

Career of a Nebraska Jockey



THORPE JUST AFTER WINNING THE FRENCH DERBY AT PARIS LAST SEASON.

TO HAVE ridden on the tracks for twenty-two years, in six different countries, and in all of his career to have never fallen foul of the stewards, or be in any way accused of dishonest or dirty work, is a reputation few jockeys can lay claim to, and one of these few is Charles Thorpe, a Nebraska product. Apart from the usual custom of the men of his profession, who ride into popularity by a series of sensational wins, and after a season or two expire in a whirlwind of extravagance, the end of his career sees him with a substantial bank account and a fine farm at Geneva, Neb., where he intends to pass the rest of his days. By hard and conscientious work he has risen, step by step, every year making him more popular with the owners. From his first race, which he won in Omaha twenty-two years ago, to his final brilliant running last season in Paris, hard work and the strictest honesty have been his methods and these methods are the secret of his success.

Thorpe first came into prominence by winning seventeen consecutive races on Belle K., the property of a Mr. Tucker, about twenty years ago, the races being run in Iowa and Nebraska. Shortly after he captured a big race at St. Louis in a sensational manner on a horse called Yellowtail, and was in turn himself captured by the eastern sportsmen.

Though his name is well known on the American turf, his greatest successes have been in Europe; the French Derby, the Liverpool Cup, a place in the English Derby, and important races in Belgium, Italy and Germany, have been captured by him. He has ridden before many of the crowned heads of Europe, and more than once come ahead of their private horses. Together with Sloan, Thorpe introduced the American style of riding in England. From an artistic point of view the style is not pretty; short stirrups being used and the body of the rider being well over the horse's neck. Thorpe's first appearance in England was at Workingham Handicap, a race which figures prominently in the racing calendars. As he rode to the post a roar of laughter and derision greeted him from the English crowd, the betting dropped down to 40 to 1, and even at that low figure few besides his employer, E. Corrigan, an American sportsman, desired to place any money on him. The result of that race came as a shock to the English racing public and the shouts that greeted him at the end of the race were not of derision.

"I will always remember that race," said Thorpe, smiling. "We had to travel round the course twice. The grand stand was

packed with people, and as we passed it the first time, all in a bunch, with the favorite leading, a roar went up from the crowd. When we passed the stand the second time I was neck and neck with the favorite, and there was hardly a sound. I went past the judges' stand a bare inch ahead, being one of the closest races I have ever won. I was riding against some of the best horses and best jockeys in England, and besides my mount was never a favorite by any means. The new style of riding caught on and since that time it has been copied all over Europe."

Last year Thorpe rode for Viscount d'Arcourt, a French nobleman, and succeeded in winning the French derby for him at the Longchamps course, besides many other minor races. While racing in Paris last season his mount slipped and came down with him, placing him in the dangerous position as can be seen in the illustration. After lying four weeks in bed a Frenchman approached him and gave him the snapshot taken of the accident.

A good story is told of Thorpe and Tod Sloan while they were riding in San Francisco. It was at the time when Sloan was at the height of his glory; he won every race that he rode in and the followers of the game had come to look upon him as invincible, an opinion that Sloan is said to have had himself. One of the big races which he was booked to ride seemed to him a pretty sure thing, and as Anna He-d and her company of girls were in the city at the time, he invited them to see the race and incidentally see him win. For their convenience he hired a smart four-in-hand turn-out, and in fact provided for everything in that royal way which has made him as famous as his riding. When the race was over Sloan found himself beaten and saw the bevy of girls spelling their gloves in honor of Thorpe, who had won.

Through all his travels Thorpe has been accompanied by Mrs. Thorpe and a white bulldog as a mascot. "The dog brings me luck," he said laughingly. "I win the race and Mrs. Thorpe sees to the financial end of the proposition, and the last reason is why I am able to retire to a nice farm."

One of the greatest difficulties he has experienced in his racing career has been his trouble in training down to the requisite standards. Weighing 102 pounds normally, it has been only by the hardest kind of work that he managed to satisfy the stewards.

