

Bellefonte, Pa,, April 1, 1932.

THE ROAD'LL TURN SOME DAY

I know the road is rocky, And the hills are hard to climb; I know the feet get bruised and sore And it takes "heaps o' time." I know the burden's heavy-Oh, you needn't 'tempt to say; But just keep a-plodding onward-For the road'll turn some day!

I know that homesick feeling, And the ache you bear alone, I know the arm you leaned upon By the bravely stifled moan. I know the arm you leaned upon Has not power to stay; But just keep a-plodding onward-For the road'll turn some day!

I know the structures you have hewn Of youth-day dreams lie low; I know you see their ruins stare Everywhere you go. I know the sunbeams round your path Long since have ceased to play; But just keep a-plodding onward-For the road'll turn some day!

There's a day a-coming shortly, When there'll be no hills to climb; When there'll be no weary burdens To be tugging all the time; When the heart will cease its aching, And your sorrows melt away-So just keep a-plodding onward, For the road'll turn some day.

O'DONNELL UP

The superintendent of St. Jarlath's and compared it with the report of 'ceptin horses an' sailorizin'. orphanage. overproduction and a nonexistent they're afraid o' horses."

boys. In 1931 we got rid of twenty- that of Benjamin-got into Ireland; one. In 1930, we received sixty-nine but you can bet they never got into ough-bred horse. boys, and in 1931, eighty seven. The the Clan O'Donnell. This boy is an Once in a wh decreased riddance of boys means O'Donnell of The O'Donnells. His name that farmers have curtailed expenses, is Patrick Aloysius Valentine and if even to the extent of denying them- you utter another reflection on his husky orphan boys to do a hired you right on the eye." man's work at a third of the hired The increased supply right on the nose." means that orphan boys who, in normal times, would have been cared for sidered the boy. "Full o' pep, ain't by relatives, are now sent to this he? All right, kid, you ain't no Jew, orphanage because the relatives are My mistake-sorry. Still, you ain't retrenching. twenty years this orphanage is full." red Irish. Reds are smart an' they his secretary replied;

have one bed left." tron, is the young gentleman to fill holes wins horse races."

office a frail little boy with a shock up, "are a sign of impure ancestry. of jet-black hair, large, soulful, dark My mother told me so. She says the was wearing a suit that had been

greeted him. "What's your name?" spectfully.

ered him. Here are his papers. His cle, kid." father was stevedore foreman who fell down the hatch of a ship he was discharging. Two weeks ago his shoulder muscles, mother died of influenza. He is fifteen years old."

The superintendent appraised the boy. "I must say," he remarked final-ly, "that he resembles everything Mr. Helburn shou in the world except the son of a boss stevedore.

dore a man had to be able to thrash all the other stevedores should occasion arise."

"My father could do that." Pat- pounds was behind it. rick Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell champion."

propose becoming when you get your O'Donnells. growth? A boss stevedore?" When He

I want to be a jockey.' "Sure you don't want to be a flyweight champion?"

"No, sir. Pa taught me how to box but I don't like fighting for fun or for money. If a fellow has a sound clothing. reason to fight, it's all right."

"So you like horses, eh?" "I love 'em. I used to work after school at the St. Francis Riding Academy in San Francisco, I groom ed horses and cleaned their feet, and fed and exercised them on days when nobody hired them."

"And you can ride?" "Oh, yes, sir. It takes good horses to buck me off." "How about your education? What

marks? "All A's, sir, except in algebra. I'm no good in that.'

"I observe you speak up like man and do not use slang.' "My mother taught me, sir, not to

do that. She was an O'Donnell of The O'Donnells.' 'Same name as your father, eh?

No relation, I hope?" "No, sir."

O'Donnell of The O'Donnels?" of their clan, but the plain O'Donnels can. just belonged to the clan. Or maybe they didn't."

dom an Irish-American. His mother hasn't been in this orphanage long war cries an' thick squadrons. must have been an intense Irish Narace and lineage than any king; and poverty never makes peasants of them. They're too particular when it comes to mixing their blood." complex. "He's a you can it He turned to the boy, "Well, Patrick, the matron will show you where you sleep and wash and eat. How

much do you weigh?"

