

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1897. THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts indicate showers; probably clear in the afternoon.

The surprising contemporary, the Journal, has complimented the Journal by printing, with all the typographical embellishments of its large and well-equipped establishment, a letter from Victoria, B. C., written by Joaquin Miller, one of the Journal's staff of Klondyke correspondents.

It also declared that it expected Mr. Miller's letters to be "the most striking descriptive articles that come out of his new land of gold."

Really, the Journal is overwhelmed by this exuberance of appreciation on the part of a contemporary that might be expected to belittle our efforts instead of advertising and extolling them.

World, New York: Examiner has served notice on me, that it owns Miller's copyright. Have absolute proof of their prior agreement with Miller. Must therefore decline to break their agreement. Please do not make any further announcement.

Witness, F. B. MILLARD. HARR WAGNER. All of Mr. Miller's matter passes through Mr. Wagner's hands for delivery. Mr. Wagner has just signed the following supplementary contract:

In San Francisco, July 29, 1897.—It is hereby agreed between H. Wagner, agent for Joaquin Miller, and A. M. Lawrence, agent for W. R. Hearst, that all literary productions or news matter sent out from Alaska by Joaquin Miller, of Alameda county, shall be published exclusively in the San Francisco Examiner and New York Journal. This is intended to confirm all previous agreements entered into between W. R. Hearst and Joaquin Miller, as well as to establish a new contract.

But we hasten to reassure the esteemed World, fearful as it doubtless is of the legal consequences of its publication of one of Mr. Miller's letters on Wednesday. The Journal's contract, it will be seen, covers only matter from Alaska. We cheerfully grant the World the privilege of publishing dispatches from Victoria describing the beauties of Puget Sound or the scenes on the wharf at Seattle.

Although President McKinley's withdrawal of the deputy collectors and cashiers in custom houses and internal revenue offices from the classified civil service is theoretically justifiable on the ground of the responsible and confidential nature of these positions, there are practical reasons regarding it as a mistake.

The President might gain some useful hints on this point by studying the recent proceedings in the Internal Revenue office at San Francisco. The Collector at that place was a Democratic politician, who received his position, as almost all of Mr. Cleveland's Californian appointees did, for political and factional reasons, without regard to his fitness to perform his duties.

If positions of trust were always filled by the best men under the old methods of appointment, there would be no occasion for civil service rules. It is the fact that politicians have a tendency to put in untrustworthy men when they get a chance that makes such rules necessary.

The opponents of Hawaiian annexation would find it advisable to hold a convention and decide upon a common set of opinions with regard to current developments.

Marquis Ito is represented not only as dismissing the matter as of "trifling importance," but also as assuring us that whatever we may do with Hawaii we need have no fear of interference from Japan.

But the other local anti-American Journal, the Times, which is working on the theory that we ought to relinquish our claims on Hawaii for fear of trouble with Japan, represents the idea that Japan does not intend to make trouble.

The truth is that the Herald's interview with Marquis Ito bears every evidence of authenticity. The language attributed to the former Prime Minister is precisely such as a frank, courteous, sensible Japanese statesman and general would use.

those of the expected to use. The Marquis Ito knew the well-loved States had always been Japan's best and his selfish friend among the nations, and said so: He said that the Japanese people had a warm admiration and affection for America, and said so. He knew that Japan did not expect to annex Hawaii herself, and said so. He knew, we may trust, that the Japanese Government did not regard our acceptance of the Hawaiian offer of union as a matter of sufficient importance to Japan to justify her in breaking all the ties of friendship and gratitude that have been forming through so many years, and said that.

Perhaps he remembered that when the European countries that are now egging on Japan to do what they dare not do themselves induced us to join them in enforcing the payment of the Shimomoseki indemnity, it was the United States alone that returned the money, and this purely from good will and a sense of justice, before Japan had begun to cut any figure as a military or naval power, and before it was thought necessary in any quarter to cultivate her friendship from motives of policy.

The idea that our annexation of Hawaii will involve us in trouble with Japan is moonshine. It is the failure to annex that would make trouble, for if the islands remained a derelict on the ocean, and the Japanese population continued to increase, there would certainly be developments that would subject the friendship of the two Governments to a severe strain.

