The Spell of The Turf

Samuel C. Hildreth

James R. C. Crowell
THE SPELL OF THE TURF

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JOHN P. GRIER
ROWING

By

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Crew Coaches at the United States Naval Academy

With 75 Illustrations and 4 Diagrams

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THE SPELL OF THE TURF
The Story of American Racing

BY
SAMUEL C. HILDRETH
AND
JAMES R. CROWELL

WITH 32 ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE SPELL OF THE TURF

CHAPTER I

THE DAY OF THE QUARTER-MILER

The craving I’ve always had for race-horses, I reckon my father passed along to me in his blood. It was horse, horse, horse, with him all day long, year in and year out. When he got up in the morning the first thing his eyes would light on was the blue grass of Kentucky, which gives body and courage to the race-horse. And a short distance off from his home, about as far as from the judges’ stand to the paddock gate, there was the old weather-beaten barn, housing Red Morocco and the other horses he used to race on the quarter-mile tracks cut out of the prairie. These were the quarter-horses you still hear people talking about on the race-tracks. They were trained to go just that far and no further. Whenever a horse to-day shows a high flight of speed for two furlongs they say he has the speed of a quarter-horse. That was the only kind my father had in his barn.

There were ten children in the family—six boys and four girls. We grew up in a race-horse atmosphere. I honestly believe we knew more about horses than we did about people. When you
don't see much else besides a racing barn, and when all the talk you hear is about thoroughbreds, it just naturally gets into every fibre of you.

For years I never knew there was any worthwhile work in this world besides raising horses and teaching them to run as fast as their legs and their hearts would carry them. How could I? My mind didn't begin to move until the family did, and that got to be so often I couldn't keep pace with it. We were rovers; we didn't stay put.

"You can't settle down and be a racing man too; it's one or the other; and as for me, I'm a racing man—that's me all over," was my father's favorite maxim.

He liked to rove with his horses—Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, through the Indian Nations, and down with the caravans to Texas. When travellers would bring him word that some fellow way off was challenging the world to a horse-race, away the old gentleman would shoot, part and parcel, from the kitchen stove to the smallest thing in our home, which at that time was myself, I being the youngest of the children.

I just naturally thought everybody knew all about horses and not much about anything else. It never occurred to me that there were big cities where millions of kids lived who had never seen a horse-race or even a race-horse, let alone riding one of them or sleeping under the hay in their stalls or eating out of their feed-boxes. I reckon it never
occurred to father, either, for he never explained to us that we were living in a little world of our own—a little world that had fewer people in it than most of the other little worlds people were living in all around us. Chances are he didn’t know any more about it than we did.

If you think so well of a horse that you’re blind to every other thing except that you and he are pals, and that his daddy and his mother were friends of yours and that you know all about his kin and he about yours, then you appreciate the way my father used to feel about Red Morocco, his great quarter-horse, and the others in our barn. When he was making matches he never thought to find out how fast the others could run. He didn’t care. There wasn’t any such thing as form in those days, fifty years ago. If you had a good horse and somebody came along and said he had a better one, you just matched them, and that was the end of it. Sometimes the question of weights would come up and you’d agree to rig them the same, but usually it was catch-weights. Luck was with you if your boy happened to be lighter than the other jockey, though weight didn’t make so much difference in those short races after all.

I remember once when we were living at Cunningham, Missouri, a little more than half a century back. Our family and our horses were quartered on a tobacco plantation, which my father had bought to help out on the living expenses. He
turned over an acre of the ground to one of my sis­
ters and me, and for cultivating it we were to get our share of the profits when the crop was sold. It was getting along toward cashing-in time and all of us were looking forward to the day when the tobacco would be bought up, my father because his bank-roll was getting pretty low and he needed the five thousand dollars or so the crop would fetch. Sis and I had worked hard on our one-acre tobacco plantation.

About two weeks before the crop was ready my father got to talking politics with a neighbor. They had different views about the winning chances of the two candidates. The argument wound up in a bet of five thousand dollars on the result of the election. And when the votes were counted a week or so later the old gentleman found himself on the losing side. I heard him mutter something to himself that sounded like, "There goes the tobacco crop." Turning to me he said:

"Sam, you and Sis have been working your heads off on that tobacco plantation of yours. What are you going to do with the crop?"

"Crop? I guess there ain't going to be any crop for us this year, is there, Dad? Didn't you just shoot the whole thing on that election?"

"You and Sis weren't in on that bet. How much do you want for your crop?"

"Nothing," I hastened to reply. "It's yours.
MR. HILDRETH AT THE AGE OF HIS FIRST HORSE TRADE
Reckon you’re going to need all the tobacco you can get.”

“Just the same I’m telling you that you and Sis weren’t in on that bet. Will five dollars apiece be enough?”

Five dollars was a lot of money in those days, more than I had hoped to get as my share of the crop. And when father sold the crop a few days later he made us both take the money. Money was not the most vital thing in the world to him. His theory of life was the fellow who spilled the beans should not ask anybody to help him pick them up again.

A few years before that, when I was a toddler about five and a half, my big brother Will traded one of his horses for a brood mare and her six-month-old filly. Will knew horse-flesh from the hoofs up and he was a right smart trader, like the other boys in the family. The ambition of all the boys in our section was to buy a horse just as soon as they had worked and earned enough money to get one. Then they would train them to run, and trade them. Sometimes a horse would pass right around a circle and come back to the boy that had him first. But if he ever came back to one of my brothers, it was a sure-thing bet that our family hadn’t lost anything in the round-robin. Will and the others were pretty clever. They got more fun out of trading and training horses than the
boys of to-day get out of shooting marbles or playing baseball.

Will didn't want the little filly following the old brood mare around, so when he got the two of them home he called me and said:

"Sam, it's about time you began learning something about taking care of an animal. I've got a nice little mule here and I'm going to let you have it if you promise to take good care of it."

I promised and Will gave me the filly. At five and a half I thought I knew a lot about horses, and that filly didn't look much like a mule to me. But Will had said it was, and it wasn't up to me to doubt the word of anybody who knew all about horses and mules, as Will did. But if it was a mule, I thought it ought to look more like other mules, so I sheared its tail right down, leaving a little tuft of hair at the end. A few months later, when her body began to fill out and lengthen and you could see something else about her besides just legs, I thought it would be smart to make a race-horse out of my mule. I trained her. I was reaching the stage at that time when I would train anything, even a rocking-horse. And I found she could step aplenty.

"Can all mules run as fast as mine?" I asked Will one evening when we were sitting around having supper—we had supper at four o'clock and turned in before sundown.
"I should say not! That's the fastest mule in the world," Will replied.

Father weighed in: "What kind of oats you training that mule on, Sam? Wish you'd let me have some to give the horses. If you ain't careful people round here will be a-saying, 'Vinc Hildreth's youngest son has the old man beat when it comes to training a horse.'"

But at that age the boy instinct was stronger in me than the horse instinct, so when another boy in the neighborhood offered to swap me his pony for my mule I took him up. I was beginning to be a horse-trader on my own hook. That was my first deal in horse-flesh.

Over at Walker Station, not many miles from our home—we had moved back to Missouri from Kentucky—lived a rich man who owned some horses. I found out that he wanted a pony for his young son, so I rode over to see him.

"This is a fine pony," I said. "I traded the fastest mule in the world for him."

"What do you mean by the fastest mule in the world?" the man asked.

"Why, my mule—the one I traded for this pony. She could run so fast my father wanted to know what kind of oats I gave her to eat."

"Oh, I see! That means I've got to give you a pretty good horse in exchange for your pony."

I assured him he had grasped my idea and we went to the barn to look over his horses. I picked
out a trim-looking gelding, and as he was willing we closed the deal. When I got the gelding back to our stable, riding him all the way, the old gentleman met me and asked what had become of my pony.

"I traded him over at Walker Station for this here gelding," I told him.

My father looked over the gelding from head to foot, examining him carefully to see if he was sound. He was chuckling all over, right down to his boot-tops.

"Son, there sure ain't any doubt about you being a Hildreth; that there's a pretty nice horse you got."

That very afternoon I started in training the gelding. In a couple of weeks I had him so he could step along with some of the fastest horses in our stable. One day Perry, my oldest brother, got astride of him on the training-field and sent him along a quarter while my father held the stop-watch on him. Then father took charge of training the gelding and a few weeks later entered him in the State Fair races at Nevada, Missouri. He cantalouped home a winner in two races, and father sold him for seven hundred and fifty dollars, feeling certain that the gelding was a Kentucky thoroughbred that had been stolen by the drover who had sold him to the man at Walker Station. At any rate, I'd made a neat profit on my first horse transaction.
The only sad part of it was that father was a little harder up than usual and kept the money.

The drovers used to thrive in Kentucky and Missouri. Some of them were on the square and others weren't always particular how they got their horses. Sometimes you could pick up a fine thoroughbred for a shoe-string. My father was training once for old man Bodkins at Joplin. Bodkins had a three-year-old named Vapor that ran on the tracks at Joplin, Mexico, Columbus, and Moberly. In the next stall to Vapor was a four-year-old gelding. He was built along racy lines and he took my father's eye.

"That fellow looks like a real race-horse—suppose I train him and see how fast he is," my father suggested to old man Bodkins.

Bodkins was willing: "Go ahead, but I don't reckon he's much good. Only paid fifty dollars for him off a drover."

In a month father had him primed for a race and entered him. I was a little older then and had taken to riding. I was the greatest jock the turf has ever known, too—as Earl Sande or Laverne Fator. Earl and Laverne asked me the other night what my record was for straight winners, and I told them I never lost a race. "How many races did you ride?" asked Earl. "Two hundred and forty-eight races and a half and never lost a race," I told him. "Can you find it in the record-books?" Earl wanted to know. I said, "Maybe you could if
you could find the record-books." And I want to say now that I didn’t like the way Earl and Laverne laughed when I told them about my great riding record.

Anyway, I won hands down with old man Bodkins’ gelding, and I can prove that. He turned out to be one of the fastest tricks of the year and won many races. His name comes to my mind and slips away again, and I can’t just remember it now. But I do remember that he beat, among others, Mr. Peine’s Bonnie Scotland colt, John W. Norton, which was as good a race-horse as the little tracks knew back in 1880. There’s no doubt in the world that that little gelding had been bred in the purple, as they say nowadays—a real Kentucky or Missouri thoroughbred that had the blood of racing kings in his veins. And just think, old man Bodkins got him for fifty dollars! I hope John Madden hears about this. Next time he looks me in the eye and says in his offhand way, “Sam, I’ll sell you this one dirt cheap for one hundred thousand dollars,” I’m going to tell him about how much old man Bodkins paid the drover for that gelding.

Next to his family, my father loved two things best—his horses and his rovings. I was about five years old, so it must have been 1871, when he was down at the general store one evening and heard some fellows talking about horse-racing in Texas. “There’s a horseman named Jim Brown down
in Texas who's got some mighty sweet ones; and say, boy, how that little devil will bet on his horses!" one of them told my father.

"I'll just bet he hasn't anything in his barn can beat Red Morocco. I'll take any bet he wants to make, that's me all over," said father, in that cool, calculated tone he used when he got to talking match races. When he got home a little later he told mother to pack up the things in the house, everything, kids, horses, and all; we were going down to Texas on a matter of important business. It didn't phase mother any, she was a thoroughbred all the way through—came from the Crawfords of Virginia—and I reckon she got so used to roving with father that she liked it.

A few days later, had you been in the country where Missouri hitches up with Kansas, you would have seen the whole Hildreth family and all their belongings on the move, kicking up an awful dust with their four wagons, ten or twelve race-horses, and six or seven riding-horses. When night fell you would have seen old man Hildreth and his six sons busy pitching the tents for the family and the best racers to quarter in for the night, while Ma Hildreth and the girls were puttering around a camp-fire, cooking things to eat that had a tangier taste to them, after the day's travel, than anything I've ever found since—corn bread, fried bacon, and sweet potatoes roasted in the hot wood embers. What an appetite and what a meal! You can just
bet there wasn't anybody in our family off his feed on that trip.

When we got down to Hot Springs they told us we'd better be a little careful about going through Indian Nations by ourselves. They told us about the awful things that had happened to families travelling alone—how the Indians would lie in wait and massacre a whole outfit of white men. They cheered us up, too, about the road-agents who would take a fancy to our little store of money and a stronger liking even to our string of thoroughbreds. There wasn't anything they forgot to say about the dangers of the trip, and I reckon they laid it on a little thick. But I remember the old gentleman thought it best not to take any chances with his family and his horses; so we laid over for a few days to join a caravan of fifty or sixty wagons going in our direction. Everybody in the crew was on horseback except the very old women and the babies. At night the men would take turns standing watch for the Indians and road-agents. But they never came. We got to Texas without trouble.

Now I was such a little codger at the time, I don't quite remember in what part of Texas it was we found Jim Brown. I believe he came originally from Fort Worth, but he was once sheriff of Lee County, and it might have been there. Everybody knew him through that part of Texas. He was a little bit of a whipper-snapper, leather-faced, thin and wiry, and as courageous as they made them,
even in that country, where a fellow couldn't get by unless he had his nerve with him. Lee County had the orneriest bunch of horse-thieves, road-agents, and murderers you could find in any part of the South. It got so bad people were afraid to live in the county, and they began flocking away to safer places.

Jim Brown, the runt, told them if they'd elect him sheriff he'd clean the county up in no time. They took him at his word and gave him the sheriff's badge. First thing Jim did was to set sail for the leaders of the gang, Wesley Hardin and Bill Langley, a couple of nice fellows who were proud of their reputation for terrorizing and killing. Thirteen dead men, that's what Langley's record was, and Hardin's eleven. Brown picked up Hardin's trail in a jiffy, followed him hundreds of miles on horseback through Texas, Indian Nations, Kansas, and back to Lee County. There he bagged him. When he tied him up and toted him back to the town jail, a mob tried to take Hardin away from him so they could string him up, but that wasn't Brown's idea of the law, and he saw to it that the killer got a square trial. The jury sent him to prison for life. Langley boasted he'd never be taken alive, but he didn't know the little sheriff. One day soon afterward, Brown got the drop on him, bound him up with a lariat, and landed him in jail. The county hangman did the rest. And those two little happenings took so much steam out of
the Langley-Hardin gang they either quit banditting or went some place where the sheriffs weren't so runty and active.

But Lee County didn't really get cleaned up until some horse-thieves made a night raid on a racing barn and stole the best race-horse in Brown's string and a valuable mule of his. That was the blow-off. It was bad enough for them to go around shooting up people, but the limit was reached when they swiped Brown's race-horse on him. There were three of them in the gang and Brown started hot after them. Two hundred miles out of Lee County he came face to face with them in the dusk of evening. Everybody reached for his gun at the same time, but the three horse-thieves never had a chance. That was Brown's particular game—a quick draw. With his very first shot he killed one of the robbers, and with his second he wounded another—all this even before they had their guns out of the holsters. The third knew when he was beaten and threw his hands up. Brown tied the wounded man to the stolen mule, bound the other to the saddle of his own horse, rounded up the stolen thoroughbred, and headed for Giddings. The two horse-thieves went to prison for a long time.

There came a time twenty-odd years later when I saw this same Sheriff Jim Brown make his last stand in the worst shooting-up tragedy the American turf has ever known. I'm going to tell about that when the right time comes, because I was at
the old Garfield track in Chicago when it all happened, and the young girl I had just married was watching from a third-story window across the street, hearing all the firing and scared to death for fear I would get hurt. The Great Steward ruled old Sheriff Jim off for life that day, and I guess if he had been given a choice he would have picked that way of going out—fighting off his enemies, fighting them to a standstill and taking the last fling at them with the odds a thousand to one against him.

Fifty-four years ago! Think of that! For that's how long ago it was when the Hildreth caravan separated from the big prairie train after crossing through Indian Nations, and we pulled into Texas to race Red Morocco against the best Brown had in his barn. Since that time I've seen a horse-race or two; Hanover and Kingston, Salvator and Tenny, Domino and Hamburg, Colin and Artful, Fitz Herbert and Novelty, Purchase and Grey Lag, Man o' War and Zev—they've all gone parading to the post before my eyes. And Fred Taral and Snapper Garrison, Tod Sloan and Frankie O'Neill, Carroll Shilling and Lester Reiff, Johnny Loftus and Earl Sande—I've seen these boys come whipping and tearing down the stretch in the greatest races these last thirty years. And I've talked horse to John W. Gates and John A. Drake, William C. Whitney and James R. Keene, Pittsburgh Phil and Joe Yeager, August Belmont
and R. T. Wilson, and I've been round a lot here and there, but I'll never see horse-racing again as I saw it then, out on the Texas plains, where a fellow had to be a smart horseman to win a race and a smarter one to win a bet—and collect it.

My father hunted Jim Brown up soon after we pitched tent in the little town where he lived. He told the little sheriff we had come all the way from Missouri just to race our horses against the best they had down there, especially his own. Brown was cordial. He told father he had a mare named Gray Alice that was just about as speedy as anything on four legs in that section. Glad to race Gray Alice against Red Morocco any time we said the word, for any side bet up to five thousand dollars.

"Then it's five thousand dollars a side; the bigger the stake the better I like it, that's me all over," my father agreed.

They didn't have any telephones or radio down there then; but, say, the way they broadcast that race was a caution. In less than ten days the cowboys and ranchmen for miles round in all directions began pouring into town in droves. All they talked about was the coming match between the Texas and Missouri mares. And when they got to betting big money on the race, with Gray Alice a red-hot favorite, that led up to some troubles we hadn't figured on. Some of the bigger backers of
Gray Alice got to our stable jockey, staked him to a hundred dollars or so and told him to disappear. This he did, leaving us with no rider and the race only a few days off. But some of the other Texans thought we'd been handed a raw deal, and they told my father there was a jockey who lived two hundred miles away, and who was just as good as any boy that had ever ridden in that section. On their say-so the old gentleman sent a messenger after this jockey, and he arrived about four days later.

The race-course was laid out over a quarter-mile stretch of smooth ground on the prairie. Every horse-owner had his own course and they were all about the same—two narrow pathways running alongside of each other in a straightaway, with a narrow strip of green turf between. They used to make the running lanes by hitching a team of horses to a big iron caldron resting sideways on the ground, and scooping the grass up by dragging the kettle along a straight line. Then they raked the grass from the loose earth, packed the dirt down a little on the sides, and the track was made. Down where the horses started, some of the tracks had fences running about eighty yards along the course to keep the crowds back. Brown's track had rails like that.

There were about five or six hundred cowboys and ranch-owners lining the course when Gray Alice and Red Morocco took their places for the ask-and-answer start. That was the old system of
sending them away from the post, and they worked it by getting the two horses in a sixteen-foot score. Then one of the owners, when his horse was headed the right way and close to the starting-line, would yell out, "Are you ready?" and if the other horse was in position his owner would say "Go!" If his horse wasn't facing down the track, or if he was too far back from the starting-line, he just wouldn't say anything. It was turn about, first one of the owners asking, "Are you ready?" and then the other. You can see that the fellow who got the last word had all the best of it, for by the time the word came to go the other horse might have wheeled or done some other fool thing. And the start was a whole lot in quarter-mile races. If you got left at the post, with only two furlongs to go, you didn't have a ghost of a show.

Our new jockey got Red Morocco away to an even start with Gray Alice. But before they had reached the end of the fenced-in part of the track—about eighty yards off from the starting-line, mind you—she was two lengths in front and widening the gap at every jump. Missouri let out a whoop you could hear over the prairie a mile off. Old Red was running straight and true, and it looked like she would win by eight or ten lengths, even in that short distance. Didn't seem a chance she could lose.

But when she reached the end of the chute something happened. Out she shot to the strip of grass between the two pathways. That turf was
hard, and she wasn’t plated for that kind of racing. After she had run a few yards on it the ground began to burn her feet and she shortened her stride. Gray Alice pulled up on her fast, grabbed her a few steps from home and stuck her nose in front as they crossed the finish line. Our mare, one of the fastest quarter-horses that ever wore racing plates, had lost. Our five thousand was gone; all our hopes blown up; all those days of travelling down to Texas wasted.

And the worst part of it was we’d been cheated. The gamblers had got to our new jockey the night before the race and paid him to do just what he did—pull old Red out to the hard turf so she’d have to stop. From the day we set foot in that Texas town we’d never had a chance to win that match race with Jim Brown’s horse. And in later years old John Huggins, who was well known around the New York and Chicago tracks in the eighties and early nineties, and who had once been Brown’s racing partner, told me that it would have been like pulling teeth to have got that five thousand if we’d won. But I will say for Sheriff Jim that he was pretty white when he saw how discouraged the whole thing had made my father. He gave us five thousand dollars, a herd of cattle, and some other race-horses for Red Morocco before we left Texas. That squared things some, though it nearly broke my father’s heart to leave that grand old mare in strange hands.
CHAPTER II
TURF KINGS OF THE EIGHTIES

It was soon after we returned home that I got a yearning to branch out on my own account. So when old Pete Fuller, who had a stable of runners at Moberly, offered me six dollars a month to go jockeying for him I couldn't pass up a good proposition like that. Fuller's son Cal was also riding for the stable, and if you are up on turf history you will remember that Cal Fuller turned out to be a mighty fine jockey and rode at the big tracks. There was a mile track at Moberly, and Cal and I used to ride the Fuller horses there, mostly. Walter Jennings, who was afterwards well known on the Western and Eastern race-courses, was one of the big men in racing around those parts then. I remember his horses Alloy and Bonnie Errand and Pearl Jennings just as well as though it was yesterday. And so was Newt Douglas a big racing man, and John Rogers, of Colorado, who trained for William C. Whitney after I gave up the Whitney racers around 1900.

The last race-riding I ever did was in Dallas, Texas, along about 1882, when I began to pick up weight fast. Before I knew it I was tipping the scales at 130 and then 140. The next year (I was now seventeen) I went to training for Mr. Paris,
proprietor of the Belmont Hotel at Parsons, Kansas, who owned Ace of Diamonds, Juliet M., and some other good ones. Mr. Paris paid me forty dollars a month, but I didn’t get all that for just training his horses—no, sir. In addition to being trainer I was clerk and bartender in his hotel and if there were any little odd jobs to be done around the place I was expected to do them—and did. But I was happy and contented. I began to realize I was accomplishing things in my life—getting to the point I had always aimed for. I was a real horse-trainer at last, just like my father. I didn’t take a whole lot to tending bar or clerking in the hotel. Sometimes Mr. Paris would go out, leaving me in charge of the office and telling me to be sure to stay on the job. When he’d return he’d go straight over to the racing barn. He wouldn’t even bother about looking in the hotel for me. He knew where to find me—out with the thoroughbreds.

“Hildreth, how the blinkety blank do you expect this hotel to run if somebody don’t stick around to run it?” he’d bawl out at me.

That would make me a little nervous, when he got mad like that, and I’d resolve to pay a little less attention to training the horses in Mr. Paris’ barn and more to training the guests in Mr. Paris’ hotel. I wasn’t so much worried over losing the fine salary Mr. Paris was paying me as I was losing my job training. People round the countryside were be-
ginning to know me as Sam Hildreth, trainer for the Paris stable. That was a glory I couldn’t afford to separate myself from, particularly after the boss had added such good ones as Jack Pot and Bingen to our string and we’d started to cut a pretty good swath on the tracks at Fort Scott, Girard, and Parsons, in Kansas, Nevada, and Missouri. And Mr. Paris was a true horseman, too. Horse-racing was a sporting proposition with him. He was on hand every day of racing—there were two race days each week, with purses of from fifty to one hundred dollars—and there was nothing in the world he liked better than to see his colors roll down the stretch at the head of the procession.

And here I was at seventeen a retired jockey, horse-trainer, hotel clerk, bartender, and a young buck who had never stopped romping the pastures of Missouri, Kentucky, Kansas, and Texas from his weanling days. What did I know besides horses? Nothing. What people did I know besides horse people? None. My nursery had been a racing barn, my schoolroom a straw-covered box stall; my recreation the teaching of gang-legged colts and fillies and geldings to skedaddle along a narrow prairie lane as fast as their action and courage would take them.

If anybody had put me over the jumps to find what book-learning there was stored away under my mane I reckon the examination would have proceeded this wise:
Question.—"What important event marked the last year of the eighteenth century?"

Answer.—"They brought the English Derby winner Diomed to Virginia in 1799, and all the best horses we’ve got can be traced back to Diomed."

Q.—"What was the most important battle ever fought in this country?"

