

"TINY TADS" OF THE SADDLE.

Life of the Jockeys, its Perils, Temptations, Glamour and Rewards.

American Jockeys Abroad and Probable Incomes.

Jockey.	Country.	Probable Earnings.
"Danny" Maher, England.....	England.....	\$50,000
"Willie" Shaw, Germany.....	Germany.....	30,000
Fred Taral, Austria.....	Austria.....	20,000
"Johnny" Reiff, France.....	France.....	20,000
Lucien Lyne, England.....	England.....	15,000
H. Lewis, Austria.....	Austria.....	15,000
"Skeets" Martin, Hungary.....	Hungary.....	15,000
"Tommy" Burns, Germany.....	Germany.....	15,000
N. Turner, France.....	France.....	15,000
J. Trausch, France.....	France.....	15,000
M. Henry, France.....	France.....	15,000
W. O'Connor, France.....	France.....	15,000
H. Spencer, France.....	France.....	10,000
H. Cornack, France.....	France.....	10,000
L. Spencer, Italy.....	Italy.....	10,000
J. Hoar, Russia.....	Russia.....	10,000
J. Winfield, Russia.....	Russia.....	10,000
H. Berkenruth, Hungary.....	Hungary.....	10,000
H. Shields, France.....	France.....	5,000
John Taral, Austria.....	Austria.....	5,000
W. McIntyre, France.....	France.....	5,000
M. Miles, Austria.....	Austria.....	5,000
J. Wiley, France.....	France.....	5,000
W. Gannon, Austria.....	Austria.....	5,000
F. Turrot, Belgium.....	Belgium.....	5,000
B. Higby, Austria.....	Austria.....	5,000
Total.....		\$540,000

New York.—Thirty thousand eyes are focused upon a platform built at some elevation from the ground and supported by posts that are painted white. A solitary man stands upon the floor of the structure. He strides back and forth and gesticulates violently. Sometimes he seems to appeal in supplication. At others his gestures are those of determined command. His lips are seen to move, but the sounds of his voice are drowned in the din of the throng.

Below him is a field of high-spirited, sensitive, nervous and fractious thoroughbred horses. Mounted on them are mere wisps of boys, who jerk energetically at the bridle reins, kick with their heels and express their thoughts vehemently into the ears of the animals they are riding.

With a snap and a strumming sound, like the vibration of a string of a double bass, the barrier is suddenly released by the man on the platform, and a dozen eager colts plant their hoofs firmly into the soft soil of the track, scrambling with the instinct of their natures, which education long and patient has developed, to reach a place in front, while the monkeylike boys on their backs, their sharp faces pushed forward eagerly into the wind, peer on both sides of them to discern an opening where they may get through and improve their chances to finish first in the race.

Thirty thousand eyes, scanning intently the turn of the track, follow closely the running of the field, and 15,000 voices begin to croak, and scream, and babble. Some are the hysterical notes of a nervous woman who has wagered half her week's pin money upon the race. Some are the guttural roars of the "touts," the stable followers and the hoarse criers of wares and edibles. Some are the cackle of superheated storekeepers and possibly their clerks.

Cry for the Favorite.

Through it all, and above it all, is the note of personality, the cry for the popular jockey of the day. It is a queer phenomenon of a mighty sport. It is the slogan of the American for the individual who does things. The horses are racing. The horses are the motive for the struggle, the backbone of a pastime that was inaugurated centuries ago, but the majority of the vast mass congested within iron railings are shouting for the jockey.

Afar down the course at the field stand one hears "Come on, you Miller!" The exhortation increases in volume, and all the field stand appears to be shouting, "Come on, you Miller!" The thousands upon the lawn take up the refrain, the bookmakers and their clerks join in, if a Miller victory means a victory for them, and at last there is a Niagara-like thunder of appeal, "Come on, you Miller!" an anxious moment or two, then a wild screech of triumph, and the "Millerites" rush away to obtain their gains, if Miller happens to have won.