We are in receipt of a courteous invitation from the Republican National Committee to have the name of the Journal placed upon the mailing list of the committee's literary bureau. This will entitle us to the privilege of receiving, free of charge, matter prepared by the editorial staff of the committee, which may be used "as miscellany, Washington correspondence or suggestions for the editorial page."

Why Sugar Stock Went Up. We thankfully accept the offer, for the sample slip of matter which accompanies it contains material of the utmost value as suggestions for the editorial page.

From Philadelphia I hear the echo of a victorious kick. It seems that when the polo players from the City of Brotherly Love were over here contesting in the polo tournament they were put up at the Meadowbrook Club, where their ponies were stabled.

On the eve of their departure a notice was posted on the club house bulletin to the effect that no ponies should be taken away until all board bills were paid.

The Philadelphia press felt the gratulation in its bones, as they call it, all the more keenly because they had put themselves out to entertain the Meadowbrook polo team when it visited Philadelphia.

The Hempsstead colony prides itself on the accurate knowledge of its women concerning the quality of all kinds of sporting animals. Miss May Bird, Mrs. Tommy Hitchcock, Miss Mabel Raby and a dozen others know all about horses. Mrs. Jimmy Kernochan is an expert in judging dogs, especially French bulls of both the tulip-eared and the rose-eared varieties.

Every woman of the set has some specialty, but that of Mrs. A. E. Smith Hadden is probably the most unusual for her sex. Mrs. Hadden is an authority on game cocks. She has made a study of these birds, and the way that she can discuss their habits and points would make the average "sporty boy" of society dumb with astonishment.

Foxie Keene is certainly the most remarkable athlete in the whole range of society. For years he has been the acknowledged king of the gentlemen jockeys in this country. The Tod Sloane of the amateur turf, as it were.

He is a capital bicyclist, although his legs are like pipe-stems, and riding to him is no superlative. And now he has blossomed forth as a crack golfer!

No wonder that his appreciative papa regards him and Voter as the two prodigies of the age.

The yachting fever is spreading among the younger set. Fired by the example of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Harry Payne Whitney and young William K. Vanderbilt, the junior Henry O. Havemeyer wants to try his hand at that game, and is thinking of trying to buy the Niagara from Howard Gould.

Domino is dead, and every racing chappie will grieve to hear the news. He was a good horse—and a good horse is right next to a good man.

Jim Keene did only an act of justice when he ordered that Domino's remains should be buried beneath a slab bearing this inscription: "Here lies the fleetest runner and as game and generous a horse as the American turf has ever seen."

Mrs. Astor's first formal dinner at Beechwood this season was given last night with all the stateliness for which Mrs. Astor's functions are famous.

Among the guests were Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. F. S. G. de Hautville, Mrs. E. S. Whiting, Miss Josephine Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ome Wisco, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watie Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Elsie Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Jr. and Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, E. L. Winthrop, James J. Van Alen, Perry Belmont, Lispenard Stewart, George R. Fearing, Baron Oppenheimer and Commander Rogers.

Good-morning, Granddaddy Whitney! The stock promoter made in the same of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has been kept, and all the world of society is deeply interested in the little girl that was born yesterday.

The distinction of being the only grandchild of Cornelius Vanderbilt and of William C. Whitney is one that any young lady might be proud of.

It cannot be truthfully denied that the passage of the Dingley law has revived the business of forming trusts and combines.

Keep Your Eye on Newport.

There is a volcano smouldering at Newport and the social world is watching it with suppressed excitement, for a brilliant eruption may happen at any moment.

Women talk about it in whispers and the chaps discuss it at the gambling club less guardedly.

Even the shopkeepers and tradesmen have taken it up and argue for one side or the other until they become enthusiastic partisans.

As long as the Atlantic Ocean separated the most explosive factors in the combination there was little danger of a public demonstration.

But now that the clouds have gathered there is likely to be thunder and lightning the first time they meet.

And when the fun begins there will be enough of it to justify every metaphor in the noise line that can be thought of.

Saratoga is saturated with musk. If a drove of musk oxen were driven into the dining rooms of the various hotels three times a day the odor could not be worse.

