

that meant. With a shrug of her shoulders which was to let me know she knew I was another ignoramus, and a bewitching smile, which was to reassure me and, I suppose, keep me from taking to my heels, she set out to furnish the requisite information. This hotel is long on prunes but short on stationery so I will not attempt to tell you all she told me nor how she told it. Suffice it to say that a race for 2.30 class pacing, three in-five is a race for pacing horses that have never paced a mile faster than 2.30 and one of the starters must win three heats to get first money. In this particular race, if my memory has not been treacherous, when I left the grounds, just after they had turned on the electric lights so that we would not miss the location of the train and crawl into a box car, there had been seven or eight races for that purse and the judges had set it over until the next day. I am pretty fair at figures and when a man gives me an order for two gross of anything I know just as well when I write it three that I am wrong as he does. But if he gets me three gross and pays the bill so much more Christmas money for William. But if they race these pacing horses three in five, what's the use of racing them more than five times? Of course you may know the answer and I expect if I heard it I would think it easy. But the lady and the diamonds couldn't seem to get into the sort of language that I could understand. She tried to impress on my mind that one horse had to get to the wire first three times. According to the time card I tried to keep, two horses got to the wire first four times. But I suppose my card must be wrong. Its something like the tab they keep for us down at the Golden Rule. Every now and then Mike puts down a tally that rightfully belongs to some other fellow.

I got so hopelessly mixed on the pacers that I didn't know anything about the first trotting race until one of the judges leaned out of the stand and announced the money winners. I asked the lady and the diamonds if that ended the pacing race and with her blandest smile (for she had got used to me and my ignorance by that time)

she assured me that the pacing race was, as yet, unfinished, and the first trotting race had been won in straight heats. That got me. "Straight heats" I asked her if any of the heats in the pacing race were crooked. It seemed to me that if a race could be ended before I discovered it had begun and, as I had been assured by an expert, won in three straight heats, there must be something crooked in a race that was started at 1.30 p.m. and was still trying to get out the way at 5.30. But I was authoritatively assured that there was nothing crooked in the pacing race. "They're a lot of dogs that can't get out of their own way," the fair one with the diamonds assured me. I understood that part of it for I have seen the same kind at Aqueduct with saddles on. But I am still trying to figure out why, after they found out they couldn't beat one another, they didn't give it up and let us have something new.

There was one pacer in the herd that a man behind me said ought to win in a walk bar that he understood that they were keeping him for a killing at Hartford or some other town further along the line. I asked the lady with the sparklers what she knew about it, and she said: "If they keep that old dog until he makes a killing, he'll be the oldest winner that ever wore harness." My admiration for her profound knowledge of the game makes me believe that she spoke the whole truth. The track was full of horses all afternoon. My guide book had all their names I suppose. But it was up to me to identify them and I was a greenhorn. Which combination left me entirely in the dark. There was one stage of the game at which the prospective hock shop assured me that Billy B. stood for first money, Molly O was tied with Billy B. and Sarah S and Lulu May had a look in for third and fourth. "Can you read that and tell me how she guessed it? I can't. Once in a while one of the judges with a very loud voice announced: "We are now ready for the sixteenth heat of the 2.30 pace." When I left he hadn't yet run out of heats and I did not go back the next day to see how it all ended. If I had