

# HOWARD MANN WON THE "BROOKLYN" FOR G. E. SMITH

## An Added Starter, Coupled with Belmar the Colt Was at 3 to 1, and Carried a Bale of Money.

### His Owner Alone Bet \$20,000--The Race Won Almost from "End to End" in 2:09 3-4, Over a Heavy Track, Before About 20,000 People.

By Julius Chambers.

**T**he eleventh Brooklyn Handicap was won yesterday at Gravesend by Howard Mann a bay colt which had never attracted much attention. He is owned by G. E. Smith, familiarly called "Pittsburg Phil."

Two horses, almost as unknown as the winner, Lake Shore and Volley, ran second and third.

It was a runaway race, in which the featherweights, on a muddy track, got to the front promptly and stayed there.

The result recalled Eurus's "Suburban" and Castaway II's Brooklyn successes. It emphasizes anew the uncertainties of the turf.

Here is the way the eleven candidates lined up at the head of the stretch, ready for the flag--Handspring having the pole or inside position:

HANDSPRING  
BELMAR  
SIR WALTER  
HEN EDER  
LÖKI  
KING ARTHUR II  
JACK SHORE  
VOLLEY  
JERFESSON  
THE SWAIN  
HOWARD MANN

The handicap started, great masses of cottony clouds were constantly in his path.

**"They Are Off!"**

The group at the head of the stretch, where the track is broadened by the turn, was picturesque in the extreme. Unsolved by the cauter to the post, the wearers of the silk were resplendent in their bright colors. Careful study through a good glass told me that the horses were more frantically than usual on such occasions. Indeed, they were got away on the third break at the end of eight minutes. When Starter Pettigall dropped the flag the gilt of spurs and the splash of mud could be seen from the grand stand.

Almost instantly The Swain, with his chocolate-faced jockey, ran to the front, closely followed by his companion on the outside of the track, Howard Mann. Nearer the rail was Handspring, a prince among so many afflicted steeds. Sims held the horse's head as in a vise, and, I lament to say, continued to do the same thing until the race was hopelessly lost to him. The big Dwyer horse was the only heavily handicapped entry that was able to get among the group of featherweights; Sir Walter and Belmar were behind everything except Lake Shore.

Struggling and swaying where the mud was deepest, horses and riders came to the first quarter. Thrilling as was the scene, impetuous as was the pace, the crowd showed none of the rookery for madness that galloping steeds evoke. Almost in silence, with The Swain still running like a deer, the large field of thoroughbreds rushed into the first turn. It didn't look like a weight-carrier's day. Races have been run before at Gravesend, and the quitting time of the sprinters was now looked for with more curiosity than fear. Jefferson, Mr. Beard's wonder, that had kept to the fore, was the first quitter. In less time than it takes to write the fact, he dropped back from fourth place to seventh. Possibly he was crowded on the turn, but this was his last appearance, so far as any race was concerned.

**Belmar Comes Up.**

Belmar ran up with a rush that implied leadership, passed Handspring into second position, and thus, for a furlong, the rearrangement was: The Swain, Handspring, Howard Mann, Belmar, Löki, Sir Walter, Jefferson, King Arthur II, Ben Eder, Lake Shore and Volley. In this order the race round the turn was made.

No real anxiety was felt now by the backers of the favorites. Their positions seemed well assured. Hadn't the unknown had their romp?

Not yet! A turn of the kaleidoscope and Howard Mann developed prismatic colors quite unexpectedly.

No sooner had the long back-stretch been entered than a splendid struggle for precedence occurred. Instead of surrendering to his stable mate, Belmar, Howard Mann boldly challenged Handspring. The glass showed a furlong of furious riding, in which the horse with one more to his credit this year gradually outfooted and passed the son of Hanover. It appeared to be only a spurt, and, doubtless, so Sims regarded the effort.

During the supreme struggle the two horses ran free of the group. The Swain being crowded back to fourth place by Löki getting his head and shoulders in front of him. When Handspring was checked a trifle, Sims, doubtless fearing that the pace was too rapid for that point in the race, the grand horse almost stopped, and for an instant the thousands of spectators were astonished to see the McLean entry running second.

That sight broke the heart of Handspring. He showed the true Hanover blood by giving up. Old Hanover himself would have done the same thing. I never remember to have seen him win a race after he was fairly headed--no matter what might be the lineage of the quadruped that did it. Any steep climbing goat could make him quit; but get him off in the lead, then let him alone and he was a world beater, a record breaker and a streak of money down the track!

Now, we were about to see another animal who appreciated the unspeakable advantage of being ahead. From that moment he was famous and his name will live as long as the American turf endures--his name is Howard Mann. Beyond the three-quarter pole he never was headed.

