

MASCOTS AND HOODOOS

Strange Superstitions Prevalent Among Sporting Men.

THE COLONELS' RABBITS' FEET.

New Fourteen of Them Temporarily Hoodooed the Louisville Club's Hoodoo—Seeing a Cross Eyed Woman and Walking Under a Leader Are Very Dangerous Hoodoos.

Thousands of sporting men, turf followers, gamblers, pugilists, baseball players and race track jockeys are firm believers in the efficacy of a genuine mascot and in the hitherto influence of a voodoo, or hoodoo, as it is more commonly called. In the opera "Mascot," Luciana depicts a mascot briefly and rather unsatisfactorily. "A mascot," she says, "is a mascot." To an unprejudiced observer this seems quite self-evident. Webster defines somewhat deeper into the subject when he declares that a mascot is "a person who is supposed to bring good luck to the household to which he or she belongs, anything that brings good luck."

One very popular idea of a mascot is that it should be the reverse of beautiful. For this reason men who play the races be-



fore the Louisville players knew that the left hind legs of 14 rabbits—caught in an Indian graveyard in the moon, presumably—were "hoodooed" for them against the hoodoo. They followed this victory with another against the same club and then vanquished the New Yorks and Brooklyn, thus winning four games in succession before the Oklahoma brandie boomers lost their grip on the hoodoo. Just before the fifth game, however, some cross eyed woman in the City of Churches must have hoodooed the entire club again, for in this game and the one following the Colonels were badly beaten by the Brooklyn.

Had the Colonels been fortified with rabbits' feet early in the season instead of only a month before its close, they might have secured a better position than seventh in the pennant race, but who knows? The 14 left hind feet did not prevent the Kentucky team from slipping back into twelfth place and the ignominy of being the tail ender for 1922.

Lampplighter, the great thoroughbred, had a mascot that possessed the fatal quality of beauty, and was consequently more of a hoodoo than anything else. This alleged mascot was a pretty little pony that accompanied Lampplighter as running mate when the great horse was given his exercise. As every one knows, Lampplighter was the favorite in the Brooklyn and Suburban hoodooing and in his match races with Tammany, but in all three of these events he was ignominiously beaten. Race track agents say the pretty pony surely hoodooed him.

This season the St. Louis baseball club secured a homely bull calf to officiate as mascot and dragged him around the bases before each game. The club won game after game, and the calf was considered a dangerous factor in the pennant contest that some enemy of the team spirited it away.

The Valkyrie had two alleged mascots, a piper and Miss Rachel Dunraven, but both were so good looking they proved hoodoo, and the English yacht was easily beaten in the race for the American's cup. Mascot authorities allege that despite her two pretty hoodooes the Valkyrie might have won the final and decisive race had it not been sailed on Friday and on the 15th of October, but that with such a combination of pretty mascots, unlucky Friday and unlucky 15, Lord Dunraven ought to be thankful that he and his crew finished the race alive.

THE GREAT PAZER ROBERT J. Robert J., the Jay son of Hartford, looked upon as one of the most promising pazers on the turf. He is 5 years old, and his dam was Geraldine, by Jay Gould. He is owned by C. J. Hamlin of Buffalo, and is trained and driven by Ed Geers.

Previous to the present season Robert J. did not possess much of a reputation, but his work early in the year was so good that he was considered Hamlin's most formidable representative in the great \$5,000 race for all paces at the Northwest Breeder's meeting in Chicago in September. Robert J. was defeated by the best breaking horse, a more shadow of his former greatness, was admitted as the Village Farm candidate. The "Plover" was easily distanced, and Flying Jib won the race.

The result might have been different had Robert J. been allowed to start, for a short time later at St. Joseph he attempted to beat the world's record, 3:04, and covered a mile in the wonderful time of 2:06, the fastest mile ever made up to that time by a 5-year-old pacer. At Lexington, Oct. 13, Robert J. won the \$1,000 free for all paces against Flying Jib, Manager, J. H. L. and Will Keer in straight heats, the first of which was won by the best breaking horse of the time, 2:07, and the others in 2:07, and 2:07, respectively. Every heat was faster than the best heat in the free for all in Chicago.

