

DON'T WONDER ABOUT IT

Can't have it fine, this world of mine. Fine always, that I know. So I just let the old sun shine. And let the old sun go. And day or night, Or dark or light, Don't wonder that it's so.

DOG MEAT

It had never occurred to Timothy J. Donovan that some day he would be old, out of a job and unable to secure another.

Most of his late owner's bank account and all of Timothy J. Donovan's had departed simultaneously; they had played the horse for a killing and bet it all on his nose.

When the horses came back to the scales so the jockeys could weigh in after the race, Timothy J. was there to receive the horse, blanket him, lead him back to the stable and cool him out.

"Wait a minute with him, Tim. He's been claimed. Maybe his owner will bid him up and get him back again."

But his owner had no money where-with to do that, so presently Timothy J. handed the halter shank to the new owner's swipec and went back to the stable to get his possessions together and wait for the boss to pay him off.

"All washed up, Tim," he said. "Put the tack in the tack chest and then sit on the chest for an hour or two. By that time I'll have an express truck here to take it to storage in San Francisco. Good-by, Tim, and good luck to you."

When the tack chest was gone old Tim made the rounds of the stables seeking a new job running horses; but nobody had an opening for him.

"Arrah, many's the time ye've shuck that lovely head out of a box, darlin', an' nibbled love to the lad that rubbed ye," Timothy J. breathed, and ran his practiced hand down over the mare's legs.

"She's a little thing—almost a pony. Sure, what a grand type of polo pony brood mare she is. She has a chest like a prizewinner."

"A big little mare," he declared. "Oh, be the toenails o' Moses, now, but here is more horse than appears at first sight an' I'm thinkin'—come now, Timothy, didn't she have a slight rope burr on her near front fetlock? Oh, may hivin forgive the brute that sold ye to the dogs, me poor little Tanglefoot! The good little mare that I rubbed two whole year—an' she a five-year-old come New Year nixt. Hey, me lad, which one o' ye is the boss?"

"The man on the roan horse in the rear." Timothy J. held the mare by the forelock as the driver passed on and when the man on the roan horse gazed inquiringly upon his stranger who held one of his five-dollar sacrifices, Timothy J. spoke. "What did ye pay for this mare, sor?"

"Five dollars. Big or little, old or young, fat or lean, I pay five dollars, neither more nor less." "I'd lose money. Let you have her for fifteen and throw in a piece of baling rope to lead her away."

Timothy J. Donovan produced fifteen dollars. Then he hunted in the grass along the highway until he found a cardboard lunch box that had been tossed from an automobile and on the bottom of this he wrote a bill of sale.

Received of Timothy J. Donovan fifteen dollars, in full payment of the brown five-year-old mare Tanglefoot, out of Entanglement by Meddler.

"Sign that," he begged, "an' thin tell me where ye picked this mare up." "At La Paloma Stock Farm, near Merced. Man named Ben Toothaker sold her to me along with a half-dozen old draft critters."

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down that great valley, Timothy J. made no objection to his route. He was accustomed to having Fate decide things for him, and here was a splendid lift for him the first day.

Just off the Dublin Canyon road before it debouches into the wide reaches of Livermore Valley, Timothy saw something that pained him exceedingly. A small ranch there had become a depot for crippled and superannuated horses, mules and burros en route to an abattoir there to be metamorphosed into a highly advertised canned ration for dogs.

"Some pretty good draft horses among them," Timothy J.'s host explained. "They're just worn out and underfed, but give them a winter's rest, plenty of hay and eight quarts of oats daily, and you wouldn't know them in the spring."

"Ain't they a sorry lot!" Timothy J.'s horse-loving heart was touched. The lame, the halt and the blind were there, together with a fair sprinkling of wild broom-tails that had been captured on the Nevada and Utah deserts. Long-haired, heavy-hocked, fiddle-headed old horses that looked like caricatures, saddle-galled and collar-galled nags all sniew and scant muscle without fat, they grazed on the winter herbage or nibbled pathetically at some straw fit only for bedding.

"'Tis a horrible fate to come to a good honest horse, or a mule or a donkey, be the same token," Timothy J. declared. "'Tis enough to bring tears to the eyes o' him that loves a horse. Thank hivin there's no thoroughbred amongst them."