There is barely a day that it is possible to miss this queer chain of incident at the race course, for the racegoers rush with enthusiastic favor to the support of some jockey who, by his skill and his knowledge of men and animals, beats his fellow jockeys in the daily pursuit of track sport.

Names Live Long in Memory.

Time passes and boys grow old and heavy. The idol of the present day will be only the memory of the past. Yet the names of the great riders live with racegoers even longer than the names of statesmen who were contemporaneous with them. The senator from New York of a decade ago may be forgotten by another decade, but the name of Tod Sloan will live for a century, and maybe longer. The riding of Garrison served to enrich the phraseology of the English language, for a "Garrison finish" is applicable now to more things than a horse race. Walter Miller, the leading rider of the United States at the

present time, will be a memory of racing and the theme of discussion among small boys when New York has expanded so that Belmont park shall scarcely be a suburb.

For it was Miller, the "boy with the flying start," who rode more than 387 winners in 1896 and broke all records that had been heard of in this country or any other. It is a marvelous thing, so racing men think, to be able to bring various horses first to the wire more than 300 times in a season of summer and winter sport. Considering the different dispositions of all the horses that the jockey must ride, their moods, their likes and dislikes—for thoroughbreds are quite as notional as potted belles of fashion—it is no child's play for an 18-year-old boy to beat his rivals so successfully.

Not old enough to vote, but with the shrewdness of a man of years, it is estimated that Miller will earn by his riding this year \$60,000, and jockeys are not paid so handsomely as they were five or six years ago.

Services in Great Demand.

From whom does he receive it? The Newcastle stable, for which Thomas Welch is the trainer, has the first call on his services. That is, he must ride for the Newcastle stable if it has entered a horse for a certain race. James R. Keene has second call for his services. He is the jockey for the Keene stable, therefore, whenever Mr. Keene is racing a horse in some contest in which the Newcastle stable is not competing. If neither of the stables has a horse for a race and another owner desires to secure the services of Miller he may do so. Hence it is possible that the youth may ride in every race in each afternoon of sport at the metropolitan tracks. When the season is finished in and about New York he may engage himself to ride in California or in the south, wherever he chooses to locate, so that he is confident of engagements the year around if he cares to pursue his vocation without rest.

Walter Miller was born in Brooklyn, of German-Hebrew parentage. It has been asserted that he is a Russian Hebrew. His mother, a small, delicately featured woman, with snapping black eyes and a musical voice, resents this. "My boy," said she, "is of German blood. We came from Baden, Germany. He came by his love of the horse naturally, for all my family are devotedly fond of horses. I had a brother, a daring man, who was expert with horses, could handle them in all their moods and train them perfectly. I, too, am fond of horses. There is no surprise to me that Walter knows them so well. His father," she continued, "is not so much of a horseman, but he is proud of Walter's success. He likes to see his boy do so well."

Physical Characteristics.

Miller is a small, well knit, delicate boned boy, who at first gives the impression of being undersized. A closer inspection of his physique inclines one to correct the idea. Looking him over carefully from head to heels, he seems to be compactly built for his age, and his flesh is distributed evenly over the framework of bones. His racial characteristics are delineated in his facial features. His height and weight and moderate manner of walk give the impression of delicacy, but there is none of it in his grasp nor in the steel-like hardness of his biceps. His hands are wonderfully strong and feel sensitive and full of vitality to the touch. Perhaps his hands are the most wonderful part of him physically. If nature had intended to create a jockey to order it would have been hard to equip one with a pair of hands that seem so alive as those of this youngster. Possibly it is through his hands that he gets in such close touch with his mounts.

His frame is small and that of a youth, but his face is that of a man of the thirties in some of its moods. His eyes show daring and the power of calculation, while the corners of his mouth close with the spirit of determination.