At Nashville, Oct. 10, Robert J. again defeated Flying Jib in three even more remarkable straight heats. He captured the first two in 2:05, and the last in 2:04. The first two heats were the fastest consecutive heats ever trotted or paced. In view of his recent performances Robert J. may truly be declared the greatest racing pacer living today.

SPORTING NOTES. Tom Connors, the English wrestler now in this country, has challenged all comers to meet him at catch weights.

Frank H. Boen of the Philadelphia cricket team recently scored 118 before being retired in a game against the Australians.

Charm, the Palo Alto filly, is looked upon as coming world beater in the 3-year-old class.

Fantasy, 2:05, the champion 3-year-old, is one of the turf wonders of 1923. Such speed in a trotter at her age is a decided novation.

The crack rough coated St. Bernard, Sir Belvedere, has again changed hands. Mr. C. A. Pratt, proprietor of the Arroyo kennel at Little Rock, has purchased the champion of his sex from the New York St. Bernard kennels.

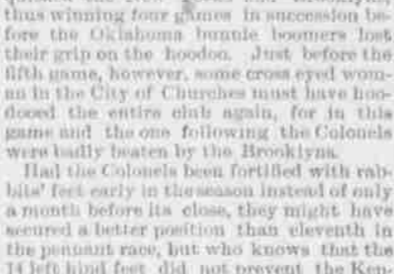
The turf season of 1923 just closed will for many years be memorable, because it witnessed the triumphs of Domino, one of the greatest 3-year-olds the country ever saw. It will also be memorable because of the disappointments and defeats of Lampplighter, the popular idol, and because it witnessed the ascendancy of his rival, Tammany, who easily proved himself Lampplighter's master and beyond doubt the champion of the turf. Domino's triumphal career will be the longest, however, and he will fill a larger place in turf history. A colt that supplanted a Hindoo, and a Trotter, and a His Highness will not soon be forgotten.

Turf Music. I've listened to the harmonies of maw'd or chestnut lands. And been charmed by operatic stars of this and other lands. So as for me all other sounds the subtle essence lack. But the grand crescendo sounds that comes rolling down the track. When nerves and flanks a-drip and nostrils break the air. A wailing bunch of thoroughbreds comes thundering to the wire. —Tommy Dod in Horseman.

POOL PLAYER ALFREDO DE ORO.

The Expert Cuban and His Victory Over English Champion Roberts.

Alfredo de Oro, whose match with John Roberts, the famous English champion, at New York, has attracted much wide attention, is considered the king of all pool players on this side of the Atlantic. De Oro is a Cuban. He has won the championship here and is a player of rare nerve and general all round excellence. His eye for difficult combinations and his dexterity in executing them are the wonder of all pool players who have seen him handle the cue.



ALFREDO DE ORO. One of all pool players who have seen him handle the cue.

In the recent six days' match between Roberts and De Oro, the Cuban won. When he secured the necessary 1,000 points entitling him to victory, Roberts had only captured 924. To make the great international match a perfectly fair one the English and American tables were set up side by side and the American champion was compelled to play half the time on the stronger table, while the English champion had to wrestle the same share of the time with the difficulties of the unfamiliar American table. Roberts defeated De Oro 31 points at English pool, and De Oro beat Roberts 89 points at the American game.

The next big billiard events in America will probably be the Schaefer trials to be held in Chicago and the proposed triangular match between Ives, Schaefer and Slosson at New York.

Freeman, the Checker King. Checker players generally concede that Clarence H. Freeman of Providence is the greatest living master of the game. Freeman is a modest young man, but his record has convinced him that the above estimate of his ability is not far from correct, and he stands ready to play any man who questions his claim to the title of checker king for the sum of \$1,000 a side.

Freeman's complexion is of a brown tint, and in stature is a little below the medium height. He is of slender but athletic build. He has a wealth of raven black hair and a small black mustache. He is of Indian descent, and says that he is proud of it. The blood of the Prophet and the Narragansett is united in his veins, as his father descended from the former and his mother from the latter tribe. His great-grandfather on his mother's side, however, was a white man.

He was born 24 years ago in Central Village, Conn., and went to school there. At the age of 11 years he removed to Providence. In 1879 he played Charles P. Barker for a series of 20 games for the championship of America and \$300 a side. The score stood: Freeman, 6; Barker, 3; drawn, 11.