From that point the featherweights came into play again. The race to the turn was a series of spurts on the part of King Arthur II. (of whom much was expected, even the last moment). Volley was now placed sixth, with Sir Walter pressing him hard. But far ahead could still be described the purple and yellow of "Pittsburg Phil."

Whether he was Belmar or Howard Mann, as the crowd knew later, the Smith horse swung into the turn with a full length of sunlight between him and his nearest pursuer, Löki. The mount with the canary-colored jacket couldn't be shaken off, and Sir Walter, who was suddenly pushed through the bunch from seventh to third place, couldn't catch him.

The rush of Sir Walter was the thrilling episode of the turn into the hemestretch. I was watching carefully with a glass that enabled me to study his gallant old face. Instantly I thought that he was about to repeat the history of last year.

What a mud-goer he is! Ridden to perfection, by Doggett, Sir Walter yesterday tore through the bunch of horses directly in his path with the license of a projectile felt to be coming but not to be obstructed. Not a foul was made, because the horses on one side and the other as he reached them could be seen to give way to the past master of the turf, once winner of this Handicap.

Fairly squared off for the finish, Sir Walter was third, a length behind Löki, and at least a half length in front of Handspring. Apparently the blue ribbon was his again. But, alas, the purple and canary colors of "Pittsburg Phil," like those of the star-spangled banner, "were still there"--in front.

**An Easy Race to Ride.**

It was one of the easiest races I ever rode. I had the best mount for such heavy going, and that's the whole story. It was a fine run from start to finish. There was no crowding and no trouble of any sort. I got a bully good start, Tod Sloane getting off on Belmar pretty nearly even with me. I had the front for a little bit, but I let The Swain take the pace as we went by the second furlong post. I took second place and kept it right along. My horse was running easy under me and I felt all along that he was going to stay with the bunch. As we were coming up the backstretch Sir Walter showed a good burst and had me scared for a few seconds. Handspring, too, showed signs of waking up, and I was a little anxious, but when I felt the big fellow stretch himself under me I knew I had 'em beat. I didn't have to raise my whip or so much as klick him in the ribs. He did it all himself. All I had to do was to sit in the saddle and hold him in place. I didn't know until an hour before the race that I was going to ride Howard Mann. Mr. Smith engaged me to ride one of his entries some time ago, but I didn't know which one it would be. It was easy sailing, though, and of course I'm glad I had the chance of riding such a game mount.

HARRY MARTIN,  
The Winning Jockey.

**The Training of Howard Mann.**

I began working on Howard Mann along in February. All of his training was done at Morris Park. I had him in hand at the same time with Belmar. Mann began to show good form early in the Spring. At first he was a horse of unusually good temper, but a few weeks ago he became very ugly. Then he got all right again, and I was satisfied that he would give a good account of himself in any company.

He was entered in only two events over at Morris Park. In the first one he was left at the post by an accident. Merry Prince won that race. The second one in which Mann started--a mile and a quarter--he won in a canter, beating some good horses. His trials over here were all by himself. When he went three-quarters of a mile in 1:16 on Saturday I knew he was fit to make a race, and would hold his own with the best of the bunch. The Winner did not come up to expectations, and last night, when we saw that it would be heavy going, we decided to put Mann in. It was no surprise to me to see him come home in front. He's a good, game horse, and won on his merits.

WILLIAM SMITH,  
Trainer of Howard Mann.



The Finish of the Brooklyn Handicap, Howard Mann Winning.

Duke of Montrose	Waverly	*Australian	West Australian	Melbourne	by Touchstone.
		Enfilade	Enfilade	Young Enfilade	Persian, by Whisker.
	Kopje	*Cicely Jopson	Weatherbit	Sheet Anchor	Miss Letty, by Priam.
		Castro	Faugh-a-Ballagh	Mare by Liverpool.	
	Scamew	*Bonnie Scotland	Ingo	Don John	Southern, by Selma.
		Queen Mary	Gladiator	Mare by Plenipotentiary.	
	Shamrock	*Sister to Barle	Sovereign	Emilia	Four-de-la-is, by Bourbon.
		Levity	*Trustee	Mendicut, by *Tranby.	
	Shamrock	Beadman	Weatherbit	Mendicut, by Touchstone.	
		Madame Regent	Cowl	Division, by Defence.	
Shamrock	Fenella	Cambuscan	Downfall	The Arrow, by Slave.	
	*Buckden	La Favorita	Monarque	Constance, by Gladiator.	
Shamrock	Maggie	Lord Clifton	Nevenator	The Slave, by Melbourne.	
	Attala	Consequence	Bay Middleton	Result, by Milano.	
		*Imported.	Lexington	Boston	Alice Carmel, by *Sarpodon.
			Attala	Ruffin	Arabelle, by *Leviathan.

