

# Vanderbilt-McDowell Combine THE HORSE WORLD Racing For Pleasure and Profit

AMERICAN horsemen have much to talk about nowadays. Events in the running and trotting world are crowding each other, and interest in consequence is raised to an unusual pitch.

The entrance of William K. Vanderbilt into the turf affairs of his native land and Sir Thomas Lipton's avowed intention of displaying racing colors on American tracks have given rise to a deal of favorable comment. Many beneficial results are expected to follow the participation of the millionaires in turf affairs on this side.

Vanderbilt has started in with a rush to procure a string of good horses as a nucleus for his American stable. He has gone into partnership with T. C. McDowell, the Kentucky owner of the magnificent 2-year-old, Alana-Dale, and the advice of the veteran trainer and racing promoter will prove of inestimable value to the new aspirant for American turf glory. Announcement was first made that McDowell was to become Vanderbilt's trainer. The social prestige of the Kentucky McDowells was well known, and friends refused to believe that the master of Ashland, former home of Henry Clay, was to take a position under any man. They were right. Mr. McDowell in refutation of the report said, "Mr. Vanderbilt will put a few horses in my stable, and I will manage them, but I will not by any means become his trainer."

The Vanderbilt-McDowell affiliation will doubtless prove to be one of the most powerful and effective turf combines of recent years. The former has unlimited funds, and McDowell has a corresponding amount of experience and hard common sense. While K. has recently added a string of 10 thoroughbreds to his stable. He bought them from Henry P. Headley of Lexington, Ky. In the lot were six brood mares and ten yearlings, nine of them being fillies. The thoroughbreds are now in McDowell's stables.

Tom McDowell's success on the turf has been phenomenal. Shrewd horsemen there are who think that the ascendancy of his star has but just begun. He owns as choice a collection of stud mares as any man in America, and it is from these that he breeds his sensational stake winners.

McDowell's first good performer was Maid Marian, the daughter of imported Great Tom and Sude McNairy, which he sold to Chris Smith, the famous plunger, for \$7,500. Then he brought out Ashland, Kitty Olive, Batten, Rush, Spirituelle, Alana-Dale and a host of other good ones. Every season he has at least one high class performer, and he has sold a number for record prices. Mr. McDowell has also bred many horses that were sold as yearlings. Probably the best known of these is David Garrick, the colt that did so well in England for the late Pierre Lorillard.

McDowell's colt Alana-Dale is one of the greatest 2-year-olds of the season, and millionaires are vying with each other in efforts to buy him. Alana-Dale is by Halma, the famous son of Hanover, for which Mr. Vanderbilt recently paid \$25,000 in order to get him for his French stud, and his dam is Sude McNairy, by Enquirer. Report has it that Vanderbilt has offered McDowell \$25,000 for the colt.

Tom McDowell is a son of the late Major H. C. McDowell and a grandson of Henry Clay. He is one of the best

known men, socially, in Kentucky. He has always been regarded as the very soul of honor, and during his varied turf career no one has ever insinuated that any of his horses were not started to win. He commands the regard of owners, trainers and jockeys, and Willis K. is extremely fortunate in forming an alliance with him.

William Kinsman Vanderbilt has been more or less prominent in foreign turf happenings during the last few years. He has always expressed reluctance to race his horses in his native land because of possible adverse criticism in the newspapers. While his grounds for such fear are unknown, it is a fact that Willis K. has a peculiar dread of publicity.

The racing of 2-year-olds in this country has been the subject of much controversy. There is no doubt that the youngsters are put to undue strain in many instances and that thoroughbreds capable of great development are oftentimes ruined in their "salad" days. That 2-year-olds can be raced successfully, however, without impairing their prospects for future accomplishments has been illustrated by Tom McDowell in his campaigning of Alana-Dale. I believe that the doughty son of Halma will do wonderful work as a 3-year-old.

Perry Belmont, who recently arrived from abroad, is of the opinion that 2-year-olds are better protected in Europe than at home, and he says American owners and trainers would gain by following transatlantic methods in this respect. Belmont states that European turf cracks have much longer racing careers because of their restraint until well seasoned.