A.—"The battle of Union Course, May 27, 1823, when Sir Henry, the four-year-old from the South, lost to American Eclipse, the nine-year-old of the North; three heats at four miles each, the first won by Sir Henry, carrying 108 pounds, and the last two by American Eclipse, with 126 up, both grandsons of Diomed."

Q.—"Give the date of the battle of Lexington."

A.—"April 24, 1855. Lexington, owned by Richard Ten Broeck, beat Lecompte, from the stable of T. J. Wells, in their second match on the Metairie Course, New Orleans; distance, four miles, both of them sons of the great thoroughbred Boston."

Q.—"What is the most conspicuous event of national importance within your recollection?"

A.—"The three-cornered championship match between Mr. Pierre Lorillard’s Parole, Mr. Harper’s Ten Broeck, and Tom Ochiltree at Baltimore, October 24, 1877, distance, two and a half miles. They thought Ten Broeck was the greatest horse in a hundred years until Parole breezed away
from him that day, winning by five lengths; Tom Ochiltree third."

I was looking at the world from the back of a race-horse. I was tabbing the humans I met by comparing them with thoroughbreds I knew much better. The town with the best race-course was my idea of the centre of civilization; the fellow with the best racing stable the nation’s leading citizen. If there was anything of any consequence in this world besides breeding horses and racing them it had cantered right past me in the first furlong of my life, without even raising a cloud of dust.

That was my horizon—and I’d never got beyond it.

But there was something beginning to stir around in me. I was getting as restless as some of the colts I’d broken of that habit. Sometimes at night I’d stroll out to the cool, green paddocks where the horses grassed in the daytime; and I was alone and there was a gnawing inside I couldn’t just make out. I’d look to the North and the East and wonder whether they had any faster race-horses up there than we had in Missouri and Kentucky. My father had told me a lot about New York—all race and horse talk, the only kind I ever expected to hear.

"In the year 1866 two big things happened in these here United States," he used to say to me every May 16, my birthday. "In Independence,
Missouri, Samuel C. Hildreth was born; in New York, they started racing at Jerome Park."

And every night when I'd go out to the paddock, close to my horses, I'd think more and more about the North and the East; and I made up my mind that a travelling colt like I'd been always shouldn't be scared to break away from the home pastures. So I set my heart on going. And for the next four years I worked hard and saved, and gave up my job training for Mr. Paris to go blacksmithing, because there was more money plating race-horses than training them. That blacksmithing business was the first I ever owned, and it made me proud as Punch to know I was getting along in the world. My partner was Louis Long, a German, and a mighty good blacksmith. You may say to yourself that there isn't much to blacksmithing—anybody can be a blacksmith—but that's where you're wrong. There's a whole lot to blacksmithing, and there's many a race been lost because the blacksmith fell down on his end of the job. And Louis was a sweet blacksmith. We made money.

I was just twenty-one years old when Louis and I got to the Eastern running tracks—it was 1887. We had branched out a little by this time, and there were a couple of race-horses eating our oats and running in our colors. I was an owner—an owner of thoroughbred race-horses, just as my father had been. But we didn't let it go to our heads because we'd climbed to a new station in life—
Louis and I—just kept plugging away at blacksmithing and trying to do a good job for the Eastern horsemen. Not that I intended to stick to plating all my life—I should say not. But I saw that it would lead to the target I was shooting for, horses and more horses in my own barn, and I was content to play along until that day came.

Some horses that will live forever in the history of thoroughbred racing were running on the New York tracks in the late eighties. There was Hanover, out of Bourbon Belle, the great chestnut colt that Hindoo sent to the races; Kingston, the brown colt by Spendthrift out of imported Kapanga, by Victorious; and Salvator, the slashing chestnut by imported Prince Charlie out of Salina, by Lexington. I always had a strong leaning for Kingston myself, though Hanover (foaled in the same year, 1884) was supposed to have something on him. Anyway, when Kingston retired to the stud after ten years of racing, with a total of eighty-nine wins out of one hundred and thirty-eight starts to his credit, I started buying up his get and had great luck with them. Admiration and Ballyhoo Bey, the two Kingstons I bought for Mr. Whitney, and Novelty, my own horse, the best two-year-old I ever trained, were three of them that fell into my hands. There were others.

I don't reckon the race-tracks ever again will have the same kind of men around as they had then,
some of them rough-and-ready fellows who had fought their way to the front through bulldog courage, a battle every inch of the way; rough and ready and blustery and scrappy on the outside, but when the pinch came to test the kind of stuff they were made of, as gentle and human on the inside as a chicken-hearted grandmother.

When will you ever find another team like the Dwyer brothers, Mike and Phil?

They were the kind I'm thinking of; out of sturdy parentage, but lacking in aristocratic blood lines; products of the days when fellows had to use their biceps as well as their brains to get everything they got, but God-given with an abundance of the finer qualities of humans; keen and alert and business-like in their dealings on the race-track, but never willing to take an unfair advantage, and sportsmen both, to the last drop of their blood. No wonder they moved on from their humble station as neighborhood butchers to become the owners of one of the greatest racing stables the turf has ever seen.

I'm thinking of the Dwyer boys because they were the owners of Hindoo, Hanover, and Kingston, among other famous racers that wore their colors. They had bought Hanover from Colonel Clay a year or two before I reached New York. Jimmy McLaughlin was the star jockey riding for the Dwyers, and he it was who piloted the mighty Hindoo colt in many of his races. From a two-
year-old, when he won all three races he started in, Hanover went on to do the things, as a three-year-old, that will make his name a racing byword for generations. That season they entered him in twenty-seven races and twenty of these he won, fourteen without a break. A few years later Hanover was sent to Milton Young's McGrathiana Stud and there he passed his fine speed and courage down to a family of sons and daughters that also made turf history—Hamburg, Yankee, Handspring, Compute, and The Commoner, to name a few of them. As a racer he had won nearly one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for his owners.

In their methods the Dwyers were different from the horsemen I had known all my life. Where the people of Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, and Kansas would breed their own horses and take care of them with their own hands, the Dwyers would buy up the horses other men had bred and turn them over to men they hired to handle them. It was all new to me. It was even new to me the way Northerners talked about racing as a sport. A sport? Here they were talking about horse-racing as a sport—the thing Vincent Hildreth and his whole family had been doing all their lives and thinking about it all the time as though it was just as much a part of a human's life as going to sleep at night.

And the money they would spend for a horse made me pop-eyed—remember I wasn't many
jumps removed from Pete Fuller and six dollars a month for riding and Mr. Paris and forty dollars a month for training. It was Mike Dwyer himself who explained to me what their idea was about buying a good race-horse. I was making racing plates for his horses at the time, but he thought a blacksmith was plenty good enough to talk to.

"If you ever want to build up a good racing stable, Hildreth, the only thing to do is to get the best horses the market offers," he would confide to me. "Get plenty of horses, but get fast ones. Then you'll make lots of money."

And that was the principle both brothers followed. They had started out that way when they were butchers and just beginning to take an interest in racing, like so many other Brooklyn boys; they had found it profitable and they couldn't see any reason for changing. If they wanted a horse they went out and bought him. They didn't ask price, they just bought the best horses they could find. In their time they must have owned altogether from two to three thousand horses, all kinds, stake horses for the rich handicaps, selling platers for the cheaper races, and two-year-olds and three-year-olds for that class of racing.

Kingston came to the Dwyer barn in a queer sort of way. It was in the early career of Hanover, and they didn't want any other horse to interfere with the great record the son of Hindoo was making.
The stable scouts reported to the brothers how Kingston was burning up the track.

"Then we'll have to get Kingston," they announced.

"How much do you want to pay?" asked one of the trainers.

"Who's talking price? Get Kingston and we'll think about how much he cost us after he's in our barn," they answered.

So they bought Kingston for something over twelve thousand dollars, just to keep him out of Hanover's way. But Kingston was even better than they had reckoned and in his three-year-old season he carried their colors to victory in many big stakes, winning thirteen out of eighteen starts. The brown son of Spendthrift continued running even after Hanover's racing days were over and in 1890 as a six-year-old won ten straight races without losing one that season. The old fellow was still a fast one when he stopped racing at ten years of age.

In personality the two brothers were opposites. Phil, fine old gentleman that he was, got his enjoyment out of seeing their colors in front and out of the successful business they'd made of horse-racing. The betting end of it wasn't for him. Fifty dollars to the race was a fair bet for him and one hundred dollars a whopper. And in his quiet way he'd root that small bet home all the way from the barrier to the winning-post.
But Mike Dwyer—there was a better, the biggest of his day and never a gamer one. I remember one day he bet ninety thousand dollars to win thirty thousand dollars—on a one to three shot. While the race was being run, Mike got all het up over an argument he was having with a friend and he clean forgot about his bet. All around him people were squawking and fighting as the field came down the stretch, but Mike just sat there thumping his leg and gabbing for dear life. The horses were galloping back to the judges’ stand before he remembered about the race.

“Say, boy, who won that race?” he called to one of the Pinkertons standing near by.

“Your horse got beat, Mr. Dwyer; he run second,” the officer told him.

“Well, I’ll be dinged; these ponies are a pesky bunch sometimes,” was all the rise the information got out of Dwyer.

Down at the Brooklyn Jockey Club’s track at Gravesend, which the Dwyer brothers financed and opened August 26, 1886, more than ten years after they’d taken to horse-racing, Mike used to sit under the judges’ stand to watch the horses run. Time and again I’ve seen him sitting there when I knew he had a smashing bet down on one of his horses. And he’d just sit easy and comfortable in his chair and not say a word unless somebody came along and spoke to him. From the looks of him you’d never
know he had a nickel bet. If his horse won or lost he'd just get up from his chair after the race and amble back to the club-house lawn and talk about the weather or politics or anything else. As graceful a winner and as game a loser as I ever saw on the race-track, was Mike Dwyer.

One day we were talking between races and he said:

"Hildreth, I don't see your colors in many races nowadays. What's the trouble?"

"Truth is, Mr. Dwyer, I have to be mighty careful about running in these selling races. I don't want some halter man to come along and run my horses up and clean out the barn," I told him.

Mike grinned.

"Well now, my boy, that is kind of serious," he said. (I was in my early twenties.) After a moment's thought, he added: "I'll tell you how we can fix that. You just go ahead and run your horses. If anybody comes around to bid them up after the races you can count on it that I'll do a little bidding myself, and it won't be lower than the other fellow's, either. Don't worry about losing any of your horses. I'll tend to that part."

I knew he would stand by his word, no matter how much it might cost.

A rough and ready fellow, but with a heart as big as all outdoors. And in the end the horses took away from him most of the fortune they'd given
him. His luck seemed to break with his health. When he was getting pretty feeble his attend­ants used to help him down to the track and he'd sit there all afternoon talking horse with his old friends, but not betting on them any more. And while he was sitting there in an invalid's chair, just a shadow of the strong, forceful fellow he had once been, I reckon the bygone days used to flit before Mike's eyes and he'd go over and over again the glory of the past—the never-to-be-forgotten times when Hindoo and Luke Blackburn, Hanover and Kingston, Ben Brush and Miss Woodford, Handspring and the other great racers from his string, would come thumping down the stretch, in a cloud of dust, wearing the red, blue sash, red cap, his racing colors.

It was during the reign of the Dwyers that Salvator figured in two turf events that made his name a household word the world over. James B. Haggin had bought the great son of Prince Charlie as a yearling, but it was not until Salvator was a four-year-old that he did the things that brought him everlasting fame. In the Suburban of '90 Salvator, with 127 pounds up, won by a neck from the lightly weighted Cassino and Tenny, carrying 126. Tenny was a great horse that year, too, and his people weren't convinced by the result of the Suburban that Salvator was better. A match was arranged between the two and held one week later, Isaac Murphy, the negro, riding Salvator and
Snapper Garrison having the mount on Tenny. In the early part of the running, Murphy rushed Salvator to the front and rated him there, making his own pace. But Tenny began to move up fast by the time they'd reached the stretch and they crossed the line so close together the crowd wasn't sure which one had won until the numbers went up.

"I got you in the last jump," Garrison called out to Murphy, as they began pulling their mounts up after the finish.

"No, you didn't, I won," Murphy shouted back. And the little negro was right. When they got back to the scales they found Salvator's number had been run up. He had won the great match by a scant nose.

Salvator was a real champion. A little later on he beat Tenny by four lengths when they met in the Champion Stakes. He was cleaning up everything and it got so other owners would scratch their horses when Salvator was entered in a race. The only opponent they could find for him was Father Time himself. The mile record was 1:39¼. On August 28, 1890, Salvator went after the record on the old Monmouth Park track, which had first opened its gates twenty years before. With Marty Bergen in the saddle Salvator ran the mile in 1:35½, just three and three-quarters seconds faster than it had ever been run before. That record was the thing that put Salvator on the map more than anything else he had ever done. They called him
the wonder horse, and as the years went by and his record kept standing his fame increased.

Matt Byrnes, his trainer, always said Salvator would have done the mile in 1:33 if Murphy had been in the saddle instead of Bergen. But Murphy had been set down by the stewards for something or other and was on the ground that day and the chance for a record that would have held to this day was lost.

Byrnes had instructed Bergen not to ride the first half-mile of the straightaway in better than 47 seconds, according to W. S. Vosburgh, official handicapper of the Jockey Club. When Salvator and the horse pacing him passed the half post Byrnes' watch showed they had stepped the distance in 45. The trainer yelled to Bergen to steady his mount for the second part of the mile, where another horse took up the pace-making, but the jockey apparently became confused or couldn't hear what he was saying. He urged Salvator all the harder. It was too fast even for a heart as stout as Salvator's. He slowed down through the second half, taking 3½ seconds more than he had to run the first.

There has never been a better-known race-horse in this country than Salvator, not even Man o' War, Zev, Sysonby, Colin, or Lexington. In his two-year-old form, Proctor Knott beat him a head in the futurity, but he won his other races that year
and was recognized as a first-class race-horse when he went to winter quarters at Monmouth Park. Mr. Haggin, an able horseman, had recognized his greatness and brought him back to the races the next season in tip-top condition, though an attack of lung fever had meanwhile threatened to injure his high speed and stamina. He started eight times as a three-year-old and lost only once, in the Omnibus when Longstreet and Proctor Knott led him home.

Mr. Haggin realized the chance of a lifetime had come to own a horse that would create a record comparable to the things the great Boston, Lecompte, Lexington, and Eclipse had done years before. He handled Salvator with great skill, being careful to take no chances of his being beaten. And as a four-year-old Salvator was undefeated. It was this year he won the Suburban and ran the mile straightaway in 1:35½. He was the idol of the entire turf world when he retired to the stud, known in Europe almost as well as he was at home.

The breeding experts predicted that Salvator would be as great in the stud as he was on the track. There was every reason why he should. The blood running in the veins of this dark chestnut, handsomely marked with a blaze and four white legs, was of the purest. His sire, Prince Charlie, was an exceptionally fast horse and the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas of 1872.
Salina, his dam, was one of Lexington's fleetest daughters. And the leading dams of the day were taken to his court. But Salvator failed utterly to reproduce himself. Many of his sons and daughters were beautiful in conformation, but they lacked the racing qualities of himself, his sire and his dam. Tenny, the swayback, the horse that would have been a great champion on his own account if he had not had the misfortune to run in Salvator's time, was also a failure in the stud.
CHAPTER III

THE SMALLER EASTERN TRACKS

The little racing I'd done on the big tracks had given me the itch to get deeper into the game as an owner. The ring of the blacksmith's anvil was beginning to have less and less music in it. I was beginning to see that all the dope my father had passed on to me about caring for horses was information I could turn to practical use, even up here where things were done on a much bigger scale than we had been used to down South. It was coming to me that a horse was a horse, no matter whether he belonged to Vincent Hildreth or to one of these New York millionaires, who hired people to do the work my father never would have entrusted to anybody else, except his own sons. Though Salvator or Kingston or Hanover, any one of them, was worth more money than all the horses my father owned, I was realizing that they and Red Morocco were brothers and sisters under the skin. Maybe if old Red had lived in a big box stall, with a lot of flunkeys around to mani­cure her and primp her every time she looked a little bored—maybe old Red would have fetched as neat a sum as some of those thoroughbred swells I was getting acquainted with. Trouble was with old Red she never had a chance to show she was an
aristocrat in any way except to queen it over other race-horses when it came to setting in at the finish of a race.

So the blacksmith firm of Hildreth and Long, makers of fine racing plates, went out of business after a prosperous existence, Louis continuing his blacksmithing ways and I blossoming forth as an owner and trainer of horses in the big time wheel. Toward the end of our partnership we'd bought a mare named Miss Goodrich and I kept her in my barn for a while after Louis and I had separated. Now Miss Goodrich wasn't a world beater of a race-horse and I never asked her to do much for me, but in a way she was responsible for a whole lot of things that happened in my life afterward.

It started when I traded Miss Goodrich for a horse called Tam o' Shanter and a little later formed a racing partnership with Billy Angel, who had been training for Johnny Campbell, a sporting man who owned what they used to call a betting stable. Campbell was a big gambler. He'd prime a horse carefully and when he had him entered in the right spot he'd turn the bank-roll loose. William Allen Pinkerton, head of the detective agency, was a friend of Campbell. Sometimes when Campbell didn't want to bet at the track and force the odds down Billy Pinkerton would handle the commission for him, placing the money in different cities on the day of the race so that it wouldn't affect the post price of the horse.
One day after Bill Angel and I had moved our horses out to the old Garfield track, which was located inside the city limits of Chicago, we happened to mention to Campbell that our horse Tam o’ Shanter was burning up the track in the early morning gallops and was ready to win a race.

“You boys go ahead and enter Tam in a good spot and I’ll do the betting for you. If you win you’ll get some real money,” Campbell told us.

The chance came in a few days. We told Campbell everything was cherry-ripe and to bet his money the day he saw Tam’s name in the list of entries. And we knew he’d sock it down good and plenty.

When the field went to the post Tam o’ Shanter was still as good as 10 or 12 to 1 in the books, only a little of Campbell’s money finding its way back to the track and nobody outside our little circle knowing what we knew about Tam’s speed. We’d put little Major Covington up on our horse—a smart rider, but not one of those fashionable jocks who force the odds on their mounts down every time they get into the saddle. And when I say little Major Covington I mean just that. I reckon there’re a lot of people around to-day who will remember how little the Major was. Didn’t weigh over fifty pounds then, and he sure looked like a peewee when he straddled his little legs over a race-horse’s back.

I was all flustered and nervous like while the
horses were prancing around at the barrier. It was the first time I’d ever had a big bet riding for me. I didn’t know how much Campbell had put down or how much our cut would be if Tam won, but Bill, my partner, and I had placed a little of our own cash on the result. So every time Tam made a lunge forward while they were parading to the post I made one just like it, just as though I was going to do the running in that race myself. It was a seven-furlong race, as I remember.

Tam was full of fire. He kept tugging and pulling at the reins and I was afraid if he ever took it into his fool head to scoot away before the word came to go he’d just keep on scooting—and Major Covington too little to stop him. And sure enough, it happened. As the horses turned to go to the post after parading in front of the grand stand, he made one lunge and pulled the little Major right up on his neck, and away he shot down the track, with the midget jock holding on for dear life. Tam was running away—running away with the little Major, the purse money, the bets and everything.

But from where I was standing at the rail, about a hundred feet in front of them, I’d seen it all coming. When Tam started running I started running, too, and, say, that was the fastest sprinting the race-tracks have ever seen a human do, before or since that day. Talk about Paavo Nurmi being a
great runner, well, you ought to have seen Sam Hildreth that day.

"Pull him over to the rail, pull him over to the rail," I yelled at the top of my voice to Covington as Tam was about to shoot past me, both of us still going lickety-split. The little Major was bouncing all around and didn’t have much time for anything but sticking on that horse’s back, but he did manage to give one tug that made Tam swerve over toward me. I took one flying leap at the reins, and the Lord being with me, I connected. And, say, try and shake me loose from that bridle—try and do it. I was there for keeps.

"What’s the matter with you, you fool horse?" I said, after bringing Tam to the quickest stop he’d ever known. "Cut out the shenanigans; don’t you know you got important business to do?"

Tam was so nice and docile after that talking to I gave him, I was sorry I hadn’t whispered something in his ear beforehand. He got a flying start a few minutes later and won the race, as we had expected. Campbell gave Bill Angel and me two thousand five hundred dollars as our part of the winnings and bought a horse named Dago from us for another two thousand five hundred dollars. Pretty soon after that Bill went back to training for Campbell and I started out as a trainer and owner all on my own hook. Two years later I met Billy Pinkerton for the first time—great old Bill,
who was one of the best friends I ever had in this life.

"Sam, do you remember the day you and Bill Angel ran Tam o' Shanter at Garfield?" Billy asked me one day, after we'd started the friendship that stayed green and fresh right up to the day poor old Billy passed on a little while back.

"Do I remember that race? You mean, will I ever forget it?" I replied.

"Well, who was the fellow that ran along the rail and grabbed Tam's bridle when he started to run away?"

"That was me."

Billy grabbed my hand. "Sam, you certainly took a load off my mind that day," he said, with a kind of sigh, as though he was seeing the thing all over again. "Johnny Campbell had told me he had a good thing in Tam o' Shanter and I helped him get some money down. Guess he must have won forty thousand dollars on that race."

In the highbrow history of horse-racing in America you won't find much about Guttenburg, Gloucester, Clifton, Linden, and Elizabeth, the New Jersey tracks that were in their heyday along in the late eighties. You didn't find the stables of the Jeromes or Morrices, Sanfords or Lorillards, Keenes or Cassatts, running on these tracks, and they weren't places where the fashionable people of the day gathered as they did at Jerome Park, Morris Park, Sheepshead Bay, Brighton Beach,
and Monmouth Park. And sometimes they'd come in for a lot of panning and people would call them hell holes of gambling and cesspools of temptation and the like; and even to-day the younger generation will speak of old Guttenburg or Gloucester as black spots on the record of the turf, because they don't know any better and they're simply repeating what they've heard misinformed people say.

But I raced my horses at some of these tracks and I can tell you from what I actually know about them that they were conducted on the square and the racing was clean. The only thing I ever knew about any of these tracks that wasn't strictly according to Hoyle was what went on outside of some of them. I remember that down at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, the sure-thing boys from the underworld used to run faro banks, roulette wheels, and other games of chance in a little gambling settlement they set up outside the track. But if anybody was big enough ninny to try bucking them that was his own funeral. They didn't have any more connection with racing at Gloucester than did the poolrooms operating in Camden, Philadelphia, or New York. Billy Thompson, who owned Gloucester, and the horsemen who ran their stables there kept the racing side of the sport on the level, no matter what went on at the gambling-dens and dance-halls outside. And Fred Walbaum and the men associated with him did the same at Guttenburg; maybe a little more so, as some of the sharpshooters who
felt the sting of their vigilance will tell you if you ask them.

It was in the fall of '89, as I recall, that I took my horses to Guttenburg, located on the Jersey side, not far from Weehawken. They raced there all through the winter, alternating every two weeks with Clifton, near Paterson. I liked it. I liked it so much that one morning when I noticed a nice, new house being built near the race-track I strolled over to see if it was for sale.

"Who's putting up this house?" I asked a workman who looked to me as though he might be the boss of the job.

"I am, it's my house. I'm building it myself and I'm going to live in it," he informed me.

"Don't want to sell it, do you?"

"I might at the right price."

"What do you call the right price?"

"Oh, say ten thousand dollars," the man said after thinking for a minute or two. He was a carpenter and he'd used his whole bag of tricks building that house—it's gone out of fashion to build them that way to-day.

"You've sold it," I told him.

So, having a nice comfortable place to live, I spent three years at Guttenburg. My string of horses had grown. Toano was the star of the stable, but there were also Khaftan, Tasso, Rico, Dixie, Tringle, Marmont, Sparling, and Surrey among the chief breadwinners. All of them were in fine
racing trim. One season I won a total of sixty races, with Toano heading the list with twenty-two firsts. The purses ran from four to eight hundred dollars. There were no stakes.

My luck was so good that the books were afraid to offer any kind of a price on the horses from my stable. Whenever I had anything in they'd chalk up the shortest kind of odds and then the runners for the bookies would begin following me around to see if I was betting. As soon as I would put down even a small bet they would begin rubbing and I'd find myself getting odds on against a horse that ought to have been 2 or 3 to 1, figuring his chances strictly on the dope.