At breakfast your cantaloupe tastes of musk. At luncheon you wonder if the squeaking colored person who serves you hasn't broken a bottle of the vile scent in his pocket.

Even down in the Saratoga Club, where the affable Mr. Canfield presides with such dignity and grace and admirable savoir faire, the face chips and the roulette wheels emit the odor of musk.

Go to the race track and the grand stand suggests the idea that it has been washed with musk.

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"A Gentleman" on Andrews.

To the Editor of the Journal: Sir: The discharge (or resignation, as called) of the person Andrews from the presidency of Brown University has brought forth criticisms from certain quarters of a character which are equally dangerous in their tendency and disgraceful to their authors.

Such criticisms are the completest justification of the action of the regents in discharging Andrews that could be asked. So long as we have newspapers and politicians who truckle to the prejudices and passions of the mob, thereby encouraging ignorance, inflaming social discontent and weakening the guards surrounding property, he assured that the better classes will continue to defend themselves and those privileges in respect for which rest the foundations of orderly society.

The wonder is not that Andrews has been discharged, but that he should have been permitted so long to occupy a position for which his disputable opinions utterly disqualified him.

Indeed, should the man persist in his beliefs, he can count upon his exclusion from decent society and respectable employment of any kind. A man of education who deliberately chooses to adopt views pleasing to the mob should be compelled to live with the mob.

Against renegades of the Andrews sort the hand of every good man should be raised. What are the facts? Intrusted with the responsibilities of the headship of an established institution of learning, and, as such, naturally looked up to as an intellectual authority by the young men in his charge, President Andrews has not hesitated in his public utterances and writings to advocate free silver.

It is necessary to dwell on the feelings of the gentlemen whose names were in attendance upon Brown University, for in those whose donations had filled its treasury, or of men of means and judgment in general, at seeing the president thus openly ally himself with Bryan and the hordes of ignorance, poverty and envy that followed in that demagogue's train?

That the man has been dismissed is well, but that the commonest regard for the national honor, to say nothing of the interests of the classes represented by the University, did not lead to his expulsion more promptly, tells his sad story of the timidity of the regents.

Had they much longer allowed him to remain where he was, poisoning opening minds, they themselves would have richly deserved removal.

It is urged, of course, in behalf of the discharged president (who is personally unknown to me, and may be either a sincere fanatic or a mere demagogue) that "liberty of thought is sacred." This is one of those "general principles" which do so much mischief in the world. It sounds well, but nevertheless it is a vicious falsehood, on a par with that other popular lie that "all men are created equal."

Society has duties, and the chief among them is the duty of self-preservation. Whatever is destructive in its nature should therefore be suppressed, and whatever is constructive should be fostered.

These are the problems of thought only for those who are able to think aright, and the mind which arrives at erroneous conclusions thereby demonstrates that it is not one of the exceptional and privileged minds. Consequently it is both right and expedient to restrict its liberty.

Thought that tends to sap the base of the edifice of our Christian civilization should no more be accorded freedom to do its fell work than a dynamiter should be left free to explode his cartridges. Men like Andrews are the forerunners, the instigators, of men who do not stop at thought, but proceed to action.

They supply arguments to less able disturbers and nerve the arms of the miscreants who fire the pistol of the assassin. When we in this country have recovered from our democratic delusions, "thinkers" of the Andrews stamp will be met with something decidedly more unpleasant and effective than deprivation of employment and salary.

The course of the regents of Brown University, tardy as it is, will be far-reaching in its beneficent results. It enforces upon the teachers in every seat of learning throughout the land the salutary lesson that they with their colleges are dependent upon our property owners for maintenance. It is but justice to say that only very seldom has any of our colleges given offence.

The scuffle men who within their shades hold aloft the lamp of knowledge are, as a class, extremely respectable persons of sane opinions. Yet it is well that the preventive of dangerous possibilities for younger men are necessarily being added constantly to the facilities, such as the Andrews incident affords should be given. And for this example and warning the country is indebted to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose gifts to the cause of the higher education have won him academic canonization and insured him collegiate veneration in all time to come.