Race horse owners are divided into two classes—those who race for pleasure and those who follow the turf for their livelihood. The man who races horses solely to make money fails more often than he succeeds. He rarely finds the game a sport for kings except in the sense that it takes a money king to enjoy it. There have been several instances where men starting life as newboys, bookmakers or stable boys have risen to wealth through the medium of horse racing, but these exceptions only go to prove the general rule.

The man who races horses for his bread and butter does not, as a rule, live in the best hotels and smoke 50 cent cigars. That popular fallacy was exploded long ago. He sleeps under the same roof with his thoroughbreds, the pride, the care and hope of his heart. Nor does this owner drive to the track in a gaily bedecked tallyho, with an enthusiastic party, consuming wine like water. He is content with a modest runabout, with a broken down runner between the shafts, or else he calls into play a plain, serviceable hack.

The continual hardship and unending nervous strain of the professional owner's life have, after all, their pleasurable variations. In the evening one of the little negro exercising boys is brought in to dance jigs and breakdowns as only a negro can. Then there is always a banjo or a guitar wherever negroes congregate, and where is the man who has heard a crowd of negroes sing and did not find the music delectable?

Winings are just frequent enough to keep things going, and with the lucky streak comes a fortune.

The racing man in hard luck lives in the future. When the season is advanced and it is evident that he has a stable of worthless selling players, he



Photo by Ye Rose Studio, Providence, R. I.

## JOHN MASON, WHO WILL BE A STAR NEXT SEASON.

John Mason, who will star next season under the management of Jacob Litt, is one of the best actors in America, and it is strange that he has not already attained that eminence in the theatrical world for which he is so eminently fitted. This will not, however, be Mr. Mason's first stage venture. Years ago he and Marian Marsh, then his wife, toured the country in a number of plays which were artistically presented by the two talented principals. Mr. Litt has selected for Mr. Mason's use a modern comedy-drama, "The Altar of Friendship," of which those who have read the manuscript speak in terms of commendation.

begins to talk of next year and the promising 2-year-olds. When the string is in winter quarters, he will, so to speak, "trace them around the fire" with his hangers on, for every stable has its followers. They seem to be the "sure thing" of the racing game.

Some there are who say that the bookmakers get the bulk of the money in horse racing. This may be true for a short period, but rarely for a great length of time. And this year is proving one of the most disastrous on record for the layers of odds. The man who looks closely into the question will find just as many unsuccessful bookies as trainers and owners.

The cast is to have a new racing association. Prominent New York politicians, headed by State Senator Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, have formed the Metropolitan Jockey club, and work will be begun shortly on a track, grand stand and clubhouse. The promoters have procured a site on the line of the Long Island railroad near Jamaica, and a strong play will be made to corral the New York city racing followers.

New York is already well supplied with tracks, and the success of the new venture is problematical. No other city in the United States has so varied an assortment of courses near at hand. Gravesend, Sheepshead Bay, Brighton Beach, Aqueduct and Morris Park provide ample accommodation for the metropolitan followers of form, and rivals for patronage may have "heavy going."

FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.

Thomas W. Lawson of Boston says he will build another 30 foot racing yacht next year.

## HUMOROUS STORIES ABOUT WELL KNOWN STAGE FOLK.

When Joseph Jefferson was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago, he hesitantly placed himself and the rest of the company in a very awkward predicament.

One evening he went to the theater tired out after a long day's fishing. As the curtain rose on the third act Rip Van Winkle lay deep in his 30 years' sleep. A quarter of an hour elapsed, but the great actor did not show any signs of life. The manager, thinking this interpretation of the character was too realistic, grew indignant, and the audience became visibly uneasy. At length a voice from the gallery wanted to know "if they had to wait 19 years for the awakening." The prompter, opening a trapdoor from below, touched his hand in his pocket and loudly exclaimed:

"It is all right, conductor! I'm going through."

