



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 theater-goers a few minutes a day—are so well paid.

They are the financial kings of the time.



Johnny Reiff, Who Won Derby for Croker

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 Spear-mint, owned by Major Estlin Leder.

At first it was decided that Leder would enter Admirable Critchton in the race, but a week or two before Derby Day this horse got out 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.

But behold, when it was decided to give Spear-mint a chance. The racing experts thought little of the horse. Odds were all on the other entries.

But, when the race was run, Spear-mint was in the lead. Just how much Maher got in presents for this feat it would be hard to estimate, but it probably ran well toward \$50,000.

Only in 1935 he had taken Lord Rosebery's Cicerone past the post a half length ahead of the nearest competitor, and thus earned the gratitude of the duke and duchesses to an extent scarcely ever paralleled by any one else.

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

Leasing an expensive horse, as Tod 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 menus 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 15, a few years ago, the former was making \$40,000 and the latter \$35,000 in a season.

Suddenly he beheld a big Kingfisher in one of the trees opposite. He was sitting motionless, as his American nameakes may be seen frequently over pond or trout stream.

He started the observer with an abrupt dash to the ground not far away, and a few seconds later flew back

beaten Tod Sloan, who was unable to follow the high life of London and keep 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 women tried to kiss 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.

Pluckily, 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 the lips. He struggled free, and, blushing violently, made his escape.

But the feat 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.

When he won his first race on Mary Black at Washington Park track, near Chicago, in 1898, he weighed but fifty-eight pounds, and the women said he looked like a baby on the back of the great steed. But he was at the threshold of the most paying vocation open to an American youth.

PROVIDED FOR THEIR PARENTS

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 Cuyahoga, Ohio, and declared that their father must retire from business.

During that season Johnny had ridden the crack mounts of Sir William Boreford, receiving as his regular remuneration \$50 for each race; and sometimes he rode four races a day, making his day's wages \$200, and so nothing of extra presents.

How does such a tremendous salary affect an American boy jockey's relation with his parents?

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 \$40,000, and added 'I expect to get a present of at least \$200 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 condolences to the man who is now Edward VII and received in 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, 1900, 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 showed 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 for him to cling to the back of a speeding horse while other speeding horses are all about him, not to mangle him but to piece or to be shouldered. 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 judgment must be fast. He must be able to 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—but no other life is so hard and trying.

Even this is not enough at times, and the mud 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 Tod Sloan had saved \$40,000 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."

"I came too easy," said Sloan, in discussing his vanished wealth a few weeks ago. "That is the curse of it. I was not 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 1900, for instance, I had netting \$500,000 banked in cash.

"How the money did flow into my till! There was the \$300,000 for instance, when King Edward gave me a \$30,000 retainer to give him first call for the season of 1901."

At 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 day, and the season averages about 217 days. That means 858 mounts. At \$100 for each mount, that means \$85,800. Add \$25 for every winning mount and \$10 for every losing mount. All were losing ones, the jockey would get \$8880. Probably one-fifth of them, however, will be winners, or say 175 in round numbers. At \$25 each, this means \$4375. Add \$10 for every losing mount, and one gets \$11,375 for mounts alone during the season, exclusive of bonuses, which range from \$10 to \$250, according to the importance of the event and the size of the purse."

Birds that Kill Snakes for Livelihood



Blurring Owl



The Secretary Bird

“OF WHAT use are snakes?” is a question often asked by the students of nature.

They do not gratify the esthetic sense, as other useless creatures do; but are loathsome and often pernicious.

Every other created thing views them with horror—men and monkeys, beasts of prey and birds. Indeed, many species of birds—owls, kites, crows, ravens and others—have a bitter antipathy to the snake race, and kill the wriggling reptiles wherever found, even though they may no longer devour the mangled remains.

There are birds that gain their livelihood by assiduously seeking and slaying poisonous serpents.

ASK the Australian colonist, which of the queer birds that adorn his primitive forests holds in most respect, and he will instantly name the laughing jackass, as he calls the giant kingfisher. Its note resembles a donkey's bray.

The kingfisher lives almost entirely on poisonous reptiles, in which the island continent is inconveniently rich. And he varies the diet only for lizards, especially venomous ones; frogs, toads, cicadas and tree toads. He never catches fish at all, in the manner of his American or European kindred.

