

GOCKEY OR PRESIDENT?

Tom Sloan, Who Squandered His \$100,000 a Year.



Danny Maher, Said to Earn \$250,000 a Year.



Johnny Reiff, Who Won Derby for Croker.

Well, Riding Pays Better-Midgets of the Saddle who Quadruple Roosevelt's Salary.

Think of a boy scarcely out of his teens earning a salary four times as much as the President of the United States!

And then think of more than one boy doing it.

While Mr. Roosevelt has to work hard almost every working day of the year, and long hours at that, for his \$50,000, these boys who receive much more have to work many fewer days in a year, and much shorter hours.

For time actually employed, there are jockeys who receive for their services many times as much money as the man elected to hold the reins of the leading nation on earth. And all they have to do is to hold the reins of winning race horses.

They are the great jockeys—George Mountain, Walter Miller, Danny Maher, Johnny Reiff and others of their class—who can be relied upon nearly always to win. When Johnny Reiff recently won the English Derby for Richard Croker, his name and fame were flashed around the world.

No other people—hardly excepting the great stars who are paid fabulous prices for amusing theatre-goers a few minutes a day—are so well paid.

They are the financial kings of the time.

When George Mountain, after a successful career in the south, flocked the east recently and rode Glorifier to victory in a \$70,000 race at New York, it was openly believed that he would receive a bonus of probably half that amount for his feat—in addition to his regular retainer.

For he had taken a horse once "down and out," but lately patched up by J. H. McCormick as a possible "corner," and had beaten the old standbys upon which the best judges in New York had lavished their bets.

It was a feat that set the racing fraternity by the ears, and the incalculable amount of money tied up in bets that it turned into this or that channel explains why it called for tremendous payment.

Frequently, in the event of a jockey winning a race where a large amount of money is at stake, he is showered with presents from fortunate winners, although this must all be done through the owner of the horse and under the supervision of the track detectives, to guard against fraud.

There have been many instances in the chronicles of the track in the United States of jockeys rising in a few seasons from poverty to affluence, just as Mountain and Miller are doing now.

It is in England, however, that the jockey is a real Cressus.

There is where Tom Sloan for a number of years received an income estimated at from \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year, and besides had plenty of time to live like a lord, which he did literally, since the scions of aristocratic families seemed honored by his acquaintance.

His own word for it, he paid for his London apartments \$35,000 a year. And yet from such a height he fell through his own improvidence to a \$50-a-week position in America.

It was in England, too, that the Reiff boys, Johnny and Lester, fresh from an American farm, saved in a single season \$300,000, with part of which they decided to take a college course to fit

themselves for making the best use of the rest of the money.

For what with the Englishman's well-known predilection for the races and the immense amounts of money that the members of royal families and the English aristocracy generally have to squander, he who can please is there certain of splendid emolument.

In a single racing season recently the tremendous salaries some of the jockeys on the American turf who were successful in the business—the regular incomes, that is, aside from extra presents—amounted to \$800,000. But this included many who were mediocre.

Of the higher paid ones at that time, Danny Maher and Johnny Reiff each received a retainer of \$45,000; Arthur Redfern was paid \$20,000; Winnie O'Connor, \$21,000; and Lucien Lyne, \$20,000.

These moneys, compared with a time a few years back when the jockey got little more than his trouble for his pains in winning races, seem mythical, but they are only incidents compared with the enormous salaries some of the jockeys are making this year.

It required the American jockey to show England how much depends upon the man in the saddle in the winning of races.

Of the last six anniversary Derbys—the Derby is the racing event of the year in England—five have been won by jockeys from America.

England has, of course, appreciated this. Not only has this appreciation taken a monetary guise—it has been shown by such marks of affection as the kissing of the American boy jockeys by English women.

When it is considered that many thousands of people gladly pay \$10 to see these boys race, it may be conceived what a firm hold they have got on the British populace, and why they are able to pull in sums of money to make even a prince of Wales open his eyes.

Last year Danny Maher was the idol of British aristocracy. And with good reason. For in one race he performed such a feat as England has seldom seen on Derby day.

There were pitted against him twenty-one of the best riders in England mounted on horses which had records, some of them fully as good as his own. He rode Danmartin, owned by Major Eustace Loder.

At first it was decided that Loder would enter Admirable Crichton in the race, but a week or two before Derby day this horse got out of sorts and a change had to be made. Next the 3-year-old filly Flair was picked, for she had just won a great race at Newmarket, and was believed to hold great possibilities.