It is known that but for the presence of Andrews in the president's chair and his advertised sympathies with the proletariat, Mr. Rockefeller would have signalled the graduation of his son by a donation of a great sum to the university. It was Mr. Rockefeller, also, who struck a blow for the right when he caused it to be understood that the presence of professor BEN'S name on the faculty was unpleasant to him.

Ben's opinion being of the Andrews variety, "The United States has no citizen who stands more conspicuously for the better classes than does John D. Rockefeller. His wealth is splendid! He represents those 'trusts' against which demagogues rail, and therefore personifies capital in its modern and most efficient form. He is equally representative of the philanthropy of the superior elements, and his pity is as celebrated as his opulence. His millions have been freely bestowed to the education of the highest and best kind, and wherever the church bell rings his name is honored and his purse remembered. Behind this grand and good man are marshalled the intellect and conscience, the wealth and refinement of the country. His view of the proper purpose and scope of a university is our view. And from that view I know of no university that dissents, though some there be that are lax in expressing it. In several professors are still harbored, as was the case at Brown, who should be thrust beyond the gates.

The higher education is ours. It is not to be prostituted to the service of the multitude. In the college we have a citadel to withstand the anarchizing forces from below, whose growing strength is one of the most alarming symptoms of the diseased state of the times. The Bryans and the Altgelds and the newspapers of a certain order may appeal to the mob, but in our colleges we have towers of conserving power. Year by year, thank God, their doors open to receive the elite of our youth, and year by year they close again on young men departing into the world of action, polished inside and out—taught to be gentlemen in bearing, and instructed to be ashamed of holding opinions that are not such as to command the approval of the wise and judicious. This is the glory of our American universities, and proves how well the instructors comprehend their position and functions, how well aware they are that but for the patronage of the better classes they would either expire or languish in poverty. In the universities of England and the Continent it is the fashion for young men of rank to affect radical views. It is supposed to add a grace to youth and aristocracy. They, of course, because of their assured social status, can afford these aberrations, but in this republic, where every one must defend his own social place, it would be dangerous to imperil it by adopting opinions held by those lower in the scale. It is the boast of our most successful seats of learning that they rarely produce a graduate who at twenty-one or twenty-two is not outfitted with a set of views of which no elderly and wealthy gentleman would have reason to be ashamed.

It is not an instrumentality so elevating, so steady, so useful, so antagonistic to the spirit of innovation, will be protected by the property-owning and governing class, the elements of disorder may rest assured. When an enemy to the system is by chance or inadvertence allowed to creep in he will be expelled as Ben's was, as Andrews has been. Bryanism and Anarchy may shout that wealth is establishing a despotism over thought as well as over industry and politics, and may otherwise give voice to the plaint of the unfit and the vicious, but money and brains will not be deterred from doing whatever it is necessary to do in order to maintain the supremacy of property and intelligence over poverty and ignorance and poisonous error.

A GENTLEMAN. New York, July 28.

"A Gentleman" as a Satirist. From the Cleveland Recorder. The "Gentleman's" labor remedy, which is proposed and advocated in another column of this page, is as fine a piece of satirical writing as the English language offers. It is so delicate that the plutocratic reader, though he never escapes the keen thrusts of the writer's sarcasm, recognizes in every line a reflection of his own sentiments.

This satire first appeared in the New York Journal of July 21. Its author is Arthur McEwen, whose fame as a brilliant and independent editorial writer, long since secure upon the Pacific coast, is now extending, through his work in the Journal, over the States to the east of the Rockies.

"Little boy," said the kind gentleman, "I hope you do not read those pernicious dime novels?" "Naw," said the little boy, "not when I kin git billy good stories for a nickel apiece."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Parks—By the bye, I saw Miss Dallington on her wheel to-day. Mrs. Parks—What kind of a hat did she have on? Mr. Parks—I declare, I didn't notice.

Mrs. Parks (disapprovingly)—Did she wear high boots or golf stockings? Mr. Parks—Golf stockings, and they looked very trim, too. Still, I don't believe— But it was too late. She had him in a corner, and he had to thaw for the new dress that she wanted to present to her mother.—Cleveland Leader.

