

IN CIRCLES OF RAGE HORSES

Tips are Always Sought and Command High Prices.

Large Numbers of "Touters" Employed Who are Terrors of Trainers and Pets of Stable Boys.

Considering the millions of money at stake during the flat racing season, it is small wonder that a whole army of spies are continually at work keenly watching the progress of thoroughbred training in their training.

Racing touts are a distinctly unique body of professional men, and numerous broken jockeys and unfortunate trainers figure in their ranks.

A special knowledge is absolutely necessary, and indomitable patience and perseverance essential qualifications. These men are well paid for their information, and many of them have made big fortunes through following information percolating to them from cackling stable boys, and trials they secretly observed.

Information from training quarters costs the daily and weekly sporting papers huge sums; but bookmakers and heavy plunging bettors also pay vast amounts for valuable information—in fact, it is common knowledge that one big betting man who thinks nothing of having several thousand dollars of money on a racer in a hundred-pound selling race, employs a small army of these cute gentry, who can tell you the name of every horse when they are a mile away. So well trained are racing specialists that, at the turf headquarters—Newmarket—where several thousands of horses are trained, a man would not be worth his salt who could not instantly distinguish and name every animal on the beach.

These "touting terrors," as they are called, are the natural enemies of trainers, and a constant war is waged by some of the results of the trials being instantly wired away to big backers and layers, and the former instantly collar the cream of the market—i. e., the long odds—and the bookmakers pinch their prices, so that when the poor trainer or owner want to work a commission for themselves they have to be content with the leavings.

In the latter event, hundreds of horses have been scratched for valuable handicaps by their irate owners. In other cases, the backers, who have greedily collared the market, have found it prudent to disgorge the lion's share of their bets to ensure the horse running.

Some years ago a strange battle of brains versus touts took place. At a certain famous training establishment, from which many Derby winners have emanated, there were three prominent candidates for the Blue Riband honors, and the neighborhood was simply swarming with specially commissioned spies sent down to secretly watch the important trial which was certain to come off in a few days, as the Derby was nearly due to be run. The people crowded with the horses strongly objected to this, and the astute trainer decided to outwit the cunning gentry. He made great friends with them, and quite won their friendship by his wily manner.

A stable boy connected with the training establishment, at his employer's instigation, told them, in the remotest confidence, that no trial would take place for several days. Then the trainer jumped in and invited them to dine with him at the village public house. Having "collected" them all, he then well, gave instructions for them to be supplied with as much to drink as they pleased, and went to the village blacksmith who was outside waiting for instructions.

The sturdy smith instantly knocked spikes in the back and front doors, and securely padlocked them. Then the trainer merrily went away, and brought off the trial, free from the prying eyes of the tricked touts. A tremendous commission was cleverly executed, the horse won the Derby, and the bamboozled information providers were duly laughed at and sacked.

Some years ago a professional back got wind of the excellent prospects of a dark horse entered in the Cesarewitch. The animal was not even mentioned in the long list of better quotations; but this information came from a good source, so he sent down his prize tout to nose out the animal's chance. The trainer of the "dark un" was death on touts, and had horse whipped dozens of them within an inch of their lives.

Not one of the fraternity dare go within a mile of him, and his stable boys were un-et-able, as he kept them locked up during the time they were not on duty. He had a wonderful scent for a tout, and if he intended to bring off a trial, special precautions were made by the wily old gentleman to prevent the result being spied upon. The tout sent down by the big betting man knew all this, but he was not easily beaten.

In the middle of the night he went

to the Downs near the training gallop, dug a hole in the ground, covered it up artistically with gorse bushes, and settled down to wait. He had provided himself with plenty of food and drink, and a waterproof sheet and a blanket. On the fourth morning of his "burial" he had the satisfaction of seeing the trial; and, as luck would have it, the trainer and owner stood within a few feet of his hiding place, and discussed the weights carried by the participants in the trial.

The horse won, and the tout's employer netted a huge sum, and rewarded his secret searcher with £1000.

How the information leaked out was a puzzle to the trainer for many a long day; but, stange to say, he discovered it by falling into the bush-covered booby-trap made by the tout, while walking across the Downs one morning.

Many training establishments throughout the country are situated within a mile or so of a public highway, and on these touts perambulate, armed with powerful telescopes and binoculars, through which they watch the horses do their work; and although the horses are closely sheeted, they know each one by its galloping action, stockings, or some other peculiar feature.