Not being able to find the imaginary railway ticket, he got up and, of course, immediately, grasped the situation, amid loud laughter.

Jean de Reszke is the only one of the grand opera singers whom it is impossible to hire for private musicales. He will sing an entire evening at the house of a fellow artist, but becomes positively angry when singing for money in private houses is suggested. He once visited the house of the Rothschilds in Paris and delighted his host by singing a number of songs. The baron, who had tried to get him to sing at private entertainments a number of times, now resolved to reward the singer in what he considered the proper way. At the close of the evening he presented De Reszke with a blank check, signed, asking him to fill it up for any amount he wished. De Reszke took the check, and as he tore it to pieces he said: "My friend, I am your guest. If I took your check I should deserve to be kicked from your door. I sang only for pleasure."

Alice Nielson, the well known actress, has had a most romantic career. She was left an orphan at 7, her father having died from a wound he received during the civil war. She always used to sing about the house and was considered a good singer. One day her sister, who was a soloist at the church, fell ill, and she was sent to take her place. Her voice attracted attention, and a few weeks later she was with a concert party in Missouri, billed as "The Swedish Nightingale." A few months later she was snatched up by the manager of a touring opera company at a salary of \$15 a week. It was a hard life at first, but it led the young singer toward the goal of her ambition. Her sister's disposition was indeed a fortunate one so far as she was concerned.

Frank McKee has learned since he decided to call Augustus Thomas' new comedy, written by Peter F. Daley, "Champagne Charlie" that he selected a very popular title.

So less than 31 claims to this title have been filed with Mr. McKee since the announcement that he would use it. This brings to mind a scheme for making a few dollars that was very extensively worked before the copyright law was changed three or four years ago. Several persons made quite a business of copyrighting titles, sending them to the library of congress in strings of 50 to 100 at a time. As the cost was only 50 cents a title for copyright, the project proved quite profitable when one found he could make a producer buy from him a new play name he had copyrighted without the remotest idea of ever actually using it.

A man holding a public office profited by this expedient for years.

## DOWN ON THE "JUMPERS."

American league players have formed a habit of cutting National league double somersault members of the profession. Willis and Dimes are said to have been ignored entirely by some of their former friends on the occasion of a meeting of players of the two organizations in Philadelphia recently.

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# THE ARGONAUT CREW SPORTS SMALL TALK

THAT Englishmen are seriously impressed by the failure of their athletes to "make good" in the majority of international contests of recent years is evident to close followers of sport. Various reasons for their shortcoming have been advanced, but the latest statement is a novel one, to say the least.

According to C. N. Jackson, who will act as chief adviser to the English university team shortly to visit this country, the defeat of the English athletes is attributable to excessive riding. He says that the introduction of such modern conveniences as the tramcar, motor car and bicycle has resulted in frailty of muscle. Added to this, Mr. Jackson says the English athletes have turned toward the easier forms of outdoor exercise, such as tennis and golf, which he considers, as do many others, tame in comparison with the cricket and football contests of their forefathers.

Regarding the coming invasion of America by the Oxford-Cambridge team, Mr. Jackson states that in his estimation it will not be so strong as that which trailed in the dust several years ago the colors of Yale and Harvard. The visitors will be weak in the 100 yards, the quarter mile and the hurdles, while the hammer throwing event is a "sure thing" for our boys. Nevertheless, the English competitors will make an interesting struggle.

The annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen on the Schuylkill river, near Philadelphia, brought forth one of the greatest surprises of the year. To see a Canadian crew literally "walk away" from the famous Vesper eight, winners of the world's championship races at the Paris exposition, was sufficient to create no small sensation. The Argonauts deserved their victory, and they were a revelation to those who disparage Canadian watermanship.

The Canadian triumph in the N. A. A. O. contest will probably lead to a trip to Canada in the fall by the Vespers. While there appears to be no doubt that the Philadelphia oarsmen's shell struck some obstacle in the race, the fact remains that their defeat by both the Canadian aggregations was decisive.

