Sporting.

THE AULD CURLER'S PRAYER.

I'm hit a puir auld doited carle,
Wi' siller name to spare,
The sauld broon coad is patched an' thin,
The shoot are brusters sair;
There's name say plently coad an' wood,
The shell is unco bare,
Bit I'm prayin aye for days
Wi' the frosd i' the air.

The wife misca's me tac the fold.
The bairnies say I'm daft.
Bit there's now other's warm an saft.
Of the seconds that God has given
There's name so sweet tac me
As when the bomy chamel-stane
Gangs roaring tac the tee.

Wi withered airm, an crookit back. That ance was streight an strang. An tremin limbs, an blighted eer I canna bid for lang. Bit sit my foot upon ice, My han good by stane, An pairied youth an I shall meet. For ane short hour again.

For and short hour again.

Then gie me bit anither day,
Anüher hour tae star

Ance mair a biyl thome callant
Wi'the beson in his ban.

An' when the partin.

An' when the partin dide.

An through the narrow port my soul

Shall rest upo'the tee.

Outing for December.

THE JOCKEY'S HIGH SALARY.

It is, no doubt, true that all these pro ducts of the athletic age are overpaid. Yet it is very much in obedience to the law of demand and supply after all. There is a demand for that kind of talent and the supply is limited, and as the com-petition is keen and the best only desired, the competition forces the price. I think none will deny that this applies with more force to jockeys than to the members of any other profession, because the better ones outclass their fellows more than the ones outelass their fellows more than the newhers of any other profession. An owner of a stable of the best horses will save money by paying the highest price for a jockey, as he will win more than will pay the difference in salary between a Taral and a third-rate rider. If the owner is a betting man also, this applies with even more force. I well remember with even more force. remark Pierre Lorillard made to me

about ten years ago.
"Is it true, Mr. Lorillard," I asked
"that you offered McLaughlin 812,000 a for his services as a jockey?

he replied.

Yes," he replied. And he wanted more "Yes; he wanted \$15,000, and I was foolish enough to think it too much

money. "Certainly," said Mr. Lorillard. "Tve lost double that sum in races his superior riding would have won. It's bad form perhaps, to pay jockeys such salaries, but the best jockey is always cheapest at any

But there is another reason for the high salaries paid to jockeys. As I have never seen it stated in print it may startle some of your readers. I perceived it some time since, and although I have I perceived it spoken to but few of it they were startled and wondered why they had not thought of it before, as it was a perfect plain case, or as one of them put it, " How plainly you can see a thing when it is shown to One of these gentlemen is Ernest Fleischmann, the agent of the stable of C. Fleischmann & Son "Did you hear of the great salary

inquir Griffin is to receive next season, Mr. Fleischmann one day during the recent meeting at Morris Park.

"Yes, it sa lot of money, isn't it?" I

Well I should say so," exclaimed Mr. Fleischmann, "it's too much money.

"Not at all," I replied, "His employers can, if they wish, make ten times that money out of him. It's a good invest-How do you make that out," asked

Mr. Fleischmann.
"Well" I answered, "not only is he the best light weight and his services will be of great value to their own stable, but they can decide for whom he will ride on the outside; he will be in demand for all the 'good things,' and they can get the information in consideration of loaning his services; besides, his constant riding of outside horses will enable him to know

all about them, and all this will be reported to his employers—information of great value.

"That's true, my gracious; you're right—how singular I never thought of that," remarked Mr. Fleischmann. "I've only recently, myself, arrived at the conclusion that I'd rather pay \$15,000

for a good jockey than for a good race-

"I believe it would be the best invest-ment," said Mr. Fleischmann.

ment, said Mr. Fleischmann.