"Eighty-five pounds, sir." "Well, I'll see if I can't put you in the way of becoming a jockey,"
When the boy had departed he said to his secretary: "Take a telegram. Mr. Henry Helburn, Tanforan Race Track, San Bruno, San Mateo Counyou. Come and get him."

The following morning Mr. Henry Helburn arrived at St. Jarlath's Orphanage and the superintendent sent for Patrick Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell. "Here he is, Mr. Helburn. Fifteen years old, sound as a brass bell, weight eighty-five, smart, wellbehaved and crazy to be a jockey. Can groom horses, clean their feet, feed and exercise them. He's a ward of the court and I'm his guardian and empowered to sign a contract for him.

replied coarsely. "I don't want a Jew boy. Look at the beak on him." looking at Patrick at that moment. one's horses during rainy weather.

He noted that the dark blue Celtic eyes had suddenly turned black; he John L. Sullivan had dark blue eyes that, under the stress of emotion, turned black. Patrick's thin lips were even thinner now. He gazed coldly upon Henry Helburn, who rambled

"Jew boys, Mr. Superintendent, Orphanage scanned his annual report will make good at most anything the year previous. He sighed. "The never seen a Jewish sea captain, did world depression," he said to his you? An' I been around race tracks secretary, "has had its effect on this all my life but I never seen a Jewish They were a sweet-hearted pair of We are suffering from jockey or exercise boy. I think

"I have heard a rumor to the "In 1931, we got rid of sixty-two effect that one of the lost tribes-

"No. sir," Patrick corrected him, Mr. Helburn sat down and con-For the first time in just the type I'm looking for. I like "we got courage. They crowd their horses through an openin' other boys would "And here," announced the ma- be afraid to tackle. Gettin' through

"Red hair and light blue eyes in She led into the superintendent's the Irish," Patrick Aloysius spoke

"This boy is built like a reed bird," designed for a boy of sixteen. Helburn commented. "I doubt if he's sniny as a raven's wing, sort o rus"Hello, son," the superintendent got the strength to ride a tough set complexion, blue-black eyes an' The thin lips parted in a friendly boy as he would feel of a horse, run- est teeth and the sweetest smile. smile, to reveal strong, even white ning facile fingers over his skinny Such a dear boy! His name is Patteeth. "Patrick Aloysius Valentine arms and legs. "Small-boned," he rick Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell.
O'Donnell, sir," the boy replied remurmured. "True jockey type. Slow He's fifteen and looks twelve, an' to take on weight. I doubt if this weighs in at eighty-five.' "A ward of the court," the matron shrimp will ever weigh more'n a hunexplained. "The bailiff has just deliv- dred an' ten. Lemme feel your mus- ry Helburn had better look out how

The O'Donnell flexed his biceps,

"He's in the pink," Helburn muraske mured. Hit me," he commanded. him." "Here, in the chest. I want to see

Mr. Helburn should have been more specific, but he was not familiar with any anatomy save that of a "Indeed? I have always had the horse. Patrick balanced on the ball impression that to be a boss steve- of his left foot and punched straight -a blow that did not travel more than five inches. It had snap to it;

Helburn grunted and sat down, made the statement pridefully. "He abruptly and without volition. He sat couldn't hit as hard as the big fel- gasping, his face screwed in agony; lows but he could hit hard enough the breath had been knocked out of and oftener. He used to be the Pa- him. The O'Donnell half faced the cific Coast amateur lightweight superintendent and slightly closed one eye. Cool and triumphant he stove. She put a skillet on the fire a forefoot, hit him and hurt him. "Bless my soul. And what do you was, as became an O'Donnell of The and presently Jim saw her drop Patrick Aloysius looked in just in

When Helburn scrambled to his "No, sir. I'll always be a flyweight. feet he said: "Shrimp, yau're a mar-deluged the Carmody's with a ravish-Anyhow, that's what Pa used to say. vel. You're what's left over from a ing smile. tract. Twenty the first month, with board, lodgin', medical expenses an' "Welcome, son. Are y clothing. Ten-dollar raise every nell o' The O'Donnells? year."