Gertrude (eagerly)—Papa, did Mr. Harper call on you to-day? Mr. Millyuns—Yes. Gertrude—Well, what followed? Mr. Millyuns—The ambulance.—Cleveland Leader.

"Ticker, the stock broker, has made lots of money on the bear side of the market, but now that times are better he is losing heavily." "What's he going to do about it?" "He's going to a doctor and get cured of his dyspepsia, so that he may take a new view of things."—Chicago Record.

"I couldn't get a policy from that insurance company." "Why not?" "Yes, I don't ride a wheel, and all pedestrians are now considered extra hazardous, and I'm neglected in one eye they wouldn't take me at all."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think the era of prosperity is upon us?" "It must be. I've had a new telephone put in and every time I ask for any one the main office tells me he's busy."—Detroit Free Press.

"Would he smile upon his suit?" "Ay, indeed!" "Say!" "She would not only smile upon his suit; she would laugh hysterically and shed tears and shed a perfect fright."—Detroit Journal.

"Monster!" she exclaimed. "My very long necked volutes, in the fiction of the old romantic school, in the fiction of the present day it could be adequately disposed of in forty pages of such a matter."—Detroit Journal.

"I wonder why it is that Mr. Upsyke has recently become so meek. He used to be just the opposite—always poking fun at men who permitted their wives to take too much of a hand in running things. Now Mrs. Upsyke seems to be the only savior in their yard." "Evidently you haven't heard that she made a century run two weeks ago, while he had to ride home in an express wagon after going thirty-three miles."—Cleveland Leader.

"Has he had any real, practical experience in the theatrical business?" asked the manager who was looking for an assistant. "No," replied Mr. Bonington Barnes, thoughtfully. "I can't say he has. He has been connected with the profession a long time, but he never, to my knowledge, was with an attraction that didn't make money enough to pay its expenses."—Washington Star.

Impatient. [Detroit News.] Some men are feverishly impatient. Two Illinois burglars were captured in the act of robbing a bank before they had made any effort to be elected president of the institution.

Crushing the Trusts. [Detroit Tribune.] Evidently Mr. Dingley believes that the proper way to smash a trust is to give it more business than it can attend to.

Human Nature. [Detroit Tribune.] The eternal optimism of human nature was never better illustrated than in the casual expressions of belief that the tariff bill might have been worse.

He's out. [Washington Star.] After a prolonged and exciting season of dodging between third base and the home plate the Sultan finally permitted the powers to tag him and end the game.

Canadians. [Washington Star.] The Canadians are disposed to dignify the Klondyke gold fields.

In Spite of Congress. [Detroit News.] In spite of the best Congress can do, some unincorporated individuals are likely to make money in Alaska.

Hic Jacer Domino.

DOMINO. Here lies the fleetest runner and as game a horse as the American turf has ever seen.

Down in Blue Grass Kentucky a great race horse is dead. There is mourning in the land of the Colonels, and incidentally New York has some regrets. Once upon a time there was a time when the name of Domino was the synonym of all that is fast, game, victorious. That was not so long ago, either—not longer than 1883, when Domino, the Black Wonder, was the unbeatable thing on the New York race courses.

This black colt was the property of Jim Keene, and no equine ownership of the millionaire turfman's life ever gave him more pride than this Kentucky bred gentleman in black called Domino. Whatever Keene might have done for Foxhall, who won him the Grand Prix at Paris and the Czarowitz in England, or of Spendthrift, that magnificent animal who dominated the turf of his years, this gentleman who can win a couple of millions in a single stock deal loved Domino as a child and nurtured him accordingly.

And Domino in a way deserved it. The Keene fortunes were not so well when they bought the black fellow out of a bunch of Kentucky yearlings. There had not been a great horse under the "white with blue spots" in several years. They bought Domino because he was by Himyan out of Mauple Grey, and a brother to Correction, and then they bought him because he was good looking.

Billy Lakeland was training for Keene then. He broke the big colt and taught him those first early lessons on how to stand on a race track and run straight. Domino rewarded him by doing some days light quarters which were fast. You can't keep those daylight efforts under the rose, and so it happened that when the black fellow under the name of Domino made his initial appearance there were a lot of smart ones who were willing to bet even money that he would win.

