many years before we ever see a man win three titles as the red-topped Cornishman did.

Cycling Not Dead.

The general impression that bicycling is dead was handed a rather rude jolt at the last meeting of the Century Road club of America. More than 200 enthusiastic members attended, and the report of the secretary-treasurer showed that the year 1904 had been one of the most prosperous in the history of the organization.

OCEAN RACERS.



The Ariadne is one of the famous yachts entered in the German emperor's ocean race that is to occur next May. The Kaiser has offered a cup as the trophy to be raced for. The yacht is to start on May 15 off Sandy Hook and finish off the Lizard Light, England, more than 5,000 miles away. Henry W. Putnam, Jr., is the owner of the Ariadne.

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Place Provided for the Fair Sex to Place Bets on Horses.

In one way Essex Park, Hot Springs, has charms for the woman gambler—for it is the sole course in the country where she can place her own money.

In the east center of the stand is a regulation book, on which odds are posted, just as in the big ring below.

Ralph Rose is the "Rube" Waddell of the athletic world.

For eccentric cupers and lack of knowledge, so far as department is concerned, the debarted Michigan athlete is similar to the baseball pitcher, who acts as the dumb sign for the athletes of Philadelphia.

In both cases, the men are topnotchers in the sport they follow, though

Rose like Waddell.

Said That He Cuts Many Eccentric Capers—Likos Compliments.

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