Now, as this has never been alluded to
in print, let me call it "jockey farming."
I affirm, as I remarked above to Mr. Fleischmann, that to owners who bet on races, jockeys like Taral, Griffin or Simms are easily worth the salaries they ask and more—vastly more. Not alone do you heve his services for your stable, but by "farming" him out you can control the betting information of every stable that

If anyone doubts this let him happen to have a well-tried horse which he sure holds everything pretty safe. The horse is "dark" to the public. The owner goes to some fashionable jockey and requires his services for the The jockey refers him to his employer The employer will, before he consents want to know the condition of the horse how fast he has worked, if you intend backing him, etc., until, after you to disgorge your whole plan, he con sents if he is satisfied, and will either ask that he stand in with you in the betting or forestall you, compelling you to take a

The jockey, having ridden your horse " take a taste can, besides winning, "take a taste" for himself, by which he knows pretty well what your horse can do, and this, you may be sure, he is expected to report to his employer. The result is he has a on your horse as against and on every outside horse he rides, and as he rides many such you can see that the employer or "jockey farmer" knows the employer or "Jockey Tarmer" knows the quality of nearly every horse on the ground, and when he bets his money he "knows what he is about." He is so obliging that he will often scratch his own the employer or horse to allow his jockey to ride yours.

As the number of really good As the number of really god thing you are so small if you have a good thing you are compelled to put yourself in are compened to pur yourself in the hands of their employers or take the chance with an inferior jockey. It pays best to put yourself in the hands of the "farmers," for you are more certain to They are honest so far as "riding "goes, and it is to their interest The only objection to the practice to win is that it enables a few men to "corner the information and all the benefit accruing from it, and to render jockeys not only marketable property but somewhat It renders, as I have the nature of spies. already said, the purchase of a jockey' services more remunerative than a good racehorse; men can win more money by "farming" their jockey than they can by racing horses.

There is no help for it, no means o stopping it. So long as men get a good horse, so long will they seek the best ridnorse, so long will they seek the loss rat-ing talent, and a jockey who, at the moment is "fashionable" or in "win-ning form," has all the "good things" offered him, and he (or his employer) se-

lects which he shall ride, which can be determined by the quality of the horse or his owner's willingness to "leak." Some will say the abuse of the system can be cured by forbidding any one owner having exclusive right to his services. But that would not do at all. There would be more conflicting claims than any board stewards could settle, the jockey would take the bit in his own teeth and extort heavy retainers and play fast and loose with owners if he did not indeed become

The only remedy I can see is to develop more jockeys and that is difficult. Own-ers simply will not entrust a good horse with a good chance to the hands thing but the best jockey. The New York Jockey Club has endeavored to help matters by giving races for "maiden jockeys" at Morris Park. Thoughtless persons have derided them, but they are the best innovation of the times. will not put up a stable-boy against a "crack" jockey, but they will against other stable-boys; hence these Morris Park events give boys the only possible chances many of them ever have on the big courses. There are many "flowers born to blush unseen" through this stubhornness of owners—they never get Some run away and go to the chance. Some run away and go to the outlawed tracks, where they get a chance and develop into "stars," as Simms did, for instance. It seems a pity runwais, should be encouraged. There ought to be a race for "maden jockeya" at least once a week, like those at Morris Park.— The Horseman.

THE THREE LEADING PLUNG-ERS OF THE TURF.

There is always a fascination about the mysterious, and, doubtless, that is the reason the big betters on the turf—the plungers" as they are generally called ere persons of such interest, espe to those who know nothing about them Decasionally one reads that such or such a plunger has won an immense amount. and sometimes, but very rarely, the news papers tell of a plunger's big losses.
is much more interesting to read a gains, and it is no wonder that the public generally is of the opinion that the generary is or the opinion that the plungers are always winners, and big ones at that. The truth is that plungers are developed and extinguished every season. Those who remain plungers beyond one season without being ruined financially season without being runner financiarly are rare indeed. In fact, they are the only true "plungers," for any fool who chances to have a lot of money can bet it in large amounts, says the Baltimore

There are three plungers of note on the American turf to-day, and in no pre-year have three such giants as M Dwyer, Charles Grannan, and George E. Smith been so active in their opera-E. Smith been so active in their opera-tions as during the season which is now drawing to a close. The speculation this year on the races has been remarkably heavy, and it is particularly noticeably, coming so closely on the heels of the financial panic, which tied up business and made money so scarce less than twelve months ago.