In 1880 Freeman and Barker played another match at Providence for a purse of \$500. Twenty-seven out of 30 games were drawn. Freeman won 2 and Barker 1. In 1882 Freeman played a draw with the famous Scotch champion, James Wyllie. Freeman won 1 game, Wyllie 1, and the third game was a draw. About two years later Freeman and Wyllie met again in a friendly match at Providence. Freeman won easily. Freeman decided eight years ago that he would play no more championship games.

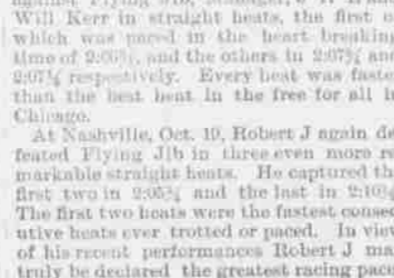
In a recent interview, Frank C. Ives, the billiard champion, said: "I leave in November for London to play Roberts a tournament at English billiards. Then I am going to India on an exhibition tour, and I expect to make money there. Leaving India I will go direct to Paris for a long stay. I am going to dispose of my business in Chicago. I can make \$125 a day in Paris, which pays better than billiards do in this country. I would be foolish if I did not avail myself of this Parisian opportunity."

White to move and compel statements in four moves. Checker problem No. 241. Black.



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White to play and compel statements in four moves. SOLUTIONS. Checker problem No. 241. Black.

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RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

SOME HISTORIC DISASTERS RECALLED BY A RECENT HORROR.

The Angola Horror and the Ashtabula Wreck—Terrors of the Chatsworth Fair—The Last Great Holocaust—A Few Minor Accidents.

(Special Correspondence.)

BUFFALO, July 25.—The recent frightful railway disaster near Newburg, in this state, is a fresh proof that neither science nor human foresight and care can give entire immunity from this form of danger. Since the first railroad track was laid in the United States there have been a great number of these horrors, but despite the general impression to the contrary the loss of life on American railroads has not been greater in proportion than it has in Europe.

For some years after the railroads had begun to be used for passenger travel, the exception from accidents was comparatively rare, and it was not until 1853 that a really great calamity occurred. When it came, however, it made up for lost time, and the shock of it had an adverse effect on railroad travel and growth for several years afterward.

It was a bright, fine, clear day, and there was absolutely no reason why the accident should have happened, except the carelessness of the engineer in charge of the locomotive, who should have seen the open draw. For 15 minutes before the train was due the bridge tender had displayed the signal "open draw" to enable the steamboat traffic to pass, but it was only a moment before the train went down that the reckless engineer realized the impending danger, and both he and his fireman jumped in time to escape with slight injuries. As for the passengers, the first intimation of peril they had was when they felt themselves going over the abutment. The train consisted of two baggage cars and five coaches carrying 329 people. With the exception of the three last coaches the entire train plunged into the stream below, which was at high tide, the top of the water being only 15 feet from the stringers. Most of the unfortunate persons were drowned like rats in a trap.

Four years later, on March 12, 1857, came another great railway disaster, and though it occurred in Canada—on the Toronto and Hamilton railroad—it caused almost as great a shock in the United States as it did in British America. Among the killed was Samuel Zimmerman, one of the wisest and best known men in the Dominion, and a number of the officials of the road. In this case the engine ran off the track. The weight of the ponderous machine as it struck the bridge timbers cut through them as though they were so many pipestems, and the engine, tender, baggage car and two coaches were precipitated to the bottom of the canal, 90 feet below. Every body in the train was killed instantly, or so badly injured that they could not render any assistance, and it was some time before help came from Hamilton. Finally, however, when the people did arrive, they were almost powerless to bring succor to the dying, for the wreck lay piled up between two precipitous walls 90 feet below. It was not until long after dark that the rescuers could do anything toward extricating the 15 or 20 persons who still remained alive.

