

TOD SLOANE CABLES TO THE JOURNAL.

The Little Jockey Compares English and American Horses, Tracks and Riders, and Talks on His Own Favorite Style of Going---Says He Has Seen Nothing Abroad to Change His Opinions. Thinks He Won the Cambridgeshire, but Is Content with the Ruling.

By Tod Sloane.

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London, Nov. 6.—The first-class English horses are better than the first-class American horses, but I don't think English horses average as well as American. We have no such horses in America as Persimmon and Galtee More, but American horses, in my opinion, are much better looking than the English. American horses have better bone and they are prettier. They are quicker in getting away from the post than English horses, and they do not have to go through such a course of preparation. A horse in America can run fifty to seventy-five races a year, while here they cannot run more than twelve. In preparing a horse here they give him seven miles of morning work, but in America only two and a half is needed. This shows that English horses require more preparation to stay to get them fit than the American.

The atmosphere here is so heavy that horses have to be worked severely to make them stay. This is why more roasters or

There is as much difference in race courses as there is between English and American jockeys. I like English courses, because they are straightaway, are not wider than ours. Very few tracks in England have any turn. A jockey can ride here four or five races a day, and it is not necessary to wash his face after he gets through. In America you ride one race and you need a bath.

Facilities for carrying passengers on tracks here are not to be compared with those in America. They are utterly inadequate and antiquated.

One thing I prefer about American racing is that there they race as long as fifteen days on one track. Over here they race two days at one, and three at another, and it is a strain on man and horse, travelling all the while. The mere fact of being shipped so frequently by rail injures the chances of the horse. They have no stables at the tracks here, consequently horses are clipped every day to and from racing points. I don't understand how they can retain their proper form.

claimed: "How about the Yankee who could not ride?" I have only ridden one favorite since I have been here, but out of twelve races I rode I won six, had three seconds and three unplaced. I thought I had won seven, and will say just a word here about the Cambridgeshire.

After the finish I was convinced I had won, and all around the winning post they were shouting "Saint Cloud." There was never any doubt in my mind about it. In the paddock somebody said, "Comfrey wins!" I thought they were kidding me, but when I saw Comfrey's number go up I never was so surprised in my life. People who were in a good position to see the finish all agreed with me that Saint Cloud had won, but, after all, the man in the box knows best. He is the only one who can tell the winner. The course is a very wide one, twice as wide as any in America. Saint Cloud and Comfrey finished on opposite sides of the track, so the actual fact of which horse was first was difficult to judge, and I accept the decision.

normal capacity for horseback riding and a wonderful willingness for taking away the other fellow's money.

Born into the oblivion of Kokomo, Ind., Tod, always diminutive, always loving horses, and always his own master, drifted out of the green shades of Kokomo into the racing world, and now is startling the other side of the water with his remarkable riding of American horses.

There is a good deal of the element of luck in this rise from Kokomo to Epsom. Tod has always been lucky. Back along the years, scarce more than half a dozen, the little Kokomo lad used to get more hard falls than any boy riding on the American turf. His luck saved his neck a score of times.

It was his luck to fall in with Johnny Campbell, who was then, as now, a good trainer of horses. Tod went into the Campbell service, and Campbell can be said to be responsible for Tod, as nearly as anybody is responsible.

It was down New Orleans way, or at Hawthorne, which it matters not, that Campbell started a two-year-old filly in a scramble, and the lad who rode her was this Kokomo person of small stature and big head.

It is recorded that he rode that race at sixty-seven pounds. Small as he was, Tod was able to steer her clear of the bunch and go about winning with her. From that day he was a jockey, as his brother "Cash" had been before him.

But it was not always a primrose path for Tod. He had things to learn about riding, beyond sitting still on a fast horse, and in the days when Hawthorne Park, at Chicago, was in its glory, Tod was riding, riding, riding, and all the time learning. He got mixed up badly once or twice, associated with the wrong sort of people, and the judges began to regard Tod. He had a number of sessions with them at different times when his rides did not look brilliant. Folks used to call him a "pin-headed fool" sometimes, and in the course of a season Tod made more enemies than fall to most boys in a lifetime. That he could ride some, even then, was admitted by good horsemen, but that he would always ride his best was not an established fact.

It was when Tod drifted to California that he really began to take a decided interest in himself. At that time he could ride at less than ninety pounds, and he was much in demand. He struck a streak of luck, and in a single California season he developed from the casual boy of some ability into the crack jockey of the San Francisco track. He had all the mounts he could handle and was well paid.