Experts conversant with the conditions of the race lay the blame on the poor physical condition of the Vesper crew. This theory is given weight by the fact that the trainer threatened to resign a few days before the regatta, claiming that the men were not preparing as they should. The rowers themselves lay their vanquishment to this cause, making it all the more galling. Now the Vespers assert that if

The youngster recently won a ten mile paced race at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., and on the same track in practice against Harry Elkes he clung to the former six day rider's rear wheel for miles. Try as he might, Elkes could not shake him off.

Smith is a small bundle of pluck. In a recent contest at Madison Square Garden, New York, I saw him get a tumble on the "chopping bowl" track that would have sent many an older man to his dressing room, but the game youngster was up again quick as a flash and only too willing to continue. His trainer was compelled to restrain him by force.

Smith, with proper care, will make a great rider, but he must not be allowed to wear himself out. He is unmistakably a "comer," and I look to see him line up with the top notchers when he matures a bit.

Alas, how are the mighty fallen! The great, the only, the immaculate Tod has dropped from the high pinnacle which he was prone to occupy like some wondrous final of artistic make up. Todhunter Sloane, premier of jockeys, breaker of feminine English hearts and of fat English betting rolls, has descended to the ranks of the chauffeurs. Hereafter he will be known as an auto-buster, and the race tracks around which he was wont to circulate shall know him no more, at least for the nonce.

Sloane's decision to take up automobile driving came as a surprise to most of his friends, and his real motive is not known.

Tod Sloane should prove to be a good racing automobilist. He has had a long career on the backs of the plunging ponies both at home and abroad, and his nerve is unquestioned. He will appear in several automobile races at the Pan-American exposition and is of the opinion that he will break a few records before the exposition closes.

Sportsmen have insatiable appetites for new things. Novelty is their delight, and one enthusiastic coterie has formed a motto by paraphrasing a familiar quatrain as follows:

Cent that day lost  
Whose low descending sun  
Brings not to light  
Some innovation.

The latest freak of the wily manufacturer's art is the luminous golf ball. These balls are not luminous in themselves, but are thinly coated with phosphorus. As a result, darkness is no longer a drawback to the followers of the great Scotch game.

Many clubs throughout the country have tried the phosphorous covered golf balls and report varying degrees of suc-

## Incidents That Have Made Stage Careers

One night quite early in his career the well known English performer George H. Chirgwin, was waiting in his dressing room for his turn to go on the stage when something got into his eye and irritated it.

The actor rubbed the inflamed organ so vigorously that some of the "black" came off. All unconscious of the Chirgwin's ent on to the stage, and the audience roared with laughter at the odd effect. Quick to seize the hint, the performer has since then adopted the "white eye" which amused his audience so and has won both fame and fortune as the "White-Eyed Kaffer."

One of Albert Chevalier's earliest engagements was with the Kendalls. Having played a large and being quite young, he was dreadfully nervous on the first night of the performance.

One of the songs of Mr. Kendalls' pulled his chestnut kerchief out and was horrified to see an orange, which happened to be in his pocket, bounce on the stage and roll slowly down to the footlights. The audience shrieked but the poor actor was far from laughing. He expected nothing less than instant disaster at the fall of the curtain and was greatly surprised when "the guv'nor" came up to him and said solemnly: "Stick to the orange, my boy. It was the hit of the evening."

The late Edward Sothern was comparatively unknown when he created the immortal Lord Dundreary at the Haymarket theater, London, and when he joined the brilliant and celebrated company there—incomparably the finest comedy company in the English capital—he was looked on somewhat oddly.

One day at rehearsal the newcomers were observed to be limping a little, probably on account of their boots, for Sothern was ever something of a dandy, and one of the ladies scoldingly said, "suppose you'll introduce that limp into the part?" This gave the comedian an idea, and thereupon an odd limp became as much a part of Lord Dundreary as his "Piccadilly weepers."

