

J. H. Hoag

FROM NOW ON

BOOK I: THE CHASE

— I —

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

A WILD and prolonged roar came from every quarter of the race track. It swelled in volume. It came again and again. Pandemonium itself seemed loosed.

Outside the enclosure, a squat, fat man, the perspiration rolling in streams down his face, tugged at his collar with frantic, nervous jerks, as he leaned in over the side of a high-powered car, and with his other hand gripped at the arm of the young man in the driver's seat.

"Dave, listen to 'em! My God, listen to 'em!" snarled the fat man.

Dave Henderson, with the toe of his boot, moved the little black satchel that the other had dropped on the floor of the car farther to one side; and, by way of excuse for disengaging his arm, reached into his pocket for his cigarettes.

"I can hear 'em—even a yard away out here!" he said imperturbably. "Sounds like a great day for the bookies—not!"