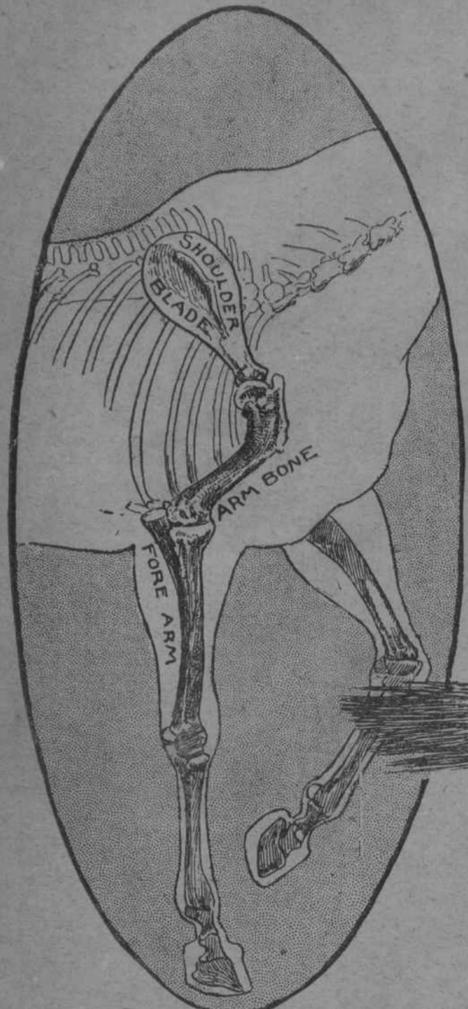


THE EXPLANATION OF THE "AWKWARD POSE" WHICH THE ENGLISH JOCKEYS SNEERED AT.

WHY TOD SLOANE ALWAYS WINS. THE SECRET IS THAT HE RESTS HIS WEIGHT ON THE HORSE'S WITHERS INSTEAD OF HIS BACK.

Where the Jockey's Weight is Carried.



otic, have displayed keen business sense, and pound by pound their winnings have piled up under the prosperity that seems to run neck and neck with Tod Sloane.

The most successful American betting syndicate trailing Mr. Tod Sloane is composed of Charles Quinn, Riley Grannan, Mike Dwyer, Jr., Frank Grey, Tom Ochiltree and Edna Wallace Hopper, the latter having commissioned her personal representative, Mr. Dwyer, to lay all bets for her wherever he sees fit. The only stipulation is that the money is to be placed solely on Sloane.

"And why not?" said the young woman to a Journal representative. "I have always found it advantageous to bet on Tod's mounts while he was racing in America, and I see no reason why it isn't wise to follow him in England. I expect to 'clean up' a good many thousands of dollars before he packs up for this country again. I have left the whole matter with Mr. Dwyer, and when the syndicate arrives on this side we will have a little caucus, upon which occasion the winnings are to be properly divided. I am not bothering my head about the outcome. They will bring back a pile and we will show the British sports what we know about betting on sure things.

"Charles Quinn started with a capital of \$5,000 and bet every time on Sloane's mounts at Newmarket and Manchester, with the result that there is \$90,000 now in his possession.

"Then there was a separate account, all by itself, you understand, of \$25, which at the end of two weeks grew to \$17,500. Pretty good sum, don't you think, to pick up on a race track?"

"And does that \$25 investment represent



TOM. OCHILTREE.



RILEY GRANNAN.