De Wolf Hopper owes his introduction to the stage to an odd accident. One day at rehearsal of "Ben Hur," New York, one day he attempted to pass a stranger coming in the opposite direction, and the two executed one of those unrehearsed pas de deux which often happen in similar circumstances where the performers are both polite and hot in a hurry. Losing his patience at last, Hopper called out:

"Look here! Is this a walk or a polka?"

The "stranger" happened to be a theatrical manager, and so tickled was he with the young man's ready wit that he asked him to call at his office, and thereupon an offer of an engagement.

The late Jenny Hill, the "Is this a walk or a 'Vital Spark'?" as she was called, owing to her vivacity and unflagging high spirits, began her stage career as a sentimental singer and a performer on some stringed instrument, and an entire accident opened her eyes to her genius for the depicting of cockney character, for which she afterward became celebrated. A gallery boy, strongly objecting to the ballad she was singing one night at a music hall, was moved to interrupt her with remarks, which included a recommendation to "take it 'ome." The singer resolved to answer him in his own tongue, and her harangue, in the choicest Whitechapel, was received with such hilarious delight by the audience that she then and there resolved to take up "character" songs instead of the "straight turn," as it is technically called, which she had been "working."

Paul Cinquevalli, the famous juggler, once stated that accident often suggested some new feat. "One drops in inadvertently a cup or some such small article, and the saving of it gives the idea of repeating the feat on the stage," he said. Sydney Grundy's play, "A Fool's Paradise," which a wife attempts her husband's life by slow poison, was produced in London while a world famous trial for murder was a topic of interest, and this may to a great extent have helped the box office receipts.

## WHY BROADHURST QUIT.

Clothes, by the way, suggest an incident in the early career of playwright George H. Broadhurst. He was an advance agent of a show and did not get along well with the proprietor, who was not noted for his knowledge of etiquette. After one particularly stormy scene Broadhurst determined to quit the business and resigned on the spot, saying, "I knew I could not work satisfactorily with you."

"Why not?" asked the proprietor, rather taken aback by the sudden resignation.

Broadhurst was rather nonplused for a moment, as he had no legitimate excuse handy. Then an idea occurred to him.

"Well," he drawled, "I never could stand for a man who wore a silk hat with a sack coat." The banging of the door drowned the proprietor's reply.

## "LOVERS' LANE" SCHOOLMARM.

Emily Wakeman, who scored as the quaint, lovelorn country schoolmarm in "Lovers' Lane" at the Theater Public, New York, has gone with the company to Chicago for a summer engagement at McVicker's theater, later being seen in Buffalo and operating next season at the Tremont theater, Boston.

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THE SMALL BOAT RACING SEASON—ONE RATERS JOCKEYING FOR A START.

## RIALTO GOSSIP.

William McCard has signed to play with the "Night of the Fourth" company. He will have the role in which Walter Jones appeared last season.

Daniel Frohman, who is now in London, has engaged the Bohemian violinist, Herr Kubelick, for an American tour, to begin in New York in December.

Olive Ulrich has been engaged by

Manager William Warrington to play the title role in "The Girl From Paris" company he will send on the road next season.

Walter Clifford has been engaged to play the juvenile comedy role in "The Runaway Girl" next season. The first performance takes place in Duluth, Minn.

Mabella Baker, who has signed to

play a character comedy part with the Rose Melville "His Hopkins" company, has gone to Asbury Park, N. J., to join her husband, George Broderick, for a few weeks before the opening of the season.

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position entitled "Flordora," the first song or musical feature accepted out of half a hundred offerings of this title. The words and score of the new work are by Eugene Walling and Meyer F. Ensel.

While Joseph Weber, of Weber & Fields, was abroad recently he engaged the Hengler sisters for the coming season at the Broadway (New York) music hall. They have sailed for this country. The Hengler sisters' last appearance in

America was at Koster & Bial's, New York, where they had a run of 12 weeks. They will not give their old specialty at Weber & Fields, but will be provided with roles in the new burlesque, "Hetty Totty."

The differences between Richard

William Dummely and his wife, Emma Littlefield, will depart themselves next season in "Side Tracked." They have signed with A. Q. Squammon, manager of the company.

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