"Range horses and draft animals are so cheap and plentiful now it doesn't pay to breed that sort of horse any more," his host stated. "A great many of the horses you see yonder are veterans of the day before motor trucks displaced the draft horse. They sell for five dollars a head, and I imagine the canning people make at least two hundred percent profit."

Timothy J. sighed. "Many's the dollar I've seen spilt on stone monuments over the graves of horses. Sure, after all, 'tis only the min that know thoroughbreds that can really be said to love a horse. I'll want ye never bit o' blood stock finds its way to that horse purgatory."

Ten miles up the road Timothy's host pulled his gorgeous roadster off the highway to permit a herd of some two hundred old horses to be driven by. "More dog mate, is it?" Timothy J. asked one of the herdsmen.

The latter nodded. "We've been picking them up all over the San Joaquin." "Ah-hah! 'Tis a fine job ye've picked out for yerself, young man. I'd be hungrier nor a wolf before I'd glory to be hivin, there's a thoroughbred if iver I saw one. Here, young man, hold up a bit, whilst I look at that mare."

Timothy J. was out of the car, threading his way among the equine pilgrims to a dark brown mare. As he came toward her snapping his fingers she paused, looked at him and nickered a friendly welcome; then he sleek, beautiful small head came out and her fragrant lips nibbled at his nose.

"Arrah, many's the time ye've shuck that lovely head out of a box, darlin', an' nibbled love to the lad that rubbed ye," Timothy J. breathed, and ran his practiced hand down over the mare's legs. "Flat bone an' not a blemish on her. Will ye look at that beautiful short cannon bone to take up the shocks of the track?" he begged the herdsman.

"She's a little thing—almost a pony. Sure, what a grand type of polo pony brood mare she is. She has a chest like a prizewinner." He moved aft and looked at her quarters.

"A big little mare," he declared. "Oh, be the toenails o' Moses, now, but here is more horse than appears at first sight an' I'm thinkin'—come now, Timothy, didn't she have a slight rope burr on her near front fetlock? Oh, may hivin forgive the brute that sold ye to the dogs, me poor little Tanglefoot! The good little mare that I rubbed two whole year—an' she a five-year-old come New Year nixt. Hey, me lad, which one o' ye is the boss?"

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"Now what the devil are you going to do with that mare, my friend?" he demanded curiously. Timothy J.'s face was very long as he answered simply: "Hivin knows, for I do not. I suppose God will take care of us somehow." He drew two silver dollars from his pocket and looked at them dolefully. "Tis too bad I can't eat grass or we'd both get rollin' fat. Well come Sunday, God'll sin Monday—an' we'll cross our bridges when we come to them."

"But you cannot possibly have use for that mare. Why have you bought her?" "To save her from what she was headed for, avic. Could I have the heart to see a great race mare, bred in the purple, a member o' the number-eight family wit' a pedigree that goes back to the number-eight mare o' the original forty-three an' Darley's Arabian, sint to the slaughterhouse whilst I had a dollar to save her? Oh, the poor colleen that was the best two-year-old filly in America—an' that hard-hearted Ben Toothaker would send her to a shameful death!"

"And after buying her to save her from a shameful death, you have two dollars left in all this cold, hard, jobless world?" Timothy J. nodded. "And you're headed for Agua Caliente to find a job rubbing horses. I believe you told me?" "That's right, sor."

"How old are you?" "Sixty-eight, God help me." "You're the most amazing man I have ever met. Only the Irish can do crazy things and be loved for it. What's your name?" "Timothy J. Donovan, sor."

"Tim, you're a lunatic, but I understand you. I haven't the heart to abandon you and that mare. If you had some money, what would you do with her?" "Well, now, 't'woth Timothy J. Donovan, 'the first thing I'd want would be a nice paddock wit' a bit o' green grass in it. Thin I'd give the mare a dose o' linseed oil an' turpentine to cleanse out o' her any worms she might be carryin' unbeknownst. An' I'd take her shoes off an' let her feet grow. I'd want a night sheet for her an' a good tight box wit' good cane bedding, an' good short California oat hay an' some crushed oats an' a half-dozen sacks o' carrots an' some bran. I'd start workin' her in the early spring."

"She should have three months' rest. Whin I had her ready I'd take her to the spring meetin' at Tanforan Park an' lay till I found a spot for her an' win a race at long odds." "You know this mare?" "Sure I rubbed her for two year till she was claimed on me boss an' after that I lost track o' her, the poor darlin'."