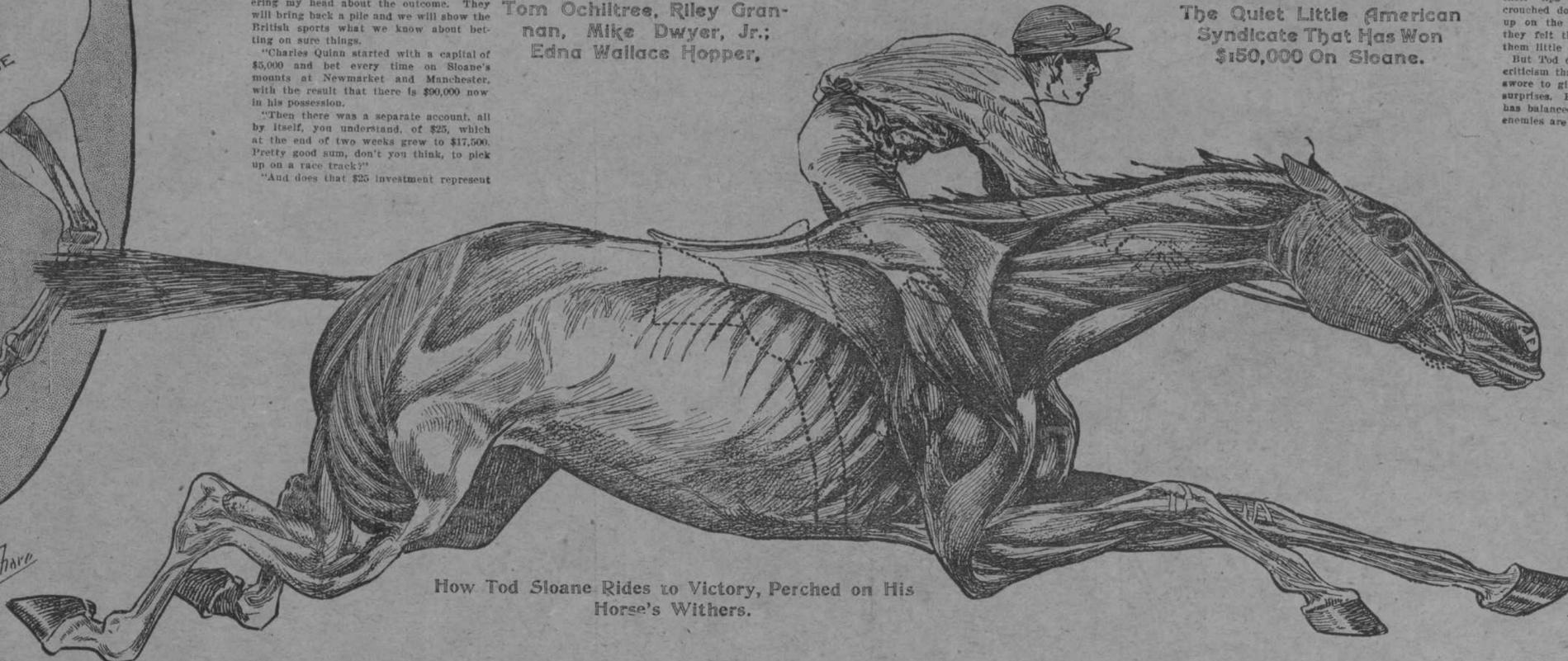
"MIKE" DWYER, JR.



EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

Tom Ochiltree, Riley Grannan, Mike Dwyer, Jr.; Edna Wallace Hopper,

The Quiet Little American Syndicate That Has Won \$150,000 On Sloane.



How Tod Sloane Rides to Victory, Perched on His Horse's Withers.

WHEN Tod Sloane made his appearance on the English race tracks riding far out on the horse's shoulders, bending awkwardly over the racer's neck, creeping forward at times till his head seemed to rest on the flyer's mane—the British jockeys sneered and the royal patrons of the turf said "very bad form."

But if Tod Sloane's mount is ungraceful it is at least intelligent. Why he has succeeded in winning with such astonishing regularity has never, up to the present moment, been satisfactorily accounted for. The Journal is able to-day to present an explanation which seems to demonstrate that Sloane's ungainly mount is based upon an anatomical discovery of the exact position a jockey should take to produce the least possible burden and annoyance to the horse. Dr. Edward N. Leavy, chief surgeon of the Lexington Veterinary Hospital, explains in detail the science of riding a horse to win as applied by Tod Sloane.

