

POOR DOCUMENT NOV 20 1934

ST. JOHN STAR, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1934.

THOROUGHBLERS

By W. A. FRASER.

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Yes, Mortimer understood. It seemed

quite clear, for Mike had been to some

pains to cover up the sheep he had made.

"Now I must go," he continued; "an'

ye neen't come in the paddock—if the

by is there, I'll find him out—his ex-

change of buying a ticket for it."

"The other man said nothing further,

but the remembrance of Mike's wink

convinced him that this was not the

sole reason.

They waited for young Porter's ap-

pearance, but he did not come. "The

geeser yer waitin' fer is not on dore

or he'd showed up," said Old Bill; "an'

if yer zolt to take it, we'd better

skip to de ring an' se what's doin'."

Mortimer had once visited the stock

exchange in New York. He could not

help but think how like unto it was the

betting ring with its horde of pushing,

struggling humans, as he warmed his

hands, in following close on Old Bill's

heels. There was a sort of mechanical

aptness in his leader's way of displac-

ing men in his path. Mortimer realized

that but for his guide he never would

have penetrated beyond the outer shell

of the bustling hive.

He took a sharp look at the two men;

his practiced eye told him they were

not plunders, more of the class that us-

ually bet ten dollars at the outside;

they were evidently betting on informa-

tion; two one-hundred-dollar bets com-

ing together on Lausanne probably

meant stable money.

"Let's get out, mister," cried Old Bill,

clutching Mortimer's arm.

"Don't I get anything—a receipt,

or—"

Paust heard this and laughed deris-

ively. You won't need nothin' to show

for this money," he said.

"Well, be round at de back in a few

minutes fer a couple of t'ou," retorted

Old Bill. "Let's cut through here,"

he added to his companion, making a

passage between the bookmakers.

Bill's knowledge of the local geo-

graphy was good, and adding the

crowd they were soon out on the lawn.

"Let's watch de paddock," Mortimer's

adherent suggested, as he led the way

down to the course, where they stood

against the rail, waiting.

During this time there was a bustle of

much interest in the paddock. Allis

ready driven in the Porter color, had

been driven to the coffee-half an hour

before the time set for the race. His

face was as satisfactorily disguised

with dust as though he had ridden

three races.

Mike assiduously attended to every

detail; even the weighing, thanks to his

official care, was a matter of not

more than one minute. The girl's

weight was one hundred and ten

pounds, the saddle brought it up to one

hundred and thirteen. She would have

to ride at least two pounds overweight

for the horse's import was one hundred

and eleven. Lausanne was being led

in a circle by a boy, so Allis shielded

himself from the general gaze in his

empty stall. She felt quite sure that

nobody there would recognize her, un-

less, perhaps, Philip Crane. He was

rarely seen in the paddock, but this

day came out to view The Dutch-

man. The latter horse came in for a

great deal of attention, for he had been

steadily backed down to the position

of equal favorite with White Moth.

At last there was the summons.

"Is Miss Porter here?" were Crane's

words, words in tone of a casually

interested friend.

"She may be in the stand," Dixon

answered, without turning his head.

Mike had deliberately interposed his

body between Allis and the doorway.

To the girl's relief, without further

comment, Crane quietly moved away.

"Excuse me, A, fer standin' in front

ay ye," said Mike, "but these outsiders

is enough to make a by nervous the

way they stare at him. Alan Porter

was in the paddock a minute ago

askin' for his sister, but I hustled him

out, tellin' him ye-I mean she—was

the stand."

"Thank you, Mike; you're a good

friend," replied the girl, gratefully.

Dixon had never taken so much care

over the preparation of a horse for a

race in all his life; and at last every-

thing was as perfect as it could pos-

sibly be made. Lausanne's behavior

gladdened the girl's heart; he was as

supremely indifferent to the saddling

to the starting of the people, to the

sent of battle that was in the soft

stomach air, as though he were in his

own stable at home. Not a muscle of

his huge flank trembled. Once, as the

stridle rein was loosened for an instant

he half turned in the stall, curved his

neck and stretched his golden nozle

toward the small figure in blue silk,

as though he fain would make sure by

sent that one of his natural enemies,

a man jockey, had not been there;

upon him, Allis understood this ques-

tioning movement, and reaching out

her hand rubbed the gray velvet of

his nose. But for the restraining rein,

tightened quickly by the boy who held

him, Lausanne would have snuggled

his head against his little mistress.

"They understand each other," said

Dixon to Mike, in an undertone; "we'll

get all that's in him this trip."

"Bot' t'umbs up if it doesn't come

home alone I'll eat me hat. The

sharks'll get a knock this journey

they'll make 'em take a tumble to

themselves."