"Is she fast?" "She can do a mile but 'tis in six-furlong dashes she has the best chance. Is she fast? says you. Glory be, she breezes faster nor most horses race."

"Then why did the abominable Ben Toothaker think so little of her he sold her for dog meat?" "Timothy J. Donovan sighed deeply. "The wurrld do be filled with more wild asses than horses, sor. The little mare do have a weakness. She's afraid o' horses. She's too timid to crowd her way through at the beginning of a race, but hangs back, afraid o' the press o' them. That is, savin' an' unless she's away first; wanst out in front o' the field she'll run like the devil was after her wit' a red-hot iron. The Toothaker man did not know what her trouble is, an' she lost him his money."

"Maybe he give her many a thr. I'm thinkin' thin he sint her down to the farm to get a foal out o' her—an' whin she disappointed him in this she flew in a rage an' to get rid of expinse, sold her for dog mate."

"As a racing proposition, then she's a bad investment?" the other man said. Timothy J. Donovan, with the agility of his race, ignored this assertion by making one of his own. "Ah, but think o' the grand brood mare she'll make."

"Pretty small for a matron." "Not tall, but look at the width o' her. Faith, haven't ye seen little women that could sit on the hand o' ye breed sons big enough to throw a bear uphill be the tail?"

"Tell you what I'll do with you, Tim. I have a daughter who has gone crazy over show horses. I've bought her three mares and they're all in foal. I need a horseman to take care of them."

"What?" Timothy J. Donovan almost shrieked. "Me—Timothy J. Donovan—takin' care of an American saddle-bred Rockin'-chair horse for fat bankers to ride in the park! 'Twould be a great come-down for a man o' me experience, but if ye'll let me bring Tanglefoot to yer farm an' care for her as she deserves, I'll lower me flag an' take good care o' those saddle-bred dancin' masters."

"One hundred a month, with board and lodging for you, and Tanglefoot. Take it or leave it." "I'll take it—wit' thanks, an' I'll meet ye on the outskirts o' Modesto at four o'clock the day after tomorrow. 'Tis forty mile o' highway an' Tanglefoot an' I will walk it, wit' time out for grazin'. Thank ye kindly, sir. I'm grateful."

His whitom host gave Timothy J. his card and departed, laughing. The old swipec wondered what he had to laugh about, but when he read the card he knew he had been speaking his mind freely to Mr. Ben Toothaker regarding the said Toothaker's equine ethics, and for his own frankness and a display of his own equine ethics he had been promised a job and a home for himself and Tanglefoot!

"The wurrld do be filled wit' shtrange people, I donno," he mumbled. He was certain of this when that afternoon a motor-driven horse van pulled up along side him.

"Transportation to La Paloma Stock Farm for Mr. Timothy J. Donovan and his mare, Tanglefoot," the driver announced. "The old man sent me out to bring you in. He told the superintendent you were the only man in the world who ever made him feel ashamed of himself one minute and handed him a laugh the next."

"Tell me thrue," urged Timothy J. "Do the vagabond kape those doodlebug American-bred or Kentucky-bred saddle horses?" "No, of course not. He was just getting a rise out of you. He knows no thoroughbred man would give a thoroughbred for a corral full of them—or Arabs. He wanted to see you explode."

"God is good," Mr. Donovan murmured piously, and led his mare in to the van. Then he climbed on the seat beside the driver and rolled away toward his new destiny. There was a song in his old heart; for he had a good job with a good boss—and, as he confided to the driver of the van: "At long last I'm the owner of a thoroughbred horse o' the bloody royal. Whoop! Hurroo! Faugh-a-ballah!"

He was the happiest exile of Erin in all North America! La Paloma Stock Farm was new and expensively equipped. Mr. Ben Toothaker had spared no expense when he decided to breed thoroughbreds and race them. His barns and stables were built of hollow tile with red-tile roofs, and were plastered and white-washed in the old Mission tradition.

The kitchen, mess hall and sleeping quarters for the employees were much too good for the class of know-it-all fellows in occupation, so Mr. Donovan decided to have nothing to do with them at all, at all. After breakfast Mr. Ben Toothaker came out of his modest hundred-thousand-dollar bungalow and found Timothy J. in the tack room holding two brides and swearing horribly. "Why, what's wrong with that equipment, Tim?" the boss demanded.

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"Nothin'—if they'd only kape it clane," Mr. Donovan replied witheringly. "Mark the muck at each corner o' these bits. Bits should be sponged an' after usin' 'Tis ex-cowboys ye must have around here, not horsemen."