His luck brought wisdom with it. Tod knew for the first time what it was to be believed in, and he made up his mind that he would never be mixed in with a bad-looking race again.

He held to that resolve with remarkable fidelity, and grew more popular than ever. Stories of his ability drifted out of the West, but Western stories of that sort are common, and it was not until Tod gave a practical demonstration of himself on the New York tracks, two seasons ago, that a new premier jockey was born, and Tod Sloane, of Kokomo, had followed Murphy, Garrison, Griffin and all those popular knights of the pigskin into first place.

With his popularity came also wealth—that is, wealth of the sporting kind. Tod began to shine as a wearer of clothes as well as a rider of horses. The first Horse Show was held at San Francisco just about the time Tod got into his best form. It was a dressy affair, that first show, and Tod rose to it. He spent days and days in consultation with dress authorities and the more mental tailors. The result of the days was a get-up which had no peer in all that vast assemblage.

Diminutive Tod, a sort of afternoon edition of a man, paraded the walk in a Tur-

edo, white waistcoat, correct trousers and high hat, and attracted more feminine glances than the best dressed big man in the building.

From that moment Tod had aspirations of another kind. He longed to be a gentleman. If he had any ambition greater than his desire to be the first jockey of the land, it was to be one of the gentlemen of it. He dressed as many times a day as his duties in the saddle would permit. He took rooms in the swellest apartment house in town, and entertained, always expensively.

In that Turfado of the Horse Show he received his friends, and was duly proud. He joined hunting and shooting clubs and had his ducking clothes made at the most expensive tailor's. His shooting boots were shaped and polished like dress affairs.

Not to be the most correct thing in town was more bitter to Tod than the losing of ever so many races. Even before his fame as a jockey had reached the East, the East knew him as the best dressed man on the Pacific Coast.

lantic and do something more surprising. What the Englishmen think of his clothes has not yet been recorded. His modesty prevented his mentioning them in his cable letter to the Journal.

During his Summer stay in New York Tod was a very busy man. He rode races off hours. He had a place at Sheephead Bay, where he kept driving horses and a yacht. Friends always crowded the yacht, were ever at his table. Tod loves the festival board. His friends of the race course are minded the same, and there were gay times down Sheephead way in the Summer nights just gone.

Saratoga, with its blandishments, is a haven for Tod. It presents opportunities for wearing clothes and giving lakeside dinners and all that sort of thing. Tod invaded Saratoga last Summer with a retinue, a bunch of trunks large enough for a theatrical company and money to burn.

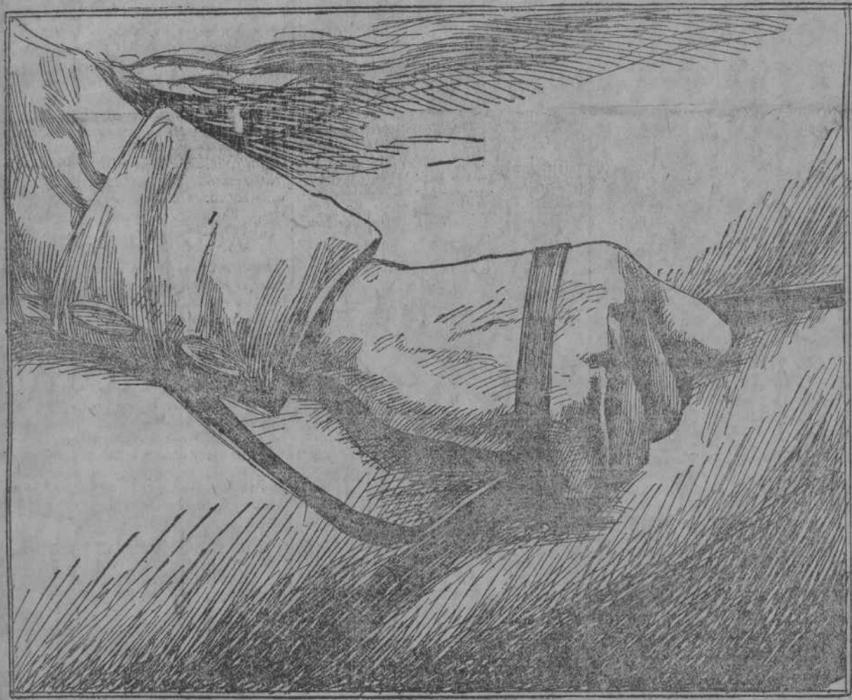
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to go into the performing business, and center around on circus horses, but that never panned out, and in the course of time when he showed no disposition to grow, he naturally drifted into the world where small boys are most in demand, and made his lack of size his fulness of fortune, beginning with Johnny Campbell and a chestnut filly.