One day a quiet, soft-spoken fellow sought me out between the races while I was standing alone.

"Mr. Hildreth," he said, "you're having a tough time getting a price against your horses. I know all about it. I'm a sheet-writer for one of the books and I can see what's going on. And I think I can tell you a way to beat it."

He suggested that I let him be my betting commissioner. Nobody was to know anything about it. Every night he would come to my house and I was to tell him what horses I wanted to bet on next afternoon and how much. I was to stay completely away from the betting enclosure, just as though I didn't want to get a penny down, and meanwhile he would go around quietly putting down a fifty-
dollar bill here and a hundred-dollar bill there. Nobody would suspect that he was acting for me.

It sounded reasonable, so I made an agreement with him. He was particularly anxious that I should always know he was playing perfectly square with me. Just before the horses went to the post for each race he would saunter past me at a certain spot, not always the same one. He wouldn't speak to me or even look at me, but I would get some signal to know just how much money he had put down. Maybe it was his left hand stuck in his overcoat pocket or his collar turned up or a handkerchief sticking out of another pocket; whatever the signal was, I knew before the race approximately how much I stood to win or lose.

The runners of the bookies and the hangers-on who were always trying to find out what I was doing couldn't understand why I had suddenly stopped speculating.

"Are you going to grab this race, Mr. Hildreth?" they would ask, sidling up to me.

"You don't see me doing any betting, do you?" I'd reply.

For a year and a half we worked this system before anybody got wise to it. Every night my betting commissioner, sometimes with his wife, would come up to my house to make an accounting, dodging around trees and bushes in the dark country roads so nobody would see him. And to let me see that the accounts were straight, right
down to the last penny, he would bring the betting
tickets along with him. When I asked how he
managed to get these from the bookmakers he said
he knew most of the sheet-writers and they would
let him have them.

Scrupulous honesty! That's what they'd call it
in business. So when I tell you who my betting
commissioner was just bear that fact in mind.

He was Frank James, of the famous James
brothers, the most daring outlaws this country has
ever known; brother of Jesse James. When Frank
quit being a desperado he washed the slate clean.
He was going straight as a string when I knew him,
and there were plenty of chances for him to cheat
me. I remember once when the books opened
Khaftan at 4 to 5, expecting me to come along and
back him off the boards. But when they didn't see
my money Khaftan's price went up to 4 and 5 to 1
and it was then that James went around the ring
dropping small bets here and there that counted up
to a good-sized wager in the aggregate. It would
have been easy enough for him to have told me
that some of my money had gone down at the short
price. That wasn't James's way. He brought the
tickets along to show me what odds he had received.
They were the top of the market.

You'd never have suspected Frank James of
being one of the notorious brothers who held up
trains and caused a reign of terror through the
Middle West in the early days. He looked more
FRANK JAMES, BROTHER OF JESSE JAMES, AT THE TIME HE WAS THE HILDRETH BETTING AGENT
like a country store-keeper or farmer. Sometimes we’d sit around after the day’s business was done and he’d open up his heart and tell me about his past. I asked him how it happened that he and Jesse had ever turned to banditting. He told me it was because they had been embittered by the crimes the Civil War outlaws had committed against his family. One of his family, I believe it was his mother, had been shot and terribly wounded by one of these cutthroats who fought for neither side and preyed on unprotected families of both. When this happened he and Jess pledged themselves to get even with the world.

While the police of the entire country were looking for Frank James he was racing a small string of his own horses at Nashville, Tennessee, under another name. He told me that George Rice was training for him at the time and that nobody had the slightest suspicion who he was. He liked the excitement of being hunted and he especially liked the way he could parade around in the open, right under the eyes of those who were looking for him. One day he rode in a race that called for the horses to be ridden by gentlemen jockeys. He won. And among those who cheered him and his horse as they crossed the finish line were undoubtedly some of the very people who had descriptions of him in their pockets and were trying to land him in prison.

The longing to get back his own identity and to
mingle again with his friends as a free man was the thing that finally caused him to surrender. He used to tell me how he wrote to the Governor of Missouri and asked for some assurance he would receive a fair trial if he gave himself up. The Governor replied that he would be treated fairly. When he surrendered he unstrapped a revolver hidden under his coat and laid it down before the officials.

"I surrender," he said to them. "I surrender and there's my gun. From the day I got it there's never a man except me had a hand on that gun before. It's the first time I haven't had it right where I could get it in a hurry when need be. If Jesse hadn't been so careless with his gun he'd be here to-day."

Whatever else there might have been in Frank James's life he was loyal to a friend. And what finer thing can you run across in this world than loyalty? It's easy for any of us to get beaten and it's hard to win. You don't have to look for those who will help you to lose—they're everywhere. And after you've won you'll find plenty who are ready to string along and help you win a little more, hoping that they may do a little winning on their own account meantime. But the loyalty that comes from the heart is the kind that has no strings to it and is given without hope of return. I've found my share of it in my time. The names are all there, written plainly on a chart that's stored away somewhere in me, I don't just know where myself; and it makes me feel at
peace with all mankind when I think of the joys that have come to me through loyal friends.

Sometimes you miss loyalty where you look for it most and find it where you expect it least. There was Mah Chuck, my cook for twenty-four years. He came to me from James B. Haggin and for nearly a quarter of a century he worked over a hot stove in my kitchen, cooking food fit for the angels to eat and always standing pat at his post when those who knew of his genius held out the lure of more money to get him away from my home. Once I "loaned" him to another stable. He kicked up a fuss, but finally gave in to my advice. One day the door of our kitchen was thrown open and there stood Mah Chuck, dropping in on us as if from the skies.

"Me come back—me no like work other place—me like work for boss—me come back to stay," he announced, returning to his old, familiar place at the stove and giving the grate a shake, as though the fire he had built there had never gone out. And there he stayed, solid as a rock and faithful to me and mine, until he thought the time had come when loyalty to his family told him to go back to China and to them. For thirty years or more he had toiled over a kitchen range, hoarding his money and denying himself that he might bring cheer to the folks back home, especially the Chinese woman he had married on one of the trips to China he made while working for me.
And there is Pete, his successor in my kitchen, who has been with me these long years since Mah Chuck went home. Over the vista of years I can go along picking them out here and there from the places that are not always high and mighty—places we might not even see if we carry our noses too high, but that are dignified and, yes, sanctified, by the true and faithful souls that dwell within them.

Loyalty! It is the one quality I like above all others in men. In animals, too; in horses and dogs. Out near the stables of the old Ingleside race-track in California there is a grave in the green fields where rests one of God’s most faithful creatures—my English bulldog Coke, who was with me for thirteen years. Whenever I go to California nowadays I always wander out to the spot where Coke lies, for I know his soul still haunts the place and I can see him again as he was with his sly little tricks and his smart ways, getting the most out of life in his play and staunch and faithful in his work.

Coke lived in the stables and knew horses better than any dog I ever saw—and better than some humans. When he was a pup he used to stand and watch us, one ear cocked up in that puzzled way pups have, as we would straighten out a horse that had cast himself on his back against the side of the stall and couldn’t regain his feet. He got to understand what it was all about—that a cast horse is in trouble and that somebody has to help him out. And so when he got a little bigger and one of the
horses would get cast and there was nobody around to release him, Coke would tackle the job by him­self. Many a time I’ve found him tugging at a horse’s mane, trying to pull him away from the side of the stall. Every now and then he’d stop and bark for help, but he’d never stop trying to do what he could until I or one of the stable hands would arrive.

In the evening, after the stalls had been fixed for the night and the day’s work was done, Coke would sometimes slip away from the barns and disappear through a hole in the fence not far off. I knew where he’d gone—out to the paddock, where he would leave a bone on top of a little stone retaining wall and then lie in wait for one of the other dogs to come and get it. He was a fighting devil. As soon as another dog had appeared and interfered with that bone Coke would make for him and away he’d scurry after the thief along the top of the wall. Sometimes he would miss his footing and take a splash into the drain water and that would make him hopping mad, for he’d not only get a good soaking but he’d lose the dog he was chasing. But if he ever caught up to the hound that had tried to steal his bone he’d give him a lesson never to be forgotten.

Hearing all the noise, I would go over to the barn and whistle for Coke. He understood that I didn’t want him to fight. So while I was looking at him through one of the windows where he
couldn’t see me, he’d peek through the hole in the fence to see if I was around. If the road was clear he’d make a dash for our house, that stood a short piece off, and hide himself under the bed in my room. Then when I’d enter the room a few minutes later he’d come creeping from under the bed and yawn and stretch himself as though he’d been sound asleep for hours.

At night Coke would go over to the barns and sleep in the straw of one of the stalls. A better night-watchman I never had working for me. At the slightest unusual noise he’d set up a growling and barking that would have scared away anybody who wasn’t there on the right kind of business. And he was still standing guard like that when I entered the stable one morning and found him squatted on his haunches and half leaning against the door-jamb. He didn’t move as I opened the door.

“What’s the matter, old boy, are you sick?” I asked.

I patted his head. It was stone-cold and his body was rigid. He was dead—poisoned by some one around the place who didn’t like dogs.
CHAPTER IV
SHERIFF JIM BROWN

THE richest stakes you win in this world are the ones most worth striving for and the hardest to land. In the summer of 1892, when I was just a few months past twenty-six, I carried off the greatest prize that has ever come to me in all my sixty years. And as in everything worth while, I didn't succeed without a struggle all the way, from the drop of the flag until I had carried my colors past the winning-post. Right up to the last minute I wasn't sure the stewards wouldn't disqualify me.

On July 4th of that year I was strolling through the streets of Saratoga with Tully Coulter, Fred Burlew, his trainer, and Jimmie Coulter, Tully's nephew. Near the centre of town we encountered two charming young ladies, Miss Mary E. Cook and her sister Anna, who were known to Fred Burlew. We stopped and chatted for a few minutes and then young Jimmie Coulter and I decided we'd seen enough of Tully and Fred for the afternoon and we asked the girls if we might join them on their walk. They told us to come along and I edged over to Miss Mary. There was something about her that suited me right down to the ground. She was winsome and pretty and had a nice, saucy little way of talking.
Now I've always had a lot of confidence in my ability to foresee things. Before that afternoon was over I knew I was running for the most valuable stake I'd ever gone after. And I knew it wasn't going to be any walkover, either, for Miss Mary had been a little shocked when she found out that I was a racing man and I could see I'd have to do a lot of talking to make her understand I wasn't as bad as the people of Saratoga had painted horse-owners, trainers, jockeys, and the like. Saratoga a racing town, too! You'd have thought everybody in Saratoga was so used to racing that they'd recovered from the notion that we were such bad eggs. But Miss Mary hadn't—not entirely—and as near as I could gather her folks had less.

I'll say for Miss Mary Cook that she was a level-headed girl. All her life she'd never heard anything but how terrible horsemen were and she'd never been inside a race-track, but in three days her new teacher convinced her that racing people were so goody-goody the jockeys sang psalms between races, trainers preached sermons while they saddled their horses, and owners went around in sackcloth and ashes, with bowed heads. The Hildreth luck was sticking. Here I'd gone and beaten the barrier in the biggest of all stakes and the only way I could lose was on a disqualification. The town gossips were seeing to that end of it. They'd told Mary's mother and father that I was a married man with a big family of kids calling for me back home. And
though Mary and her sister Anna fought hard for me I’m afraid the stewards, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, would not only have disqualified me, but ruled me off forever, if Fred Burlew hadn’t heard about it and taken a hand. The Cooks know Fred well and he knew me well. His testimony carried the day.

But the skies weren’t clear yet. There was a new priest at the Cook’s church in Saratoga and he wanted us to wait for a week or two. You see I’m not what you might call a regular churchgoer, being just a plain member of all the churches. At any rate, Frank Farrell, who afterwards owned the New York Yankee baseball team and who was running some horses at Saratoga then, said he’d take us down to New York and get Father McCready at the Church of the Holy Cross, in West Forty-second Street, to marry us. That was agreeable to everybody concerned, and the same evening a party of us took the Albany boat for New York. Besides Mary and myself and Frank Farrell there were Mary’s sister Anna, who was later married to Frank M. Taylor, a racing associate of mine; Miss Jennie Pearl Kelly, who became Mrs. Tom Welsh, wife of one of the best-known American trainers in Europe; and George Miller, a horse-owner, starter, and later trainer for Mrs. L. A. Livingston. It was a one hundred per cent. racing company that saw Father McCready award me the prize on August 4, 1892, just one month after I’d entered for the biggest stake of my whole career.
It is here that I come back to Jim Brown, the runt sheriff of Lee County, Texas. About twenty years had passed since the time I’d first seen Sheriff Jim when his Gray Alice had beaten my father’s mare Red Morocco in a quarter-mile race on the prairie. Both of us had moved along in the racing world since that day. I’d run across him several times meanwhile on the Eastern and Western tracks and I was acquainted with the success he was having. He owned some good horses, among them Bobby Beach, a sprinter with a great flight of speed. Bobby had won his first race on Futurity day at the fall meeting at Sheepshead Bay in 1890, romping away from the seven to ten favorite, Meridan. He had gone to the post at six to one and Brown and his friends had cleaned up a fortune. In his next start the Brown sprinter was beaten by Mabel Glen, but on his third try he was again returned a winner, leading Clarendon home, and the Texas betting crowd walked off with another huge killing. That year Bobby Beach won every other race but one, a total of fifteen firsts out of eighteen starts. In 1891 Brown owned the two-year-old Addie M., winner of twelve races, afterwards bought by Pierre Lorillard for nine thousand dollars. In 1892 he owned the best two-year colt and the best two-year-old filly in the West, G. W. Johnson and Red Banner.

In the intervening years from the days of prairie racing Brown had become known as a fellow who was either your good friend or your bitter enemy.
There was no half-way business with him. He might be for you to-day, but if he had any reason to suspect you weren't playing on the square he'd be against you to-morrow. I used to see him often with big Ed Corrigan, the master of Hawthorne and one of the best-known turfmen of the West. A strange pair they made, the sheriff a small bundle of nerves who barely reached up to the shoulder of the stolid Corrigan. At times they were on the best of terms; at other times Jim Brown would shake his little fists at Corrigan, reminding you of a snappy little terrier snarling at a great Dane.

"Panther face, panther face," he'd cry. "I'll shoot you full of holes if you ain't careful, panther face."

"Easy, Jim, easy," Corrigan would say. From his expression I think he had it in mind that the sheriff was right handy with a gun.

Garfield Park had originally been used for trotting, but when Washington Park was opened it no longer drew the crowds and finally closed its gates. It had been on the market for two years when the Illinois legislature passed a bill making city pool-rooms illegal, but permitting pools to be sold and books made at tracks where racing was held. Corrigan saw the chance, got the lease for thoroughbred racing, and under his management the track proved a bonanza. But when the owners tried to raise the rent Corrigan refused to give in
to their demands and retaliated by building the Hawthorne Track at Cicero, a suburb of Chicago.

George V. Hankins, a Chicago gambler, who raced his horses in the name of the Chicago Stable and who owned Terra Cotta and other fast horses, got a group of Chicago politicians in with him and they reopened Garfield. Eugene Leigh, the same Eugene who brought Epinard over here from France in 1924, was Hankins' trainer. The new operators of the track were anxious to give prestige to it so that the public would have confidence, and the better class of owners drawn to it. So they arranged with Colonel M. Lewis Clark, of Louisville, to serve as presiding judge. Colonel Clark was the fine old type of Southern gentleman who had an unblemished reputation on the turf and was a credit to it. His presence in the stand was a guarantee of clean sport.

Garfield could be reached by cable car from any part of Chicago for five cents. The city became race crazy. Every race-day great crowds flocked to the track. The new plant Corrigan had built at Hawthorne was deserted and Corrigan had to close down, after a futile fight to force Garfield out of existence. Hankins and the politicians associated with him just laughed at Corrigan. And when Mayor Washburne took a hand and refused to issue a license to them they had a bill rushed through the Board of Aldermen allowing them to race on payment of one hundred dollars every day racing
SHERIFF JIM BROWN

took place. Washburne vetoed the ordinance and ordered the police to stop racing at Garfield. But Hankins, with Mike McDonald, the Democratic boss, standing in the background, defied the Mayor.

This was the way things were going in Chicago when I arrived there the first week of September, 1892, on my honeymoon. On September 5, I went out to the track to arrange stable-room for my horses, which were on their way to Chicago from Saratoga, being due to arrive the next day. That very afternoon the police battered down the gates and rounded up about a hundred persons, track officials, jockeys, trainers, bookmakers, and spectators. I will never forget the scene when they went to the judge’s stand and seized old Colonel Clark, the dignified Southern gentleman.

"Don’t dare touch me, suh; don’t dare lay a finger on me," he roared at the policeman who came for him.

"Come along with me," ordered the policeman, seizing him by the arm and dragging him toward a patrol.

"This is an outrage, a damnable outrage," the Colonel thundered. All the while he was waving his cane vigorously, swishing it at any brass buttons and blue uniforms that came within range. And then, to add insult to injury, the cop plunked a huge darky down on his lap when he got him into the patrol.

But the track was open again for business the
next afternoon. When I arrived there one of the first persons I met was Sheriff Jim Brown.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Hildreth," he called to me as we came face to face. "I believe I owe you a little balance of one hundred and fifty dollars. I'll give it to you sometime later in the afternoon."

But Sheriff Jim Brown never had the chance to pay me the small balance that remained from some horse transaction I'd had with him a few months before that day.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and I happened to be standing near the entrance when I heard a commotion outside. In a moment the streets were filled with policemen. I could see their uniforms through the gates. My wife, who was watching it all from a third-story window of a hotel across the way (I think the place was called Pfaff's Pavilion), told me afterwards that the police appeared so suddenly they seemed to spring up out of the ground.

I wasn't eager to be riding around Chicago in a police patrol while I was on my honeymoon, so I ran to the entrance and hurried out into the street through one of the gates that happened to be open. As I ran I removed a horseshoe fob hanging from my watch-chain. That was the badge of a horseman. I didn't want the police to see it.

"What's going on, another raid?" I inquired innocently of one of the cops.

"If you want to avoid trouble you'd better duck
away from here, young fellow," the policeman told me. And I ducked to a safe distance where I could see what was happening.

The police had been warned to be on the watch especially for a little man in gray clothes; "a sagebrush killer who would cause trouble," they had been told. That was Sheriff Jim Brown. The policemen found him over near the stables, standing with Bob Rice, another well-known horseman, taking in the whole scene and cursing the police for their interference. They ordered him to throw up his hands. He refused, but began backing away from them. Then one of the policemen started shooting at his feet. If he'd ever have known the little sheriff as I did he would never have taken a chance like that. It fired Brown to a frenzy. There was a flash from his gun and Policeman John Powell lay dead in his tracks, shot through the mouth with Brown's first bullet.

Brown started running toward the Fortieth Street gate of the track. Policeman Henry McDowell followed in pursuit, circled a building, and overtook him. He seized the little sheriff by the throat and was overpowering him when Brown pressed his 44-calibre revolver to McDowell's abdomen and fired, mortally wounding the policeman. By this time a dozen policemen were on the scene. They brought Brown down with a volley of bullets, but there was still a spark of life in his body. Jim Grant, a friend, ran over to him. As
he approached Brown pointed his revolver in Grant's direction.

"For God's sake, Jim, you're not going to shoot me, are you?" Grant cried.

"No, but I'm going to shoot that snake hiding over there in the cellar," Brown replied, referring to a policeman who had taken refuge in the window of a basement and had then fired on him. But Sheriff Jim never fired that last shot. He fell back dead before he could pull the trigger.

And nowadays when I see the Suburban run at Belmont Park or the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs and there is never any more excitement than what comes with the finish of a great horse-race; and the club-house lawns and stands are thronged with women in beautiful gowns and the aristocrats of the land are blended with the plain people in a picture of gaiety and recreation and sunshine, and everything is as peaceful as a summer breeze, I can't help thinking of how different it all was a few years back in the West. Gone are the old quarter-horses that fought in their way for the same things their pampered descendants of to-day struggle for in theirs, gone are the quarter-mile tracks out on the prairie, so utterly different from the great plants of luxury and comfort that have come to take their place, and gone are the Sheriff Jim Browns who gave to the game a thrill and a touch of color that will never return.
GREEN B. MORRIS

A FAMOUS FIGURE IN RACING: IN HIS DAY HE STOOD AT THE HEAD OF THE LIST OF MONEY-WINNING OWNERS
I wonder whether the turf world will ever forget Green B. Morris. He lived in the days I am speaking of, a character so peaceful that you just naturally felt easy with the world when he was around. He spoke in the way of Southerners and he thought in the way of true horsemen. If you were a regular at the track you couldn't get away from knowing Green Morris, and I mean just that, actually knowing him. He was as much a part of the track as the thunder of horses' hoofs, but you never thought of him as you do of thunder. He was more like the calm that comes after the thunder has passed on, more like a summer breeze that blows over the infield and steadies your nerves when things are breaking bad.

Green used to tell me that when he was a boy back in the hills of the South his family was so poor they dressed him in a gunny sack with holes cut in for him to stick his head, arms, and legs through. What he ate was what he could scare up. His food was the fruit he could pluck from the trees and vines and the vegetables he could gather in the fields and the fish he could catch with his own hands. A solid meal for the entire family was an
event in his home. Meat? He hardly knew that humans ate meat.

But Green Morris knew horses when he knew nothing else. He came from a horse country. In forty-nine, when people began to realize there was something to the United States besides what lay east of the Rockies, Green put his knowledge of horse-flesh to practical use. He hired out as a driver of a prairie schooner and joined the caravans that were moving to the West. He saved. In time he had a little stake and that got him where he wanted to get. It landed him on the race-track, and from the moment he arrived there he never stopped moving until the time I knew him, when he was training for James B. Haggin. Later he owned a fine string of horses on his own account.

Sir Dixon, Checkmate, Judge Morrow, Star Ruby, and Strathmeath were some of the horses that wore the Morris colors. With Judge Morrow he won the Brooklyn Handicap and with Star Ruby a four-mile race at the Bay District track in San Francisco. He made a fortune with his horses, winning stakes and backing them with real money when his own good judgment told him the time was right to bet. And there was never a breath of scandal against him. He played the game square. Phil Dwyer used to say about him: "Green Morris may be lacking a little bit in the fine points of speech, but he's certainly a credit to racing." But the fortune he made on the turf he lost at poker.
That was his one weakness. You couldn't suggest a game of poker too high for him. He lost from two to three hundred thousand dollars at the poker table.

The only time I ever heard of Green Morris being ruffled was in September, 1892, when Strathmeath was beaten a nose by Montana, Marcus Daly's horse, in the Labor Day Handicap on one of the New York tracks. Little Major Covington rode Strathmeath and Snapper Garrison, one of the best that ever sat astride a horse, was up on the King Ban-May Queen four-year-old from the Daly stable. After the finish Garrison went before the stewards and made a charge that was new in racing then, but has been heard many, many times since. He reported that Covington had caught hold of Montana's rein in the last eighth-mile of the race and had held the Daly horse back all through the stretch.

I remember how the newspapers and everybody else were dumfounded at such a charge. They called it "wild and mad" and said that it was taxing any one's imagination to believe that a rider could hold the bridle of another horse in the stretch run without everybody in the grand stand seeing it. They simply wouldn't believe it could be done. And that may sound strange to racing folks of to-day who have heard many of the same kind of charges and have sometimes seen the thing happen with their own eyes.
Major Covington made a countercharge of foul against Garrison, but the stewards didn’t allow it. Green Morris thought his rider was justified in lodging the claim. The two things got him all riled up. It made him sore because Garrison had beaten his boy to the officials’ stand with the first complaint and it got him more stewed up because the stewards wouldn’t listen to Covington’s charge. I wasn’t at the track at the time, but they told me that Green kicked up an awful fuss. He stomped around the lawn saying the stewards were the blindest bunch of bats he’d ever heard tell of and making a noise that was so unusual for him it made everybody wonder whether he’d been affected by the heat.

Strathmeath was not a truly great race-horse, but he won many races and had a habit of figuring in incidents that attracted a lot of attention. On August 29, 1894, at Sheepshead Bay, he ran a dead heat with Mike Dwyer’s horse Don Alonzo, with Red Skin, the only other starter, a head back. Strathmeath at this time had lost a great deal of the form he’d had a few years before and his performance was one of those freak things an old campaigner does every now and then. The distance was a mile and an eighth, Don Alonzo was a hot favorite at 1 to 2, with Sims up and carrying 122 pounds. Strathmeath was at 10 and 15 to 1, carried 101 pounds and had Reiff in the saddle. The race was supposed to be strictly between Don Alonzo
and Red Skin, which was at 9 to 5. I don't reckon even Green Morris had much confidence in his old horse to beat these two good ones.