"So I decided during the night. You're foreman, Tim, at a hundred and fifty a month." "Thank ye kindly, sor. There'll be a change around this place, I'm thinkin'. Who's the trainer, sor?" "Haven't any. Fired him last night."

"Ye have! I'm the trainer. I've been lookin' for the job for thirty year but luck's been agin' me till this mornin'. Have ye a track?" "A mile training track, Tim."

"Hurroo! 'Tis grand insurance. More yearlin's have been runt on half-mile tracks than iver died o' shippin' fever. What sort o' breedin' shippin' have ye got, sor?" "Come over to the office and look at the pedigrees."

"Tis as I suspected," Mr. Donovan sighed, following that inspection. "Not knowin' a thing about pedigrees ye intrusted the purchase o' the brood mares an' stallions to one o' your own kind, who'd been racin' longer an' thought he knew it all. Not wishin' to get caught in his ignorance, he took counsel wit' his rascally trainer, who made a pretty penny negotiatin' sales wit' other trainers an' gypsy owners for their rubbish. For rubbish is what ye've got here."

"Dog meat, eh?" "Hivin' forbid, sor, but not race horses. Ye might get the money back usin' 'em to breed jumpers for the horse show, light hunters, ye know, an' polo ponies."

"I've begun to suspect, Tim, that I'd had the nub end of a number of horse trades. I've had sixteen two-year-olds at various tracks the past year and I wasn't in the money once. The only horse I owned that had speed was Tanglefoot—and as you say, she was afraid of horses. I lost so much money betting on her I finally sored on her and told the trainer to sell her or give her away. So he sold her for dog mate. When I got home last night I fired him for that."

"An' here's her registration certificate from the Jockey Club, sor. I'll help meself to it, if ye please. Sor, whin a rich an' aisy-goin' man like ye gets into the racin' game, sure, all the confidence min in it know him for the rightful receiver of all their gold bricks. Now, I know horses—their conformation, dispositions an' abilities. An' I know pedigrees, families an' records o' performances. 'Tis an iver was a madness wit' me."

He picked from a shelf a volume entitled: "Great Thoroughbred Sires." "Open that at random an' name any stallion in it. I'll give ye his dam an' sire an' run the both o' them back five generations. An' I'll give ye his racin' record an' that o' the generations of ancestors. 'Tis an examination ye should be givin' me before hirin' me. Ah' when I've proved me knowledge I'll buy good mares for ye, an' we'll breed thin here an' there, wherever we know we'll get the best nicks."

Ben Toothaker was half a day conducting that examination, which was entirely oral. At the conclusion of it he said simply: "You're trainer and general manager of the thoroughbred horse department and your salary is three hundred a month. I believe I'm going to get somewhere with you."

Timothy J. Donovan was so happy he almost wept. The money meant nothing to him, but the authority, the trust and confidence of this rich, horse-grubbing Ben Toothaker meant everything. He yearned with a great yearning to give Mr. Toothaker the only thrill a gentleman derives from a racing stable: that indescribable thrill of seeing his colors out in front in a worth-while field.

He went to Agua Caliente with Ben Toothaker and engaged, as exercise boy, a splendid jockey who had been set down for six months for rough riding. Then they spent a month, visiting various blood-stock farms, picking, choosing, weighing, clocking.

"We'll buy a half-dozen long yearlin's that are sound, likely to remain sound if wisely trained an' raced, an' that come o' sound ancestry," Timothy J. decided. "An' a devil a one will we touch that can't breeze an eight under twelve."

When they returned to La Paloma Stock Farm, Timothy J. carefully sorted out the blood stock he found there. He worked them all during the winter, including his own Tanglefoot, after the latter had two months of complete rest. Then he got rid of the cheapest horses.

Late in the spring he put a maiden two-year-old colt in the van and ran him down to Agua Caliente, where he won the Futurity. The race was worth twelve thousand dollars and it was the first Ben Toothaker had ever won. So decisively did the colt win that Toothaker was offered fifty thousand for him—and Timothy J. begged him to sell.

"Fast he is, sor, but there's too much daylight under him. He'll break down long before he earns you fifty thousand dollars. An' what wit' his winnin's an' his sellin' price, added in back o' that ag'in' to what we've already sold, I'm thinkin' I'll have ye out o' the red ink before long."