Pedigree of Howard Mann.

Kernochan, Frank Rothschild, Robert F. Cutting and T. H. Powers Parr.

J. Walker Kirk was there, too, the Western bud of fashion, who came East to bloom. Senator Jacob Cuntor and Blue-eyed "Billy" Sheehan, who ate peanuts together. The Tammany men were out in strong force.

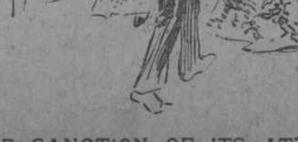
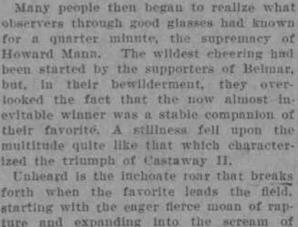
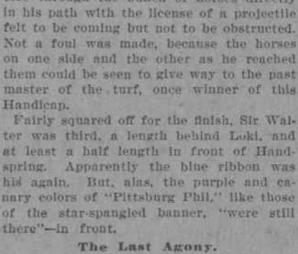
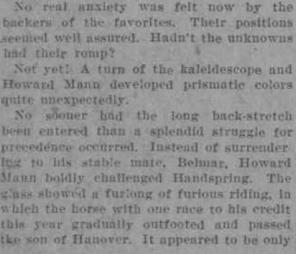
There were two John Rollins of prominence in the grand stand, one, the lawyer, who has the reputation of being the best-dressed Irishman in America, and the other, the Fourteenth District Tammany leader.

Ex-Police Justice Dwyer and a half hundred Divorcées were conspicuous. Ex-Police Commissioner Martin, John McCarthy and J. Sergeant Crum were equally prominent.

Alderman Ware and Alderman Clancy represented the City Fathers. W. J. Arkoll, Harry Still, the noted painter of horses, and "Snapper" Garrison, the jockey, stood together as the handicap was run.



Harry Martin, the Winning Jockey, at the scales.



**WHO WERE AT THE RACE.**

Society Not Out in Force, but Many Well-Known People Saw the Sport.

The society contingent that makes a practice of attending each and every race in town was, of course, at the Handicap. This, when eliminated, is a very small element, and made a sparse showing. The Gravesend track is never a society track.

Mrs. August Belmont was with her husband and becomingly attired in navy blue silk. Mrs. Belmont takes an immense interest in races, and went with Mr. Belmont into the paddock and critically surveyed the handicap starters. Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin were with them. In a box near the Belmonts were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander. In others Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, of Staten Island; Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Kessel; Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Hunnewell were with a little party.

Other box holders were J. Lewisohn, F. Dwyer, Senator Grady, E. L. Lewis, Charles Fleischman, John Daly, P. J. Dwyer, Charles Cooper, R. H. Hyde, Joseph Shevlin, A. C. Washington, Isaac Straus, H. A. Buck, W. L. Marks, A. F. Walcott and Louis and Albert Wormser.

Jack Follansbee was surrounded in his box with a party of Mexican nobilities, to whom he was showing the sights. Frank D. Beard drove up in his black coach with green running gear. It was the only private four-in-hand in view. Mr. Beard had a big family party with him, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schults, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson Beard, and Robbins Woodward among them.

Among the well-known club and society men about the end of the grand stand, partitioned off and called the club house, were the Messrs. Edward H. Bulkeley, Alfonso de Navarro, Charles F. Bates, Frank Moore, Edward Deppier, Harry Page, Foxhall Keene, Gordon Paddock, Larry Waterbury, Hamilton W. Cary, Craig Wadsworth, Emil Pfizer, Richard T. Wilson, Jr., James L.

**Statement of the Lucky Owner.**

I bought Howard Mann just about a year ago. He was entered in a good stake race--I've forgotten just what the amount was--and we had Belmar in to carry our colors. I regarded Mann as the only dangerous quantity against us, and finding that he could be bought for \$3,000, I put up the amount and took him out of the race. Belmar won handsly.

Since then we have watched the horse carefully and found that he had good, game qualities in him and could go fast as well. His work at Morris Park showed that. Saturday we tried The Winner and he did not come up to expectations. Belmar beat him soundly, and we concluded that it would not be safe to rely on him. We were in considerable doubt about putting in a substitute until last night. The rain settled us. Howard Mann is a good mud horse and is game to the core. We decided to put him in. He was eligible all along, but it was not until 2 o'clock this afternoon that we told the officials he would start. The result shows that he was just the horse to have sent after the money.

GEORGE SMITH (Pittsburg Phil),  
Owner of Howard Mann.

**SOCIETY GIVES THE HANDICAP THE SANCTION OF ITS ATTENDANCE.**