As an interesting incident of Sloane's repeated victories it is pleasing to know that the English bookmakers have been literally "bet to a stand-still," and that a quiet little American syndicate has gathered in \$150,000 of the bookmakers' money. The "big four" of this syndicate are Mike Dwyer, Jr., Tom Ochiltree, Riley Grannan and Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper. Mrs. Hopper is an old personal friend of the little American jockey and cogily confesses that she has backed him with entirely satisfactory results.

TOD SLOANE, American jockey, late of New York, but now of various race tracks in England, has spread a panic among the British bookmakers by reason of his remarkable series of successes. The English jockeys at first laughed at his method of riding, which was unlike anything ever seen before, and opposed to all the theories of racing.

The Sunday Journal now explains the secret. Sloane rides his mount on the withers. Other jockeys ride on the back. Sloane thus rides so far forward that his weight rests not at all on the after part of the horse, which is thereby left free to use its entire power in lengthening the

stride and leaping to the fore. The result has been phenomenal.

In seven races the 105-pound American boy, in whose breast is locked the most courageous heart ever possessed by a jockey, sent five winners under the wire and broke every combination that the betting ring had put up against him.

He smashed all the traditions of the English turf, lifting his mounts into the stretch like a man possessed of supernatural power, and sending them leaping along the turf at the head of the flying bunch, when it seemed almost impossible for him to win.

Pierre Lorillard and Lord William Beresford, the gentlemen who imported Tod for race track uses on the other side, have already gathered in over \$100,000 on the American mounts. Visiting Americans, besides being patri-

your interest?" was asked.

"Well, I don't think it wise to go into details just yet," responded the actress. "You know a high class syndicate ought to be a close-mouthed corporation. We are not disposed to let out many of our business secrets.

"We are not altogether heartless, but there is no reason why those race track speculators over there should not be separated from a little of their capital, especially in view of the fact that they had the audacity to bet against Tod Sloane.

"Frank Grey has been laying his money pretty carefully and he has managed to gather in a few thousand pounds on 'his side.' I should guess that the winnings of the entire syndicate investments will aggregate nearly \$150,000. That, of course, includes my share. I shan't tell exactly what I am to get out of that lump. But I don't object to your knowing that we are handling only Sloane money and that we like the results.

"Just think of it! The British people, supposed to be game to the last, throwing up their hands on little Tod Sloane. It's really amusing to me. But, as the humorist says, 'we need the money,' and what is more, we intend to get it. No; I shan't tell you another thing about the syndicate—except that we intend to spoil the talent over there and divide the spoils here."

Edna Wallace Hopper stepped into her cab and hurried off to send Mr. Dwyer a cablegram advising him to plunge a little on the next events. It is pretty well understood that Sloane is interested in the winnings of the syndicate himself, and that he knew exactly what he was doing when he went in for winning everything in sight. The American crowd bet on every one of his mounts, and the money has piled up day by day.

All England has literally gone wild over the American jockey's achievements, and Nottingham and Newmarket Heath thro-

with the crowds that come to see this marvelous youngster in his exceptional riding.

The betting contingent, actually in a frenzy to back him, fought for places at Newmarket on September 30. When Tod sent mount after mount under the wire a winner, a scene followed that will perhaps

never again be witnessed on a race track.

The bookmakers actually refused to accept another bet on any of his mounts. The sheet writers leaned doggedly on their elbows and shook their heads in disgust. Every possible book had been made, all combinations had been worked, every trick

known to the shrewdest bookmakers in Great Britain failed to win back the great

sums of money that had been lost to Sloane's admirers. The scene around the betting ring suggested a stock exchange gone mad over a phenomenal advance in wheat. Men shook their money in the air,

yelled and shrieked for takers, and not un-

til ten per cent of the amounts invested was offered the chagrined bookmakers was the betting resumed. "The public is backing Sloane; not horses," became the cry. Throngs of excited men and hysterical women followed

WHY TOD SLOANE RIDES SO MANY WINNING RACES.