The overjoyed Toothaker gave Timothy J. five percent of the colt's winning and a thousand dollars on his selling price. The old swipec was almost bewildered. He had never had more than a hundred and fifty dollars at one time in all his previous life. Had he been a swipec he would have remained around the track and dribbled it away in bets, but since he was now a trainer-manager, he felt that a display of his old instincts would be beneath his dignity.

So he went back to La Paloma and worked with his spring prospects, and at the spring meeting at Tanforan his careful work began to bear fruit. He had eight horses in his stable and in the twenty-one day meet he won seven races; three times he was placed and four times he showed. The meeting closed showing two large silver cups, eighteen thousand dollars won and a reputation as trainer for the old man who walked out of that track the year before with his turkey on his back.

Timothy J. had won five percent of the purses and four thousand in bets on Toothaker's horses. He had entered Tanglefoot five times, but he had not bet on her, and it was well that he had not, for she never was in the money.

Toothaker spoofed him about her. "You're just running that mare for sentiment," he declared. "The work-out she'll give you in the morning will make your hair stand on your head. If she'd only race that fast in the afternoon she'd make you a fortune."

"She'll do it yet," said Timothy J. "She's only a five-year-old." "She's only a morning glory, Tim."

Timothy J. grunted. He knew what he knew and his was the faith that is currently supposed to move mountains. "There's nothin' wrong wit' the little darlin' save an' excipt she's afraid o' horses," he would repeat. "Some day I'll get her in a shpot."

He had paid his nomination fee to enter her in the San Bruno Handicap, a five-thousand-dollar added race of six furlongs for two-year-olds and up. This was to be the last stake event of the meeting.

The day before the race Timothy J. met the starter as they walked across the infield together. "Are you going to start that little rat of a mare, Tanglefoot, Tim?" the latter inquired.

"Troth, I am," Timothy J. replied with spirit. "An' why not?" "You'll have to pay a hundred additional to declare her today and it's just throwing away money. She leaves her races at the post, I tell you."

"Do ye think so, now, indade?" This with grave seriousness. "Tim, I know it. She's an infernal nuisance when she has a position close to the rail. She gets the entire field excited. I've been thinking of asking the stewards to refuse her as an entry."

"Oh, don't do that. Tomorrow's the last day, so be good to me. Ye'll not see the little nuisance ag'in' till the fall an' 'twil be time enough to refuse her thin. Rather than refuse her enthy, why not put her at the outside edge o' the field?"

The starter smiled. He thought Timothy J. should know better than to ask that favor. Once it is granted the horse so honored will thereafter be placed by the starter on the extreme right of the line, which is a handicap except in the case of horses that are quick breakers with a phenomenal turn of early speed, for it means that the horse so placed must get around the field as it strings out and far enough in front to cross over to the rail without fouling other horses.

"Very well, Tim. I'll tell them at the office you've requested it and I wish it. There'll be about twelve starters and you'll be No. Twelve."

Half an hour later Timothy J. sought and found his employer in the clubhouse. He handed the latter a check for forty-one hundred dollars.

"Please wire this in the mornin' to New York bettin' commissioners in New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles an' San Francisco, sor," he begged, "an' lay it on Tanglefoot's nose, in the shake tomorrow."

"Sure, I'm crazy—like a fox. An' if ye'll take my advice ye'll have five thousand on her nose yerself."

"I wouldn't bet stage money on that little bit of dog meat, Tim. Besides, my Don Felipe is in that stake."

"Well, thin, sor, bet mine an' I'll be yer debtor. Me mind's made up. I've wangled her into a shpot, thanks to the starter; I've named me flag to the masthead an' I'll go down wit' the ship."

Ben Toothaker argued with him, but Timothy J. was obdurate, so

Toothaker, whose heart was as big as the infield, decided to save him. He kept the money in his pocket. He loved to do nice, kind things to his dependents and he had grown very fond of old Timothy J. How nice, he thought, to return the old man's check when Tanglefoot finished, as usual, in the rack.

He was doubly glad he had decided to double-cross the old man when he discovered the mare had Number Twelve disposition. Don Felipe was the only horse he followed with his field glass. He invited his trainer to sit in his box just behind the judges' stand and watch the Toothaker judgment vindicated.

"By the way, Tim," he asked "What are your colors?" "Jacket o' Galway green an' Ulster-orange cap an' sleeves," the old man replied. "The colors o' the Irish Free Shtate. An' because this country has been good to me, I've red, white an' blue cross sashes!"

