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CHICAGO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

FAST TIME IN CALIFORNIA.

SUNOL'S GREAT VICTORY—THE JUNIOR STALLION STAKE WON BY DIRECT.

The San Francisco Call of October 20 gives the following graphic account of Sunol's great heat in 2:20½, and other fast performances:

Yesterday, at the Bay District track, the weather was the worst imaginable; a very high, cold southwest wind swept over the track in a way that made overcoats and wraps a serious consideration, and the fog, although not heavy, was very disagreeable. The attendance, as a consequence, was small, even the most ardent lovers of horse-racing not caring to face the cold blasts to witness such grand sport as was had yesterday.

The judges for the time or trial events of the now famous youngsters were Messrs. Samuel Gamble, John Howes and A. J. Allen, while the officials for the racing events were Messrs. C. S. Crittenden, A. J. Allen and A. K. Grimm. The timers were Messrs. E. H. Miller, Jr., C. H. Kingsley and R. T. Carroll, all being admirably qualified for their positions beyond the question of a doubt.

The track, although in fair condition, was beyond question at least a second slow, and the high wind that prevailed (a perfect hurricane and extremely cold and piercing) also interfered with fast time to the extent of fully one second, if not more, and the fast time made in each event must be considered as phenomenal, and the necessary credit for faster time on a good day and track given without stint.

The first to appear and attract the attention of the audience was the yearling filly, Count Valensin's Fleet, by Sidney, dam Flight, that was to attempt to beat her previous record of 2:36. The little filly looked well, and when she would trot trotted fast, but she had a temper of her own, and seemed to have got sour, for she broke repeatedly and bucked all over the track, making it lively for Buster to keep his seat. She broke soon after going away on her first trial, and was pulled up and put back in the stall for a short rest, when she again come out and was sent off, going slow, with Buster trying to coax her to behave, but she broke again on the turn, and although driven the full mile, only trotted in 2:40.

After another short rest she was again dispatched on her third and last trial, and although she broke again before reaching the quarter, trotted out the mile in 2:36½, the last half in 1:17. That she can and will beat the yearling record—2:31½—is firmly believed by many.

The next trial was that of Palo Alto's great two-year-old filly Sunol, by Electioneer, dam Waxana, by General Benton; second dam Waxy, by Lexington, foaled April 14, 1886, in which she essayed the hitherto impossible feat of beating the world's record for two-year-olds—2:21—held by her half-sister, Wildflower. As stated above the elements combined against her success, and her victory is more remarkable and wonderful on that account.

She was accompanied as a coach by a runner driven in harness by O. A. Hickok, while Charles Marvin held the lines over her. On the first attempt she was sent away very fast, and reached the quarter in 34½ seconds, but after passing this pole she encountered the strong wind up the back-stretch and attempted to "come back" to Marvin, who tried to make her face it kindly, but she refused and broke, so he pulled her up and came back.

On the second attempt she took the word and went away from the wire like a piece of machinery, and going steadily around the track reached the quarter-pole in 35 seconds. Up the back-stretch she fairly flew. but with such apparent ease that Hickok said if it had not been for the efforts his runner was making to keep up he would not have thought she was going a three-minute gait. She reached the half-mile pole in 1:09½ (the back quarter in 34½ seconds), and as the time was called out the silence of the interested and amazed spectators was broken for the first time by yells of "See her go," "She'll do it, sure," "She'll beat nineteen," and which grew more and more exciting as she drew nearer home, by reaching the three-quarter pole in 1:45, and trotting faster and as steady as a clock. At this point she again encountered a cold blast of wind that fairly whistled through the spokes of her sulky, and she faltered slightly, which being noticed by Hickok he brought his runner up with a rush, and the game little animal that she is showed her breeding and refused to be headed, and again taking a good hold on the bit, rushed ahead like the wind. Down the stretch she came at fearful speed "on her courage," and only at the draw-gate was she rustled up by Marvin, and that only by a couple of light taps of the whip and changing the bit in her mouth, and, with Hickok shouting and lashing his whip, she flew under the wire, and the trick was done. Before the time—2:20½—could be hung out by the judges it was made known from the one hundred and odd outside watches what the time was, and an uninitiated person would have thought the large crowd had gone crazy all at once, for hats were thrown in the air, old men danced around like boys just out of school, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the yells of the over-excited crowd were perfectly deafening. This was kept up until Sunol and Charley returned to weigh, when, after acknowledging the compliment for his grand little filly by lifting his cap and waving it, Marvin seemed to think the crowd were calling for an encore and wanted to see it done over, and had to be told twice by the judges to dismount.

