

# Sporting.

Trotter's season's over.  
Records gone to smash.  
Winter oats an' cover.  
Curlin' to de cash.  
Turkeys, many busted.  
Odds in de swim.  
Winter board an' cholin'  
Curlin' to de win.

## NOTES.

The Cambridgeshire was another all round surprise. The good showing made by Callistrate in the Cesarewitch had caught the fancy of many, while El Diablo, Son of a Gun and Medicis all had strong supporters, but nobody had a word to say of Indian Queen, Mr. E. Hobson's three-year-old bay filly; yet she cantered home an easy winner by three lengths. Sir J. Blundell Maples' four-year-old bay colt Gangway finished second, and M. A. Abeille's four-year-old brown colt Callistrate third. The other starters were Colonel North's El Diablo, Baron de Rothschild's Medicis, Mr. F. Alexander's Son of a Gun, Mr. D. Hollis' Xury, Mr. Dick's Athel, Mr. Manton's None the Wiser, Mr. F. J. Douglas' Encounter, Lord Hastings' Sir Jacob, M. Ephraim's Brocettelle, Mr. James Best's Worcester, Lord Howe's Farnale, the Prince of Wales' Florizel H., Mr. W. W. Fulton's Comely, Sir H. J. Ainslie's Llanthony, Lord Cadogan's Stowmarket, Lord Bradford's Beighterton, and Mr. T. Cannon's Melancholy.

The post betting was 25 to 1 against Indian Queen, 12 to 1 Gangway, 9 to 2 Callistrate, 5 to 1 El Diablo, 8 to 1 Medicis, 9 to 1 Son of a Gun, 14 to 1 Xury, 17 to 1 Athel, 20 to 1 None the Wiser, 25 to 1 each Encounter and Sir Jacob; 40 to 1 each, Brocettelle and Worcester; 50 to 1 each, Farnale, Florizel H., Comely and Llanthony; 60 to 1 Stowmarket, and 100 to 1 each, Beighterton and Melancholy. The horses got away at the first attempt, Farnale making the running, followed by Indian Queen, Worcester, Xury and Sir Jacob in the order named. Llanthony, Athel, Son of a Gun and El Diablo were running in a bunch some distance behind, with Comely bringing up the rear. Up on nearing the finish Farnale and Xury found the pace too hot and were obliged to drop back; and Sir Jacob, too, was soon seen to be in trouble. Indian Queen then drew to the front, closely followed on the left by Gangway, and on the right by Callistrate. Neither of these two, however, could do more than they were doing, and Indian Queen won in a canter by three lengths. There was a similar distance between Gangway and Callistrate.

GALLES BROWN'S colt Libertine, by Leonatus-Falaise, has now the proud honor of holding the circular track record for a mile, having run the distance at the Harlem track, Chicago, in 1.38½, reducing the mark made by Chorister at Morris

Park last year by half a second. The Straightaway mile record is Salvatore's 1.35½. Libertine ran the race against the sensational western three-year-old Cash Day and it was a grand run. The fractional time was: Quarter, 0.23½; three-eighths, 0.33½; half 0.47½; five-eighths, 1.00, three-quarters, 1.04½; seven-eighths, 1.25½; and the mile in 1.38½.

The running season ended some weeks ago, excepting as to the "skates," who are yet laboring about the tracks contiguous to the Virginia and Tennessee lines, and from whom nothing beyond odds is to be expected. And what is the result? The aged division of the bang-tails have been as a rule, off-color, the colts, with the exception of Henry of Navarre perhaps, have been disappointing and the youngsters have given us no reason to expect anything great. Decidedly it has been an off year. We do not look upon the Royal Henry as a "wonder," we have been disappointed in Domino, in Clifford, in Dubbins and a score of others and on the top of it all there is the almost certainty that the constitutional amendment to the betting law in the State of New York will carry, and then good-bye to racing in that state. The year has not been good, and the outlook is not good. Prices of thoroughbreds are about as bad as they can be, and locally the O. J. C. trouble is developing a tendency to ruin racing in Ontario. This is written without knowledge of what the result of Tuesday's meeting will be.

THE light harness horse has done better. In fact, he has done remarkably well. If there is a record that has not been broken, it must have dropped to the bottom of the pile and been lost in the waste paper basket. Sweet little Alis, one of the true hearted trotters that ever stepped before a "bike," has taken the Crown, while the pacers have knocked things endwise, and have brought the two-minute mark well in sight. Yearlings, two-year-olds, three-year-olds, all kinds of odds, have made new marks, the development has been wonderful, the end no man can see. The raging discussion over the different "families" has become of tornado-like proportions, while the 2.30 class has dwindled into an object of contempt.

WHAT does it all mean? That the thoroughbred is depreciating? Not so. He has had some centuries of development, and his progress must of necessity now be slow, and fitful. The harness horse, whether trotter or pacer, is a comparatively modern institution and his point of average development has not yet been reached by a large majority. We will see the two-minute pacer next year, and the two-minute trotter the year afterwards. Flying Jib can pace a mile in two minutes and under, with a running mate to pull him along, and keep his feet. Another will come out and do it without the pulling and keep his feet. It means that the gated horse is catching up to the galloper. That is all.