Mike Dwyer had bet ten thousand dollars against five thousand dollars on Don Alonzo. Now when there is a dead heat the system for settling bets is to take the total amount at stake on both sides and divide it, half to the better and half to the bookmaker. That means if you happen to be betting on a horse at odds on or less than even money, you don't get back as much as you put up, even though your horse is a winner. In Dwyer's case the total sum was fifteen thousand dollars, representing his own ten thousand dollars and the bookmaker's five thousand dollars. That sum divided is seven thousand five hundred dollars, the amount he would get back for his ten thousand dollars. It meant he would be losing two thousand five hundred dollars to the race. With Green Morris and Strathmeath it was different. If Green had bet, say, five hundred dollars on his horse against five thousand dollars the total sum would be five thousand five hundred dollars. This divided would be two thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, which would make him two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars winner to the race.

The rules of racing provided for a run off of a dead heat when demand was made. Mike Dwyer didn't like the idea of putting over a winner only to lose money by it, so he insisted that the stewards
order a run off. He was right about it. But Green knew he wouldn't have a chance to beat Don Alonzo in a second race that day and refused. He was right about it, too, from his way of looking at it. He said it would kill old Strathmeath and he wasn't going to have it on his conscience for his horse to drop dead on the track. They couldn't budge him. Strathmeath had done more for the old horseman that day than his owner had expected of him. So, Green called it a day for Strathmeath and told a stable-hand to take the horse away from the track.

Meanwhile the stewards ruled in favor of Dwyer. They couldn't do otherwise. On the board it was announced that there would be a run off of the dead heat twenty minutes after the last race. It was all great fun for the crowd. Everybody knew that Dwyer was demanding another contest and that Green Morris had said no. And the deadlock wasn't broken until Mike's temper cooled down and he relented. He sent word to the stewards they needn't bother about the run off and to let the race stand as a dead heat. It was typical of him.

That wasn't the only dead heat that year. There was a spell of them. It's hard to say whether it was an accident of racing or whether it came about through lack of decision in the judges' stand. I do know that Colonel Simmons, the presiding judge on the New York tracks, came in for a lot of hard knocks from the turf writers and public because of them. They didn't question Colonel Simmons'
DEAD HEATS AND OTHERS

honesty. They couldn’t do that. He was too square-rigged for anybody even to whisper that he wasn’t doing what he thought was right. But they began calling for younger men in the judges’ stand and saying that the eyesight of the officials was getting bad. I think the truth was that Colonel Simmons and his associates were more liberal regarding close finishes than the judges are to-day. If two horses finished so close together that only an inch or so separated them they would probably prefer to declare it a dead heat than to give the race to either one. It’s a mighty hard job sometimes to tell the winner in a nose and nose finish. Maybe Colonel Simmons figured it was better to be half right than wholly wrong.

But race crowds don’t like dead heats any more than baseball fans like a tie game. It's contrary to the way the American people are gaited. They like action and plenty of it; and dead heats are inaction and plenty of that. If I know turf folks, and I’ve had a few chances to get acquainted with them, I think they’d rather have a wrong decision than a right indecision. Those who think the decision is wrong will howl their heads off, but those who think it’s right will howl them down, and about the time the horses are going to the post for the next race nobody will remember anything about it. But a dead heat sticks. Both sides are thinking about it after the day’s struggle is over and neither is satisfied.
So dead heats are out of style. You don’t see them often any more—only when it is actually a dead heat and the judges have to say it is.

They didn’t go out of style that year, though, until Colonel Simmons had declared a dead heat in a match race that is still talked of to-day, though it occurred more than thirty years ago. That was when the great Domino, champion two-year-old of the preceding year, met Henry of Navarre in a special race at Gravesend on September 15, 1894. As Domino was one of the most famous horses in turf history, with a record of one hundred and ninety-three thousand five hundred and fifty dollars won in stakes and purses—a record that stood until Man o’ War and Zev came along—I’ll give a few facts about him before telling of the match.

Domino was bred at Dixiana Stud, Kentucky, by Major B. G. Thomas, and was by Himyar out of Mannie Grey, by Enquirer. The Keenes, James R., and Foxhall P., bought him from Major Thomas and turned him over to Billy Lakeland, their trainer. He was a handsome dark horse with a shining coat that looked black, but was actually a deep chestnut. In his two-year-old form he ran nine races and was never beaten. The closest he came to losing was in a match with Dobbins for ten thousand dollars a side, and that race, too, resulted in a dead heat, the money being divided. Early in Domino’s career the Keenes knew they had a champion. They coddled him in the way all
such horses are treated and took care that he would retire for the season without a losing mark against him. When they learned that a colt named Hyderabad was showing signs of developing into a rival they bought Hyderabad for thirty thousand dollars to keep him out of Domino’s way. It was the same idea as the Dwyers had had in mind when they bought Kingston so that he would not interfere with Hanover’s record.

It was not until Domino was a three-year-old that another horse appeared to challenge his reign as king. Then Henry of Navarre cut across his path. Henry of Navarre was a chestnut colt and had been bred by Lucien O. Appleby at Shrewsbury, New Jersey. He belonged to Byron McClelland and his breeding was Knight of Ellerslie out of Moss Rose, by the Ill Used. Over the longer routes a race-horse has to tackle as a three-year-old Henry of Navarre had been showing the qualities of a stayer, along with high speed. There was no doubt about Domino’s speed, but many people thought he didn’t have it in him to go much further than a mile. It was queer to hear fellows at the track boosting him in one breath and getting all befuddled about his courage in the next. He was one of those idols they wanted to know a little more about. But there was no doubt about his being an idol. He was all of that.

In the older division of horses Clifford was the champion of that season. Some of the shrewdest
horsemen of the day thought Clifford was a faster horse than Domino over any distance. When the Keenes learned of this a match between Clifford and Domino was arranged and held at Sheephead Bay on September 6, Domino carrying 112 pounds and Clifford 122. At the track on the day of the race were two famous plungers, George E. Smith, known as Pittsburg Phil, and Riley Grannon, who had become famous as the "boy plunger from the West." They met before the two horses went to the post in the stake.

"If there was an easy bet on the race-track it's Domino to beat Clifford," Grannon remarked.

"You think so?" inquired Pittsburg Phil, who was saving in his words and one of those fellows who never showed any feeling one way or the other when he had a big bet down.

"I know so," said Riley.

"For how much?"

Now Riley Grannon hadn't figured on running foul of Pittsburg Phil in a personal betting encounter, but it didn't scare him in the least. They were of the same breed, both fearless and both betting lunatics when they broke loose. If they'd ever got started on a real serious argument regarding the merits of the two horses there's no telling what kind of a bet might have been made. No matter what Grannon might say Pittsburg Phil was the kind who would take him on and quietly inquire whether he was entirely satisfied. And
Riley Grannon was the type that would have answered he was far from being satisfied and shoot another sum in Phil's direction. But they never got fully started in this argument and it ended with a bet of ten thousand dollars a side.

Domino had opened at 9 to 10 in the books, but the professional money poured in on Clifford and he closed the favorite at that price. The plunge on Clifford wasn't justified. Domino jumped away to a good lead and held it throughout the mile, winning easily under a pull by three parts of a length in 1:39²/₅.

This race made the demand for a match between Domino and Henry of Navarre all the stronger. It found the Keenes and McClelland both willing, each confident he had the better horse. The distance was fixed at a mile and an eighth and it was this additional furlong that made the friends of Henry of Navarre feel so certain.

"Domino will stop at the end of the mile," they predicted. "Domino will quit and Henry will breeze over him in the last eighth."

A surprising thing on the day of the race was to see Riley Grannon going around the ring plastering it with thousand-dollar notes on Henry of Navarre. The boy plunger from the West had been badly hit a week or so before the race in his battle with the bookmakers and had quit the New York tracks to go back to his own country; but he was back for the big match and his pockets were bulg-
ing with money that he kept throwing at the bookmakers right up to the moment the two horses were at the post. Nobody could account for his sudden switch from Domino, unless it was that he was well acquainted with McClelland and had received information regarding a fast workout by Henry of Navarre.

"Fellows, get your bets down on Henry of Navarre," he called out to his friends. "This is another day and it's Henry's day. Keep your eyes on Henry. Watch him shoot away from Domino in the stretch. Take a tip from me, fellows, and watch Henry."

Nobody knew just how much Grannon put down, but it must have been thirty or forty thousand dollars. Some people said it was a hundred. But with all his betting Domino went to the post favorite. Though the regulars doubted his courage they were afraid to desert him.

Both horses carried 122 pounds, with Taral riding Domino and Doggett on Henry of Navarre. In the early running the Keene champion made the pace, as everybody had expected he would. But at the five-furlong pole the crowd was stunned when they saw Henry move up on the leader and race along with him, stride for stride. At the mile-post his head was actually in front of Domino's. You could hardly believe your own eyes. Here was the distance horse, the stayer, actually outrunning the best sprinter on the turf.
Most of the backers of Domino threw up the sponge there and then. If Henry could beat the Keene horse at his own game of sprinting what chance did he have to win over the longer route? But before they had time to answer this question another miracle happened. Domino was holding on like a bulldog, and what was that?—why he was actually gaining on Henry. And now the sprinter was beating the stayer at the stayer's own game. The winning-post was only thirty feet away. Taral and Doggett were riding as they had never ridden before. Above the roar you could hear their whips swishing through the air and landing on the flanks of the two horses, now locked together like a team. One of them would have to crack in a moment. It was just a question whether both could hold out until the finish line had been crossed.

They were still locked when they flashed past the judges, so close together that nobody knew which had won. The screams of the crowd ended as they swept under the wire. It was such a sudden ending of all the shouting you got the idea that somebody had turned a switch to cut off the noise. The judges debated for a few moments and then ordered the result to be run up on the board. It was the double O that meant a dead heat.

Henry of Navarre vindicated the judgment of his admirers on October 6 of the same year, when he met Domino and Clifford in a three-cornered match at old Morris Park, which had thrown open
its gates in 1889, the second race-course in line to Jerome Park in New York. Domino was disgraced in this race, finishing ten lengths back of Clifford, the second horse. He quit at the end of seven furlongs. Clifford came along to give Navarre a contest and they raced head and head through the stretch, but at the end the McClelland horse drew away to win by a length. This confirmed the belief that the son of Himyar was a non-stayer and there wasn’t much excitement over what he might produce when he retired to the stud. There again Domino confounded his knockers. The line that has come down from him includes some of the greatest horses this country has ever seen—Com­mando, Peter Pan, Colin, Celt, Peter Quince, Transvaal, Pennant, Bunting, Step Lightly, Boniface, Superman, Luke McLuke, and Miss Joy, to name a few. And Henry of Navarre, his conqueror over a distance, was a failure in the stud, like some of the famous horses that have preceded and fol­lowed him.
CHAPTER VI
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF RACING

Of all the games you can follow in this world I reckon racing has them all backed off the boards for its ups and downs. Faint hearts weren't made for the race-track, whether they're in men or horses. It makes little difference what else there is in your make-up as long as you can bound back with a smile when things are breaking the worst possible way. You can be like Diamond Jim Brady, who could get all het up when his horses were running and would yell like an Indian and jump around like a jack-rabbit, or you can be like Pittsburg Phil, who would sit silent and never utter a sound, but the one thing you have to have in your system is the knack of not getting downhearted. Take your winnings with a smile and tell yourself what a lucky fellow you are. Take your losses with a smile and forget them. But whatever comes or goes, smile. If you don't you're gone—on the race-track.

August Belmont was a cheerier man to be around when his horses were losing than when they were winning. He didn't bet, but to win or lose a stake was more important to him than to win or lose a bet is to the better. He was happy when his
colors passed under the wire in front and he smiled when he was beaten.

"Just a little run of bad luck," he said to me once in later years when I was training his horses and things were going the wrong way. "Don't worry, Mr. Hildreth, everything will be all right. It's part of the game. You can't win all the time."

I'm not going to tell here about my experiences with Mr. Belmont, but I mention his optimistic way because I've often thought of it when I recollect the bumps I've had in this game of training and racing horses. And if I have the right gauge on life it's a bigger thing for a man like Mr. Belmont to be able to smile in trouble than it is for a fellow like me. I was brought up to look on losing as something you had to expect just as much as you would expect winning. It wasn't trouble for us when we lost. It wasn't trouble to be broke. It was just something that happened. When it happened the only thing to do was to go out and win. And there's a whole lot in feeling you're going to win. The stable-boys get the idea, the jockeys get it, and the horses get it, too. When everybody and everything has the winning fever—well, you win, that's all.

I had fifty thousand dollars in the bank the day I was married. A few months later I was so flat they could have placed a water-level on me and found a perfect plane. I remember one day in
Chicago I had fifty dollars in my pocket and a string of horses in the stable. That was everything I had. The boys kept coming to me through the day asking for money—five for this and ten for that. I kept passing it out, not realizing I was giving away the last cent I had. When I got back home that night we decided to go out to dinner. As we were leaving I looked to see how much money we had. There was a lone dime in my pocket.

"Why not stay home for dinner to-night? I'm tired of eating at restaurants," I asked in as careless a voice as I could.

"That would be fine, but there isn't anything to eat in the house," my wife told me.

That was a little circumstance I hadn't considered. I had to think fast.

"To tell the truth, I'm not feeling very hungry to-night," I said. "Suppose you go out and have dinner alone."

My wife protested against this, but I insisted. I asserted my rights as a husband. I demanded that she go out and have dinner by herself.

"All right then," she finally gave in. "Give me the money and I'll go."

That was another circumstance I'd overlooked. But I was bound to carry it through.

"No money? You mean you haven't any money? Now that's what I call funny. Why, do you know, I believe I came home without any money
myself. What do you know about that—if that isn’t the funniest thing to—"

She looked me right in the eye.

"Sam, you’re broke," she said.

I had to admit it. I was cornered. And I wasn’t feeling very happy about it either until I suddenly noticed the twinkle in her eyes and saw that she was laughing. She was hurrying toward the door of our apartment.

"Cheer up," she called. "There is some tea in the house and I know where I can borrow some cake. We’ll eat yet."

When she reached the door she hesitated and turned around toward me.

"Look here, Sam Hildreth," she said, "you deserve to go hungry for not telling me right away what was the matter. You don’t think a little thing like your being broke would worry me, do you?"

Now I’ll say she had got the hang of the racing game in pretty quick fashion. At any rate, we were enjoying a fine feast of tea and cake when there was a knock on the door and in came Sheriff Tom Barrett, of Cook County, a good friend of mine.

"Hello, Sam, I was just passing this way and thought I’d stop in to pay you some money I owe you," was the way he greeted us. He continued, "I’m sorry I only have one hundred dollars with me, but I’ll give you the other two hundred dollars to-morrow."

So you see trouble is not a lasting thing when you can smile. If Mrs. Hildreth and I had moped around all evening about being broke there's not a chance in the world that good old Tom Barrett would ever have dropped in to see us.

It was a year or so later that six of us clubbed together and rented a large flat in the Argyle Apartments in Chicago. Besides ourselves there were Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Simons. We were running our horses at Roby, Indiana, and there were times when the bank-roll of the entire party wouldn't have made a poor man jealous. When we went to dinner at nights the men would pool their money and the kind of a meal we had would depend on what the tabulation showed. I might say our manner of living was as inconsistent as some horses I have seen. We lacked system in our diet.

One night I returned to the apartment with as little money as a fellow can move around on. I turned my pockets inside out and dumped the contents on the table for them all to see.

"Look at that, a grand total of four dollars and seventy-five cents," I sighed. "Now who won't say that's a fine amount of money for a big healthy strong fellow to have—and all he has, too?"
A few minutes later Mrs. Albert Simons handed me a slip of paper. On it was written:

Your bank-roll, alas, 'tis small,
There seems no friend on whom to call.
There's always a way to keep alive
When you have in your pocket four seventy-five;
Keep up your courage, for fortune will smile
When Rico wins you a merry mile;
'Tis then your friends will come 'round and say,
Why, hello, Sam, it's coming your way.
Hide your bank-roll and turn up your collar,
Say, sorry, boys, I haven't a dollar.

Mrs. Simons has written a good deal of poetry since then—under the name of Laura Daniel Simons—and the judges will probably say it has a lot more class to it, but I'll just lay odds that nothing she's done since has more feeling in it than what she wrote about my four seventy-five. That poem had the same idea back of it that makes a fellow whistle to keep up courage. We all knew that if Rico or some other horse in the barn didn't win us a merry mile pretty soon it would be a sad story for the Hildreths, the Taylors, and the Simons. So we whistled to the tune of the poem. And when you whistle something happens. It happened that time.

A few days later we had a horse named Tylarm in a spot where we thought he ought to win.
Tylarm was a bay gelding by Tyrant and had been bred at the Haggin farm. He wasn’t a world-beater by any means—one of the kind you can’t always depend on to run the race you expect. The women folks heard us talking about him and they said they wanted to go to the track to see the race. We put our foot down on that. Roby was a rough sort of place and we didn’t like the idea of their going there.

"Maybe we’ll bring a change of luck," Mrs. Hildreth said.

"And we can sit far back in the stand," Mrs. Simons added.

"So we won’t be in the way at all," Mrs. Taylor concluded.

They couldn’t move us. We had important business on hand. If Tylarm failed us we knew we’d have to put some extra steam in our whistling. We were going to bet every cent we could rake and scrape on him; we were going hook, line, and sinker, as they say in racing.

I don’t reckon I ever watched a race with greater interest than I did that day. Simons, Taylor, and I stood together at the rail.

"I wish the fellow sticking those pins and needles in me would go on about his business," I said.

"That’s nothing," replied Simons. "Somebody’s got a piece of ice on my backbone—it’s giving me a chill."
“This is the first time I ever knew I had heart trouble,” Taylor broke in.

But all the different ills we were suffering from passed on in a few minutes. Tylarm came home on the bit. The spell of bad luck was broken.

“Let’s call it a day and go home,” one of us suggested. “The women folks will be sitting back there worried to death to know what’s happened.”

That was a happy idea and we made for the next car to take us back to Chicago. We were all thinking about how happy our wives would be to hear the good news. And the next thing we knew we had walked plump into the three of them. They were just about to get on the same train and they were chattering away for dear life, so flustered that they didn’t see us at all until we were up with them.

“Here, here, what are you three doing down at this place?” we demanded.

But they were too happy to mind a scolding.

“We saw it all—and we bet on Tylarm, too,” they told us. By degrees we learned that they had conspired to do the same thing we had done—raise all the money they could to back Tylarm. They had all agreed that the break we were looking for was about to arrive. And they had raised a fair sum, too. A few barren spots where rings and watches ought to have been told us that.

The turf world has all kinds of celebrations that come after big stakes have been won. But I’ll
stake my reputation on the fact that racing in the last fifty years hasn’t seen a happier celebration than the Simons, the Taylors, and the Hildreths had in Chicago the day that Tylarm won a race at Roby, Indiana.

One day two years later I was riding in a street-car to the Ingleside track, in San Francisco. There had been another spell of bad luck and we were down near rock bottom. While I was thinking to myself that the break was about due and figuring on the horses that would carry the few remaining dollars I had that day, the street-car ran off the track. I skidded along the aisle on my hands and knees for half the length of the car. I was in bad shape. They picked me up and carted me to the hospital, where I stayed for days before I was able to walk around again.

But you can even find good in a street-car accident. While I was in the hospital the adjuster for the traction company came around and handed me five hundred dollars to pay for the damage the company had done to me. The settlement was not made until a day or two before I was able to leave my bed. And that was luck in itself. I had nearly the entire amount left when I got out of the hospital.

On the very day I left the hospital there was a horse named W. A. Pinkerton running. Now I’ve already told you that Billy Pinkerton had become one of my best friends. I could have called on Billy
for any amount I wanted to see me through this run of bad breaks, but somehow I like to play the game alone at such times. Not that I haven't borrowed. If you can show me a man who has followed racing for fifty years and says he hasn't borrowed I'll show you a fellow with a bad memory. Anyway, the hunch on W. A. Pinkerton was something not to be passed up and I plunked the whole amount down on him—all that remained after I had paid a few bills. I think the odds were 3 to 1. W. A. Pinkerton rolled home in front, as I knew he would. There's not a man or horse with the name Pinkerton that's ever failed me.

I recollect now that I took that winning just as something that had to be. Something inside of me was just singing all the time that things generally were on the boom for the Hildreth family. So I went on quietly about my business and kept playing the horses I thought would win. I knew something about the ones I was betting on, too. The fellows around the track knew all about the losing streak I'd had before the street-car accident. Whenever one of their horses showed something in private they tipped me off about it. And I ran that shoe-string up and up until I had a regular-size bank-roll again. I was back in my stride.

My motto has always been to go a little slow when things are not running just right and to let out the wraps when you know the turn has come. So I unbelted good and plenty, and the first thing I knew I was getting together another string of
horses. Before the meeting was over I'd bought seven or eight horses, among them St. Lee, All Over, Service, and Lucky Dog. On Christmas Day I went over to the barn and looked over the stake that had grown out of my skidding through the aisle of a street-car. That was a pretty good slide I made, I said to myself; it's what you might call sliding home with the winning run. And the very next day St. Lee won the Baldwin Hotel Handicap at 4 to 1. This gave the Hildreth account at the local bank another good boost.

It's high low, up and down, here to-day and gone to-morrow, when you race horses. In the fall of 1896 I was down—until the street-car jumped the track, spilled me, and I tumbled into a winning streak. And only the year before I had been sitting pretty as the trainer for the stable of E. J. Baldwin, or Lucky Baldwin, as everybody knew him the country over. Frank Taylor was with us at the time I took over the Baldwin horses. We were running some of our own, but Taylor didn't have a regular job, and when the chance came for me to go with Baldwin, I told him to take our string and I would go to training. My arrangement with Baldwin called for straight wages of five hundred dollars a month and ten per cent. of the winnings. His stable was at Louisville when I took charge. When the season was ended there, Taylor shipped my horses to California and I came East with the Baldwin string.
Lucky Baldwin was another of those characters that are passing out of racing—and, for that matter, out of life itself. He was the kind you never forget once you’d laid eyes on him, with his Prince Albert coat and large fedora hat and a look about him that comes only to the fellow who has been a pioneer on the other side of the Rockies. Baldwin had gone West with the forty-niners and had fought his way through all the hardships that confronted the early settlers of the Pacific slope. He was a game man. The people he knew in later days were acquainted with his history and they used to get him to retell the stories of his fights with Indians. I reckon Baldwin would sometimes get fed up on the questions they asked. I remember one day he was talking to a group of women and putting it on a little thick about his adventures with the redskins. He was telling about an especially tight corner he was in.

“What did the Indians do to you, Mr. Baldwin?” gasped one of the women, who couldn’t wait for the end of the story.

“Oh, they killed me,” he drawled.

Santa Anita Ranch was the great property Lucky Baldwin laid out in Arcadia, near Pasadena.
after he had grown prosperous. There was every imaginable kind of fruit and vegetables growing on its fifty thousand acres—grapes, lemons, oranges, and even great fields of wheat. The wheat was one of the things he took most pleasure in. It tickled him to think he had more wheat on his ranch than anybody else had on other ranches. When we used to go horseback riding together over the ranch, the most beautiful place of its kind I've ever seen, we would come to an elevation and he would sit there on his horse, straight as an arrow and reminding you of a general surveying the field of battle.

“Look at that wheat, Sam, just look at all these acres of the finest wheat in the world,” he would say. And then a twinkle would come into his eyes; he liked to have his little fun.

“Why, do you know, there's so much wheat growing here that pretty soon I'll have to be buying another ranch like this to store it on.”

Santa Anita Ranch was the biggest thing in his life. He loved it even better than he loved his horses, and he wouldn't part with a foot of it. Thirteen years later, when I was again in the West with a string of horses, headed by King James, he invited me to the ranch for a visit. The place was in my blood, too. I thought I'd like nothing better than to buy a small part of it and have it as a place where I could always go. I told him so.

“Now that's fine, Sam,” he said. “There's nothing I'd like better in the world than to have
you for a neighbor. Let’s take a ride around the ranch and you show me just what part you’d like to buy.”