He is a money maker. He went into the business of riding race horses for a living because he wanted to acquire a fortune. He is rapidly building one up. He presented his mother with a beautiful home in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. It is in Westminter road, and cost \$10,000. It is handsomely furnished and splendidly maintained.

Takes Care of His Money.

He began with the first money he received to take his money to his mother. He is not a spendthrift, and he cares little for the luxuries of society. His mother took his earnings and invested them. They were invested so well that she is proud of her work and admits that his income has been considerably increased by her prudence and foresight. Of late Miller

has advised with her as to the placing of some of his earnings, and she is as happy as the boy that he has shown good judgment and business intelligence in suggesting where certain sums could be invested to good advantage. There is little reason to doubt that his ambition to acquire a fortune by his efforts in the saddle will be realized and realized handsomely. Scores of boys try every year to become successful jockeys. Most of them fail. Why is it, then, that Miller is a success? Is it because of his seat in the saddle, his short stirrups, or some other typical accessory to the equipment of his mount? This question has been asked time and again.

"Tom" Welch places little credit in any of these details.

Advantage in Method. Miller says he perches himself well up on a horse's neck and rides with short stirrups because he has a greater leverage on the horse's head and can guide him more perfectly.

"I can feel the temper of the horse through his mouth when I have a stiff rein on him over his neck," said the jockey. "If I were to ride in the old fashioned English seat the horse's head would get away from me, and the chances are that I would miss some good opportunities in the race to gain distance."

It was Tod Sloan who originated the idea of riding forward. Possibly Miller carries it more to an extreme than some jockeys, but he is light, strong and has perfect confidence in himself.

For two years there has been great rivalry between Miller and Radtke. The latter has been less successful, but is nevertheless considered to be one of the best boys who ride professionally in the United States.

Radtke is of different temperament than Miller. He is a somewhat fiery little chap and rather self-willed. His sharp replies earned him punishment in 1906, but this year he has exercised better control over himself and fewer words of caution have had to be administered to him. He is considered to be very clever in making a strong finish. Like Miller, he is possessed of much physical power in his arms, and when a horse is tiring in the last strides of a hard-fought race, Radtke fairly lifts him along, as he holds up his head and gives him encouragement to make the three or four final leaps that may win a stake worth thousands of dollars.

Good Judges of Pace.

Koerner and E. Dugan are two clever lightweights who are skillful in judging pace and placing their horses to good advantage in a field of many starters. Both are able to rate the speed at which they are moving by constant association of intervals of

posts are heavier. They usually find little trouble in obtaining employment. A number of them are abroad this year. There is "Danny" Maher, for instance, in England. He is one of the best American jockeys who ever left his native land to ride for foreign stables. He has been phenomenally successful in England—so much so that the richest owners are eager to obtain him. He is riding his second season for Lord Derby. Maher is the only jockey now riding who has won three English derbies. Of itself that is a feat of sufficient importance to establish his reputation in the turf world. It is estimated that he will earn \$50,000 in the saddle this year. He commands a high price, and owners are as willing to pay it to him as they are to Miller, for they know that they are securing a competent boy and one upon whom every reliance may be placed.

Other Successful Jockeys.

Lucien Lyne, a jockey much admired in New York when he was in the heyday of his success, is riding in England. Possibly his earnings will amount to \$15,000. The English turfmen are willing to pay handsomely a smart American boy.

"Fred" Taral, whom everybody knows in America who knows about race horses, has been riding in Austria with remarkable success for the last three or four years, and is over there again.

"Skeets" Martin rides in Hungary with a probable income of \$15,000 for the year, and "Tommy" Burns has been engaged by a German stable and is likely to receive not less than \$15,000 for the season's work.

France has a fine lot of American jockeys, and all of them fairly successful. Spencer is one, Turner another, and then there are Rausch, O'Connor, "Johnny" Reiff, Cornack, Henry, Shields, McIntyre and Wiley.

Prizes of Success.

