

Belleville, Pa., February 12, 1932.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

No matter how little he's getting; No matter how little he's got. If he wears a grin, and is trying to win— He is doing a mighty lot! No matter how humble his job is, If he's striving to reach the crest, The world has a prize, for the fellow who tries, The man who is doing his best!

MAN FROM THE COW COUNTRY

He was known in the world in which he lived as the "Blue Brownie." He was a race-track tout and his peculiar sobriquet was due to the fact that he had one blue eye and one brown one. The Blue Brownie had not had a successful season on the tracks around Chicago and when the autumn meeting at Hawthorne closed he beat his way out to Tanforan Park, near San Francisco, where a twenty-five-day meeting was to be held.

eh? You a horse owner, neighbor?" The Baby Lamb exhibited his owner's badge. A few days before, he had purchased for twenty-five dollars a broken-down old plater for use as a "badge" horse. As a bona fide owner he could then claim from the stewards an owner's badge.

"It's easy when you got a code," The Baby Lamb chuckled. "You see that man standing over yonder—the slim chap in the green hat and the tan shoes? Well, he's the brother of the boy that has the leg up on this horse I have in mind. As the horses come out of the paddock to parade in front of the grand stand and club house the jockey gives his brother the high sign. If the horse is not being sent out to win the boy changes his hat—that is, his whip—from his right hand to his left. If he continues to hold it in his right hand the horse is meant—and we get down on the good thing immediately."

under the judges' stand. "You wait here," he whispered. "I gotta go back and watch the jocks come out. Join you in a couple minutes."

Henry Morgan counted his option tickets and waited until the option clerk could count the money, a girl slipped in beside him. "One hundred on Spirits of Turpentine to win," she said huskily. Henry Morgan gazed down at her curiously. He was a bit old-fashioned for a young man of the present generation; to him women were always on a pedestal.

How'd you get on to this horse, Henry Morgan panted. "Let me go and I'll kill 'em!" "I'm afraid you'd get hung for doing that. Yes, they're touts. We've been looking for an excuse to have them off this track and we will, but you beat it now before they come to and demand your arrest for assault and battery!"

"You're on!" said the cattleman, all smiles and eagerness now, grateful that he was to share the important confidence of the owner of running horses. "Come on over and I'll introduce you to the jockey's brother. But first, suppose we introduce ourselves. My name's Brea."

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"Why, you never said good-by to me," he reproached her. "Please let me go," she begged. "When I'm unhappy I can't bear to be around people who are kind to me."

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"I wish I'd bought more options on that horse of ours, but it's too late now. I can afford to lose but from what you told me you can't. Now, young lady, if you want to play safe I'll give you three hundred dollars now for your twenty tickets. That's two hundred percent profit before the race. How about it?"