It was a modest affair; just an overnight purse at Gravesend, with nothing really warm in it. Domino galloped away with it as if the other horses were standing still. Folks who did not know him remonstrated with their friends for backing a green one at even odds. Jack Wynu, Kentuckian, knew Domino and taught him. "Some of the boys says you suckers will be glad to pay 1 to 10 for your money again that fellow." Jack Wynu saw the day when his prophecy was good.

That was all in the Spring of 1893. Domino had a lot of stake engagements, and this overnight was just to get him used to the colors. He began his stake career soon after the purse race, and he swept the Eastern turf before him. He got away with the Great American, he gobbled up the Great Eclipse, he took in the Great Trial, he galloped off with the Hyde Park at Chicago, and then he gave the last touch to a magnificent two-year-old career by sweeping in the Futurity.

When he closed that period of his career he had won over \$150,000 in stakes and purses. That was a Futurity finish is one of the dramatic things in turf history. Dobbins was in the race. So was Declaire. Both were good. There was a long, ding-dong finish between Domino and Dobbins, and Domino's margin at the end was no more than half a head. Still that half a head meant \$49,000 to the Keenes.

The Dobbins folks were never quite satisfied with the race, and out of it grew a match over the Futurity course between Dobbins and the winner for \$5,000 a side. Everybody remembers that race. It was a hurly-burly affair from start to finish, and both horses were ridden to death. The time was not so fast because the track was dead, but in a pushing drive the pace was set by the wire line nose and nose and the judges could not separate the two. It was called and is still called a dead heat. The best pair of colts the turf has seen in years had crossed together. The question of supremacy was never settled, but it is a turf fact that never after that bruising day did Domino show his old form, and from that time he began to furnish disappointments to his owners.

The first real keen blow came when he was beaten in the American Derby at Chicago. It was a rich stake and Domino was shipped on from New York to win it. The big colt, then a three-year-old, received an ovation on the Chicago track. Jim Keene, loving him and backing him, was there to see him run. Billy Lakeland sent him to the post and strong and confident. Sixty thousand people saw that race.

But Lakeland made a mistake. He told Taral to hold the colt back in the first three-quarters and let him run in the last half of the mile and a half. Kentuckians, who knew the family out of which he came, said that Domino would not go that mile and a half. Taral held him back; he held him so hard that Domino swung all over the race track in his fight to go on. Galloping along he was a little red Californian called Rex el Santa Anita.

Well, when they all sat down at the end of the mile and began to run, the Californian, who had been galloping along in the bunch like a sleepy sheep, simply went up to Domino and then travelled on after the money. He was as good as a sprint as the best of them, and trying to keep him in sight Domino fell back beaten at the eighth pole, and the Californian got all that good Derby money.

It was a blow to Keene, a sad blow, but it was only the first which Domino, three-year-old, was to give him. True, the black fellow won the Withers at a mile in rattling time, but the Kentuckians were right about him. He could not go what horsemen had called the "long route," and the Keenes had many a heartache because of it.

"Jim" Keene's fondness for him was striking. He thought him the best horse he had ever known and would never listen to any proposition to sell him. When it was shorted out he was apparent that he could run no more in his old style he was shipped to the Kentucky farm. He would have been sold for \$100,000 or Domino would never have been a turf factor after his three-year-old form.

Lakeland will to-day say he had never had one like him and never expects to have. Keene will say Domino was as good as Foxhall. The public—those people who followed him and bet on him—will say that he was a two-year-old of the best type and could "june" three-quarters like a whirlwind, but that he was not a horse to go a route and hold his trip. Few of them are. But Domino was a great horse, one of the last real turf champions we have had.

In the days when he was at his best he had a habit of using to ride him. Curiously enough, he came to take Taral as a white man later a snail.

The cause of Domino's death was congestion of the brain. Three surgeons attended him. He died, and James R. Keene, loving and honoring him still, writes the above inscription for the monument which is to mark his Kentucky grave.

CHAS. E. TREV'NHAM.

CHOLLY KICKERBOCKER.