Not long since a celebrated trainer who rules over an establishment noted for its big betting coups, actually brought an action in the high court, to restrain touts from touting his horses, and won the action, too, although the racehorse spies were in the habit of taking up their position on a public road intersecting his training grounds.

A cute trainer had a St. Leger favorite, which was, of course, spied upon in a most irritating manner. The trainer, however, decided to turn this to good account to make up for his annoyance. This fancied racer was a chestnut, and strikingly marked with long white stockings on each leg.

In the same stable was another chestnut, of the same age and height, with no white stocking and little racing ability. The latter could not be remedied, but the stockings could, and requisitioning a whitewash brush and pail of whitewash, the horse was soon supplied with missing hose. Then he let all the stable boys know that a trial would take place that afternoon, and they—as he knew they would—quickly advised their pet touts.

The heavily sheeted, whitewashed, no classer "was, of course, taken for the St. Leger favorite; and when it was seen that it was hopelessly beaten, the wily watchers rushed madly away and wired off the information. The horse went right out in the betting, and the trainer and owner quietly stepped in, and gathered in all the long odds. The bookies began to smell and after the horse won the race, in a walk, they were looking for their hoodwinked touts with hatchets.—Examiner.

Called It Dirty Rag

The German Flag Was Insulted by Colombians.

New York, July 29.—The Hamburg-American line steamer Allegheny, which arrived here today, reported that she was held in the harbor of Savannah, Columbia, for 12 hours. Passengers on the Allegheny report that Abel Murrillo was arrested on the ship at Cartagena, and taken ashore by the Colombian authorities. Murrillo protested against his arrest, claiming that he was entitled to the protection of the German flag. Murrillo is said to be the secretary of Gen. Uribe.

When the vessel arrived at Cartagena she was ordered detained by the authorities there. The captain protested that he was sailing under the German flag and that no official of Colombia had a right to stop the vessel for any purpose whatever. This protest was unheeded, however, and search was made for Murrillo, who was found on deck.

He declared that he would not be arrested and returning to one of the ship's masts he seized the German flag which was lying there and wrapped it about him. Then he stood forward and cried out: "I am under the protection of the German flag and you have no right to arrest me."

According to the passengers on the Allegheny the Colombian officers, notwithstanding the protest, seized the man and dragged him from the vessel. According to a signed statement made by three of the Allegheny's passengers, Murrillo left the United States about four months ago on a passport signed by the Colombian minister at Washington. On his arrival at Savannah he was arrested and taken to Bogota, where he was released on the understanding that he would take the first vessel for the United States. This Murrillo did, boarding the Allegheny at Savannah. He expressed fears that he would be arrested at Cartagena and when the vessel arrived at that port he refused to go ashore when word was brought that the governor wanted to see him. The statement made by the passengers then says that Capt. Lower of the Allegheny protested against the arrest, saying it was against international law and at the same time the

captain told the mate to put the German flag on the gangway so that the Colombian officers would have to tread on it if they took Murrillo.

The arrest did not take place at this time and the police withdrew on the captain's protest. Later, however, the ship's clearance papers were refused and the statement was made that they would not be furnished until Murrillo was surrendered. A signed statement concerning the incident then says:

"The captain then went on land and after a while returned with more policemen and we then thought he was going to give up the passenger in exchange for his papers. The police went up to Murrillo and tearing from him the 'dirty rag,' as they called the flag of Kaiser Wilhelm, took the prisoner from the ship." This statement is signed by Edward J. White, a British subject, Aime Van Den Bogaerde, a Belgian and Charles F. Pope, a citizen of the United States.

Missing People.

The following persons are inquired for by their relatives, who are anxious to know of their whereabouts:

Mike Kinney, San Angelo, Texas; Geo. E. Bantor, Waterloo, Iowa; Hugh McKinzie, Valdes, Alaska; Jos. Pageau, Lynn, Mass.; Mat Ward, Thawlands, Glasgow, Scotland; Jos. Swindell, Everett, Mass.; Chas. George, Phoenix, B. C.; Robert, Harkley, Owen Sound, Ont.; Thos. Bakke, Moyie, B. C.; Ernest Richards, Ashtabula, O.; Fred J. Coffyn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Information regarding any of the above named persons should be left with the police at the town station.

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