Almost any portion of it would have suited me. There wasn’t much to choose from, it was all so beautiful.

“This section will do fine for me,” I told him, with a sweep of the arm to fix on a definite locality. “Tell me the price and I’ll pay you this minute.”

“Oh, yes, the price,” he replied. “Now as to the price. The price! Why, man alive, when you talk about price that means you’re talking about my selling part of Santa Anita.”

He looked to the North and to the South and the East and the West. It was a picture that filled the eye—a broad expanse of rolling hills and flowers in bloom and fruit bulging from the trees and vines—and his wheat. I could see what was going on in his mind. After a long pause he said:

“I told you, Sam Hildreth, I would like to have you for a neighbor. I meant it and I still say it. But I don’t guess I can sell any part of Santa Anita—not to anybody. It was a desert when I came here, and I’ve watched it grow up.”

There were some fine race-horses in the string I trained for the master of Santa Anita. He had won the American Derby with Rey El Santa Anita before I took over his horses, but this fine thoroughbred was still in the stable when I began to train for him. Emperor of Norfolk was one of the best
that ever bore his colors, and there was also Rey del Carreras, a son of Emperor of Norfolk from Clara D., a slashing bay with a star on his forehead and sixteen hands in height. He was one of the flashiest colts I've ever seen and was built a good deal along the lines of Purchase, the best horse I ever trained. Lucky Baldwin sold Rey del Carreras to Richard Croker for forty thousand dollars. Croker raced him in England under the name of Americus with great success, though he got to acting so mean at the post that they had to start him behind the other horses. But even with this handicap Rey cleaned up over the shorter routes in England. He was about as fast a trick for six furlongs as America ever sent abroad. He could travel a distance, too, but his speed was so great Mr. Croker entered him chiefly in the short races.

In our campaign on the Eastern tracks we had great luck. That season we picked up about sixty-five thousand dollars in purses and sold part of the stable for one hundred and two thousand dollars before Baldwin went back to California. And when I parted company with Lucky Baldwin after six prosperous, happy months he still had a good string of horses in his barn. We hadn't figured on possible sales when I made my contract with him. I was sorry I had overlooked the ten per cent. I could have picked up just as easy as not through the sales we made in the East.
Three other horses come to my mind as doing big things on the turf in the years just preceding 1900. They were Ben Brush, by Bramble out of Roseville, by Reform; the great mare Imp, by imported Wagner, a son of Prince Charlie, out of Fondling, by Fonso; and Hamburg, by Hanover out of Lady Reel, by Fellowcraft. All these names are written large in turf history, Imp's because of her consistent running and the affection the racing public had for her, and Ben Brush's and Hamburg's because of their fine performances on the track and what they have done in sending a line of splendid sons and daughters to the races. Like so many other great race-mares, Imp left no progeny to take her place in the turf world.

Of all the things Ben Brush did none will be remembered more distinctly than the fact that his mating with imported Elf produced Broomstick, which in recent years has stood at the head of the Whitney stud and has sired many fast and courageous thoroughbreds. He was of the same type as Broomstick, small and compact. When Mike Dwyer first bought him from Eugene Leigh and Ed Brown for eighteen thousand dollars he started his Eastern campaign in a way that made many believe he was a flash in the pan. He had been the star of the Western tracks, but in the early part of his Eastern campaigning he was a thorough disappointment. Later in his two-year-old form he showed his real speed, though it was not until the
next year that he really got his name in the hall of fame. Then he won the Kentucky and Latonia Derbies and followed these successes up, as a four-year-old, by winning the Suburban, Brighton, and other important stakes. In his career on the turf he started twenty-five times and won forty races, for a total of more than sixty-five thousand dollars.

Imp was a black mare and a great favorite with the public. When she appeared on the track the band would strike up a popular tune of the day, "My Coal Black Lady," and the crowd would go wild. She was a remarkable campaigner. In all she ran in one hundred and seventy-one races and won sixty-two. She was bred by D. R. Harness at Chillicothe, Ohio, and was handled by C. E. Brossman. Her first attempt to win the Suburban was a failure, but she returned in 1899, as a five-year-old, and won that turf classic from a good field, beating Bannockburn among others. Mr. Vosburgh, the official handicapper, tells of a smart trick played by Nash Turner in that race. There was a long delay at the post. Imp was next to the rail, and while the starter was trying to catch the field in line Imp's jockey raised himself slightly from the saddle by resting his foot on the fence, so that the weight would be taken off the mare's back. She carried 114 pounds and was 7 to 1 in the betting. Turner's cleverness undoubtedly kept her fresher than some of the other horses and helped her to win the race. When she returned to her home
town after these successes the people of Chillicothe suspended business for the day to join in the celebration held in her honor.

It is the chances and uncertainties of racing that help to make its hold on you so strong you can never get away from it once you've gone in deep. There is a little story about Hamburg that explains what I mean. John E. Madden bought this son of Hanover from C. J. Enright for one thousand two hundred dollars, the price you'd pay for a cheap-selling plater. It wasn't much of a gamble for him to buy at that price, but it was for Enright to sell for so low a figure. See what happened. Hamburg won about forty thousand dollars in stakes and purses, and when he was at the top of his career he was sold to Marcus Daly for another forty thousand. Madden's investment of one thousand two hundred dollars had netted him close to seventy-nine thousand. As a six-year-old Hamburg was bought by William C. Whitney and retired soon afterward to the Brookdale Stud, where he again showed his worth. Among his get were Hamburg Belle and Artful, winners of the Futurity in 1903 and 1904; Inflexible, Dandelion, and Burgomaster. Artful was one of the great fillies of the American turf. In the Futurity field she beat Sysonby, the Keene colt, whose name must be placed in the very front rank of the great horses that have raced in this country in the last hundred years, along with those of American Eclipse, Boston, Salvator, Hanover,
Along toward the close of the nineteenth century—I think it was 1898—I was racing my horses at Washington Park, Chicago. Ed Corrigan was still the big boss of racing through the Middle West. He had gone in for breeding, too, and his farm had sent some pretty shifty horses to the races. One that he had bred and raised and was racing in Chicago at the time was Hurley Burley, by Riley, out of Helter Skelter. She was originally just a selling plater, but she figured in a little brush I had with Corrigan that season. About five years before this I had trained for Corrigan and I knew him well.

I still owned Lucky Dog, the horse I had bought after my street-car accident in San Francisco. One day when Lucky Dog won a selling race at Washington Park Corrigan ran him up and took him away from me. Now, I've been through too much racing to mind losing a horse this way, but there are some horses you just don't like to part with. Lucky Dog was one of them. He had come to me in a peculiar way and I liked to have him around because he was a reminder of how that one awful run of bad luck had been broken. When Corrigan led him away I determined to get square.

A few days later Corrigan had Hurley Burley entered and she won, my horse Chihuahua running second. I had noticed Hurley Burley a number of
times and I thought Corrigan was underestimating her when he let her run in selling races. So I knew there would never be a better chance for me to square accounts with Corrigan than at that moment. I ran Hurley Burley up to one thousand five hundred dollars before Corrigan let her go, and as I had won two hundred and fifty dollars in second money I actually got her for one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. Corrigan was good and sore over losing his home-bred filly. I couldn't help taking a parting shot.

"How's Lucky Dog getting along in your stable?" I called out to him, as I led Hurley Burley away. But Corrigan didn't answer. He just walked away boiling mad.

The filly turned out even better than I had expected. She set a new track record for six furlongs at Washington Park soon after she had come to my barn and a little later ran the mile and twenty yards faster than it had ever been run before on that track. People were beginning to take notice of her. The name Hurley Burley was becoming better known each week, for she was winning consistently. Altogether she won nine out of thirteen races while wearing my colors.

One afternoon Billy Pinkerton came to me and said:

"I've just been talking to Joe Weber and Lew Fields. They're trying to find a title for a new show they're going to put on. They like the name
Hurley Burley and they want to know whether you'd mind if they named their new show that."

"Mind?" I replied. "Certainly I won't mind. Tell them to go to it."

Not so long after that the Weber and Fields production, "Hurley Burley," made its appearance in the theatres. And when this show had had its run they organized a new one and named it "Helter Skelter," after Hurley Burley's dam. Billy Pinkerton told me the two comedians thought the names were not only attractive, but brought them good luck. Hurley Burley had been so successful as a race-horse that they couldn't see any good reason why a show named after her shouldn't have the same success.

I later sold Hurley Burley to William C. Whitney for ten thousand dollars, an actual profit of seven thousand five hundred dollars, to say nothing of what I had won in purses. Mr. Whitney sent her to the stud and mated her with Hamburg. The product of that mating was Burgomaster, a high-class stake horse that raced in the Whitney colors. She was the exception to the general rule that a good race-mare makes a poor brood-mare.
CHAPTER VIII
THE MATCH RACE BETWEEN MARES

The "light blue, brown cap" of the Whitney stable had begun to be prominent in racing at that time. Mr. Whitney was known as the traction king of New York. He was a man of great wealth and when he went in for racing he applied the same business methods that he used in organizing the transit facilities of the big city. He admitted that he didn't know much about horses, but he understood that the only way you can win races is to have the best thoroughbreds you can get. And like all men who succeed in a big way, he didn't meddle with something he didn't understand. His keen business sense told him that to do so would be the surest way to fail in the end. So he entrusted that end of the game to others.

I was back on the Eastern tracks in 1899 when Mr. Whitney sent a messenger and asked me to see him in the club-house.

"Mr. Hildreth, how would you like to train my horses?" he asked when I met him a few minutes later. The question dropped out of a clear sky. There were no preliminaries.

"Who recommended me?" I asked.
"Nobody. It's my own idea. I'd like to have you manage my horses."
"When would you like an answer?"
"Now."
"All right, it's agreeable to me."
"Then it's agreed that you are to handle my horses."
"Yes."

That was the extent of the conversation that resulted in my going with William C. Whitney as the trainer of his race-horses. There had been no talk of wages or commissions. As I learned to know Mr. Whitney in the two winters and one summer I remained in charge of the thoroughbreds I don't think he was bothering much about that end of it. He had made up his mind he wanted me as trainer and he was willing to pay any reasonable sum I might ask. It was just the same with him as though he was picking somebody to manage the transportation lines in New York.

I can't undertake to tell everything that happened while I handled the Whitney racers, so I'm going to stick closely to the one incident that stood out above all others. That was the special race between Admiration and May Hempstead, one of the comparatively few matches between mares that have been held in this country. You will still hear the older fellows of the race-track talking about that contest. Though twenty-six years have passed since it was held at Sheepshead Bay on July 1, 1899,
the names of Admiration and May Hempstead are well remembered to this day.

Admiration was a three-year-old maiden when John E. Madden offered her to me for four thousand dollars. Madden had bought her from Headley and Norton, owners of May Hempstead, for something like that price. I liked her on breeding lines alone. She was by Kingston out of Hypocrite. I have already mentioned that I was a great admirer of Kingston's get and I believe I have owned or trained nearly all the fastest thoroughbreds he sent to the races—Ballyhoo Bey, The Lady, Federal, Vulcain, Della Gorra, and Novelty, in addition to Admiration. About the only great one I missed was Ildrim.

"I'll buy Admiration at that price if she works a mile in 1:42 or better with my boy Dick Clawson up," I told Madden.

He was satisfied with this proposition and we arranged for the trial on the old Gravesend track, both of us holding stop-watches. Admiration hadn't gone three furlongs before we saw that she would run the mile in better than the time I had fixed as the limit. I don't think Madden realized until that moment just how fast the filly was. Maybe he hadn't put as good a boy as Clawson in the saddle.

"Four thousand's not enough for that filly," he said while Admiration was galloping down the back stretch, under a nice steady pull. "She's
worth ten thousand dollars if she's worth a cent.”

I wasn’t ready to talk about any change in the price.

“Our agreement is for four thousand dollars, don’t forget this is a maiden filly—she’s never won a race,” I replied.

Admiration finished the mile well under 1:42. I agreed with Madden that she was worth more than the four thousand dollars he had set as the price, but a bargain is a bargain and I wasn’t telling him what I was thinking. Moreover, I had already mentioned to Mr. Whitney that I could get her at that price. When we took the matter to him he compromised it by paying the four thousand dollars for Admiration, as agreed verbally, and three thousand dollars each for two brood-mares by Hanover. This gave Madden the ten thousand dollars he was asking, but it also gave us two extra horses.

My high opinion of the filly was confirmed from the start. On June 7, of that year, I saw her beat Ethelbert at 1 1/16 miles over the Gravesend track, carrying 100 pounds against his 112. It was the Spring Special and George Odom, who rode, brought her home a half-length in front of Ethelbert, which was ridden by Spencer. After that she won three straight races and was acclaimed the best filly of the year, as well as being one of the fastest horses in training.

May Hempstead was by Patron from Lillie.
Hempstead. She had won the Tennessee Derby and Tennessee Oaks at Memphis and was cleaning up in other important races. The Southerners were crazy about her. They were certain she was a better horse than anything running on the Eastern tracks, not excepting Admiration. The newspapers began talking about a match to decide the rivalry and the regulars took it up. After all she had done, particularly in winning over Ethelbert, I was certain she could beat the Southern filly, but Mr. Whitney had meanwhile started for Europe and I preferred to talk to him about it first.

One evening Harry Payne Whitney, his son, who had become greatly interested in racing, called me over to Brighton Beach.

"These fellows say they can beat Admiration," he told me, referring to the owners of May Hempstead and Eugene Leigh, her trainer. "What do you think of it?"

"Not a chance they can beat her," I answered.

"They want to make a match," young Whitney went on. "They suggest we put up five thousand dollars a side and match them for a mile race."

"Well, why not match them? I'm willing," I said.

Harry hesitated.

"Will you take half the side bet?" he finally asked.

"Half of it? I'll take all of it if you want me to."
That settled the matter and we accepted the challenge, each of us taking half the side. It was arranged to hold the race at Sheepshead Bay, a fine old race-track and about as popular a one as they had ever had on the Eastern turf. A few days before the match I met Gene Leigh on the lawn. He took hold of my arm in a confidential sort of way and said:

"Sam, you and I have been friends for a long time and I don't want to see you get hurt on this race. Don't get in too deep. You know I've had both these fillies in my barn and I know May can beat Admiration."

"If you knew Admiration as I know her you would never have let her go for four thousand dollars," I assured him. Maybe that remark wasn't a very nice way to thank him for his friendly tip, but I couldn't help letting it slip.

"All right," Leigh answered, "but just remember when the race is all over that I told you not to get hurt."

"Thanks, Gene, and since you've been so considerate I want to reciprocate. Take my tip and don't you get hurt."

Leigh thought this was a good joke and laughed. It is true he had handled both fillies, but the thing he didn't take into consideration was that Admiration had improved many pounds over the form she had when she was in his barn. She had had a habit of cording up across the loins and hadn't shown
anything as a two-year-old. I had cured her of this trouble with liniment and steaming her across the back.

Clawson rode Admiration and Nash Turner was up on May Hempstead, each carrying 107 pounds. May was a high-flying mare with a flax tail and the kind of a horse that I'd never taken a fancy to. The only one I've ever seen of that kind that really made a hit with me was the Fair Play gelding Stromboli—and old Strom isn't just exactly like that, either. But if there is any likeness he's made good for all the dislike I've ever had for the type. Strom is my pet. He's here on Rancocas Farm with me to-day, and he's going to remain with me as long as he lives, enjoying himself out in the green paddocks and living like a gentleman. Anything I have Strom can have. He's a grand old fellow, and I'll never mourn the thousand dollars I paid Mr. Belmont for him after he'd broken down.

But at this time I hadn't met Stromboli and I was against the flax-tailed horse. When I was saddling Admiration in the paddock just before the race I said to Dick Clawson:

"There's yellow in that May Hempstead. Just let out from the start and stick close to her. And when you're alongside her, keep clucking loud to Admiration. May will hear you clucking and she won't like it a bit. It'll make her curl up and stop."

Harry Whitney walked up to us about this time.
His face was drawn, his brow was wrinkled, and he looked as if he hadn’t been asleep since Hindoo was a colt.

"This is too much for my nerves, Sam," he said to me in a low voice. "I think I’ll go riding on some of the back roads while the race is being run. It’s a case of taking a voluntary ride now or an involuntary one later—in a hearse."

I told him not to worry, everything would be all right, and he walked away. As I’ve said, Harry Whitney was a youngster then. Anybody who’s ever seen him watching races in later years when his colors were being carried in famous stakes by greater horses than Admiration ever was, would have a hard time associating him with the young man who thought himself too excited to remain at the track while that match was being run. He’s settled down to it since and, win or lose, he can go on chatting as though nothing had happened. But it was new to him then, and he lacked the steadying hand that a few years give to your nerves.

The riding instructions I’d given to Dick Clawson weren’t necessary, at least that part of them about clucking. They ran the first half-mile in forty-seven seconds, with Clawson sticking close and ready to turn loose a thousand clucks if he thought they were needed to help him win. Admiration was just a head back at this point and running so easily that Dick knew he could pass the Southern filly any time he wanted. As soon as he let her
down she just romped away from May Hempstead and came home an easy winner.

Soon after they had run Admiration's number up on the board I felt a terrific thump on the back.

"Well, we did it, didn't we, Sam old boy?" a voice thundered in my ear.

I turned to find Harry Whitney doing everything but turning handsprings over the paddock lawn. He was so happy it was fun to watch him. We sent a cablegram to his father, who was on his way to Europe at the time, and in a few days an answer came back congratulating us on our victory. Our cablegram was the first intimation Mr. Whitney had of a match between his horse and the filly from the South. It had been impossible to reach him by wire while the arrangements were being made.

The time of the race, 1:40 \(\frac{1}{2}\), establishes a point about racing so many people can't understand. It is this—why will a race-horse so often be badly beaten in slower time than he ordinarily takes to cover the same distance? If I remember correctly, May Hempstead had run a mile in a fraction over 1:37 a short time before this race, only to be beaten by a big margin in much slower time. How was it possible for Admiration to run the mile in more than 1:40 and still win?

The answer is that time has nothing to do with deciding a race of this kind. Admiration could have beaten May Hempstead no matter how fast
or how slow the race might have been run. It is the same with other horses. Some horses have their races won before the barrier is sprung. They simply have it on the others and the speed of the race makes no difference. They can go along at a fast clip or they can jog along under restraint, but whichever way, they will come away from the other horse whenever the jockey gives the word.

It was that season I learned of a likely-looking yearling Eugene Leigh had in his barn at Gravesend. He was a brown colt by Kingston from Ballyhoo, and as soon as I saw him I decided he ought to be added to the string Mr. Whitney was getting together. I told Mr. Whitney about him.

"Why don't you buy him?" Mr. Whitney asked.

"I will if you give the word," I replied.

"You have it."

There was no mention of price, but that was enough for me. I led the yearling back to the Whitney barn the same day. His name was Ballyhoo Bey.

"He's certainly a good looker," Mr. Whitney said when he saw him for the first time. Then he added, as an afterthought: "How much did you pay for him?"

"He cost twelve thousand." That was a pretty big sum to pay for a yearling.

"My hat's off to you, Mr. Hildreth. You're certainly no piker," Mr. Whitney observed.
Ballyhoo Bey finished third in the first race he ran the next year—1900. He came out of the race with a temperature of 103, though he was perfectly normal when he started. When I discovered his condition I remembered he had been quartered in a stable where there was a coughing epidemic, but I had no knowledge that he had been stricken with it until that moment. It was a peculiar case of the illness developing suddenly while the race was being run. And some people at the track seized upon it as a chance to hammer me with Mr. Whitney. They told him I didn't know how to feed the horses and that Ballyhoo Bey's trouble had been caused by that. I know to this day who it was that did the knocking, but it's not bothering me. A thing like that is just a part of the game. I've found them off and on in my time, just as we all have. Whenever the case is checked up against them I just tab it up in my mind for future reference. It all helps to give you a line on humans, and there's no use squawking about it. In the long run it goes harder with them that it does with you, so the slate's clean anyway.

Though I parted company with Mr. Whitney soon afterward it didn't alter the fact that we had made a good buy when we paid twelve thousand dollars for Ballyhoo Bey. That season he won the Futurity with Tod Sloan in the saddle, leading Olympian, the favorite, and Tommy Atkins home.
The Futurity is one of the great stakes of the turf, ranking with the Kentucky Derby, the Suburban, the Preakness, and the Belmont. It is the ambition of all such owners as Mr. Whitney to win these stakes—it is that which makes them pay big sums for horses after they've gone into racing. Mr. Whitney was delighted with the way the investment in Ballyhoo Bey had turned out and he told me so. We continued to be good friends always.
CHAPTER IX

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF ENGLAND

The great sensation of the turf world in this period was the riding of Tod Sloan, the best-known jockey of the last thirty years, though there have been others since his day who could ride as well. The Sloan brothers, Cash and Tod, came from Kokomo, Indiana. The first time I'd ever heard of Tod was when his older brother Cash came to me in '84 and asked me to give him a chance at riding. I was training at the time for a man named Ivy at Roseville, Illinois.

"He only weighs a little more than fifty pounds, but he has a lot of grit and I think he has the stuff in him to make a jockey," Cash said.

"What's he done as a rider?" I inquired.

"Oh, nothing special," Cash answered. "He's been travelling around with a man who goes up in balloons at county fairs. But he's quit his job. He quit the other day. The man told Tod he was going to take him up in the balloon with him. But he didn't. Tod vamoosed before he had a chance."

I decided not to send for Cash's young brother, but four years later when I was at Latonia training for a Mr. Beatty I ran across him for the first time. Beatty was a native of Kokomo. When he found out that Tod Sloan came from his own town he
asked me to let him ride in one of the less important races to see if he had the makings of a real jockey in him. Tod weighed sixty pounds by this time and he was so small he reminded you of a peanut as he squatted on a horse's back. He finished nowhere in that race, but both Mr. Beatty and I noticed that he handled himself well. I think this was perhaps the first mount Tod Sloan had on an important race-track. I am at least certain it was one of the first.

Through the years that intervened between that time and 1900 Tod Sloan had become the premier jockey of the world. He was as well known in England as he was here and his fame had spread to every quarter where thoroughbred racing took place. His specialty was riding winners. He had proven that he was a natural horseman and he was smart enough to take advantage of all the knowledge he gained. In the earlier days the English seat in the saddle had been in common use here. If you have ever seen one of the old-time racing pictures you know what the English seat is. The jockeys sat straight up in the saddle, as the man who goes horseback riding nowadays does. In a race they would keep banging up and down on a horse's back and this was bound to tire their mounts.

Tod Sloan was one of the first to discover how a jockey could lighten the burden by crouching high up on the horse's withers. When he saw what the effect of this crouch was he kept improving on
it right along until he had developed a style of his own. With this he combined good judgment of pace, alertness at the post, a cool head, and the ability to put up a strong finish by hand-riding horses that would sulk under punishment and whipping the sluggish kind that needed that sort of treatment. And he followed riding instructions, the thing so many jockeys refuse to do because they think they know more about it than does the trainer.

The average jockey of a generation back was a high roller. There were few exceptions, and Sloan was not one of them. He made money fast and spent it fast. The best in the market was none too good for him. Clothes were his particular weakness. I recall one season when he arrived in San Francisco and stopped at the Baldwin Hotel he had twenty trunks with him, filled with suits for every possible occasion and shoes, hats, shirts, neckties, and underwear of the finest quality. He was the centre of all eyes then, just as Jack Dempsey is to-day. On the hotel register he wrote "James Tod Sloan, New York City." Some of us happened to see his signature, and when he was away from the hotel we rubbed out the address as he had written it and wrote in "Kokomo, Indiana" in its place. When Tod got back to the hotel and his attention was called to it he boiled over. He changed the address back to New York City and
told the hotel people to be careful that nobody monkeyed with the register.

In 1873, thirty-three years before the time I am speaking of now, the racing colors of Pierre Lorillard had made their first appearance on the American turf. What Mr. Lorillard did in racing is so closely akin to events that took place in 1900, I've kept from telling of it till now. The Lorillard reign was a great landmark in turf affairs, maybe the greatest. And Pierre was a born sportsman. The excitement of the turf appealed to him. The spell of the race-track was in his blood. He was happiest when he could hear the thudding of hoofs and could see the field as it flashed down the backstretch and around the far turn for the final dash to the wire, a streaking thing of life and speed and courage.