Dixon stepped back to the corner

where Allis was and said: "I guess a

can't give you no orders. He's a bit

staggered at the post, an' 'way back

breaks won't hurt him none. Just don't

be afraid, that's all. A mile an' a half's

a long journey, you'll find it plenty

of time to take their measure. He's

sure to get away last, but that won't

matter; they'll be plenty of openin's

to get through after you've gone a

mile. Just keep your eye on the Dutch-

man—he's a stayer from 'way back;

an' Westley may kid you that he's

best comin' up the stretch, for he's

got a strong, steady, an' he beats you

in your ten lengths ahead don't let the

Chestnut down, but keep a good hold

on him, an' as they're away we'll

all lapped on your quarter. There's a

horse in the race I don't understand;

Mike says he's a stayer from 'way

back, but I could; it's the Indian, an' why

they're puttin' up the startin' price

beats me, unless he's a stayer from

'way back. I'd give you a job to

carry Lausanne, or White Moth, or

somebody else, but I don't let him shut you

in on the rail if you can help it. They're

up on Redpath, an' they beats you

too, for I think he's straight. But the

Indian hasn't a ghost of a chance to

win. You'd better take a whiff."

"I don't want either whip or spurs,"

answered the girl, "Lausanne will do

on him, an' as they're away we'll

"I know that, but take a whiff—some-

thing else in the race might need it;

an' if you have to use it, use it good

an' strong. If Langdon lodges his ob-

jection I can make him quit."

Over at the Dutchman's stall there

was a very confident party. Their

horse would go to the post as fit as any

thoroughbred had ever stripped. Lan-

don was a great stayer—there was no

doubt about that; if there had been

Crane would have discovered it and

changed his position. The tail of

son of Hanover was lean of flesh, but

grows in muscle. He was as tough as

egg, and over the corded form a silken

skin of dull grey. From the big eyes

gleamed an expectant delight of the

struggle; and the girl, looking at him,

was Lausanne's, but knowing of the

fray and joyous in his welcome.

(To be continued.)

Retail advertising—the kind that

sells your goods—is natural advertis-

ing, not the rainbow-chaser variety.

Kenton, O., Democrat.

SEQUEL TO BOSTON SUIT CASE TRAGEDY

Mrs. Mary S. Roberts Arrested—Is
Wife of William E. Hunt.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—A sequel to the

Boston "suit case" tragedy developed

late this afternoon, when Mrs. Mary

S. Roberts was arrested on a warrant

charging her with being a fugitive

from justice. Mrs. Roberts is known

as the wife of William E. Hunt, who

is now serving a sentence of from six

to seven years in the Massachusetts

state prison for being an accessory to

the illegal operation that caused the

death of Susan Geary, the chorus girl

of the Shepard King Theatrical Com-

pany, whose dismembered body was

found in three suit cases in the water

of Boston harbor. Hunt, who is also

known as Howard and Roberts, was

arrested in New York two days

ago. The alleged principal in the

tragedy had been identified.

It is alleged that under the name of

Roberts the man who was sentenced

to state prison under the name of

Hunt conducted a number of illegal

medical institutions in Philadelphia.

It is further alleged that a Philadel-

phia woman, Maud Gilpin, died as a

result of treatment received at one of

Hunt's or Roberts' offices. Hunt

managed to leave Philadelphia before

the police could locate him, but his

wife was arrested. The woman later

defaulted her bail of \$2500.

Although Mrs. Roberts will be held

for the Philadelphia police, the chief

interest attached to her arrest is in

connection with a controversy made

up by her regarding the illegal medical

offices in this city. According to the

police, the woman says she can throw

additional light upon the death of

Miss Geary.

It is believed that Mrs. Roberts is

able to give the police information

concerning the whereabouts of Mrs.

Mary S. Dean, the alleged principal in

the death of Miss Geary.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13.—Mrs.

Mary S. Roberts, who was arrested

in Boston today as a fugitive from

justice, is wanted by the Philadelphia

police as a witness in the case of

Kate Hines, a young woman, who

was arrested as a witness in the

case of the alleged principal in the

death of Miss Geary.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—After an extended

examination at police headquarters,

Mrs. Roberts was released on her

willings to return to Philadelphia

without opposing extradition.

The woman admitted that she was

the person sought by the Philadelphia

authorities, but denied that she had

set up a medical office in this city.

She obtained a bond from a man and

a few days after her release she dis-

appeared.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—The Stratheona

Coal Company, which has offices at

440 Commercial street, has declared a

dividend of 4 per cent. for the year on

both its ordinary and preferred stock.

The preferred stock is \$40,000, ordi-

nary stock \$70,000, principally held in

Stockville and the parts of West-

moreland. The dividend is payable

January 1st.

John C. Ferguson of the customs de-

partment, St. John, and ex-provincial

president, Fred O'Brien, recording

secretary, Hugh F. Hamilton treasurer,

and Thomas Hogan financial secretary.

Shaftsbury Lodge, 228, Sons of En-

gland, last night elected officers as

follows: President, R. E. Skiffington;

vice-president, John Watson; chaplain,

George Wilson; secretary, C. E. Mor-

ton; treasurer, M. McFarlane; fin-

ancial secretary, P. F. Fox; inside guard,

Chas. Smith;