Mr. Dwyer is a veteran, and he is not only a plunger, but one of the best known racehorse owners in the country. He and his brother Phil, who is more con servative, made a fortune as butchers before they took to the turf. They dissolved partnership a year or so ago, and their horses have not been so fortunate recently as in years past. It was while the red and blue sash of the Dwyers was the and blue sash of the Dwyers was the badge of success, and when Luke Black-burn, Bramble, Hindoo, George Kinney, Miss Woodford, Tremont, Hanover, Kingston, Raceland, Dewdrop and Long-

street were sweeping everything before them, that M. F. Dwyer made for him. them, that M. F. Dwyer made for his self a name as the highest bettor on his American turf. His average winning for a number of years range anywher from \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year, and his money was always followed by that a large delegation, who had the high respect for his judgment, as he was the closest kind of a student of form, and he besides at his back two of the shrew advisers it has been the fortune of a oan on the turf to have in his ens These were James Rowe, now the st or the Jockey Club, who trained for Messrs. Dwyer for a number of young James McLaughlin, now a population owner and trainer, who until five years ago. McLaughlin the peculiar faculty of being able to all that was going on about him in a race in which he had a mount, and is quently saw horses that, with h jockeyship, would have been promin at the finish; and in every instance he not fail to report to his employers, the result that the amount on the part lar horse was obtained for him as so possible.

Probably the largest bet ever made.

Mr. Dwyer, in a single race, was on horse, Joe Cotton, at Sheepshead B some four or five years ago, when California mare, Binnette, ran him Joe Cotton was considered on the mightiest champions of the turfer day, and he had been purchased by the Dwyers after winning the Tenne Kentucky and Coney Island Derbys. is said that he carried \$60,000 of M. Dwyer's money the day he met Binn so close was the struggle an terrific the finish McLaughlin rode Joe Cotton never faced the sagain. Wagers of \$20,000 have common with this plunger, the imsize of his operations necessitating employment of sometimes as many a commissioners. Unlike Grannan or P burg Phil, or a host of other plu that could be named, he will not be large sum of money on a long shot, ferring the favorite to win or for ap better still, to finish first, se third, his money, when placed in latter fashion, going into the man booed one-two-three betting by theb

But though his fellow turfmen ad his nerve, Mike Dwyer is not a pop He is not of a sociable natu has very few intimate acquaintances. has three daughters and three sons, very fond of his family. Richard Co very fond of his family. Richard tre is his most intimate personal friend. whenever the Tammany chief is at race-track he is company with Day Until recently the famous plunger is in Brooklyn, on Eighth avenue, is year ago removed to the up-town dist in New York. He is of the aven build, ruddy-faced, with hair begi to silver, and a small, sandy must rapidly turning gray. He is neatly dressed and patronizes the tailors in New York.

Pittsburg Phil, who is known to friends as George E. Smith, is a man y in the less than thirty years of age, who phenomenal rise in fortune would for the material for a novel. Bons a Pittsburg, he was employed in a factory as a boy. In common with residents of the smoky city, which le, which ld by the and Ros always had a sporting tendency, he a a keen interest in thoroughbrek re, wid their performances, and some their performances, and some by-gears ago he began placing is wagers on the races in the east, a pool rooms of Pittsburg and Alle-Gity. He read the New York je-carefully, studied the performanced horses closely, and almost from the was successful in the betting vin He gave up his place in the cokiset Ed / ars ago, at Gran

shet on the

ad diffe

m on the

the ring

red that

aly one

made wi

He w

of 1893

. His w

Riley Gra

nours, is