There are those of us who are born to the racing stable. There are those who are lured to the races for the love of gambling, and those who buy the best horses and engage the best jockeys and spend fortunes for the pleasure of seeing their colors carried under the wire in front of the field. It was from this mould the Lorillards came—Pierre and his brother George L. Above everything else it is the spirit of combat that lures men of this type into the game and holds them there. Our lives are a fast and furious scrap from the rise of the barrier. You find the craving for competition in every soul. With the docile it is a never-ending battle to smooth
out the rough spots of the world; with the arrogant it is the will to conquer by might. And when you are racing horses you are fighting, fighting, fighting every inch of the way against competition as strong and resourceful as you will find in any battle you enter.

Five years after the colt Saxon had introduced the cherry and black of Pierre Lorillard to the racing world—colors that were as famous as the white, blue spots of the Keenes, the red, blue sash of the Dwyers, the red, white, and blue of the Cassatts, the orange and blue of the Haggins, the all scarlet of the Morises, the scarlet and maroon of the Belmonts, the light blue, brown cap of the Whitneys, and the white, green collar and cuffs of the Sinclairs—five years after the cherry and black had arrived, Mr. Lorillard took a string of horses to England for the first serious effort made by an American to win important stakes on the English turf. In the first shipment were six yearlings, Cherokee, Friar, Pappoose, Geraldine, Boreas, and Nereid, and two horses in training, Parole and Uncas. A little later they were joined by Duke of Magenta, the champion three-year-old of 1878, accompanied by Bill Brown, the trainer, and the jockeys, Barrett, Hughes, and Fisher.

From that time until the beginning of the new century Mr. Lorillard raced a stable in England, with only a few interruptions. But nothing that he accomplished on the English track, and his suc-
cesses were many, equalled the distinction that came to the cherry and black in the first few years. On April 16, 1879, Parole, a brown gelding by Leamington out of Maiden, carrying 116 pounds, won the Newmarket Handicap, defeating the great English horse Isonomy in a field of six starters. Six days later he galloped home to an easy victory in the City and Suburban, the most important of the earlier stakes, from a field of seventeen that included Ridotto. The very next day he won the Great Metropolitan of two and one-quarter miles from the only other starter, Castle-reagh, the other owners withdrawing their horses because they thought it would be useless to try for the stake with Parole in. In this race Parole carried 124 pounds against 110 on Castlereagh.

Parole was not a show horse. The English said of him that he was "light-necked, rough-coated, leggy and curby hocked." They began to regard his appearance as typical of the American people and some of the newspapers published editorials saying that it would be a good thing for England to adopt a little more of the style. A writer in Sporting Life said: "'Rough and ready' is a good motto for men as well as for horses, and the Americans seem to have applied it. Yet there are people who say England is a great nation. Overeducation, pampering, free trade, and the defeat of Ridotto are ruining the country, and the sooner we get back to truths the better. Give us then the good old
rough-and-ready business; do not let us believe in 'fashion' in breeding so much as we have done, and so learn the lesson that 'a horse is a horse.'"

I like to turn over in my mind that one line about "overeducation, pampering, free trade, and the defeat of Ridotto are ruining the country." Does it sound like the ravings of somebody who is so deep in horse-racing that to him the defeat of a great horse is the same as a national calamity? It does. But when you think of it you find truth. A man is known by the company he keeps. A nation may be known by the horse it breeds—at least those nations that have the climate and the means to raise good horses. The English writer was laying down a good law to England. The horses of that country hadn't begun to go backwards, but he didn't want that to happen. That writer and I have the same idea. If ever you find the United States turning out inferior horses, everything being favorable to the breeding of solid ones, you may depend upon it that we are beginning to get a little soft-boiled ourselves. It will be one of the straws showing the way the wind is blowing.

Jacob Pincus was training the Lorillard horses three years later when the greatest honor an American-bred horse ever won on the English turf was carried off by Iroquois, wearing the cherry and black. Iroquois was another Leamington product, his dam being Maggie B. B. The Lorillards had taken a strong fancy to the get of this English-bred
sire. In 1879 they bought up the entire lot of Leamington yearlings at the Welch breeding farm in Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. Iroquois was one of them, and Mr. Lorillard trained him at Rancocas for the campaign that was to come the next year in England. In his two-year-old form the brown son of Leamington showed high speed on the English tracks and the next year was one of the public choices for the Derby. Peregrine was the favorite at 6 to 5 in the field of fifteen horses and Iroquois was held at 11 to 2.

The Derby of that year was held at Epsom, June 1, 1881. Fred Archer, the most famous of the English jockeys, had the leg up on Iroquois over the mile and a half route and brought the Lorillard colt home in front for the first American victory ever scored in that most celebrated of all turf classics. In all the long history of the Derby it is the only instance of a horse born in this country finishing in front. Mr. Whitney turned the trick with Volodyovski and Mr. Croker won with Orby, but these were not American-bred horses. Iroquois was. Some Englishmen didn’t see it as an American victory because Leamington, sire of the winner, was an English-bred horse. In a sense that is right. The thoroughbred is English in his origin. He came from the crossing of other breeds and he had his beginning in England. But if you think of Iroquois as being more English than he was American then you must classify all the race-horses in
this country to-day the same way. If you go still further back you can say they are neither English nor American. Trace the ancestry of all great types back far enough and you will find that the whole line had its start in Arab and Barb foundation. And if you call a horse born in this country and trained here English, you might as well say most of the American people are English. Birth is a horse's claim to citizenship. Iroquois was as American as his name.

When Iroquois followed up his Derby victory by winning the 106th renewal of the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster, September 14, 1881, from fourteen other horses, he did something that few other thoroughbreds have succeeded in accomplishing—winning these two great three-year-old stakes. He was more of a hero with the American people than Parole had been three years previously. His name rang from one end of the country to the other. It was as though Parole and Iroquois had won a glorious victory for the Stars and Stripes on a foreign battle-ground. Cherry and black were colors that had almost as much meaning to the folks back home as red, white, and blue. Racing grew in popularity. Men and women who had never seen a horse-race began flocking to the courses to see what sort of a game it was that had brought so much honor to this country. And Pierre Lorillard, dividing his time between England and the great breeding farm he had established meanwhile at Jobstown, New
Jersey, became one of the leading national figures of the day. The turf world gave him credit for giving racing its greatest stimulus; the public regarded him as the man, next to Washington, Lincoln, and a few others, who had put the United States on the map.

These are the things I mention as leading up to events that took place in 1900. The Lorillards' success was so sweeping in England that it caused many American followers of racing to turn their eyes in that direction when the reform organizations began a crusade against the New York tracks in the nineties. They began drifting across the Atlantic a few at a time—owners, trainers, jockeys and the little army that always follows in the wake of race-horses. The English called it "the great American invasion" and it was at its height at the beginning of the new century. An American visiting an English course at that time would have felt almost as much at home as though he was at Sheepshead Bay in New York or Churchill Downs in Kentucky. You could hear the American twang, as the British called it, on every side—in Tattersall's and the reserved sections or out along the rails where the English people gather to watch the horses run. American horses were winning big stakes, American trainers were exhibiting their skill at handling thoroughbreds, and American jockeys were sweeping everything before them. And the thing that had to happen did. Jealousies
were aroused. All the good feeling that had existed in the time of Pierre Lorillard disappeared. There were no more such courtesies as that extended by Lord Falmouth to Mr. Lorillard when he cancelled Archer's engagement to ride his own horse, Bal Gal, in the St. Leger that the premier British jockey might have the mount on Iroquois.

Tod Sloan and the Reiff boys, Lester and Johnny, Danny Maher, J. H. Martin, and Frankie O'Neill made their appearance on the English turf in this period. The way that English horses came to life under their piloting was a revelation to the staid and solemn British folk who were still sticking to the methods that were good enough for their fathers. Our riders completely outclassed the English jockeys. In close finishes they would hunch up high on the withers of their mounts and use all the bag of tricks that had been uncovered on the American turf in the pioneer days of our racing. It didn't make much difference whether they rode favorites or long shots—it was all the same at the finish. Away they would streak through the stretch, as light as a feather on the horses' backs, riding with their legs and arms and bodies, plying their whips with a vigor the English crowds had never seen before or hand-riding in such a way that they would actually lift their mounts over the finish line.

It was all terribly upsetting to the English horseman who had looked upon us as infants in the
racing line. They couldn’t accustom themselves to these bally methods of the Americans or the way they would go around the betting rings placing enormous sums on horses ridden by the Yankee jockeys, telling all their friends to climb aboard—just as though the blooming race was all over. Some of them began to pound hard on the evil times that had overtaken racing. Lord Durham, a widely known sportsman, wrote to one of the London papers condemning the presence of the American hordes on the British race-tracks. Some of the other turfsmen came to our defence, saying that if the English people wanted to call a spade a spade they would have to admit that the whole trouble was due to the superiority of the American jockeys in general and of the American trainers in some instances. Some of the prominent owners even went so far as to apologize for Lord Durham’s affront. But nearly everybody agreed that it would be better for the English turf if some of the rag-tag hangers-on from America would seek other pastures. Nobody could dispute the criticism on that score. It was true that an undesirable element had followed in the wake of the American invasion.

Lester Reiff was riding for the stable owned by John A. Drake, a well-known American sportsman, who was for years associated with John W. Gates. Enoch Wishard was handling the Drake horses and his successes were so many that all kinds of stories were told to account for them. They charged
him with using electric girth straps and with carrying batteries under the saddles of his horses. Some of the critics discounted such fantastic notions as those and looked for a more reasonable answer. Their conclusion was that he was resorting to stimulants—and doing it so cleverly that he couldn’t be detected. A minority group of the English sportsmen suggested the winning streak might be the result of Wishard’s exceptional skill as a trainer and Lester Reiff’s ability as a jockey—and possibly because the Drake horses possessed speed. But the British public wasn’t ready at that moment for any solution as simple as this. They liked to dwell on the mystery of why Drake and Gates, Wishard and Reiff, could win almost any race they went after. It wasn’t until years afterward that they admitted the minority critics had the right idea.

In the Drake string was an aged horse named Royal Flush, by Favo out of Flush. Mr. Drake had paid four hundred guineas for him and he proved to be one of the best investments the turf has ever known. Under Enoch Wishard’s handling and with Reiff in the saddle, Royal Flush turned out to be a real Hindoo. Mr. Drake and Mr. Gates bet heavily on him in all their races. Gates, an operator in the stock market and a plunger in everything he went in for, staggered the English bookmakers with the sums he placed on Royal Flush. And to stagger an English book-
maker is no easy task. They were then and always have been accustomed to big play from the wealthy families of Great Britain. But they weren't quite up to the Gates speed for doing things. He was a man of few words and a gruff way of speaking. He shot his bets at them so fast it was befuddling. Over on this side of the Atlantic he had become known as "Betcha a Million" Gates. It was a good nickname.

Royal Flush was in especially fine form when the races were held that year at Goodwood. In one race, Gates put down so large a bet that the bookmaking ring of England stood to be well stung if Royal Flush won. They were. Royal Flush and Reiff were just hitting their winning stride at the time and they walked off with the race exactly as Drake, Gates, Wishard, Reiff, and Company expected they would. The Gates winnings on Royal Flush at Goodwood were said to be one hundred thousand pounds, and the total amount which he and Mr. Drake won on that horse before the season ended came close to the million-dollar mark.

All this time the controversy regarding American methods as compared with the English was occupying the attention of the British turf. Toward the close of the autumn season it was suggested to Mr. Drake that he enter Royal Flush in a special race to decide which system of training and riding horses was superior. The idea was for the race to
be all English on one side and all American on the other—an English horse and English rider against an American-owned horse, trained by an American and ridden by an American. It was the kind of a sporting proposition that certainly would not find as good a sportsman as Mr. Drake waiting to be coaxed. He agreed to it at once.

A horse named Eager, the best sprinter in England at the time, was selected to represent England. The race was for five hundred pounds a side and the famous Ascot gold cup, with one thousand pounds added to the stake by the racing association. It was held on the Hurst Turf Club Course on October 27, 1900. Royal Flush was ridden by Lester Reiff, Mornington Cannon, a famous English jockey, had the leg up on Eager.

The race was held in a pelting rain and this was against Royal Flush, which was not a particularly good soft track runner. He seemed to be anchored in the going over the entire straightaway of six furlongs. Eager breezed to the front early in the race and cantered home an easy winner by three lengths. Mr. Drake was one of the first to congratulate L. Newmann, the owner of Eager. He had bet freely on his own horse to win the match, though not with the same confidence he'd had in the earlier campaigning of Royal Flush. Whatever chance the American-owned horse had had to win, the track conditions had spoiled. It
was not a fair test. The idea that it might show the superiority of one system over the other was a joke, no matter which horse might have won. You can't establish a point of that kind on one race. Mr. Drake knew it when he agreed to the race. But he didn't say so for the British public to hear. He was through with racing in England, anyway. Soon after the match he sold Royal Flush for one thousand two hundred and fifty guineas, the last horse of his string to be disposed of.
CHAPTER X

PECULIARITIES OF RACE-HORSES

In a half-century on the turf a fellow who buys horses for himself or trains them for others is bound to run across all kinds. Beau Gallant, a brown colt by Jim Gore out of Bonita Belle, was one that stands out in my mind as being of a special type. He wore the black, blue sleeves, white sash, my racing colors, for the first time as a two-year-old in 1900. I soon learned that his specialty was running a distance. He was a natural stayer, the best two-year-old over a route I ever saw in all my years of racing. It took him a couple of furlongs to get in his stride, but once he had hit it there were few horses of his own age that could beat him over a route, and few horses from the older division that would lead him home. It took me some time to learn that it was impossible for him to use his high speed in the early part of a race as well as in the stretch. Once I trained him for speed only, hoping to overcome his habit of getting away from the post slowly. It was for the Great Eastern Handicap at Sheepshead Bay, and I was afraid that the other horses might get so far away from him in the early running that he would never catch them. But in spite of all the hard work I'd put in on him he went about the job in the usual way. He was far
out of it in the first three furlongs, but at the finish came along with his usual rush and won easily.

Beau Gallant was entered for the Matron Stakes on October 2 at the fall meeting at old Morris Park, the track which was the favorite gathering-place of the fashionable people of New York. The Matron Stakes is one of those events every horseman likes to win because it always draws a smart field and it gives the stamp of quality to the filly or colt that comes home in front. And it was worth something over sixteen thousand dollars that season.

On the day before the race, Billy Pinkerton gave Mrs. Hildreth a beautiful little Maltese dog named Rags.

"That's a lucky sign," I told Billy, thanking him for the gift. "Dogs have always brought luck to me. Keep your eye on Beau Gallant to-morrow."

"Hope you're right, Sam, but haven't the Keenes entered Commando in the Matron Stakes?" Pinkerton asked.

I told him they had.

"And do I understand that you are hoping to beat Commando with Beau Gallant?" he continued.

"That's my foul purpose. I've thought right along I had a chance, but now I'm more convinced than ever."

"Why?"

"Rags. I'm telling you dogs are my lucky charm. Mrs. Hildreth is going to take Rags up to
Morris Park to see the race. That cooks Commando's goose."

Commando was the leading youngster of the year, and as my horse had picked up a penalty for winning a stake a week or so before that Matron, the Keene colt had a one-pound advantage over Beau Gallant—124 to 125. And besides all other things in his favor, he would have Henry Spencer in the saddle—"Spencer, the iceman," so called on account of his cool way of handling a horse in a close finish. Johnny Bullman had the leg up for me, a hustling, energetic rider who could get the most out of a horse as sluggish in the early stage as Beau Gallant was inclined to be. I wasn't worried over any advantage the Keenes might have in jockeys.

Considering the good record Beau Gallant had made, I was surprised on the day of the race to find the books quoting 20 and 30 to 1 against his chances. But a long price will never scare me away from a horse I have confidence in. I know they say around the race-tracks to this day that Sam Hildreth won't bet heavily unless a short price is chalked up against his horse, but that's more of a tradition than anything else. The truth is I usually have to be satisfied with a short price, and that's probably how the idea started. At any rate, the odds on Beau Gallant that day suited me exactly. If you could look over some of the old sheets you would see how well I liked the quotations in this
instance, although I’ve made it a rule not to bother much about betting on the bigger stakes. There’s enough satisfaction in winning those—and usually enough financial reward.

On the six-furlong straightaway at old Morris Park, over which the Matron Stakes were run, there was a sharp dip in the track a short distance off from the starting-post. Beau Gallant was so slow getting away that when the field hit this dip he was still on the crest of the hill. His position in the race made him look twice as big as any other horse. You couldn’t mistake what horse it was, even with the naked eye. He was so far behind the other racers that most of the crowd thought he’d been left at the post.

“What race is that horse running in?” one of the funny fellows in the throng called out, referring to Beau Gallant. Some people standing near by roared with laughter at the joke. But I didn’t. It got me a little riled.

“He’s running in this race and he’ll win—if you want a little bet,” I called back. The funny man thought that was a better joke. He laughed all the harder.

At the three-furlong pole I saw Beau do what I knew he would. He’d found his stride. One by one he picked up the flying leaders and passed them. To the crowd in the stands it seemed as though he’d suddenly dropped out of the clouds. A roar went up to warn Spencer, the iceman, of his danger.
But there was no stopping Beau Gallant by this time. He was simply eating up ground, taking two bounds to every one of the other horses. Fifty yards from the wire he had collared Commando and in the next ten jumps had passed him. Over the finish line he flew a half-length in front of the Keene champion and going so fast that Bullman had to tug with all his strength to bring him to a standstill. The Parader, another good horse, finished third to Commando.

When I walked over to the judges' stand to see Beau unsaddled I found James R. Keene standing at the rail looking very much bewildered.

"Who owns that horse that just won?" he asked.

"I do."

"I can't possibly understand how you beat me in that race, Mr. Hildreth. I never even saw your horse until the finish."

"Neither did anybody else, Mr. Keene, except myself. That's the peculiar thing about Beau Gallant. You never see him until the finish of a race. And then he's the biggest thing in it."

I had bought Beau Gallant for four thousand dollars from Mr. Madden. He won about twenty-five thousand dollars in stakes and purses for me and I sold him for fifteen thousand dollars.

I have always had a leaning toward horses with personality. There is the solid handicap horse that carries high weight and is always doing his best. I like him. There are the sprinters with a
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great burst of speed that break away from the barrier like scared rabbits and are hard to catch for five or six furlongs. I like them. And those that can run any distance, from five-eighths to a mile and a quarter, over a wet track or dry. I like them, too. But I don’t like the horse that has no specialty and is unreliable. I mean I don’t like to have that kind in my barn. The other fellows are welcome to them. It is the character of the horse that appeals to me most—his personality, his ability to do something the general run of horses can’t do.

Waring, a son of Massetto from The Sweeper, was of this mould, the most dependable three-year-old in my string at the time Beau Gallant won the Matron. I had bought him from Madden as a two-year-old for three thousand five hundred dollars, and turned him over to Frank Taylor to train. Early in his career he went lame, but we patched him up and he turned out to be a mighty useful horse, the best mud runner I ever handled. Waring could run almost as fast on a muddy track as he could in fast going. And he could sustain his speed for any distance. On May 1, 1902, he won the Worth Handicap at Worth, Illinois, for me at one and one-sixteenth miles, and a few days later he beat a field of fast sprinters in a short race. The only time he wouldn’t run well was when his jockey would try to hold him back off the early pace. It wasn’t in Waring’s make-up to jog along in a race waiting until the stretch had been reached to show
his heels to the other horses. If his rider didn't let him run his own race he would choke up under the pulling, shorten his stride, and drop back beaten.

What makes a good mud runner? I've often been asked that question and I've never been able to answer it to my own satisfaction. I've seen all kinds run well on a slow track, long striders and short striders, big horses and small. Most of the get of Hastings, the line that sent Man o' War to the races, ran well in heavy going. The small hoofs of the Hastings horses were supposed to furnish the explanation—maybe correctly. And yet I've seen horses with large hoofs turn out to be the best kind of mud-larks. When you make up your mind that a certain kind of horse is better equipped than other types to run through the mire and you're ready to put it all down in black and white for the benefit of future generations, along comes a representative of the type you have indexed as inferior mud runners to upset your calculations—different size, different action, and different hoofs. And now that I've said that, I'll sit back and wait for the blow-off. Thousands of form students who burn the midnight oil trying to figure out from the past performances why some horses run good in the mud and others don't, will seize upon that as proof that I'm not all there.

Out of the mud-running habits of thoroughbreds I can draw two definite conclusions. One is
that this quality is usually passed from the sire to his sons and daughters. The other is contrary to one of the pet traditions of the turf world. How often have you heard it said that a truly great horse can run in any kind of going? It's a maxim that's made the rounds so thoroughly most people accept it as a law. I challenge it. I know it's not true. I've had many a fine race-horse in my stable that couldn't run a lick in the mud. Hourless was the most notable example of all. This handsome son of Negofol, owned by August Belmont, was one of the greatest thoroughbreds that have ever worn racing plates on the American turf. But in the mud he was hopeless. He'd sprawl and lose his footing and would be outclassed by a horse he could beat by a city block on a fast track. And it will take a great deal more than Hourless' inability to untrack himself in heavy going to convince me that his name doesn't belong right up in the front rank of the best horses this country has ever seen.

You can go a little further still into the mystery of what produces stamina, speed, and courage. What makes a good race-horse? There again you run into contradictions and confusion. In the case of some horses the answer is simple. Man o'War, Purchase, Grey Lag, Salvator, Hanover, and thoroughbreds of that type speak for themselves. You see quality written in every line of them. But what of Roamer, the champion, of a few years back? And Old Rosebud, a brilliant performer of
ten or twelve years ago? And even Sarazen, the fastest three-year-old of 1924? Other horses running in the same years have outclassed Roamer, Old Rosebud, and Sarazen in appearance and equalled them in blood lines, but have been outclassed by them in racing ability. Breeding and conformation all sound, and yet no race-horse. Why? It is the eternal question of the racing world. It is the thing that makes the buying and selling of horses a fascinating game of chance. If we had standard gauges to decide these questions you would always be sure of your money's worth and no more. The prices for horses would be regulated like those of automobiles.

My own liking is for the medium striding horse. A good gait makes for speed. A strong heart makes for gameness. Combine the two and you have a good race-horse. The trick is to know when they are combined. The fellow who can fathom it is the winner in a horse deal.

The year Waring won the Worth Handicap I lived in a little cottage at the Worth track. The superintendent of the course had been taken ill and Ed Wagner, who ran Worth, asked me to take charge. I liked the idea. It reminded me of the old days back in Missouri and Kansas when I'd slept in a stall every night, sometimes cuddled up to a horse to keep warm. And it had all changed so much in just a few short years. I wondered what Nash Turner or Birkenruth or Winkfield or the
other jockeys who had the leg up on my horses in these later days would think if I’d offered them for a single winning mount the equivalent of what I’d received for a whole month’s hard work. Or if they’d been compelled to sleep in the hay or in a little bunk built over the stalls, as I had and as Fred Taral had, too, before he’d become a famous jockey. What would they have said if their contract employer had told them they would have to “sweat their way” from one track to another, sleeping in the freight-cars with the horses and hiding under the blankets so the conductor wouldn’t see us when he inspected the cars once a day? “Sweating your way” was the right name for it. Sometimes when I think of the suffocating heat of those trips while we lay motionless under the blankets in sizzling weather waiting for the conductor to move along, the recollection is enough to keep me warm all winter long.

My little cottage at the track was a meeting-place for my friends, being so close to the grand stand and paddock they could run over there between races. On May 1, 1903, Birkenruth won the first race with my horse Federal, a six-furlong sprint. It was a warm day and a couple of friends and I strolled over to the house to refresh ourselves. When Tom Cogan carried my colors home in front in the second race, a four and a half furlong dash for two-year-olds, we hit the path again for the cottage to get more refreshments, three or four
other fellows stringing along with us. And we stayed there while the third race was being run. Earlier in the day H. E. Rowell (we called him Doc Rowell) had told me he had a good thing in the third, an old horse named Pat Morrissey, and had asked me to scratch Precursor, the only horse in the field he was afraid might beat Pat. Albert Simons was handling Precursor for me and we scratched him. But it was a false alarm. A horse named Red Apple belonging to Ed Trotter won the race.

The next event on the programme was the Worth Handicap. I had two horses running for the stake, Waring and The Lady. The entry was at 13 to 10 in the betting and I told my friends I couldn't see how I could lose. Our entire party bet freely on Waring and The Lady, and when they passed under the wire one and two, we again headed for the cottage to see what remained in the way of cooling refreshments. This time there were a dozen new faces in the parade along the winding path that led to my house. The temperature was rising steadily. And the ice was running low. I sent a stable-boy out for a new supply.