Apart from his profession, Thorpe is a thorough sportsman. A keen hunter, he enjoys nothing more than to wait in the reeds of a windy morning for the flying duck or participate in a trap shoot. In the last respect he is almost as well known as for his riding. A few weeks ago he lost to



THORPE, HIS MASCOT, TRAINER AND TWO AMERICAN STEEPLECHASERS.— From a Photo Made at Newmarket.

Gus Harte by only one bird, but succeeded, in company with McDonald, in beating Harte and Townsend a short time afterward at a 50-target shoot.

When asked if he intended to raise racers on his farm at Geneva, Neb., he replied in the negative. His racing days are over, he has heard for the last time the shout of the crowds proclaiming him victor, and has finished with the dust and the dash of the track, and finished with it altogether. In no manner does he intend to associate himself with the turf now, and thinks there is more profit in hogs than horses. During the last few weeks both Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe have been in Omaha on account of the latter's ill-health, but they intend leaving for their farm home as soon as she recovers.

New Head of Family

Harry Payne Whitney has been carefully trained to meet the responsibilities thrust upon him by his father's will.

The whole Whitney estate is placed in his hands for management and consequently young Whitney from this time on is destined to take an active part in the financial community.

Young Whitney is in his thirty-second year. Ever since his graduation from Yale, in 1894, his father has schooled him in finance and the management of large affairs.

It was originally the elder Whitney's intention to make a lawyer of the young man, and after leaving Yale young Whitney was sent to the Columbia Law school. He did not finish the course, his marriage to Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, the eldest daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, on August 25, 1896, cutting short his study of the law.

Harry Payne Whitney is best known by

the general public as a polo player, yachtsman, race horse owner, automobilist and general sportsman, but he has other qualities.

He is not unaccustomed to the management of large investments. When he married Miss Vanderbilt eight years ago his father settled a sum upon him sufficient to support him in fine style and placed the money absolutely in his care.

The elder Whitney also gave him outright the mansion at the southwest corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, which has been the family home during the lifetime of the first Mrs. Whitney.

When the late Cornelius Vanderbilt died Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney came into a fortune of \$8,500,000, being her share of her father's estate. For several years young Whitney has had the management of this large property and for the last three years he has been gradually assuming the management of different portions of his father's wealth.

He has three children, the eldest being Flora Payne, named for his mother. She will be 7 years old in July next. William Vanderbilt Whitney is 5 years old, and there is a girl baby not yet a year old.

When Robert A. Van Wyck was elected Mayor he appointed young Whitney a commissioner of municipal statistics. It was an honorary position, with few duties and no salary. Young Whitney tired of it in little more than a year and resigned.

The new head of the Whitney family is a good looking young man of medium height, rather slender in build, but hardy and strong. His clean-shaven face is rather boyish. He is democratic in manner.

He is as fond of fine horses as was his father, and his knowledge of horses is considerable. He is one of the best amateur riders in the country, and as a polo player has few superiors.

The elder Whitney virtually retired from the active business world two years ago and put his large wealth to a great extent into investment properties of a conservative character.—New York World.

Use of Paper Universal

The Japanese use paper at every moment. The string with which a deft-handed "darling of the gods" does up the articles you buy is made of paper. The handkerchief (thrown away after use) is paper, the partitions dividing the houses are paper and the pane through which an indiscreet eye looks at you is paper. The pane is certainly wanting in transparency, but there is a simple remedy. One finger is passed through the paper—that is all. Afterward a small piece is stuck on the opening with a grain of rice. The men's hats, the cloak of the porter who carries his burden, singing a cadence through the rain, the garment of the boatman who conducts you on board, the tobacco pouch, cigar case—all are paper. Those elegant flowers ornamenting the beautiful hair of the Japanese ladies and those robe collars which are taken for crape-paper,



THORPE'S HORSE FALLING WITH HIM ON PARIS RACE COURSE ON KING EDWARD'S DAY, LAST SEASON.—A MOST REMARKABLE SNAP SHOT PHOTOGRAPH.