"Suppose you sell his contract." "Well, I might at that." "How about ten percent to his The O'Donnell." guardian, to be held in trust for the "Hello, darlin

boy? That's customary." do you "Oh, well, if you insist. I brought today?" a regular form o' contract. Fill it, an' trot out his clothes, an' we'll go. I didn't fall off once." I got a horse in the second race at Tanforan this afternoon, so let's stirrup," Jim warned.

of it, can't you?" "He can, Patrick," the superintendent interjected, "and you can gathered that young Patrick had albreak it if Mr. Helburn doesn't live ready commenced an inventory of up to his part of it. Write me from his employer and was not satisfied time to time how you are getting with the result.

When the boy had left the room he said: "Pil be frank with you, Mr. It that the superintendent smiled. He glanced at the matron.

"You meet an Irishmen like this chap once in a while, but very sel
"This lad's an orphan but he superintendent smiled. That's the glanced at the matron.

"You meet an Irishmen like this stand? This lad's an orphan but he chap once in a while, but very sel
"The O'Donnell," said Katie, "is more than nine years old an' knows his way around. Go over an' buy herself down.

"Hey," Jim interrupted. "That's the thing that brought you here! the thing that brought you here! Trumphets an' boundin' steeds an' "A cut-up in the paddock, eh?" "Please" "The O'Donnell," said Katie, "is more than nine years old an' knows his way around. Go over an' buy herself down.

"A cut-up in the paddock, eh?" "Please" "Ple

enough to realize it, and he has only tionalist. They have more pride of been in this orphanage twenty-four race and lineage than any king; and hours. He hasn't acquired the orphan

I think. Although of poor parentage, this boy is not commonplace. He had sion. He sighed ecstatically. "I'll a good mother and a spunky father. a premier race rider some day." He's been brought up to behave himself, and to think rather well of himself. Remember that."

Henry Helburn assimilated this horses for gentlemen." brave speech for exactly what it "What does a boy have to do to be was and what he termed it—hooey. a premier jockey, Mr. Carmody?"

He had heard it before from the "Well," Jim replied thoughtfully. He had heard it before from the approaching sixteen have to be ing had ever come of it.

Old Jim Carmody and his wife Katie were what is known in race-"Take him away," Henry Helburn always stabled in Poverty which is a row of boxes built alongside the back fence at race tracks, The superintendent happened to be with no porch under which to cool One extra box did duty as a com- to get the experience, Mr. Carmody. bination tack room and feed room, recalled having read that the late and as sleeping quarters for Old Man Carmody's Negro swipe and exexercise boy.

Old Man Carmody and Katie transported their horses from track to track in a four-stall van which he drove while Katie followed in a secondhand touring car. They lived in an old Sibley army tent which, together with their household effects, was carried on Katie's light truck. old optimists and incurable campfollowers of fortune. Both believed that, with the exception of a few men and women, the finest thing God ever had created was a thor-

Once in a while somebody would give them a broken-down old mare which Old Man Carmody would breed, hoping always that she would selves their favorite foible of taking ancestry, Mr. Helburn, he'll paste give him a stake horse. This had never happened, but God had been good to the extent of providing three rather good platers. They owned a twenty-acre farm on the California side of Tia Juana valley, where they wintered their young stock and tried out broken-down horses.

Fat old Katie Carmody did not like Helburn because of his treatment of orphan boys. She had moth- little self off to the hard cot in Henered too many of the waifs not to ry Helburn's tent. know the sort of creature Helburn was. She had given his last acquisihad run away, and for three days happy with the scrub Helburn." she had been expecting his successor.

"No, a black-head-black and Helburn commented. "I doubt if he's shiny as a raven's wing. Sort o' rushorse." He got up and felt of the a high, thin nose. He has the loveli-

Jim Carmody knew his Irish. Hentreats that boy," he remarked. "He's never had a 'Mac' or an 'O'. then raised his arms and squared his They're the fighting breed of Irish." "He came over this mornin' an'

asked me if I'd sew a button on for "I suppose we'll be boarding the boy pretty regular," Jim made pre-

tense of growling. "Well, Katie retorted defiantly, "what if we do? You'd be glad of a chance to get away from Henry Helburn's cookin' once in a while, wouldn't you?"