On June 22, 1864, there occurred another dreadful accident in Canada, this time costing nearly 100 human lives, and making the record for American railroad disasters. The train which came to grief consisted of 11 passenger cars and a freight train, and it carried besides the train hands 850 people, and like the Norfolk wreck, the accident was due to the gross negligence of the engineer, who, disregarding the warning signals, ran through an open draw on the Beloit bridge at St. Albans, about 19 miles from Montreal. The scene of the wreck, as described by eye-witnesses, was something terrible. The cars fell in 10 feet of water and were only partially submerged. But the height from which they tumbled, about 70 feet, smashed them into kindling wood, and when the rescuers put in an appearance they found an indescribable mass of splintered wood, iron and human remains, all jammed together in a solid lump. Ninety-five bodies were recovered, and 100 injured were taken out of the wreck. Among the latter was the guilty engineer, who went down with his engine, but was not fatally hurt.

In the next great accident, which came to be known as the "Angola Horror," five additional elements seemed combined for the occasion to render the scene more terrible. It was pitch dark and the snow was falling in a dense cloud as the ill fated train, the west bound express on the Lake Shore, approached the big iron bridge which crossed the Ashtabula creek in Ohio, 75 feet above the water. Because of the intense cold and heavy snowfall, the train, composed of seven coaches and pulled by two powerful engines, was going at a moderate rate of speed. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, and just as the foremost engine had reached solid ground again, there was a deafening crash, and the next instant the entire train, with the exception of the first engine, lay at the bottom of the shallow creek, the bank towering there 70 feet above. The bridge had given way.

Under the strain of the intense cold, the structure had been driven down as soon as the full weight of the train was brought to bear on it. There was a thick coating of ice on the creek, fully 3 feet thick, through which the cars and engine crashed as though it was an anvil, with a second crash almost as great as the breaking of the bridge. For a few moments after this everything was still down in that terrible chasm, and then arose the screams of the imprisoned occupants of the cars who still remained alive. The railroad station was only a short distance away, and help arrived almost instantly, but before the first spectator came on the scene fire had broken out in the wreck, and soon the flames were greedily licking up all the woodwork that remained out of water. There were 147 persons on the train, and, strange to say, 73 were rescued alive, though most of them were pretty badly injured. Seventy-five were killed outright by the fall, burned to death or drowned in the creek.

The last of the six greatest railroad accidents, the "Chatsworth disaster," in most respects was worse even than the Ashtabula wreck, though it lacked some of the terrors of snow, ice and water which added so much to the horror of the Ohio holocaust. On the night of Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1887, at 40 minutes after 9 o'clock, a large excursion train, 17 cars, packed with a happy throng of pleasure seekers, dashed by the Chatsworth (Ill.) station of the Toledo, Peoria and Western railroad at a high rate of speed. The train was drawn by two of the heaviest engines on the road and was bound for Niagara Falls.

Shortly after the Chatsworth station, at which no stop was made, had been passed, the engineer of the forward locomotive saw flames lapping at the stringers of a short trestle work which led across a dry cut some 100 feet deep. Instinctively he reversed his lever, but in the next moment he saw that it would be impossible with the heavy train behind to stop before the danger spot was reached. The only chance lay in a dash for safety, and throwing his lever back again he put on every pound of steam, and the cars fairly made a leap ahead. But neither speed nor caution could save the train. The flames had undermined the woodwork of the trestle, and it gave way as soon as the weight of the first engine struck it. Then ensued an awful scene. The 650 people on board were thrown in the midst of the wreck, plumed under the frame work of the shattered vehicles. A few of the passengers remained uninjured, but the broke out like a flash in a dozen different places.

When morning came, the shattered train was still blazing. After the wreck was finally cleared away it was found that 70 persons had been killed. Three hundred and fifty passengers were injured, a majority of them severely, and for months the affair hung like a pall over what had been one of the largest and most prosperous stretches of country in the west. Compared with this terrible calamity most of the so-called minor accidents which have from time to time shocked the country seem small, but taken together they make a formidable list. The most important of them are as follows:

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READING RAILROAD SYSTEM.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT AUG. 7, 1923.

Trains leave Shenandoah as follows: For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For New York via Washington, week days, 7:40 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Reading and Philadelphia, week days, 7:40 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Harrisburg, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Potomac, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Annapolis, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Baltimore, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Washington, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Philadelphia, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For New York, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Reading, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Harrisburg, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Allentown, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Potomac, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Annapolis, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Baltimore, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Washington, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For Philadelphia, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m. For New York, week days, 7:10 a. m.; 12:50 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.

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