Searcher, a four-year-old son of Hindoo, was my starter in the fifth race and the favorite at 7 to 10. We marched back to the lawn to see the race run and we marched right back to the cottage again when Birkenruth brought Searcher home a winner in the hardest kind of a drive. The crowd at the
track, seeing the procession moving back and forth from my cottage, began to wonder how we got that way, to go parading around like a regiment of soldiers. The marchers were growing in number after each race. Three of us had started the parade. Now we had about twenty in line treading the winding path that led to the cottage, and the army was growing each minute. A wine agent or two had fallen into line, bringing their sample-cases along with them.

Four winners home out of five races and my horse Vulcain looking like a sure thing in the sixth. It was the Hildreth day. It seemed to me that everybody at the track wanted to absorb the spirit of the occasion. So they would stroll over to my cottage to absorb it. The winding path that led to the cottage was like a newly blazed trail every one was anxious to explore. And it was becoming more winding each minute. By the time I took my place at the head of the procession to lead the march back to the grand stand for the sixth race I discovered more curves in it than I had known were there. The parade looked like a snake dance after a big football game.

Vulcain, at 1 to 5 in the betting, won the mile event at the end of the programme, Winkfield riding him to the fifth straight victory of the day for the Hildreth racing colors. The crowd let out a wild yell. It's not often in racing that one owner sweeps practically the entire card; in all my experi-
ence it's the only time I ever won five races on a single day. And it was something worth celebrating. The crowd was willing and so was I. So when I struck out again for the winding trail I found myself leading a column that looked all the world like a St. Patrick's Day parade. The only thing missing was a band playing "The Wearing of the Green" or "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." At the entrance to the cottage I commanded the marchers to halt and looked back over the line to see how many there were. The tail end of the procession was just coming through the paddock gate. I was wondering how the modest supply of refreshments in my home would take care of so many when Albert Simons rushed up to me and reported that the friendly wine agents were back with a new load of sample-cases. In other words, the commissary department of our army had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

When I look back at one incident of that celebration it almost brings tears to my eyes, though I've been a teetotaler now going on fifteen years. The commissary department had done more than its share to make the celebration one to be remembered. Bottles of champagne were everywhere. The sight reminded me of the pictures I'd seen of the signing of articles for the championship prize-fight in the old days. If you've ever seen one of those pictures you will remember that the chief idea you got of the ceremony was that of countless
bottles of champagne stacked on a table with a party of gentlemen looking gloomy because the labels were crowding them out of the spotlight. The champagne was the contribution of the agents on those occasions. It was good advertising to have the brands so prominently displayed. And on the occasion I am speaking of, the champagne agents recognized it as a chance to employ their favorite form of advertising.

But the thing that makes my mouth water, even now that champagne is no more for me and not so much for others, is what happened to that supply after the paraders had been thoroughly refreshed. Some one suggested that the stalls should be baptized to keep the run of good luck going. Another thought it was a rare chance to fumigate them as no other stalls had ever been fumigated. So a party of them carrying bottles of vintage champagne went over to the stables and sprayed the walls with the bubbling beverage, treating it with no more reverence than so much water. And in that way the celebration of Hildreth Day at Worth, Illinois, came to a close. I trust this story saddens no one else as it does me.
CHAPTER XI
WHEN A MAIDEN IS NOT A MAIDEN

The turf period immediately following the start of the new century was remarkable for the number of high-class stake horses in training. In 1903 and '04 Beldame was the queen of the turf in the East. She was a chestnut filly by Octagon from Bella Donna, by Hermit, and had been bred by Mr. Belmont at the Nursery Stud. In the West and South my chestnut filly Witfull, by Mirthful out of Response, was beating the best thoroughbreds of both sexes. And among the colts was Broomstick, a son of Ben Brush from imported Elf, by Galliard, then running in the colors of Captain S. S. Brown, of Pittsburgh, the owner of a string of fast racers. You get an idea of the class of horses competing then when you scan the field which Broomstick, as a three-year-old in 1904, defeated in winning the Brighton Handicap. Waterboy, with 129 pounds up, was the favorite in that race, but the difficulty of his task is realized when you see pitted against him Ort Welles, Irish Lad, and Highball, in addition to Broomstick. The race resulted in a furious finish, with Broomstick barely beating Irish Lad when that fine stake horse broke down as they were nearing the wire and finished on three legs in one of the gamest
exhibitions of courage race-goers have ever seen. Broomstick later became the property of Mr. Whitney and was retired to the Brookdale Farm in New Jersey, where he sired some of the best horses of recent years, among them Buckhorn, Leocharus, Crocus, Tippity Witchet, Cudgel, Escoba, Regret, Nancy Lee, Thunderer, and Wildair.

For Witfull I paid three thousand dollars, and that was another of those lucky investments I’ve made in my time. On March 14, 1903, this fleet daughter of Mirthful won the Crescent City Derby in New Orleans from Rosanco and Birch Broom in the hardest rain-storm I ever saw at a race-track. She romped home nearly a sixteenth of a mile in front of the field, though it wasn’t until the stretch had been reached that anybody was able to make out the colors of the leading horse, so terrific was the downpour. Poor Jack McCormick, who died last year at San Diego, California, was a rubber in my barn at the time—the same Jack McCormick who later trained the horses of Phil Chinn, James Butler, and the Belair Stud, owned by William Woodward. When he went to take Witfull back to the stable on the other side of the track he found the water so deep that the only way he could have reached there would have been by swimming. There was a lagoon that lay between the grand stand and the stables. This had overrun, and the water was more than waist-deep on all sides. We
had to quarter Witfull in a stall near the stand for a day or two until the water had receded.

Claude, a bay colt by imported Lissak from Lida H., was the chief rival of Witfull on the Southern and Western tracks. Claude was owned by M. J. Daly, and usually ridden by J. or W. Daly, his sons. Early in the year he had won the California Derby at Ingleside, and on April 7, the Tennessee Derby at Memphis, in addition to other important stakes. The Western crowd was confident that he was a better horse than Witfull, and suggested a match race between the two. I consented, and it was arranged for the race to be held at Memphis April 14, just one month to the day after the filly had won the Crescent City Derby. There was no reason for me to fear a match with the Daly horse. I had seen Witfull beat him easily at a mile and seventy yards.

Now there's one point about a match race that is always well to keep your eye on. That is the jockey who rides for you. Just bear in mind that we're all human, that temptation is sometimes hard to resist, and that few better chances are offered for sharp practice than in a race between two horses. And remember that a jockey is not a grown-up fellow who's been through the mill and understands that it's more profitable to play square than to cheat; but just a kid whose character is in the making, and who hasn't developed the knack of saying no when he hears older voices speaking. I've been through
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many match races, and I've always had this in mind. It's not that I necessarily suspect any particular person; merely a little precaution that may save a lot of trouble for everybody in the long run.

I had no contract rider at the time, only a little ninety-pound apprentice boy who'd had practically no experience. I left the question of a jockey open to the last moment. If there were any sharpshooters around they wouldn't know who was going to pilot my horse, and there'd be just that much less chance of any smart trick being played. As a matter of fact there were two or three fellows around the Southern tracks that season I didn't care much about. And I was thinking pretty hard about them when I neglected to name a jockey for my horse with the bugle almost ready to blow for the race. When the officials heard that there was a chance I would have to put up the apprentice they told me they thought it might spoil the contest. That was exactly what I was hoping would happen—that the suggestion for an experienced rider would come from an official quarter. So when they sent out word for Henry to ride Witfull I was more than satisfied.

There's not much to say about the race itself. Henry jumped Witfull into an early lead, and she never surrendered it. Bullman, on Claude, rode the Daly colt hard from start to finish, but Claude was never threatening. The filly led him under
the wire by two lengths, and was scarcely breathing hard after the mile and eighth journey.

It is at the race-track more than any place I know that you are able to get the measure of your man. You see him as he is at play and again you see the serious side of him as he is in his work, for horse-racing is a constant changing from one to the other. You see the good winner and the bad loser and the bad winner and the good loser. The sport of racing brings out one side of a fellow's character, the strife of it the other side. I've watched thousands of them in my time—the regular who is always on hand in good weather or bad, the casual who drops in on Saturdays and holidays, the little owner with all the cares of the world resting on his shoulders, and the rich sportsman with few cares that his money cannot overcome.

It is the wealthy men whose stables I've trained I am thinking of especially now. Each has his little groove in my mind, and there were no two of them alike. There was William C. Whitney, who loved the turf because of the diversion, and who went about organizing his stable as he would organizing a railway system. A keen sportsman and an able skipper to work for, was he, with his policy of every fellow to his own job. And August Belmont, the closest student of breeding I've ever known; who smiled always when he lost races, and frowned sometimes when he won. And Charles E. Kohler, the kindly, genial soul who has gone on his way
these fifteen years, who liked horses and the smell of the track, and would stand toe to toe with any man in a sporting proposition. And Harry F. Sinclair, the cool and efficient, who tells me it's all a new game to him, and to do as I think best with the horses we once owned together and that are now his; a man who knows as well how to lose as he does to win. And E. E. Smathers.

I always think of E. E. Smathers when I think of Witfull, for I sold the filly to him along with the other horses in my barn soon after she had beaten Claude in their match. One of the things about Mr. Smathers that will give you a line on him is the fact that you never think of him as Mr. Smathers, but as E. E. Smathers. You know what I mean. There are a lot of fellows who are good sorts, but they just naturally have to have the handle of Mister to their name. I reckon it is their dignity or something. And there are others who go through life with their front names as much a part of them as the head on their shoulders, and who never get mistered by any one. It was that way with E. E. Smathers, and still is. Only in his case it is the initials serving instead of the first name. As dignified and powerful as he's been in the world of finance, he's always remained E. E. Smathers.

McChesney was the star of my stable at the time of the sale, a fine thoroughbred, fit to run against the best horses of his day. You will recall McChesney if your memory goes back that far, and
you will place him in the same group that included Irish Lad, Ort Welles, Africander, Waterboy, Broomstick, and the other great race-horses of that period. With him in the lot that E. E. Smathers bought from me were some other fast ones, including Witfull. And even Sam Hildreth himself was swept into the fold of the new ownership. I signed a contract to handle all the Smather horses, a total of sixty-two before we'd stopped buying. We were introducing the name of Smathers in a new field. It had been more familiar in harness racing before that—and in harness racing it had been great.

"I've always looked upon trotting as your particular game," I told my new employer one day soon after the sale had been made.

"It is. And so is thoroughbred racing," he replied. "Any horse is my game—any horse and any sport that gives a little extra fun to living. Have you ever stopped to think what an awful rut we'd get in if there wasn't something to keep our minds fresh? Well, horses do it for me—horses and the outdoors and the sunshine."

Coming from such a young man as E. E. Smathers was then, that sounded like a whole lot of philosophy. But I made a note of it that he and I were going to get along together. Horses and the outdoors and sunshine! When he spoke of those things he sent me back a long way to the Missouri hills and the Kansas plains and Red Morocco—and my father. Vincent Hildreth and his quarter-
horses! It had been many a long day since they'd blazed their trail through the early history of racing in the Middle West; and such a very small trail it was, I thought, compared with what this thing of racing horses had come to be. I wondered what the old gentleman would be thinking of if he stood there with me now, and could see the great stands with their gay throngs, and could feel the throb of this new glamour. Would it be a glamour to him, who had known only the little prairie tracks with the rough clothes of the cowboys their only adornment and the yips of the wearers the only noise to disturb the solitude of the plains? And would there be a throb in it for him, who had found his throb in racing horses he'd bred in his own barn and watched over like a father while they grew to colthood and fillyhood? Or would he turn to me and say, "Sam, I reckon I'm best gaited to the quarter-tracks; you know I'm just a plain racing man, that's me all over." And I reckon he was.

McChesney was entered to run in the Harlem National at a mile and three-sixteenths, one of the feature events of the meeting at the old Harlem track in Chicago. Smathers bet heavily on him in the future books on the race; they had future betting on other races than the Kentucky Derby then. I didn't know at the time how much he'd put down, but I felt he was not the kind that does things in a small way. A day or two before the race he arrived from the East in his private railway car. I told
him I was a little bothered about finding a real good jockey to put up on McChesney. I had been hoping to get the contract rider for Ed Corrigan (I think the boy was Johnny Reiff), but Corrigan had just told me that he was going to run his own horse in the race, and would need the services of the stable jockey. The only boy available around our own stable was a youngster who'd had very little riding experience, and I was afraid to trust him with so big a job. It's against my principle to spend weeks and months preparing a horse for a big stake and then turn him over to an incompetent jockey.

Mrs. Hildreth was with us while the conversation was taking place. She was running her own horse, Favonius, in the race and had engaged Charlie Gray, a good boy, to ride. It was she who solved our problem.

"Let Charlie Gray ride McChesney," she suggested. "I'll put the stable-boy on Favonius."

Smathers protested against that.

"Not at all, not at all, Mrs. Hildreth!" he exclaimed. "There's no reason why you should sacrifice your own chance of winning, just to help me."

There's one thing I've never tried to buck against in this life. That is a woman with her mind made up. Mrs. Hildreth had decided that Gray would ride McChesney, and that was that. I told Smathers we'd lost that particular argument, and
not to bother any more about it. He was the happiest man in Chicago when he went back to his hotel.

When McChesney, with Gray in the saddle, splashed through the mud that covered the track that afternoon a winner by a good margin, E. E. Smathers bubbled over with happiness. He bounded over to where I was standing and shook my hand so vigorously I think sometimes I can feel it yet. Then I learned for the first time the extent of his bet in the future books. McChesney’s victory had brought him something like an even one hundred thousand dollars. “And I can thank Mrs. Hildreth for it as much as anybody else,” he said, seeking her out to express his gratitude. You couldn’t hold him, he was so happy. He handed Mrs. Hildreth a one thousand-dollar bill, and insisted on her taking it when she protested. He told me the purse money was mine—seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-five dollars. He gave Charlie Gray two thousand five hundred dollars. He handed the stable foreman a five hundred-dollar bill, and the exercise boy another just like it. To McChesney’s rubber he gave two hundred and fifty dollars. Anybody in sight who’d had anything to do with McChesney’s winning he wanted to reward. And he was all action, the swiftest-moving object at the track outside of the race-horses themselves.

It was a custom of the period to give a little
extra formality to stake races by hanging the purse on a wire stretched over the track and to have the winner come and receive it. In our party that walked over to the judges' stand to receive the prize money was Blanche Bates, the actress. The purse passed from Smathers to me, and the little satin bag in which the money was enclosed I handed to Mrs. Hildreth as a souvenir of the occasion. Mrs. Hildreth in turn presented it to Miss Bates, who was a strong admirer of race-horses, and had rooted hard for McChesney to win that race for us.

Every now and then an owner of race-horses will run into a streak of bad luck that seems to have no ending. Such a blight had fallen that season on Doc Street, a well-known character on the Western tracks. In his barn were three fillies he'd bought from James R. Keene—Byways, Delagoa, and Cognomen. They were fast, but the curse of losing was on his racing colors and he couldn't make them win, try as he would. He became so disgusted with his luck that he offered them to me at a very low price, one thousand dollars for one, two thousand five hundred dollars for another, and three thousand dollars for the third. I bought them, and within six weeks the three had won a total of twenty-one races. One day before they started on this winning streak Pat Dunne met Street and asked him whether the three fillies he'd sold me were of much account.
"Well, if they're as good as they were when I had them, they'll win plenty of races for him," Doc replied. And that remark is typical of the average horse-trainer. You wouldn't expect to find much temperament in a racing barn, but it's there in almost as large quantities as it is in the world of prima donnas and stage artists. No matter how thick you may think the hide of the rough, weather-beaten fellows who spend their lives around box stalls and paddocks, you will find a smouldering volcano if you prick their pride about horse knowledge.

In the winter of 1904—I am quite sure it was that year—the horsemen at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans became curious regarding the identity of two queer-looking old men with whiskers who had one horse quartered in the old Cottrell barn at the track. Nobody seemed to know them or where they came from. They had dropped in at the track while the meeting was on and didn't appear anxious to make the acquaintance of any of the trainers or stablemen around the Fair Grounds. Whenever anybody called to have a friendly chat with them and possibly to get a little dope on what their specialty was, they just grunted their answers and let the visitors understand they weren't cultivating the companionship of others.

I had heard about them, but their presence didn't bother me one way or the other. I'd had
enough experience around race-tracks by this time to know that you have to look for all kinds of folks. A couple of men with whiskers and a grouch didn’t strike me as much to worry about. I was more concerned about my own problems, too. There was a horse named Major Tenny in my string, and he’d shown me some work-outs that made me feel sure he would breeze home in the next race for maidens, the Major having never won a race and being eligible to compete in a maiden field. And in his trials he was running faster than some campaigners in my string that had won many races. It looked like an exceptional chance to win a nice bet.

It was while I was putting the finishing touches on Major Tenny that New Orleans Ed Austin, a bookmaker at the track and a fellow I’d known for years, received a queer sort of tip from W. S. (Kansas) Price, who had been well known on the race-tracks for years. Price told him that the horse being trained by the two men with whiskers was a speed marvel.

"I don’t know what the horse’s name is, but I’ll recognize him the minute I see him going to the post, and I’ll have a smashing bet down," Kansas Price continued. "I tried to get a line on him from the two old guys training him, but they shooed me away. He’s a real good thing, and they’ve managed to keep him completely under cover. They never work him when there’s anybody around with a stop-watch. I think I’m the only one at the track
in on their secret, and I just happened on it by accident. I'm telling you, Ed, that horse has worked faster than anything at the track."

Ed Austin was too old a hand at racing to get excited over what Kansas Price told him. Tips are about the cheapest thing you can get at the race-tracks. The only thing different about this one was the cock-sureness of Price and the peculiar way the two old fellows at the Cottrell barn had been acting. Anyway Austin tabbed it in his mind, and asked Kansas to let him know when he saw the unidentified Hindoo going to the post. It happened sooner than he had expected. A few days later, while the horses were coming out for the first race of the day, Price dashed up to Austin's stand in the betting ring, pulled him off his seat, and rushed him out to the steps where they could see the field parading in front of the grand stand. Kansas, nervous and excited, pointed to one of the horses.

"That's him, the good-looking chestnut. He's 20 to 1 in the betting. I've bet two hundred on him and I'm going to put down some more. Give me some of your money and I'll bet it for you. He can't lose; he'll walk home, he's the fastest horse at the track."

Austin had never heard of this horse, but he'd heard a lot about my horse Major Tenny—and there was the Major in the field. The chance I'd been looking for had arrived. It was a maiden race at seven furlongs and Major Tenny was the favor-
ite at 4 to 5. All the clockers in New Orleans knew how he'd been burning up the track in his morning gallops. I'd made no effort to keep him under cover.

"Sam Hildreth's horse will win this race," Austin shot back at Price. "I know Sam has been waiting to drop him in just such a race as this. And he's bet five thousand dollars on him."

"I don't care if he's bet five hundred thousand dollars—the Major will be left so far behind you won't know he's in the race." Kansas Price couldn't be budged.

Austin's book had taken in five thousand dollars against four thousand dollars on my horse. Until Price came running up to him he'd intended laying some of it off in the other books, because he was so sure I would win the race. But there was no mistaking Price's sincerity. So while he refused to bet on the stranger, he thought he'd benefit by the tip to the extent of holding all the money on Major Tenny.

In Chicago, a few hours before all this was taking place in the Fair Grounds betting ring, two men had called at the detective offices of Billy Pinkerton. They refused to talk to any of the subordinates, and insisted on seeing Billy himself. Their manner was mysterious. They were nervous and acted like men who weren't just sure of their ground. One of them opened the conversation
by asking Pinkerton if he knew whether there were any gambling-houses being operated around Chicago.

"Plenty of them; what's the answer to your question?" Billy liked to come to the point quickly. His visitors stalled further.

"Is it possible for a stranger to place a bet in this town?" the spokesman inquired.

"Certainly, if he has the money."

With that one of the men took out a large roll of greenbacks and laid it on Billy Pinkerton's desk.

"There's ten thousand in that bundle, and we want to get it down on a race in New Orleans. But we don't want to take any chance of running up against some confidence men and not collecting if we win. If you'll assign a couple of your men to go with us to some reliable bookmaker or poolroom, we'll see that the agency is well paid for its services."

The proposition sounded good to Pinkerton. He called two of his men from another office and instructed them to conduct the two visitors to some betting establishment where they could place their money in safety. There were plenty of pool-rooms and handbooks running in Chicago in those days. Pinkerton's callers undoubtedly knew this, but they were concerned about collecting in case they won.

"You'll get your money all right if the horse wins," Billy assured them. And then as an after-
thought he inquired how good they thought the horse was.

"He'll win, and he'll be a price," they told him.

As they were leaving Billy motioned to one of the detectives he'd assigned to go with them, pressed a wad of bills into his hands and said, "Bet this for me on whatever horse those fellows back."

In New Orleans I was standing on the lawn watching the horses prancing at the barrier. Chris Fitzgerald, the same Christopher J. Fitzgerald who is now active in the affairs of the Jockey Club and who has worked for years in the interest of clean racing, was the starter at New Orleans that season. He was having his troubles with the field, but he finally caught them in line and sent them away to one of his usual good starts. They ran closely bunched for the first eighth, and then began to straighten out as the faster horses found their stride. I had my glasses trained on Major Tenny and was waiting to see him step to the front. But as they sped down the back-stretch it was some other horse that left the field behind him as though the other horses were standing still. Somebody near me cried out that the leading horse was the one Kansas Price had tipped.

When they rounded the bend and entered the stretch Major Tenny was running second far out in front of the others, but the stranger was leading him by four lengths or so, and running so
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easily I knew there wasn’t a chance for my horse to catch him in the short dash to the wire—or to catch him at any distance, for that matter. I couldn’t understand how an outsider like this one could beat so good a maiden as Major Tenny. And as he cantered home under a pull four lengths in the lead I and my friends just stood there too dumfounded to understand what it was all about. I could see that Major Tenny had run his race and that nothing had happened to him in the running. He’d simply been beaten by a much better horse—a horse that ran so smoothly and so fast I wondered how he had managed to remain a maiden until three years old.

The next morning Billy Pinkerton, sitting in his office in Chicago, opened a telegram from his brother Bob, who was in New Orleans. It read: “Who bet all that money in Chicago on that 20 to 1 shot yesterday?” Billy wired back: “If you must know, I bet a bundle of it myself, and two fellows I never saw before bet the rest. Why?” A few hours later he received another telegram from Bob.

“That horse was a ringer. They’ve cleaned up thousands on him all over the country. My men just sending in reports from all parts.”

Overnight we’d found out about the ringing. When the circumstances were reported to Bob Pinkerton he made a quick investigation, and learned that the two old men had disappeared with their horse immediately after the race. It was a
clean job and they'd left no trace of where they'd gone. The same with the gamblers who'd bet heavily in various parts of the country. The Pinkerton offices in different big cities reported they'd disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as they had arrived. And when they told me the name of the horse that had beaten Major Tenny I understood why it had been impossible for me to win. It was a high-class handicap horse. It was no wonder he'd shown faster trials than any horse at the Fair Grounds.
CHAPTER XII

BREADWINNERS

Two of the greatest horses that ever raced in the United States made their appearance on the New York tracks in this period—Sysonby and Colin, both owned by James R. Keene. The brood-mare Optime had been bought by the Keenes when she was in foal to Melton, and the colt that was born as the result of that mating was Sysonby. This slashing youngster was a strong favorite for the Futurity of 1904, after having made a fine record in the earlier part of the season, and when he trailed Artful, the Whitney filly, and Tradition home in that classic of the turf, the surprise of form students amounted almost to a panic.

In his first start as a three-year-old the following season Sysonby ran a dead heat with the more thoroughly seasoned Race King when they met in the Metropolitan Handicap. That was his nearest approach to defeat as a three-year-old. His most notable victory was in the Great Republic Stakes at Saratoga, when he was left standing flat-footed at the post. The field was nearly half a furlong in the lead when Nicol, his rider, got him straightened out in his stride. Under Nicol's hard urging Sysonby fairly flew over the ground, and before the field had gone a quarter he was up in a
contending position. Nicol then gave him a breathing-spell, but let out the wraps again when they hit the stretch, and Sysonby flashed under the wire a winner, leading Oiseau and Broomstick.