Henry Helburn was thrifty and, every ounce of Patrick's eighty-five like the Carmodys, lived in a tent and did his own cooking. Inasmuch as he employed Negro guinneys (the race-track parlance for grooms), he strung filly such treatment was terpermitted his orphan boys to eat rifying. She would cower back in her with him and sleep in his tent, as

Katie knew. Now she waddled to her little oil

half-portion but you'll do. Then to the superintendent he announced: he announced to Jim. "My name is and stab the guinney through the did you know the time she ran that "Five-year apprenticeship on con-Patrick Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell. vitals swept over Patrick Aloysius trial six furlongs in? I'll bet a new Mrs. Carmody invited me to dinner." "Welcome, son. Are you an O'Don-

"Yes, sir. My mother told me to remember it always."

"Take a seat, Patrick. Katie, here's he O'Donnell." way of being thoroughly spoiled. He had noted her timidity and shrinking of late. And now he knew.

But Henry Helburn did not know.

But Henry Helburn did not know. do you feel after gallopin' six horses

"A little sore, Mrs. Carmody, but "Wait till you ride with a short

scram. Remember, kid, you got to "I'm glad you invited me over," icent for him? He was now a week obey me an' keep my racin' secrets." The O'Donnell stated frankly. "I'm overdue on Patrick's four month's "Of course I'll keep them. What hungry and Mr. Helburn went upgood would I be to you if I didn't, town for dinner and left me a bottle Mr. Helburn? You can break the of milk and some soda crackers." contract if I don't live up to my part He hesitated a moment and added:

"The milk was sour." From that speech the Carmodys

"Well, what's the difference between a plain O'Donnell and an O'Donnell of The O'Donnels?"

"A lot. The O'Donnells were chiefs along and gather up your clothes, and get back here as quickly as you nell Abu." Instantly their guest be-To get his mind off Helburn, Jim gan to sing in a lovely soprano:

is sounding,

"They call the horses to the post with a trumphet, Mr. Carmody, and devil!" hours. He hasn't acquired the orphan the horses bound and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the horses bound and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron," the boy declarated a ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron," the boy declarated a ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, the boy declarated a ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron, and the crowd gives the war cries and the field is ruckus wit' me in de box, suh, when the thick squadron with the thick s ed, and his eyes shone with the vi-

vive it, I suppose you'll get to ride

same superintendent. He knew the "In the first place, he's got to be ty, California. Have just the boy for latter was glad to get rid of the able to ride. Then he has to have a you. Come and get him." must be able to judge the pace withplaced somewhere. In the past Hel- in a second. Then he's got to have burn had done as he pleased with courage, but more often it's the boy; his orphan exercise boys and noth- but if they're both courageous-well, their number is liable to go up first. "A boy has got to keep his eye open in a race and watch the borses in track parlance as gypsies. They had front o' him He's got to know the four horses that could win in their second they begin to falter an' just class often enough to make a living when to call on his own horse for for Old Man Carmody and Katie, the supreme effort. He's got to know but it must be confessed that their which horses can be whipped an' class was not very high. They were which can't. An' for them reasons, Row, son, a premier race rider just has to be born that way, I reckon."

The O'Donnell pygmy nodded his comprehension. "I'll have to stand comprehension. for a lot from Mr. Helburn in order "Well, I'll give you one piece of advice, Patrick. You'll never be a premier race rider unless you're honest. As long as you live don't ever pull a horse-after he's won his first race. O' course, in the case of a twoyear-old maiden the owner ain't anxibus to show up for a while, an' light truck made from a cutdown, the public ain't bettin' on, it ain't considered a crime to fail to win with him, even if you know you can.' "Will Mr. Helburn expect me to

pull horses for him?" "Well, I don't know. If he ever gives you the leg up on somethin', you'll find that out for yourself." "I'll never pull a horse,' said the

ODonnell firmly, and his host smiled. The strangely assorted trio had a delightful dinner and for the first time in two weeks The O'Donnell had enough to eat. And when the dishes had been cleared away and Katie commenced darning her husband's socks, Old Man Carmody produced a flute and began to play "Bender-meer's Stream." Patrick Aloysius Valentine sang it, and Jim and Katie were entranced.