He sighed the sigh of the aged and disillusioned. "I give one o' the assistant shtrarters a fifty-dollar bill to hold the mare an' talk to her. Do he pet her on the nose an' sing 'The Wearin' o' the Green' to her, like I do, she'll not be boltin' out o' the shtrartin' gate. The poor devil know: not one note from the other but I'm hopin'—"

"They're off!" The words, half a sigh, half a roar, rose from the multitude. It was a perfect start seemingly the field broke at once from the Bahr starting gate—that is, all but one horse. Two right o' in front on the extreme right o' the field a green jacket and orange cap flashed. At the eighth Tanglefoot was leading by six lengths, and then the boy brought her eye to within four feet of the rail an' sat down on her with a good grin on her head.

Timothy J. Donovan's old hand trembled so he could not focus his glass on the race. "Oh, Mistake! Toothaker, sor, I—I can't look at th darlin'," he quavered. "I've niver owned a thoroughbred before—an' I'm not used to—seein' me colors—pussy is a cat. Oh, I'm goin' to have a shstroke! I'm too old to have an experience like this. I'm a fool!"

"Into the stretch!" The loud-speaker was bringing the scene to old Timothy J., who sat with his face to his hands, his eyes closed. "Tanglefoot by three lengths, Don Felipe second, Tomitto third by a length."

"Yer good colt will niver cat her, sor," Timothy J. almost moaned. "She's afraid o' horses whin they're in front o' her, but—they're not in front o' her now, an' she's her! Oh, come, come, young man, vourneen! Ye're runnin' for Tim this day, wit' the colors of our Ireland on ye—"

"At the eighth pole! Tanglefoot by a length and a half, Tomitto second, Don Felipe by half a length. "What's happened to that do Tomitto, I donno," Timothy J. wailed. I could outrun that colt meself whin I was a lad. They've hoppe him for this. Arrah, but he hasn' won it yet!"

By a supreme effort he opened his eyes and looked up the track in time to see one of those finishes that make the sport of kings one who will never die. Inch by inch Tomitto was crawling up on the little mare, stretched flat now and running straight and courageous.

The bat was rising and falling o Tomitto and he was respondin with a noble effort. At the sixteen his head was at the mare's saddle girth; it crawled up past her shoulder—then one final magnificent jump and it forged past Tanglefoot ten feet from the wire—and Timothy J. Donovan was broken flatter than soup on a plate.

"You should have played her across the board," Ben Toothaker advised him. "I warned you not to play her at all."

Timothy J. rested his old tired bling hand on his employer's shoulder and with difficulty heaved himself to his feet. He held in his lap it green-and-orange blanket with white and blue edging which his mare had worn to the paddock; I was going down to the track now to receive her when she came back for the jockey to weigh in.

Down the stairs from the box I stumbled and out through the little gate under the judges' stand, I stood on the track, waving a little weak from the shock of seeing it only thoroughbred he had ever owned run a race that would be featured in sporting pages.

Tanglefoot and Tomitto pulled together and stood quietly, head head. The mare was dripping with perspiration. She was not bad blown, however.

As Timothy J. stripped the saddle from her and handed it to the be the mare stepped up to Tomitto an' as if she wanted to congratulate him on the gallant race he had won rubbed her dripping nose against two of three times. Timothy spread the blanket on her, brought the hood of it up over her ears w his right hand and slipped it bride off her simultaneously.

"Here, shpot that fraternizin' w the inimy," he chided her, and slipped the halter up over her wet head. Then he rubbed her nose—and he did so, in the language of t poet, he began to pop!

"Yer Honor!" he yelled to the p siding judge on the little balcony the stand just above him. "T horse that won this race is a rin horse! I'll prove it. Look at the no o' him. Tomitto is a chestnut fo year-old wit' a diamond shap shtar in the middle o' his forehead. This horse, runnin' as Tomitto, is in addition to that shtar, a patch white above his muzzle, an' they put a chestnut shtain on it. I mare, rubbin' her wet nose ag' his, has rubbed off a bit o' t shtain, an' I, rubbin' her nose, got smear of it on me hand. I dema and investigation."

He reached up, grasped Tomitto by upper and lower jaws and jerked the horse's mouth open. "E year old if he's a day!" he yelled.

(Continued on page 7, Col. 3.)