By Dr. Edward N. Leavy, Chief Surgeon Lexington Veterinary Hospital.

TOD SLOANE'S success as a jockey is due entirely to the fact that he knows exactly where to sit on his mount when the animal is under pressure and drawing upon all his running capacity.

I have watched this remarkable youngster a hundred times, and it is my belief that he is the one jockey who favors the horse at the right moment and knows when to get up on the withers.

Perhaps of all the riders before the racing public to-day Tod Sloane knows more about his horse and just what he will stand than any of them. This is proven by the fact that he invariably caters to the brute by riding in the attitudes that lift the weight off his hind quarters, thus making it possible for his mount to use the galloping or running power without undue burden.

It is not necessary for me to go into the technical to fully explain this matter, as everybody knows enough about horses to understand that too much weight in the centre of a horse's back will have a tendency to tire the brute quickly. This is especially so when a horse is running a mile in a little more than a minute and a half. Every leap racks the animal's body more or less, and the slightest weight over or near the kidneys is bound to tax the

creature's strength and wear him out.

Apparently Tod Sloane is familiar with this very thing, and instead of occupying that portion of the back where the saddle is commonly placed, he slides up on the withers, over the shoulder blade, and rests his knees in such a way that his entire weight is lifted from the saddle, and therefore off the horse's back.

This movement, which he generally executes as he comes into the stretch, has the effect of at once freeing the hind quarters from all weight, thus leaving the abdominal muscles and the three layers of hip muscles perfect play for the work in hand.

These muscles are the driving muscles of a horse, and even though the brute may be a little lame in the front legs, there is still speed left in the hind legs. Sloane knows that for every pound he can get off the back he will profit in fractions of seconds in reduced time. He fully understands that his mount will profit immensely through this favor. It may be only a difference of one second. But that second has won for Tod Sloane many a race and put into the pockets of his backers many a dollar.

On some occasions I have seen him immediately straddle of his horse's neck, right on the superior band of the cervical ligament, while the hind quar-

ters were in perfect play, free from weight and moving in fine rhythm.

Sloane's knees, used as a support, lift the weight off his stirrups, and there is therefore no immediate weight on the horse's back. To be sure, Sloane also has much control over his mounts. But that is primarily due to the fact that he does not annoy them any more than is necessary. A horse appreciates decent treatment as thoroughly as does a man, and it pays to accord it.

The importance of Sloane's position will be appreciated if you will get down on all fours and let a child sit in the middle of your back. It will be observed that one cannot stand the pressure long, whereas if the child will mount to the shoulders it is much easier for you and allows more freedom of action.

Sloane has had this trick down for several years, and I am surprised that more jockeys are not familiar with it. The English riders have never done it, and it is to Sloane's credit that he found it out for himself.

Horses ridden by him will last two years longer and make better records for the treatment they receive at his hands.

Tod Sloane from track to track day by day when it was least expected of him, and his greatest triumph was when he sent that uncertain and almost worthless brute Gelastels at the head of the race in the one mile and three-quarters event in the Newmarket St. Leger Stake. It was a great victory for Tod, and the odds were heavy against him. A thrill of pain went up and down the paddock at the conclusion of this event, and the boy who rides on the withers was borne from the track on British shoulders and kisses were tossed him from the fairest women in the land.

The Americans who came over to England with Tod are loaded down with English money. Such a "bleeding" as they administered to the gambling contingent of that part of the world is not of previous record.

With Sloane's remarkable string of victories, all known records of English jockeys, made up from a century of turf history, have been shattered. Now the riders are striving to imitate the invincible American. They have cut loose from the schooling of a lifetime, the fruits of successive generations of experience, and Sloane's tactics are now the pattern of them all.