At parting Katie put her arms around him and pleaded: "Kiss me, darlin'." And he kissed her, eagerly and without embarrassment, thanked them both and betook his lonely

"I'm going to keep an eye on that lad," said Jim. "He has brains. He'll tion ten dollars the night before he observe an' learn fast, for he's not

Henry Helburn was quick to realed with him.

suspected she could step.

and her reflection took the form, not knowing she'd trot in but never of gently nipping her handlers, but figuring anybody would claim her. of licking their hands like a dog. Alher box.

her. From slaps he sometimes de-after the field started parading to scended to punching; if he was suffi- the post." ciently irritated, he not infrequently kicked her.

Naturally, to the sensitive, highbox or struggle against the halter shanks, and one morning, in her terror, she struck at the guinney with

Valentine O'Donnell. In three months hat Helburn didn't tell you." he had learned that of all horses thoroughbreds are the most easily didn't. I looked over his shoulder." spoiled, and it occurred to Patrick Aloysius that the filly was in a fair for each furlong?" way of being thoroughly spoiled. He "Yes, sir. Didn't you tell me once

Had he known he would have discharged the guinney on the spot. thing?"
But who was Patrick Aloysius Val"But burn to buy him riding trousers and -not very hard, but insultingly, ed. "Was the nevertheless-and told him he didn't Carmody?" know when he was well off.

der no obligation to report the guinney to Helburn. And two days later my first three month's pay and I he was glad he had not done so.

"I had thirty dollars saved from my first three month's pay and I bet it on her nose in the machines." died ner.

be filly."

They managed to get her saddled "You'll have to fight the rough and the boy up on her; then she back with four hundred dollars and stuff to do it, son. But if you surthrew herself again and flung the a bill of sale for Sweet Music made boy against the wall of the box, jar-ring him badly. The bugle called the fer the title to Patrick Aloysius. horses to the post while they were The O'Donnell threw his skinny still struggling with her and the pad- little arms around Jim's neck. "It's dock judge came over to see what the guinney!" he cried excitedly. "He was delaying them. "I'll give you beats her in the box. I saw him half a minute to get her up and out, doing it. She's afraid of him-and

ed more furiously than ever; she was mody. She'll stand in the paddock in a white lather of sweat now. "Take her back to your barn," the around. I know she will." dge ordered. "She's scratched.

and cancel all bets made on her. And Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell, wasn't she's barred from this paddock here- it your duty to tell this to your after, understand? Clear out with her."

"You and Monk go away and leave her to me, Mr. Helburn," Patrick with me. He wouldn't buy me riding pleaded.

to the filly, snapping his fingers and I'm through," murmuring words of endearment. "Where yo Presently, as she quieted a little, son?" he thrust out his open palm and in anoher minute the pink tongue was on the side of the head. "To our tack licking it. He led her home, while room, you old idiot," she snapped.

Helburn followed, cursing. he found the filly, blindfolded, stand- dred-dollar stake for two-year-old ing quietly while Patrick and the fillies next Saturday. The stake guinney washed her off and blanket-closes tomorrow and the starting ed her. This done, Patrick cooled her

That night The O'Donnell of The O'Donnells dined again with the Carmodys. After dinner they played cassino, but presently, wearying of the game, Jim sat back and got out his flute. "Sing us somethin', Patrick,"

"All right, sir, but first I'd like to tell you a story."

"All wanderin' Irish minstrels can tell a story as well as they can sing song. Out with your story, son." "Remember that chestnut filly, Sweet Music, that Mr. Helburn claimed last week? She's a sleeper.' How did he get onto that "Yes. filly?"