Taking Tod seriously, however, as he takes himself, he is very much of a jockey. He has the gift of observation. He has the instinct of a horseman and he watches his horses. He discovers their traits, their peculiarities, and humors them always. He is one of the few boys who never fights his mounts. Tod's whip is generally down. He jollies.

They used to be a notorious sulker at San Francisco. He broke two or three men. Tod had the mount on him one day, and discovered that he was not trying to run. Next day Tod spent an hour around the sulker's stall and fed him carrots.

He played with him, petted him, enjoyed him into friendship, and the next time Thornhill went to the post he ran for Tod



Tod Sloane's Peculiar Way of Holding the Ribbons.



Tod Sloane's Peculiar Mount When Riding Hard to Win.

wind-broken horses come from England, like, for instance, Candlemas, Ormonde, Goldfish and Watercress. Mr. Porter, who trained these horses, tells me they were all roasters. English gentlemen racers and the trainers very much favor American bred horses, as for endurance and staying qualities they as a rule are superior to English bred horses.

The style of jockeys here is so entirely different that it is difficult to compare them with Americans. English jockeys are raised to ride the same as horses are raised to race. They are bred to ride, and there are whole families of jockeys, son following the father. English jockeys sit up straight, as in park riding, while Americans lean away forward, putting the entire weight over the shoulders and forelegs.

I have got a style of my own. I have probably ridden more different styles than any jockey living. I tried half a dozen different ways, and found my present style the most successful. I gave the English style a good fair trial. I have a brother who also gave it a good trial. I rejected it at last.

This is my first visit to England, but I have seen nothing to induce me to change my style of riding.

One objection to the English tracks is that you cannot see the horses all the way as you can on the circular tracks of America, but the English tracks are cleaner and no dust rises.

Another noticeable thing is that horses here are very seldom ridden out for a place. If they cannot win it is seldom they will ride for a place, as they cease the horse when they see his chance is hopeless of winning. In America, however, where they ride for a place, you can get a much better idea of form than here. I think the English rule not to ride a horse out ought to be condemned, because the public go to tracks and pick horses for a place.

If I could get any mounts to speak of here I think I could win more than my share of the races and have just as much success as I had in America. At the beginning they jeered at my style of riding here, but at my last few winnings I got plenty of applause.

Last Monday, after riding Angelina, as I came to weigh in, I passed the betting ring, and they all cheered and shouted: "Good!"

I was told no foreigner ever came to this country and got such an ovation, and one of the leading bookmakers in England ex-

On the whole I have been better treated in England than I expected to be. I like the country, and I like racing here, although in some important particulars it is behind racing in America. All I want is a fair show in England in getting mounts, and I am perfectly confident I can do as well as I did in America.

Instead of being disposed to make any alteration in my style, I am more than ever convinced it is the best.

I have been treated nicely by all hands, have got no complaints to make and will be back in February to take up my duties with Mr. Charles Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, to whom I am engaged to ride the season of '98.

TOD SLOANE'S HISTORY FROM KOKOMO TO EPSOM

He Wanted to Peddle Peanuts, but Fate Decried Him for a Jockey and a World-Beater at Dressing.

By Charles Trevathan. Everybody hereabouts knows Tod Sloane, that pair of human scissors with an ab-

Young Millionaire Walter Hobart, with unlimited means and a strong inclination had at last to confess that when it came to dressing Tod Sloane had him beaten, and he gave up the task of outshining this little fellow from Kokomo.

When Tod made up his mind to conquer the East, he travelled from San Francisco in royal style, with an entourage of servants, drawing room, baskets of wine and all that sort of thing which is known to the millionaires who come out of California for a good time.

His trip across the continent to conquer is a story of itself. But he did conquer, and in that first season on the New York tracks he piled up the highest number of wins of the year and went back to San Francisco the king of his kind and with some entirely new things in clothes.

He properly dazzled San Francisco for another Winter season, and came back to New York again to be a popular favorite and to receive flowers and smiles, and to be a boulevardier when he was not winning races.

It was a brilliant life, different from the Kokomo thing, and Tod was at its zenith, when there came this call to cross the At-

lantic and do something more surprising. What the Englishmen think of his clothes has not yet been recorded. His modesty prevented his mentioning them in his cable letter to the Journal.

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