The announcement by Judge C. S. Crittenden that this lowered the world's record for two-year-olds was the signal for another outburst, which was again long and loud.

BAY DISTICT TRACK, October 19, 1888.—Sunol to beat the the world's record for two-year-olds, 2:21, for a cup presented by Captain N. T. Smith.

Sunol, b f, by Electioneer—Waxana; Palo Alto..... 1
Time, 2:21..... 2
Time, 2:20½.

First quarter, 35 seconds; half-mile, 1:09½; three-quarters, 1:45; full mile, 2:20½.

The junior stallions were now called out for the event of the day, and Direct, Strathway and Balkan answered the bell. This race has attracted attention all over the State, second only to the great stallion trot to-day, and the pool-selling was very lively, and heavy sales were recorded at the following rates:

Strathway, a big chestnut roan, son of Steinway, was a decided favorite of the talent, and brought $40 against $22 for the field of Direct and Balkan.

The race was phenomenal, and at the same time needs no lengthy description, for notwithstanding the faith placed in Strathway, he was at no time in the race dangerous, and the gallant little son of Director made a runaway race of it and was never headed or approached, and won the race in three straight heats, without Andy's ever letting go of his head. Even after Direct won the first heat easily Strathway remained favorite at $50 to $27, until nearly time to start for the second heat, when they sold "even up," and not until after the second heat (again won easily) did Direct make them recognize his superiority and install him first choice at $60 to $30 for Strathway.

But Direct taught them a lesson they will not soon forget, for in this heat Johnny Goldsmith was put up behind Strathway, but his superior skill could avail nothing, as Direct went off in the lead and never was headed, and won the heat as he pleased in a jog in 2:25½, with Strathway in the same place he had occupied in each heat, just inside the flag.

Direct, if driven out in this heat, could have trotted in 2:20, and what notch he will strike with more age and strength is one of those things no man can tell. He was most admirably driven by Andy McDowell, and the fact that he never made a skip in the three heats shows what an easy victory he had and what good sense Andy displayed in backing him so heavily, as he made no secret of his pools, but stood at the box and bought them himself.

Direct, the winner of the Junior (three-year-old) Stallion Stake, is the property of M. Salisbury, of the Pleasanton Stock Farm, and is by Director, 2:17, he by Dictator, a full brother to Dexter, 2:17¼, he by Hambletonian 10. His dam is Echora, by Echo. He is a beautiful black stallion, 15½ hands high, and a perfect model of his sire.

His record is 2:23, made at Napa in a race against aged horses. That he can and will trot much faster is an established fact, and his performance to-day, as well as his previous ones, reflect great credit on his sire, owner and driver.

BAY DISTRICT TRACK, October 19, 1888.—Junior Stallion Stake, for three-year-olds; $100 entrance, mile heats, three in five, in harness.

Direct, blk s, by Director, dam Echora; M. Salisbury..... 1 1 1
Balkan, br s, by Mambrino Wilkes, dam Fannie Ferron; A. L. Hinds..... 2 2 2
Strathway, ch s, by Steinway, dam Countess; H. H. Helmer... 3 3 3
Time, 2:28½, 2:28½, 2:25½.

Between the heats of this race the Primary Stallion Stake, for two-year-olds, was called, but as there was only one starter, Palo Alto's Leon, he jogged over the course and took the stakes by a walk-over.

The last race of the day was the match race for $500 between Don Tomas and Bay Rose, and proved another surprise, for not only were the "talent" so badly mixed up that they hardly knew where they stood, but the time made and the extremely close contest made this the most interesting event on the programme. Bay Rose started off the favorite at $50 to $40, but after a most exciting and close heat, in which Don Tomas proved the victor in 2:21, he was made first choice at $40 to $25. The second heat was another grand struggle that resulted in 2:21 again, after which Don sold for $50 against $27.

Another hard heat (the third), in which the horses were never clear of one another, was won by a nose by Bay Rose in 2:20½, and the pools again changed in his favor to $70 against $43.

Fourth Heat—Bay Rose opened a gap of five lengths on Don to the half, but from here home the latter came very fast, and was only beaten out by half a length, after a driving finish, in 2:27½.

The judges before the start of the next heat called Durfee to the stand and cautioned him not to lay so far back, and make a better showing in the next heat or he would be taken out, the heat called off, and he would be punished.

The fifth heat was the most exciting of them all, and it was anybody's heat to about half way down the stretch, when Bay Rose broke and Don Tomas came on and won the heat easily in 2:23. At this time it became so dark that the judges postponed the race.

BOOKMAKING IN ENGLAND.