The successful jockey who likes to see his reflection in mirrors, who revels in the girls and is fascinated by the glare of the myriad lamps that burn after dark, will not lack of hospitality. There will be a hundred hosts to entertain him every night if he but says the word.

The bell of a well-known trainer's cottage at Sheepshead bay rang timorously, and the trainer went to the door. A mite of a boy with his cap dangling from his fingers looked sidelong at the man and said: "I'd like to see Mr. Flanner."

"I'm Mr. Flanner," was the reply. "What is it, son?"

"Please, sir, I'd like to get a position with you as jockey. My folks will let me."

"Do you know what you will have to do?" said the trainer. "You will

MISS TIMMONS' ANSWER

By ANNA DEMING

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"There, that is perfect," said little Miss Timmons, as she took the pins from her mouth and straightened up to survey her work.

She was putting the last touches to the drapery of a party-dress for the eldest Miss Thompson.

As she turned, her eyes caught in the mirror the reflection of her own plain, brown figure in striking contrast to that of the stately girl in white beside her, and for just one minute there came into her heart a sense of loss and discontent, but it was gone in a moment, for Miss Timmons was a very practical little woman, and beside this, she was quite plain looking, and was almost 33, and she had never had any use for a party-dress in all her busy life.

Miss Thompson looked with delight at her own graceful reflection, for she had all a young girl's pardonable pleasure in looking her best.

"It just suits you to perfection," said her sister Alice, who was leaning against the door, watching with admiration the dressmaker's deft touches and waiting her turn to be fitted. "I only hope mine will be as pretty, and I know there won't be two sweeter dresses there."

Miss Timmons looked gratified, for she was an artist in her way, and had an artist's pleasure in success.

These dresses were, besides, to be worn to the great event of the season, a ball to be given by the Masons, and, as is always the case in a small town, nothing else had been thought of or talked of for weeks among the young people; and little Miss Timmons had had her skill and ingenuity taxed to the utmost to provide pleasing and suitable costumes for all those who had required her aid.

"Mabel," said Alice, "you know that



"I Hoped You Would Write."

strange gentleman we met driving the other day? Brother Jack says they have sent him an invitation. He is a Mr. Newman, from Kansas City; has a large stockyard there, and is here buying fine horses; he isn't young, but he is so good-looking, and Jack says a perfect gentleman."

It was the night of the ball, and Miss Timmons sat in her room reading, when a servant came to say that a gentleman in the parlor was waiting to speak with her.

She went down to find Jack Thompson in his evening suit, looking his happiest and best. He came forward to meet her, saying eagerly: "Now, Miss Timmons, I want you to go over to the hall; it's all trimmed up and looks so pretty; so do the girls. I took Jennie Griffen, you know, and going over, she said you had made her dress—she looks lovely—and I know you made Allie's and Mabel's, and I thought you might like to see them altogether. You can go up in the gallery and I will bring you home whenever you want; won't you come?"

"My dear boy, how kind you are; I will indeed be glad to go, only you must give me five minutes to put on my best frock."

She came back to the parlor in a short time in a brown silk, with a neat little brown bonnet tied under her chin and a pink flush on her cheeks that made Jack wonder why he had never before noticed that she was really pretty.

It is more than likely that not one of the young girls there enjoyed that evening more than did Miss Timmons.

Her life had held but little playtime, for all of her younger years had been full of care for an invalid father, and now that she was alone, it had gotten to be an accepted fact that she went nowhere but to church; and yet, if there was extra sewing to be done, if there was sickness or death in a family, Miss Timmons was the first to be sent for.

She sat to-night, gazing down on the gay throng below, with happy, smiling eyes.

Jack left her presently, but she did not feel in the least alone. He soon returned with another gentleman.

After the introduction, he sat down by her side and she soon found herself talking as to an old friend, and almost before she was aware, had told him of Jack's thoughtfulness and of how great a treat he had given her.

