

been sure that "the sparklers" would have been there in a place where I was sure to find her I might have taken a chance.

In the gathering darkness we all hiked for the cars and started back to town. I got a seat alongside a gentleman who was agreeable and willing to talk whether you asked him to or not. He said he had been in on every race in the afternoon. Taking a bundle of tickets out of his pocket thick as a pack of cards he began to figure. When he had finished his calculations he said: "I was in four ways on that pacing race. If Billy B. wins tomorrow I am \$13 to the good; if he loses, I quit even, less my commissions. That first trotting race cost me about \$2. I had the favorite for three hundred and then placed myself so that I stood to win \$6 but the way it was working out I thought I'd get in for a few more dollars and that would give me a chance of winning over a hundred. Then things took a switch and I'm just about two bucks to the bad." He said a lot more that you wouldn't understand even if I had remembered it long enough to put it into this letter.

It must be a heap of fun to bet your money and then have to do enough work to balance a set of books before you know whether you win or lose. But the betting ring was full of people all afternoon and as I heard a lot of bookmakers roaring about their losses and the cheating that was going on I guess the sport does not differ much, in respect to the betting

angle, from some of the others that you and I have patronized. I have oftencought myself trying to figure it out how these bookmakers lose every day at all kinds and conditions of race tracks yet keep right on wearing diamonds, living in the best hotels and riding in palace cars on the trains where there is extra fare for fast time. Still there must be something in their public exhibitions of sorrow for I have never found many losers on their way home from a race track.

I think I might learn to love that harness racing business. There is a sort of continuous performance air about it that might prove fascinating after you learned what is going on in front of you. Some of the show, like that pacing race I have told you about, seems to be put on for today and tomorrow. Which reminds me. Going in on the train someone complained because the pacing race was not finished. "Aw gowan," retorted a noisily dressed young man near him. "Yought to bin to Cheecawgo the year o' the World's Fair 'n' seen 'em race three days for the Columbian free fer all."

I am coming in for Christmas. We will have our dinner at the same old place. Saw Kit on the way up. She says that last letter you wrote to her sounded very much like you had taken a fancy to a new shade of hair. Whatever you do, Larry, do not grow fickle.

Very truly yours,

BILL.