"You seem quite lost now that you're not making a book." The remark was addressed to a tall, broad-shouldered Britisher, as he leaned, idly scanning his programme, against the paddock rails at Jerome Park. It was not difficult to discover his nationality. Even before he opened his mouth and spoke with an unmistakably English accent his general appearance and ruddy face would have betrayed his origin.

"Yes, I do feel rather like a fish out of water," responded Fred Fraser, for it was he who spoke, one of the most widely known bookmakers of late years on the other side of the Atlantic. As such a representative of the Sporting World entered into coversation with him to obtain, if possible, some of his ideas as to the differences and different methods existing between ours and the English system of bookmaking in general. Relating his history as told by himself, he said:

"I originally started by only making a small money book outside the ring, which is reserved exclusively for bookmakers who are members of Tattersall's Betting Club. I was a bold layer of odds, somewhat resembling your Burton of to-day, and endeavored to be as strictly straightforward and honorable in my transactions with clients as possible. By that means I gradually worked myself up to be the leader of the outside or ready-money betting division. In those days, before ready-money betting was prohibited by law, it can readily be imagined that welshing was a very common practice with the outside betting men. In order the more to assure people that they would find me at my post prepared to pay any claims against me after a race, and also to make myself the more easily recognizable in a crowd, I hit upon the idea of adopting a unique costume, which could not well be hurriedly exchanged or cheaply imitated. The costume consisted of a brown velveteen coat, sombrero hat, corduroy breeches and high Hessian boots. My clerk also was costumed in similar fashion. My originality became so well-known that after a time a bookmaker attired in an imitation of my costume was introduced into pieces on the stage—notably, in the 'Merry Duchess' and 'Taken from Life,' which were written by personal acquaintances of my own. Also in writing a descriptive article of the race-courses and their surroundings, which appeared in the Standard, a leading daily paper, on August 1, 1871, the writer referred to me and my clerk in the following words: 'The gentleman in the brown velveteen coat, sombrero hat, cord breeches, high boots and other tasty articles of apparel was present, with his genteel penciller read to lay any odds, etc.' This description of me so tickled my fancy that in future I always advertised myself under it in all the sporting papers, and the man in the brown velveteen coat with his genteel penciller became quite a a by-word among sporting men. My fame, of course, spread rapidly, and I soon found myself doing businass on such a large scale that I could not accommodate it all single-handed, and was forced to enlist seven other gentlemen in brown coats, and so-forth, who in my costume betted for me in various parts of the course. Later on the betting act came into force framed to prohibit ready-money betting, and against allowing any place or tenement for betting purposes. I was, in consequence, driven by force of circumstances to ply my trade in the ring, and in order to do so became a member of Tattersalls."

"Is no ready-money betting allowed there, then?"

"Yes! plenty of it. It's against the law, of course, but the authorities don't seem to take any trouble to stop it. We're not even allowed so much as a stationary umbrella to bet under in wet weather, nor a stool to stand upon, which amounts to a tenement within the meaning of the act—nothing, in fact, which can make us appear in any way stationary is permitted. The only way in which some get around the law against the stationary test business is by hiring a boy to stand in front of them and hold a list. That was legal enough, but very useless."

"How can people know the price against a horse, then, if there are no lists?"

"They come and ask. That's one of the greatest troubles we have—people asking, How much this? How much the other? And what price such a horse? You have to carry the prices in your head, and the fluctuations of them according to your book, and to be bothered in addition by people asking who have no idea of betting is a nuisance. Still, you have to put up with it. That's your business. Things are much more simple here for the bookmaker. There every bookmaker is his own cashier. Here he has his printed list, a man to take the cash and write tickets, and another to pay out. Far easier for a man, but, Lord bless you, not half nor a quarter so quick. I could accommodate twenty men, tell them the odds, and take in the cash as well, while one of your bookmakers attends to five. The tickets on the other side are not like yours here. They have on them only the bookie's name and a number. When he makes the bet he just gives you a ticket with his name and a number printed on it, and calls the bet to his clerk; number so and so, such and such a horse 50 to 20, or whatever the bet is, and that is all there is to it. There is no writing out a card for you at all. Little fear of mistakes. If a man claims you have laid him longer odds than you say you have, he can look at your sheets with the price you were laying at the time he made the bet, according to the number of the ticket both above and below his. If the matter cannot be settled, as it generally can, and is by reference to the sheet, the bookmaker probably says: 'All right; leave it to arbitration, and the decision goes.' I seldom had any unpleasantness. If there was a disputed bet and I saw that the man was a decent fellow and was not trying to beat me, I'd sooner pay it than have any trouble. When we bet on the nod, or, as you say, put in a marker, we give no ticket. Our clerk writes your name and the bet down, and the bettor does the same in his betting-book for himself. A bookmaker's clerk in England is like his shadow when he is on a race-course, and never absent from his elbow. He writes the bets in an ordinary betting memorandum-book, about six inches by three inches. This is all the paraphernalia necessary, excepting in the case of a few men, who make a large number of small bets. They generally carry a small satchel slung around their shoulder for paying away more readily in gold. I notice that bookmaking here during the progress of the racing is a much more serious business than it is there. Of course, just previous to a race, no one has time in England to do anything but attend to his betting, still, somehow, even that is all done much more cheerily. There is much more friendly chaff with customers and acquaintances, and between races we mix with one another more, and conversation becomes much more general and lively. The ring generally adjoins the paddock, and the people stroll, and the bookmakers also, from one to the other incessantly. Time hangs heavily on my hands, you say? Yes, indeed, it does. Before I left England I owned a big string of horses in training, so that with attending to their business in addition to my betting, it took up all my time. When I made up my mind to travel I gradually sold most of my string off, and the last three or four I gave away to friends."