When Sloane arrived in England a few weeks ago the jockeys recalled his visit last year, and sneers and jeers were made at Sloane's apparently cramped style on his mounts. Nothing great was expected of him, and his winnings on the occasion of his first visit were not considered of much importance.

The stable boys of Newmarket allowed their lips to curl when Tod Sloane crouched down on his mount and slipped up on the withers. Upon his departure they felt that the newcomer had taught them little or nothing.

But Tod came back, and, stirred by the criticism that had been heaped upon him, swore to give the Englishmen a series of surprises. His triumphant return this year has balanced the old scores, and his once enemies are now his imitators.

Tod seemed to gather cannon-ball speed when it was least expected of him, and his greatest triumph was when he sent that uncertain and almost worthless brute Gelastels at the head of the race in the one mile and three-quarters event in the Newmarket St. Leger Stake. It was a great victory for Tod, and the odds were heavy against him. A thrill of pain went up and down the paddock at the conclusion of this event, and the boy who rides on the withers was borne from the track on British shoulders and kisses were tossed him from the fairest women in the land.

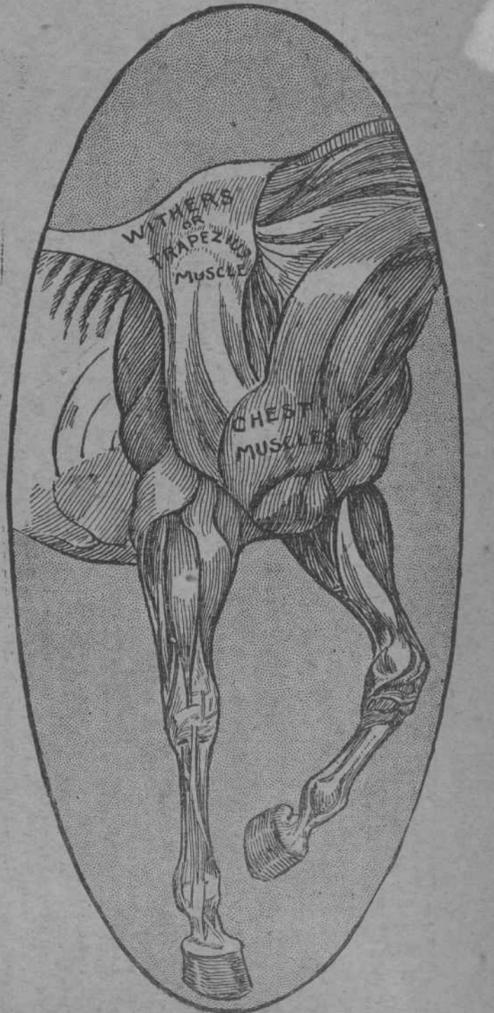
Much to the astonishment of the English racing world Sloane has proven that he knows more about horse flesh and how to convert an ordinary brute into a high class winner than any other rider that has ever weighed in on an English track.

He has shown them more skill in the art of which he is the world's master than they ever dreamed of before. He has taught them that the successful jockey rides to suit the needs of the horse rather than the comfort of the rider. He has proven to them that his ungraceful position in riding really favors the animal upon whose back he is perched. In short, he has demonstrated that he, of all jockeys on the turf to-day, has an intuitive understanding of the powers of a race horse and how to bring them out.

Sloane has always held that every horse should be treated differently. Working out his theory upon these lines he has created a new school of riding and upset methods in all countries where race horses are ridden.

There is no longer any doubt about his ability to mount any runner that ever galloped out of the paddock, and England has honestly and with much approval doffed her hat to him.

Just how it is that Sloane wins his races with such facility and ease is fully explained in the Journal by Dr. Edward N. Leavy, the great veterinary surgeon, of No. 711 Lexington avenue, who has made a close study of Sloane's methods, and who discusses the matter from the standpoint of a man thoroughly familiar with the horse and his capacity to carry a rider to victory.



Muscles of the Withers and Chest.