"They never let her all out in the mornings when the doctors were at the rail, but one Sunday afternoon, when they thought nobody was around the track except guinneys, they got her out and set her down for six furlongs with Gunner's mate." "There's a good horse," Jim opin-

"Sweet Music lost him at the quarter pole. The eighth in eleven, at the quarter in twenty-four and a "Henry Helburn's got another boy, ize he had a more than ordinarily clev- fifth, and three-eighths in thirty-four square chin, thin, determined lips and a fifth, the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the half in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the five eighth in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the five eighth in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the five eighth in forty-rour over he was riding well and a fifth the fiv Jim," she remarked on the third er boy. Before the season was half and a fifth, the half in forty-six, the O'Donnell. It means, "Justice though him to set a horse down for a half running six furlongs at this track kept mumbling the phrase over and mile or five eighths at a certain rate, in one-thirteen and a fifth to four-Patrick carried him along so close to teen and a half. When I saw the that rate that Helburn was delight- horse out on the track I thought horse out on the track I thought enemy," Jim soothed humorously they were going to work her as fast "Well, don't ask him in the mornin' At the summer meeting at Agua as she could go, and I ran and call-Caliente, Helburn claimed a "sleep- ed Mr. Helburn, who got the watch er" for a thousand dollars. He had on her. So he knew she was a 'sleepbeen watching her for two weeks; he er,' and that they'd been pulling her in all her races except that first Sweet music was a little thing, maiden race she won by a nose. Then nervous as a witch, but affectionate, they dropped her out of her class,

"Mr. Helburn bet her heavily away so, she was perfectly proportioned, a from the track and claimed her when beautiful two-year-old filly. Patrick she won. He couldn't get one of his Aloysius promptly fell in love with own horses entered in the race with her and spent all his spare time at her and he nearly went crazy because, unless he was owner in To the negro guinney who rubbed race, he couldn't claim. So finally he her, however, the filly was just bought an old skate that was enteranother horse. The guinney was a ed-and claimed Sweet Music. And rough fellow and when his grooming today, when he entered Sweet Music made the filly nervous, he would slap in the first race she was scratched

"Yes. I heard all about that, Patrick. Helburn knows why they dropped her into a thousand-dollar claimin' race. They didn't care if she was claimed, I suppose, after they had that mad hatter of a filly an' he cleaned up on her. I bet they more wants you to ride her' in the handithan won the vixen out, an' now Helburn's stuck with her. I'm glad of it!"

"Mr. Helburn's so sore he got three stakes into it. Fifteen minutes time to see the negro put a twitch drunk tonight. He'll sell Sweet Music later the expected guest arrived and on her nose, hold her with his left to the first man who offers him a hand and larrup her brutally over couple of hundred dollars for her." the head with a surcingle. "I wouldn't have her in my barn

> "No," said The O'Donnell, "An' you remembered her time

over and let me in on the good

"But that would have been betrayentine O'Donnell to tell him? Had ing my employer's secret, Mr. Car-Helburn ever done anything magnif- Mody." "Right you were, Patrick.

overdue on Patrick's four month's clause is in your contract, an' you've wages. Also, Patrick had asked Hel- got to play Henry Helburn fair." "I bet on Sweet Music the day he boots, and Helburn had cuffed him claimed her," The O'Donnell confided. "Was that wrong of me, Mr.

"No; you had a perfect right to do now when he was well on.
So now Patrick decided he was unso."
I had thirty dollars saved from
"I had thirty dollars saved from
month's pay and I

Helburn had entered the filly in a Got eighteen to one for my money. five-and-a-half furlong race and Patrick, mounted on the track pony, led over in his tent-and now's the time all Abu." Instantly their guest be-her over to the paddock, whither her to buy Sweet Music. Please buy her swipe had preceded him, to be on for me. Offer him up to five hun-"Proudly the note of the trumphet hand to hold her while Helburn sad-dred for her." Jim looked at Katie. "The O'Don-

By Henry Helburn cried disgustedly. ed. "I know how to cure her. I'll "No wonder they dropped her into prove it to the paddock judge and that cheap claimin' race. Whoa, you he'll let us enter her: Oh, please, Mr. Carmody, do this for me. race horse. And I don't want a

money and disappeared into the Ten minutes later he came

Helburn," he announced.