"Why don't you start making a book here for something to do, if you're not going home again yet?"

"I had made arrangements to do so at the Jerome Park meeting," the bookmaker answered, "but when I made application for a stand I was asked for $500, five days in advance at $100 a day. I asked how many bookmakers' stands there would be allowed? When they told me nearly a hundred I said thank you, and made up my mind I would let those who liked work on such terms. I wasn't going to attempt it with such a slim crowd as I heard there was likely to be present each day. I contented myself with backing horses. I'm only betting trifling amounts, but I expect in that little way I'm ahead of what I should have been had I had a book."

"What do you think of bookmaking here, anyway?" I asked him.

"I don't think there is anything like as much money in it here as there is on the other side, even in spite of the bad debts we sometimes make there. This $100 a day's a big handicap, and between you and me I don't think there are any of the bookmaking fraternity growing rich, certainly not at this meeting. You see there are three or four paid clerks here to each bookmaker, all in receipt of high wages. That, coupled with the expenses, must swamp the profits, or nearly so, it stands to reason, unless a man gambles, and that isn't legitimate bookmaking. There are too many for the crowd, don't yer know. Still, I think I'll try my hand at it again over here one of these days, just to keep in practice. But if I do make a book, I shall go about it in my own fashion, whether my ideas are right or wrong, win or lose. I don't believe in copying off another man's list, as I see many of them do, and watching what another fellow's doing through a pair of field glasses. You know, or ought to know, about what price a horse should open at, and you can fix the others when you've settled the prices for a few so as to insure yourself a fair and square book. Bet for your own book, I say; don't be guided by other people, and let the public money in your book regulate your prices. Of course I should need a clerk, same as I did in England, to keep me posted as to how much I'd laid against any horse and how much I had still left to lay to fill my book. I don't pride myself on my head for figures, but I can make a square book as quickly as I can write. I often see some of the slates in the ring here rigged up so that the bookmaker's almost bound to lose, and also vice versa. You see, it requires a good deal of experience to be able to make a fair and square book off hand, but then every trade needs an apprenticeship, and, goodness knows, I've had long enough at it and enough of it to make me learn my business."

"There never was any paying for stands then, or anything of that sort in England?"

"No! The only thing approaching that was at one time before the betting act came in. Valentine & Wright, the bookmaking firm, used to go to the courses and rent from the officials a narrow strip alongside the ring, so that list men could stand on their stools outside against the rails and bet either in or out of the ring. At first they charged £5 to each bookmaker for a position on this strip for the meeting, and many paid it. The charge gradually increased until they asked £30. Then there was a kick. The list men refused to pay such a price, and the upset of it all was the betting act was passed and knocked the whole thing on the head, at least so far as any stationary business was concerned."

"Do you think the running is straighter here than in England?"

"Not by a longsight! No, indeed. There's been more crooked business in one week, taking only this week for instance, at Jerome Park, than I've seen in England in a whole year's racing. The stewards there take prompt and sharp notice of the running of horses, and any such glaring and sudden alterations of form as those seen in the past week would lead to immediate investigation and a demand for explanation from the owners."

"Did you lose any money by Plunger Walton when he was in England?"

"No! I had nothing in my book against him when he left. Walton paid up and doesn't owe a half-penny there in the ring. He was hard hit and couldn't settle all at once, so that he made some of his creditors afraid for their money, but bit by bit he paid up everything, and acted like a man. I only wish some of my debtors were like him.