But, just a few days before the Derby, the astounding fact became known that Flair had "fallen down" under the severe training, and that in all the well-stocked stables there was not a horse to take her place.

In this emergency it was decided to give Spasmodic a chance. The racing experts thought little of the horse. Odds were all on the other entries.

But behold, when the dust cleared after the final sprint, it was seen that Danny Maher on Spasmodic was in the lead. Just how much Maher got in pre-

paration for this feat it would be hard to estimate, but it probably ran well toward \$50,000.

Only in 1905 he had taken Lord Rosebery's Gicero past the post a half length ahead of the nearest competitor, and this earned the gratitude of the dukes and duchesses to an extent scarcely ever paralleled by any one else.

These things account for the lionizing of Maher in London last year and this year, which caused English writers to say that their country is a paradise for American jockeys who are able to ride horses to win.

Leaving an expensive horse, as Tom Sloan had done before, Maher set up a lordly establishment, entertaining in a style befitting a feudal baron, with liveried servants waiting on his every beck and nod—and meals such as—so it is stated by those who have access to both his home and the royal palace at Windsor—even King Edward would not permit to be placed on his table, they are so extravagant.

A conservative estimate of Maher's income at present is \$200,000, but there are those among his friends who say that \$250,000 would be a closer guess.

In other lines of endeavor, big salaries usually come with years. Not so the jockey—he is apt to be making the biggest money of his life before he is out of his teens.

For instance, when Arthur Redfern was 16 years old and Danny Maher was 19, a few years ago, the former was making \$40,000 and the latter \$35,000 a season.

Nor are these isolated cases. When Johnny Reiff was 15 years old, he was making \$45,000 a year in England.

He weighed then only seventy-two pounds, and was the youngest and lightest weight jockey in the world. He had beaten Tom Sloan, who was unable to follow the high life of London and kept his flesh down—the difference in weight of thirty pounds and in age of ten years threw the balance of possibility on the side of the Ohio youth.

So spectacular was his success that the prince of Wales and the duchess of Marlborough and other prominent people sought his acquaintance—or, rather, became his patrons, for he was not, even in actions, any more than a child.

Not only childish, but bashful. This was illustrated once when the English woman tried to hobnob with him. "It all started one day when Johnny had made a victorious finish with Uncle Mac, a notorious horse which all but killed several riders.

Flackily, on this occasion, the boy fought with the beast, cowed it, and, although others of its competitors, had won a considerable lead, brought it in ahead.

Slipping easily from the back of the winner, Johnny was about to get into a robe and run to the stables.

From the crowd rushed a magnificently dressed woman, who, before the boy knew what she was about, clasped him in her arms and gave him a resounding smack right on his lips. He struggled free, and, blushing violently, made his escape.

But the fad was started, and for a season or two—until he became more of a man—Johnny led a miserable existence trying to keep away from the kissers.

ment must be faultless. He must decide and do in the brief space that it takes a horse to make one leap.

And "our top-liner" jockey, like the Reiff boys and Maher, must have a certain delicacy of touch—it is inherited, not acquired—which gains for him the sympathy of the horse he is riding.

He must know horse nature like a book, must know when to whip a horse up, when and how to conserve his force for the finish.

In the use of the whip he must be an artist. And with all the training in the world, unless he loves horses, he will not be a big success.

Racing men say that the jockey earns his big salary—that no other life is so hard, but there are jockeys who can keep down flesh only by virtually starving themselves. Even this is not enough at times, and the mud bath must be constantly resorted to.

One jockey, Fred Archer, spent so much time in Turkish baths preparing for a race that he became sick and died.

Five years ago Tom Sloan had saved \$400,000 out of his turf money, and while he was living like a prince at that. He lost it all, as he himself says, "through false friends and speculation."

Nor are these easy," said Sloan, in discussing his vanished wealth a few weeks ago. "That is the curse of it. It would have been better for me if my day hadn't come so soon, for I got the big head, and that settled me."

"I have never been strong on arithmetic, but my receipts between 1890 and 1902 were not far from \$1,000,000, counting every source of revenue. In 1903, for instance, I had nearly \$500,000 banked in cash.

"How the money did flow into my till! There was the time, for instance, when King Edward gave me a \$30,000 retainer to give him first call for the season of 1901."

And this was more than the British prime minister receives—almost as much as the Lord Chief Justice gets per year.