But there was no doing that. When the filly got up she kicked and plung-trazy. But she loves me, Mr. Carto be saddled if that guinney isn't

Said Jim Carmody in awed tones: We'll announce it on the blackboard "Bles my mildewed heart! Patrick "She likes me. I can do trousers or boots; I have to beg for things with her. I'll get her quiet in my wages and he's two weeks overa few minutes and lead her back to due on this month's pay. He's no the barn." He glared at the Negro, good. He's no gentleman and an who moved away while he went up O'Donnell can't associate with him.

> "Where you think you're goin', Katie reached over and cuffed Jim

'And Sweet Music'll be entered When Helburn reached the barn your name in the twenty-five-hunfee is twenty-five dollars. The nomination fee is ten. Nominate Sweet Music tomorrow. You're her trainer.' "Who'll ride on her?"

"Ride, me,' The O'Donnell pleaded. "I guess I can ride my own horse, can't I? And I'll get the five pound apprentice allowance in the weights." "Good gracious!" said Jim, "She'll get in with ninety pounds. We'll fix it for you, Patrick. All you'll have to do will be to get her off on top an'

keep her there."
"With Patrick up—an exercise boy of three months' ridin' experiencenobody will look at her," Katie shrilled. "Jim, we'll empty the old sock to bet on her," We'll play The O'Donnell o' The O'Donnells, This

boy is too smart to lose." "I've got four hundred and thirty dollars left and I'll have twenty more when Henry Helburn pays me in the morning," said The O'Donnell. "I'm going to bet it all on her nose." "How do you know he's goin' to

pay you?" "Because I'll lick him to death if he doesn't. Fiat justitia, ruat coelum," The O'Donnell cried hotly. "What's that foreign language you're talkin'?"

"Latin. It's the motto of the Clan the heavens fall." "Say it again," Katie begged, and

over. "Lordy, boy, I'd hate to be your Jim soothed humorously. Wait until after the race. He might make trouble over your contract. I'll lend you the twenty to bet. And I think we're all as crazy as Sweet

Music.' In the morning Jim led Sweet Music over to his own barn. Henry Helburn gazed after him. "Biggest old fool on this circuit," he remarked to Patrick Aloysius, and smiled at the boy. "Say," I thought you had dark blue eyes, but they're

black as my hat now." "Mr. Carmody is my friend. Don't you call him an old fool, Mr. Helburn. I won't stand for it." "Oh, no? Well, he is an old fool, an' what are you goin' to do about

"You wait and see," and The O'Donnell moved off, fearing to trust himself.

"I say he's an old fool," Helburn called after the boy, "an' you know why I say it? Because he's bought cap on Saturday. An' I'm goin' to let you. I never argue with a fool."

Henry Helburn was down at the addock to see the fun when Jim Carmody should try to saddle Sweet Music. To his amazement he found her standing quietly in the box. Then the saddling bell rang and Patrick Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell filew down from the jockey room and danced around like a dickey bird while the valet handed Jim the numbered saddlecloth, the weight pad and the three-pound saddle. The filly merely yawned as Jim cinched her. "How'd you manage to get her en-tered, Jim?" Helburn asked.

Old Man Carmody smiled like a fox eating grapes. "You ought to fox eating grapes. know any horse that the paddock judge or starter bars from overnight entries can't be kept out of a hand-icap, Henry," he answered. "I'd forgotten," Helburn mumbled.

"What did you give her-soothin" sirup?" "Only kind words, Henry- an' if that big dinge guinney o' yours had done that, instead o' beatin' her

with a surcingle, she wouldn't have gone crazy with fear at the sight o' Henry Helburn made a grab for The O'Donnell. "You Irish rat," he

snarled, "why didn't you tell me that?" "Why didn't you live up to your contract?" The O'Donnell snarled

The paddock judge came briskly by. "Put your boys up, put your boys up," he was repeating. He paused in front of Sweet Music. "By George. Jim, you were right about this filly. She's a perfect lamb."

Henry Helburn appeared about to burst into tears when Jim Carmody tossed The O'Donnell up on the filly and she went prancing out. Sitting there like a monkey on her withers

Patrick Aloysius Valentine O'Donnell, (Continued on page 3, Col. 4.)