The terrible blunder of the judges at Cumberland Park undoubtedly spoiled the greatest pacing race of the year. The *Horse Review* thus says: "Both the drivers of Robert J. and Gentry were determined to beat; an enthusiastic crowd, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to see the race, were on hand; expectation was on the tip of excitement; the bookmakers had their hands full; and money was as free as water; a great heat was paced, one every point contested, the grandest generalship exerted by great drivers and the greatest nerve and pluck exhibited by flying horses, ending in as grand a finish as ever came out of a home stretch with Gentry, who was far from being a favorite, clearly the victor—and then came the sickening thud of official incompetency like a bolt out of heaven, a cloud out of the sky—a dead end out of a stable loft! It was too bad. Six thousand or more people went away disgusted, one of the best associations in the country had been wronged, a splendid horse deprived of his just dues, the owners and driver of the champion, always more than anxious to see simple justice done and get only what their great horse is entitled to, equally as dissatisfied, a great race, pre-aging bursted records, unfinished, and a lot of Tennessee lung-splitting shouting smothered into a dismal grum!"

WITH the above we quite agree. We do not believe that on their merits Gentry can beat Robert J., nor do we believe that Gters was afraid to lose the one heat. The whole thing was bungled, the race was set too late in the afternoon and the judges were—shall we say insane. The drawing of Gentry was not warranted by the rules, but was warranted by circumstances, and the racing record of the year which otherwise would have been easily disturbed was let go by default. It was a pity.

BUT what about the match between the champion trotters? Shall we drop the mantle of charity over the Alis-Directum race? The mare was in the pink of condition and was there to win. She was ready to trot the race of her life. What about the stallion? He had been sore for weeks, he was sore when the match was made, he was taken out of the way so the public would not know of his condition, he was hobbled up for the stallion race at Boston and did one good heat against Nelson at Righty Park, then the best they could do was to give him slow work with an occasional fast brush. When he came to the post he was not fit to race, his fore feet were terribly sore, he would take any kind of a gait to relieve the pain, it was barbarous to send him out at all.

BUT what else? For three weeks beforehand the papers had been filled with accounts of his excellent condition. "Pink" was no name for it. He was ready to go record breaking miles, and when the day of the battle came his party controlled everything. They charged

\$1.50 at the gate and \$2.00 for the grand stand, they bled the public right and left, they took all the money in sight and they kept him favorite in the betting ring until within an hour of the race. Then they played their money so eagerly that they ran the stallion down from an odds on favorite to 800, while they gave \$150 for the mare. The public lost the money, there was no race that could be called such, and the gentlemen who ran the Directum part of the show sell perhaps there was good reason why the race was not arranged for a western track.

POSSIBLY all this explains why the match race arranged for Robert J. and John R. Gentry at Buffalo has fallen through. The papers say there could be no betting and we do not wonder at it. However it will not do to blame all the "indications" of one party. The harness horses are going into winter quarters or to California, and so there is an end of it for this season.

THE bicycle riders have been as the with the records as the harness horses. In the last week two wonderful efforts have been made. Johnson's straightaway mile, beating the great Salvatore's running time would have been thought sufficient, but it certainly is not as great a performance as that of Tyler at Waltham, Mass., on Saturday. The "little demon" ran a mile on the circular track in 1.48.34, lowering the record by 1.2.5 seconds since his own best previous time by nearly 3 seconds. On Monday Tyler lowered the two mile flying start record from 4.04.43 to 4.04.44.

## QUALITIES OF ROAD HORSES.

"As a rule a roadhorse is not a race horse, and very few racehorses make good road horses," said Dr. W. A. Bruns, of Chicago, to a representative of *The Inter Ocean* recently. "The trotting horse, as an evolved product, is distinctly American, and represents in the highest sense, the legitimate results of intelligent selection and mating, assisted by skillful care and handling, all directed at naturalizing and bringing to the highest point of perfection an artificial gain. To see how well they have succeeded, and that the mare moving down the public's eye, as one of the prominent breeding establishments, and her weanling colts trot a long way along by the side of its dam. Its ancestors, but a few years past, were second in our production as well as in intelligent appreciation of the merit and beauties of the American trotter to account for the enthusiasm displayed over each quarter second clipped off the mile, as well as for the large and rapidly increasing number of road horses to be met with in all parts of the country. In the racehorse, extreme speed, with the courage and stamina to repeat, is the desideratum instead of being a matter of secondary importance. The road horse on the contrary, is called upon both for business and pleasure. Style and carriage are factors, and he must have sufficient size and weight to enable him to haul, without undue effort, his own friend, or, in an emergency a more while his disposition and training must such that he is absolutely fearless, at all times, tractable, and easy driver. Endurance is a greater factor than extreme speed, and the horse that will

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