As to the pay of the ordinary jockey Sloan said:

"A crack jockey will average four mounts a season a day, and the season averages about 217 days. That means 868 mounts. Ordinarily a jockey gets, besides his retainer fee, \$25 for every winning mount and \$10 for every losing mount.

"If all were losing ones, the jockey would get \$8,680. Probably one-fifth of them, however, will be winners, or say 175 in round numbers. At \$25 each, this means \$4,375. Add to this the fees for losing mounts, and one gets \$11,395 for mounts alone during the season, exclusive of bonuses, which range from \$100 to \$2,500, according to the importance of the event and the size of the purse.

Fame is so awfully slow that when it finally does come to the average man it is compelled to roost on his monument.

When Johnny Reiff and his older brother, Lester, returned to the United States in 1900 after a very profitable season in England, they first bought a home for their parents at Cygnet, Ohio, and declared that their father must retire from business.

During that season Johnny had ridden the crack mounts of Sir William Berezford, receiving as his regular remuneration \$50 for each race; and sometimes he rode four races a day, making his day's wages \$1,000, to say nothing of extra presents.

How does such a tremendous salary affect an American boy jockey's relations with royalty?

For illustration, here is Johnny Reiff's own story of what took place one day on the track.

"I was just about to mount Knickerbocker when the duchess of Marlborough, whom I had met before, came up and said she wanted to introduce me to the prince of Wales.

"This is little Reiff, your royal highness," she said.

"The prince said, 'I am pleased to see you,' and shook hands with me just like any American might do. He then asked me what my weight was. I told him sixty-four pounds.

"Next the prince asked me my age and some other questions, which I answered. But it was getting time for me to get into that race, and I couldn't wait any longer, even for the prince of Wales. So I hopped on to Knickerbocker and was off."

Writing home from England to his mother, one season, Johnny told of winning a race, for the Prince of Wales stakes, worth \$50,000, and added: "I expect to get a present of at least \$5,000 for winning the race."

Indeed, presents of that amount never surprised him. And all this in addition to his enormous salary.

When Queen Victoria died, Johnny cabled from Ohio his condolence to the man who is now Edward VII and received by cable a reply in which the king addressed him as "My dear little Johnny," and subscribed himself, "Your friend and comrade in the old days."

One day in July, 1902, Johnny rode four horses to victory in as many big events, and his brother the same day won one race. So it is little wonder that England showered thanks and money on them.

No more serious problem confronts owners of fast horses, each year than that of getting competent jockeys to ride them.

The jockey usually grows up in the stable. It becomes second nature to him to cling to the back of a speeding horse while other speeding horses are all about him, apt to mangle him to pieces if he should fall. Then, too, the viciousness of the horse he is asked to ride often requires that he have the courage of a lion.

He must be wide awake, watching all that is going on about him, and his judg-



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LONDON - - - - CANADA

PLAIN TALK FROM THE DOCTOR
A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder troubles, stated that to the following prescription is due a great deal of his success:
One ounce fluid extract dandelion;
One ounce compound salutarin;
Four ounces compound syrup sarsaparilla.
Mix and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of water.
This mixture will, he says, positively cure any diseases arising from weak, clogged or inactive kidneys, and will assist these organs to cleanse the blood of the poisonous waste matter and acids, which if allowed to remain, cause lumbago, lame back, rheumatism and sciatica, and at the same time will restore the kidneys to healthy normal action.
The ingredients, which are purely vegetable and entirely harmless, can be procured from any good druggist and mixed at home at very little cost.
This advice will undoubtedly be much appreciated by many readers.

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FIFTH OF THE
The Congo was debated length in the House of Commons.

Germany's grain is damaged by floods for miles. The Sherifian army won a victory over the British in the Sudan. The body of a Detroit man in the river, until he paid for.

Michael McColl, been appointed a member of the House of Commons. Eight soldiers have been appointed a member of the House of Commons.

Miners at work of the mines in the iron region, while it keeps watch over them.

It is rumored at Melbourne that the government will purchase a large quantity of British-made munitions.

A military balloon sailed over the principality of Berlin. The airship was a picture of Britain.

The emperor's secretary, Judge George Peters, has been chosen a member of the board of investigation into the case of the company and their staff.

Empress William, on from his cruise in waters, is due in Switzerland, to witness the signing of the fleet. He will meet the Emperor at the end of August.

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Evolution
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