It was a hot day in the Blue mountains of New South

Wales. A traveler had been tramping through almost shadeless bush for some hours. At last, reaching a big mimosa, he sat in its shadow on a fallen tree trunk—the mimosa is almost the only one of the Australian trees that does not turn the edges of its leaves to the sun—a fact that accounts for the curious shadelessness of the Australian bush.

Suddenly he beheld a big Kingfisher in one of the trees opposite. He was sitting motionless, as his American nameakes may be seen frequently over pond or trout stream.

He started the observer with an abrupt dash to the ground not far away, and a few seconds later flew back

and preparing the snake to notice the man, though he sat within ten yards. The banquet done, however, the bird caught sight of the stranger, ruffed up his feathers fiercely, and with a shriek compounded of laugh, groan and bray, flew off noisily to digest his capture.

As the intestinal tract of the laughing jackass is short, digestion is not a lengthy process. Consequently he eats often, and from dawn to dusk is industriously after snakes, being on that account first favorite of the woods with squatter and bushman, who protect the bird from every pest-hunter.

The Australian magpie, or singing crow, is also a serpent killer, as is the native crane and several others. The crow, handsome, lively and clever, is known from Sydney to Fremantle for his black and white coat and startling diet of centipedes, scorpions and poisonous snakes.

He, too, first kills his prey, throws it into the air with a note of triumph, and then disposes of it at leisure. The "native companion," as the Australian crane is called, is no mean antagonist of the snake race, of which it devours hundreds of thousands. Its method of killing is peculiar. For it stamps on the reptile with the full force of its leg, drawn up to the body, and then propelled forward like a piston rod with all the bird's strength.

To make assurance doubly sure, the crane strikes a quick succession of blows that crushes the last vestige of life out of the mangled reptile, which is then swallowed with no more ado.

Another snake eater is the secretary bird of South Africa. More than once travelers have seen this curious creature, half vulture and half falcon, with a suggestion of the crane, rickling in great ability, apparently a native companion of Australia; does that is to say, never touching it with beak or wing, but always stamping on the squirming folds with its powerful legs, disabling the reptile at the first blow and finally dislocating all the vertebrae.

LIVELY FOOTWORK

Should the snake show fight, the secretary bird seems to tighten all its feathers about it, hopping briskly here and there, with all the footwork of the veteran pugilist, so as to avoid the desperate onslaught.

Such contests can and only one way, and the crushed serpent is soon reposing harmlessly in its living tomb.

Another Australian bird, known as Jardine's harrier, is a serpent killer of great ability, especially when nature with legs of great length, matted with strong yellow scales, impervious to snake teeth. It also kills and swallows lizards and other reptiles.

The harrier, besides the pied crow and the laughing jackass, is of great value to Australia, which contains so many varieties of deadly snakes.

It seeks for snakes on the wing, hawking at no great distance from the ground over the hot and stony places frequented by them. With a sudden sweep, the harrier is grasped by the neck with one powerful foot, and then the harrier soars high into the air and kills its reptile prey by dropping it on rocks or hard, sun-baked earth, from a great height.

The Indian adjutant and cranes of all kinds, Manichurian and Dutch, are also snake hunters. Indeed, India the adjutant is treated with as much consideration as the sacred monkeys of Hanuman. Were before the inexperienced tourist or visitor who tries to shoot one of these curious birds.

Then there are the burrowing owl of the South American pampas, which preys upon young rattlesnakes, following the creatures into their own holes. These birds also are respectful and with cause.

There is no greater foe to all warm-blooded mammals than the poisonous snake, and any bird with cleverness and courage enough to kill one and dine on it afterwards well deserves man's gratitude and protection.

A FORTUNE FOR APARTMENTS

His own word for it, he paid for his London apartments \$20,000 a year. And yet from such a height he fell through his own imprudence to a \$50-a-week job in America.

It was in England, too, that the Reiff boys, Johnny and Lester, took from an Ohio farm, saved in a single season \$200,000, with the result 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 incomes.

In a single racing season recently the incomes of sixty 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 \$25,000; Arthur Redfern was paid \$20,000; Winnie O'Connor, \$18,000; Lucien Lyne, \$15,000.

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

Of the most noteworthy anniversary Derby—the Derby is the biggest event of the year in England—five have been won by jockeys from America.

They are, of course, appreciated this. Not only