When John Newman returned to Kansas City, it was with a sense of real sadness at parting with friends of only a month.

After he had been home for weeks and months, he could not keep his thoughts from straying back to that Kentucky town and to the little woman in brown.

It became such a bother to him at last that after he had been a year away, on the fourteenth of February, he sent Miss Timmons a letter, telling her all about it. If the letter was sentimental for a man nearly 40, what did it matter, for after all age has very little to do with the heart. He had told her if she did not care for him, to spare herself the pain of answering—he would know by her silence that there was no hope for him, but while he lived he must think of her and be her friend.

And so two years went by. Miss Timmons, in her quiet Kentucky home, lived as she had lived before John Newman came into her life. Her days were full of usefulness, and she had but little time to indulge in idle dreams of what life might have been.

Sometimes she would think of John Newman with a half sigh, which she was scarcely conscious of herself.

The letter, she had never gotten, and so life went on, with little to break the monotony for two years, and then a great event occurred, the greatest the town had ever known.

Miss Thompson was married; that, in itself, was not wonderful, for she was a very pretty and very attractive girl; but she married a man much older than herself, and there were marvelous stories of his wealth.

The wedding was the grandest affair that the county had ever known, and the happy husband invited the wedding party to accompany them on their journey to Santa Fe and back.

Mrs. Thompson was not very well pleased with this arrangement, as both Alice and Jack were in the party; in fact, she only consented on the one condition that Miss Timmons could be induced to join them. Miss Timmons was invited, persuaded against her judgment to accept, and almost before she knew it, found herself one of a gay and happy party, being whirled over scenes so new and beautiful to her, that each day seemed too short to enjoy all the pleasures that it brought.

The dining room of the Las Vegas hotel was nearly full, but one table, almost in the center of the room, still waited, with tipped chairs and an expectant expression, from the stiff napkins and snowy cloth, to the big bowl of roses in the middle.

John's head was turned and so he did not see the party till they were seated, but there could be no mistake, he knew them at once. His heart beat so rapidly that he knew almost the cross man next must hear it.

Miss Timmons sat with her back to him, but he knew that slender, graceful form, in its quiet dress of brown cloth.

Miss Thompson sat on the other side, then two young people he did not know, then Jack and Alice. What a gay time they were having. He could see her face now and then, as she spoke to the groom. Surely he had forgotten what a sweet and noble face it was.

Then Jack saw him, and he knew that his plan to slip out unobserved by them must be given up; he must go through an introduction. Well, it was best to have it over after all.

Then the party rose and John rose also and joined them as in a dream, and still in a dream he felt Jack grasp his hand and heard him say:

"So glad to see you, mighty fortunate—want you to meet my new brother-in-law."

Then he was being introduced and had shaken hands all around, and walked out on the broad veranda with them, and it was only then, when the sweet morning air touched his face, that he came out of the daze and knew that Miss Thompson was the bride! He had not even thought of that!

He found himself presently at the farther end of the wide veranda with Miss Timmons, where he had taken her to show her a better view of the mountains, against which the hotel rests, but now that they were in full command of that "good view," he seemed to have forgotten it.

"I hoped you would write," he said, looking at her with sad eyes.

Her heart fluttered strangely; she looked up wonderingly.

"I said for you not to answer the letter unless you could answer as I wished—but I hoped you could, Miss Timmons."

Her gaze was full of wonder now. "I don't understand," she said, "I never had a letter from you in my life, Mr. Newman."

Then he told her eagerly of the letter he had written her, and finished by saying: "If you had gotten it, would you have answered?"

He dared not take her hand, for there were a dozen people walking the veranda before them.

She looked away from him at the purple peaks, lit up by the brilliant sunlight, and at the gay throng of happy people about them, then back to John's grave, waiting face, before she answered: "I think perhaps—I might."

The girl who smokes cigarettes isn't the one who figures in a bachelor's pipe dreams—if he knows it.