When Sysonby died at the crest of his career, the victim of an infection his owner thought had been passed on to him by a stable-hand, his place, as the star of the Keene string, was taken two years later by Colin, a son of Commando, by Domino, out of imported Pastorella, by Springfield. As a yearling there had been little hope that Colin would amount to much in a racing way. He had an enlarged joint that was noticeable to even the untrained eye, and because of it his handlers didn’t think there was much chance he would train on. But in his morning gallops with the other horses Colin showed an amazing flight of speed and a convincing way of handling himself. He was trained with care from that moment. And he more than rewarded them for the faith they had placed in him. As a two-year-old in 1907 Colin went through the season against all the best youngsters without a single defeat. The next year he repeated this surprising performance. Altogether in his career on the turf he ran in fifteen races, and won all, for a total of earnings of one hundred and eighty thousand nine hundred and twelve dollars in stakes and purses. It was not an era of inferior horses, either, but rather a period when the turf was rich in high-class thoroughbreds. Among a few of
the famous ones to fall before Colin were Uncle, King James, Celt, and Fair Play. Fair Play is the sire of Man o' War.

I have mentioned that I have always had a leaning toward thoroughbreds of a distinctive type—the ones that are different from the general run, and that have a definite place in your mind for some quality or other, high speed, gameness, mud-running ability, staying power, or a good gait. In the next four or five years I was lucky in getting a number of this kind in my stable, some of them horses that will be long remembered for their fine performances on the turf. King James, a son of Plaudit from Unsightly, was one of them. I bought him from John E. Madden for eight thousand dollars, and he turned out to be the greatest campaigner I've ever owned. He carried a full line of racing tricks. He could win over a route and then come back with a sparkling performance against the fastest sprinters. On February 13, 1909, he won the California Handicap at Los Angeles, at one and a quarter miles, with 129 pounds in the saddle, beating a field of eight horses that included such good distance horses as Montgomery, Far West, Magazine, and Lightwool. Just nine days later he came out in a six-furlong race at that track carrying the heart-breaking impost of 142 pounds and opposing such wonderful sprinters as Roseben and Jack Atkin and seven other fast ones. This was the Speed Handicap, and King James,
the horse most people looked upon as a stayer, ran the distance in 1:11 4/5, remarkable time when you bear in mind the weight he was carrying. The public got to know him as the iron horse. He was always running, always trying, always ready for a race in fast going or slow, after a long let-up or with only a couple of days between appearances. With him I won many of the leading turf fixtures in the East and West—the Burns Handicap in the mud at Oakland, the Metropolitan at Belmont Park, the Brooklyn at Gravesend, the Toronto Cup at Toronto, Canada, in two successive years, and the Annual Champion Stakes at two and a quarter miles at Sheepshead Bay. His total winnings amounted to one hundred and seven thousand dollars, a profit of ninety-nine thousand dollars on my investment.

For Meelick I paid Madden nine thousand dollars, and then saw him win three Derbies—the Oakland, the Los Angeles, and the Crescent City. And if he hadn't broken some ligaments in one of his ankles in the running of the City Park Derby, at New Orleans, I'm confident he would have gained the unusual honor of being a four-time Derby winner. I patched him up after that accident and he won another race for me in California later. His earnings amounted to forty thousand dollars while he wore my racing colors. It was the same with Joe Madden, a son of Yankee and imported Tarantella. He cost me nine thousand
five hundred dollars and in his first year at the races he began cleaning up for me, winning the Juvenile Stakes at Belmont Park, the Prospect at Gravesend, and races on the Pacific Coast. His winnings as a three-year-old amounted to forty-six thousand dollars and included the Los Angeles and Brooklyn Derbies and the Belmont Stakes, in which he came home first by eight lengths from Wise Mason, Donald McDonald, Warfield, and Fayette.

If you have ever felt the spell of the race-track and know what it means to hear the song of the bugle and to see the field go parading to the post, in single file past the judges' stand, with the smell of the stable and the fragrance of the flowers tingling in your veins; if the call of the thoroughbred is so strong that your world would be less than half a world without him in it to make you laugh and cry and pray and curse, then you understand the thrill that comes with the memory of the turf gladiators of the past, prancing idols of bygone days with their hearts of iron and muscles of steel and skins of satin. It is so with me. Across the vista of years they pass in parade before me, the horses I have owned and spent my days with, thinking of them not in the way the world is supposed to think of horses, but as something closely akin to me and mine. Sometimes I smile when I think how I have spoken to a horse, looking him fiercely in the eye and laying down the law to him or saying a word of encouragement I thought he'd under-
stand. And of those that have gone on their way, now slumbering in their graves or long since removed from the strife of the track, leaving only their deeds to remind you of their stout hearts and fine courage, I never hear their names without memories pouring out of the past to recall them as they were in their glory.

McChesney, King James, Meelick, Joe Madden, Dalmatian, Uncle, Fitz Herbert, and Novelty—all princes of the blood and rulers of the horse kingdom. And none more powerful in their way than Fitz Herbert and Novelty. As with King James, the memory of these two will forever remain green in my mind, for they were sporting the black, white sash, blue sleeves, my racing colors, in the years I am speaking of now—the years that brought me the greatest successes on the turf I had ever won to that time. Fitz Herbert, rich in blood lines that make for speed and game-ness, was the type of horse that wins your heart for his honesty of purpose and consistency of performance. His father was Ethelbert, a son of imported Eothen, and his mother Morganatic, a daughter of Emperor. And it was here at Rancocas Farm, where I spend my winters surrounded by hallowed traditions of the turf, with Purchase and Grey Lag and Zev and the others off there in the stables; it was here that Morganatic was raised and became in foal to Ethelbert. When Fitz Herbert appeared as the outcome of that mating and was a yearling
in the Rancocas paddocks Morganatic was sold to some passer-by, a farmer or peddler, for a small sum. Fitz Herbert’s coming greatness could, of course, not be foreseen at the time. When Morganatic’s son turned out to be such a high-class racer Mrs. Livingston, who owned Rancocas then, tried to find some trace of the dam, but without success. She was never heard of again and the maternal line that had produced Fitz Herbert was lost. Had she still been at the breeding farm when Fitz Herbert was at the top of his career she would have brought from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, instead of the trifling price paid for her.

Fitz showed his calibre as a two-year-old, but it was the following year that he swept everything before him—1909. It was the same season King James had won the Burns Handicap, the Metropolitan, and others, and between the two of them I found my racing colors carrying off more than one fellow’s share of turf prizes. Fitz Herbert’s campaign was a succession of victories—the Suburban, the Advance, the Lawrence Realization, the Jerome, and lesser stakes all going to him before he rounded out his record by beating Superstition, Pins and Needles, Nethermost, and Juggler in the Bowie Stakes at two miles. That race was the easiest kind of a romp for him. He won in a canter by six lengths in $3:25\frac{4}{5}$, a new record for the race. And before he finished his American career two years later, he’d added the Brooklyn
Handicap of 1910 to his list, carrying 130 pounds and winning from Olambala, with 116, Prince Imperial 97, Czar 110, Fashion Plate 106, and Dinna Ken 110. It was a remarkable performance. You won’t find many horses burdened with 130 pounds beating a good field of lightly weighted horses at a mile and a quarter. Fitz did it easily. He made all the running and was never hard pressed.

Novelty was my best two-year-old. He was a fine-looking bay by Kingston out of Curiosity, by Voter, and I liked him on breeding almost as much as on conformation. Kingston was one of my favorite sires, as I’ve already mentioned, and the maternal side of the youngster was good, too. Curiosity later came into my possession when I was in France. She was a half-sister to Sweep, winner of the Futurity, the Belmont, Realization, and other stakes, and in France she was still sending a line of sons and daughters to the races endowed with her own instincts of what thoroughbreds are expected to do. And when the World War came along the usefulness of her existence continued, for she was mustered into service in the French army, and word came back from the military zones that she was being ridden by a French army officer. Pink Domino was the dam of both Curiosity and Sweep. Thus it happened that in 1910 two of Pink Domino’s family, Novelty, her grandson, and
Sweep, her own son, were all powerful in the two- and three-year-old divisions, respectively.

A queer thing about racing is that some horses nearly always go to the post favorites, whether justified or not, and against others you can often get a good price when there is every reason for a short one. For so many years I've been so accustomed to having a short price chalked up against my horses that it is unusual when I find odds of more than 2 or 3 to 1 on a horse that figures to have a chance. Novelty was one of the few great horses I've ever owned on which the quotations were more liberal than I expected. Though he was showing the highest-class form from the first day he appeared on the track, and though he had everything to commend him, it took the public and the bookmakers weeks to realize that he was a really great race-horse. Something that happened at the Saratoga meeting that year will give you an idea of what the situation was.

Novelty had won four races, run second twice, and third once out of seven starts before the season opened at the Springs. Carroll Shilling and Eddie Dugan were my contract riders that year. It was Shilling who usually had the leg up on Novelty, and I want to say now that I've never seen a better jockey than this boy was. Shilling had come to me from E. R. Thomas and I found him an easy, tractable youngster to handle, though there'd been reports that he had a bad temper. If he had he
never showed it while riding in my colors. What he did show was every riding quality that a finished horseman could possess—an almost uncanny ability to break two-year-olds away from the post, judgment of pace that made you think he must have a stop-watch ticking before his very eyes, a seat so light that he was like a feather on a horse's back, and a knack for getting every ounce out of his mount, whether at the barrier, the half post or the finish. He was a master-mechanic astride a horse, with natural riding instincts that his boyhood on the cattle ranches of Texas had brought out to the utmost.

In his first appearance at Saratoga, Novelty ran in the United States Hotel Stakes and finished third to R. T. Wilson's Naushon. That settled him in the estimation of those who had doubted his class. But he was still considered to be among the first ten or twelve youngsters of the season, and when there was talk of a special race to decide which was the best two-year-old of the exceptionally fine lot racing that year they were generous enough to mention his name. I recall one afternoon in the club-house when Phil Dwyer and Tom Monahan were discussing a possible arrangement of weights for such a race. Phil assigned top weight to Naushon and Dick Carmen's Semipro-lus, 126 pounds for each, 124 for J. R. Keene's Iron Mask, 120 for Monahan's Textile, and 118 for H. P. Whitney's Bashti.
"How much weight would you suggest for Novelty?" I asked.

Phil pondered for a moment and said, "Oh, I think 110 pounds would be plenty for Novelty."

"Fine," I replied, "I hope the race is arranged and that's all he has to carry." But the race never took place.

The next day the Saratoga Special at six furlongs was run. Novelty, Iron Mask, and Naushon, three of the horses mentioned for the championship race, were entered in the Special. Everybody around the club-house thought it would be a walkover for Naushon, the Wilson horse. One person who was especially convinced of that fact was Beaut, the darky who used to take care of the field-glasses the same as Jesse does nowadays. It wasn't that Beaut worried very much which horse would win, but he liked to anticipate the result by decorating himself with the racing colors of the stable he thought would carry off the honors. When the race was over he would step forth before the owner with the colors draped over him and bow low and smile broadly, showing his white teeth, when he received the tip that his vain little trick called forth.

While the horses were at the post, Beaut sneaked off to his own secret corner where he kept the various racing colors for such occasions as this and adorned himself in the yellow, green chevrons, of the Wilson stable. But he wasn't the
only one at the track arranging to celebrate the expected victory of Naushon. Tom Healy was the trainer for R. T. Wilson, and his friends had decided it would be a fine time to let him known how well they thought of him. So Johnny Hyland, then trainer of the Belmont stable, and a few others bought a wreath to present to Healy as soon as Naushon had performed his part of the ceremony. Hyland was the orator. He practiced all morning on his speech and then rehearsed with the others how they would give Tom a rousing cheer in the good old-fashioned Irish way when Naushon's number was run up on the board in the place of honor.

Now the only thing Hyland, with his wreath, and Beaut, with his display of Wilson colors, had neglected to do was to take Novelty into their confidence. For if Novelty had been in on the celebration he might have spared them all their trouble. As it was, he romped off with the race in the good time of 1:12 for the six furlongs. I happened to be standing on the club-house porch just outside a little room as the horses finished. The shade was up and I saw the figure of a man going through the motions a fellow makes when he's in a hurry to get dressed. It was Beaut. With one hand he was tearing off the yellow, green chevrons, of the Wilson stable and with the other he was trying to decorate himself with the black, white sash, blue sleeves, my own colors. Which-
ever way the race went it wasn't Beaut's intention to be the loser. He was switching his allegiance to the winning side.

Some of the other horsemen saw me gazing through the window and they joined me. We all stood there looking at Beaut doing his quick-change act and we had to pinch ourselves to hold back our laughter so he wouldn't hear us. When he was about to step out of the room I tapped on the window and Beaut turned to see us. But he wasn't going to be denied his participation in the profits from Novelty's victory.

"I knowed you'd win that race, Mr. Greenback Sam," he chuckled when he'd stepped out to the porch. Greenback Sam was the name he'd given me. "I says all along that Novelty has it on them other horses—ain't nothin' to this race, I says, it's Novelty and Mr. Greenback Sam all the way."

"That's the reason you put on the Wilson colors, is it Beaut?" I asked.

"No, sir, Mr. Sam, no sir-ee. You see, they's all talking so much about Naushon before the race that when I goes for to get the colors for to put on me I jes' has a mental abellation of the brain and makes a mistake. No sir-ee, Mr. Sam'l, I knowed all along you was jes' goin' to cantaloupe in that heat."

Beaut was too good to be denied, so I added a little bit to his usual tip for the entertaining per-
formance he'd put on. I was feeling pretty jolly. too; Novelty was a favorite with me and I hoped they'd be convinced now he was about the fastest thing around Saratoga. But they weren't; at least, Tom Monahan wasn't. He thought his own two-year-old Textile was better. A match was arranged between these two for five thousand dollars a side and a silver cup put up by the association. Novelty won it with ease by three lengths in 1 13 1/6 and three days later, with 130 pounds up, led nearly all the best ones of his age home in the Hopeful Stakes, winning by two lengths in 1:14 over a slow track. A week later he carried 135 pounds and beat Naushon, Textile, Semprolus, and other stars in the Rensselaer Handicap. On August 31 he capped this wonderful winning record by finishing first in the Futurity, leading home all the horses mentioned for the special championship except Semprolus. He alone had earned seventy-four thousand dollars of the ninety thousand dollars I won in stakes and purses at that meeting. His victories were a big factor in making me the leading owner of that year.

Dalmatian, another son of Ethelbert, out of Ionis, by Magnetizer, and Uncle, a son of Star Shoot and Niece, were other consistent breadwinners for me throughout this period. I had bought Dalmatian for four hundred dollars from Perry Belmont one day when Doc Carter, the Belmont trainer, received word from his employer
to sell out everything at the breeding farm that had just been started in Kentucky. Horses were going for bargain prices at the time. The reformers were hammering hard at racing in New York, and it had begun to look as though they had a chance to win their fight at Albany. It was in 1909 when the chance came for me to buy Dalmatian, and you may recall that the opponents of horse-racing did succeed in having laws passed the following year that closed the New York tracks.

I've never had a liking for professional reformers, but I have something to thank them for. If it hadn't been for them Dalmatian would have cost me a good deal more than I paid Doc Carter for him. This son of Ethelbert was a big ganglegged colt in whose heart and sinews were combined speed and staying qualities. He won for me altogether thirty-nine thousand dollars in purses and he brought another forty thousand dollars when I sold him to Louis Winans, of Baltimore. I had made a deal with Mr. Winans' buying agent to get ninety thousand dollars for Dalmatian and Fitz Herbert, but Fitz had been punch-fired by Jack Joyner when a yearling and he was left out of the sale. The Winans' agent didn't want a punch-fired horse.

When they legislated racing out of existence in New York I took my horses to Canada the following season and was lucky enough to head the winning list of owners there that year. I left Canada
in August and returned to New York. Good as my luck was running, I'd made an important decision. I'd sell out the entire stable—King James, Fitz Herbert, Novelty, Firestone, Dinna Ken, Hampton Court, Joe Madden, Montgomery, Restigouche, Zeus, Royal Meteor, and all the others. For the first time in my life I couldn't just get my mind working the way I knew it should. Every time I thought about what they'd done to racing in New York it made me madder and madder. Suppose Vincent Hildreth, my father, had lived to see this day, what would he think of it all? It was an insult to a fellow's intelligence, an outrage to public decency. I could just picture how the Hildreths of Kentucky and Missouri would have looked on, too surprised to say a word, not understanding what anybody could have against racing or, better still, how the world could get along without it. I was back in the long ago when I never heard anything but horse and didn't see much of anything but racing barns and prairie race-tracks—and Vincent Hildreth would gather his ten children around him after the evening meal and thrill them with his stories of the races he'd won, which were many, and the races he'd lost, which were few, or how he had outsmarted this fellow or that, which was often, and sometimes how he had been outsmarted, which was seldom. Horse, horse, horse! It was there in me; I couldn't get away from it—nor did I want to. So often had
he said, "Boy, first, last, and always, I'm a racing man, that's me all over." And I knew that first, last, and always I was a racing man and that was me all over. Like the sires that pass their speed and stamina down to their sons, Vincent Hildreth had passed this to me.

So in my resentment at what they'd done to racing I wanted to get clear away from those who had done it. If they thought horse-racing was so bad then they couldn't help thinking I was bad, and I didn't want to be around anybody who had that idea. I'd retire for a while and go some place where I could think it all over and lose the grouch I was accumulating. Maybe after a time it would all straighten itself out; and I knew I'd never have any luck anyway going around with a long face. And then, too, they were still racing in Kentucky, where my father's family had come from originally. I knew that anybody who tried to interfere with racing in Kentucky would have a hard time of it.
CHAPTER XIII

ON FRENCH TURF

My whole string of horses was put up for sale on September 7, 1911, in New York City. But I stopped the proceedings after one of them, The Welkin, a jumper, had been sold privately to Ral Parr, the Baltimore sportsman. I could see that it was no time to sell race-horses in that State unless I wanted to do what Perry Belmont had done with Dalmatian—practically give them away. I could picture them bidding a few dollars for Fitz Herbert or King James or Novelty, and I'd rather have given the whole lot away than to take prices I knew were far, far below what they should be. It was a mistake to offer them at auction; I'd wait for a little while and some better solution would come out of the bad muddle. Yes, that was the thing to do—wait. I'd wait until those confounded cobwebs were brushed out of my brain and the gloom would disappear. I'd wait until I could get a better grip on what this attack on horse-racing was all about. After all, there are two sides to every argument and maybe the reformers had theirs, even though it was a profitable business with them to go around telling other fellows what they must do. If they were right we'd find it out in time, and if they
were wrong we'd find that out in time, too, and then racing would come back better than it ever had been. And before I did anything at all I wanted to see the sun shining in me, for if there's any way to keep piling up mistakes it's to make an important decision when your mind's not tuned up to it.

That was on a Thursday. The following Saturday I was sitting in the library of my home at Sheepshead Bay—the house I'd bought from E. R. Thomas—when the telephone rang. It was Charles E. Kohler on the wire and he asked me if I'd like to take a run down to Ramapo Farm the next day. I told him I would. When I got there on Sunday we sat down together for a chat and he came right to the point.

"I want to make a business proposition to you, Mr. Hildreth," he said. "I want to know first whether you would be willing to make a blanket sale of your stable?"

I puffed on a cigar without answering him right away. I was thinking about something besides what he was saying. I was thinking how well it is for a fellow to cheer up a bit when things are breaking bad—how there is a power that works out your problems for you if you can do this. Here three days before I'd been on the verge of making one of the most serious mistakes of my life. Lucky for me that the cobwebs had begun to disappear
at the right moment and I'd got a hold on myself before it was too late.

"Yes, I would certainly consider a proposition of that kind," I replied.

"So far, so good," Mr. Kohler continued. "Now the second part of it is this. If I buy all your horses would you be willing to take charge of them and go to Europe to handle them? It's my idea to race a strong stable abroad, either in England or France."

And here was the other answer to the things I'd been worrying about. I could go to Europe and wait until all this reform business in New York would blow over; I was certain now that it would blow over before long and that it was just a temporary victory for the minority.

"Sure, I think I'd like that." I was warming up all over; it was an especially cheerful brand of sunshine Mr. Kohler had at Ramapo.

There were only a few other details to clean up—the price of the horses, for example. But it took only a few minutes to come to an agreement. It had already been fixed in my mind what I should get for the powerful string I had been campaigning, and there were only a few of the horses missing. Joe Madden I'd given away, The Welkin had gone to Ral Parr, Dalmatian had been bought by Mr. Winans, and one or two others had been disposed of before the sale. So I told him I thought a fair price would be one hundred
and fifty thousand dollars and he bought them on
the spot. Before I left Ramapo that evening a bill
of sale had been signed and I had contracted to
manage the stable in their European campaign.
Mr. Kohler left it to me whether we would race in
England. We arranged that I should go to En­
land first to look around and if I decided after that
visit that I thought it had better be France, then we
would ship the horses there.

In November Mrs. Hildreth and I went to
England. We took Carroll Shilling with us. I
wanted him to look over the English race-courses
and tell me whether he thought he would be able
to ride as well there as he had here. On our
arrival we met Jack Joyner, who was handling the
H. P. Whitney horses on the English tracks, and
some other American friends, and I could see that
it wouldn't be lonesome there for us. But I de­
cided against racing in England for just one
reason. The meetings at any one track were too
short. It would either be necessary to have the
horses quartered at different courses or to keep
moving them around all the time, and I was afraid
that if I did that I couldn't keep them in good
condition. So on our return a month later I told
Mr. Kohler I thought it would be better to go
to France.

While we were abroad something had hap­
pened in America that made us feel very unhappy
when we learned of it. Eleven years before this
Billy Pinkerton had given me a Maltese dog and we had named him Rags. When we went to England we were told it would be better to leave Rags at home because of certain English laws that made it difficult to get dogs into that country. And so we had said good-by to Rags and sent him to the home of relatives in Boston to stay until we returned. Our absence was too much for the little fellow. For eleven years he'd never before been away from us and it broke his heart. They told us he'd eaten barely enough to keep him alive and that at first he'd sit looking at the front door with his ears cocked expecting us to come in at any moment. Every time the door had opened he would jump down from his perch with a happy sort of bark, only to resume his place when he saw that it was some one else. We found him just a shadow of the sturdy little rascal that had barked around at our feet or peered into our eyes with such understanding. When we did return to him at last he was so wasted he could scarcely stand, but his love for us was the same. He gave a feeble little bark of joy—there was no mistaking the joyous note in that sound—and he dragged his emaciated little body over to us and wagged his little tail as vigorously as the strength in him would allow. Poor little Rags—his name was so appropriate for the ragged little bundle that he was now. And he died soon afterward—died of a broken heart like another dog I had in later years.
You get so accustomed to the way things are done in your own country that when you pitch your tent in a foreign land the first thing that hits you is how simple are the habits of the folks back home and how complicated elsewhere. We reached France in March, 1912, and at once began running into snags we hadn't looked for. Some of the French turfmen seemed to have the idea that there was something mysterious about our being there. Why had we left America? Why had we come to France to race our horses when it would have been much simpler to have stayed at home and taken them to some State other than New York? Explain that, m'sieur—if you can! And I did try to explain it, m'sieur, as carefully and completely as I could. But it was about five months before I succeeded in getting a trainer's license, and then, only because August Belmont had written a strong letter to the French Jockey Club and Baron Maurice de Rothschild had interceded for me.

It is contrary to the laws of the French turf to race horses there in flat races if they have not been bred in that country. We, of course, knew that when we went to France. It had been our intention to send Novelty, Uncle, Fitz Herbert, and Zeus to a breeding farm which Mr. Kohler had leased ten miles outside of Maison Lafitte, where there were forty brood-mares quartered. The geldings Restigouche, a son of Commando and Dancing Water, and a winner of many stakes, and Puggins,
a grandson of the great English racer Isonomy through his sire Fatherless, were to be turned into jumpers. In a year or two the breeding farm would be supplying us with horses for flat racing and meanwhile we could compete in those events with the few French-bred selling platers we had bought for this purpose.

The only time foreign-bred horses were permitted to run in flat races was at a special meeting held at Maison Lafitte which was called International Week. Fitz Herbert had stepped on a rock before this meeting took place and had to be retired, but Novelty was in fine shape and I entered him in the two principal events. Johnny Reiff rode him in the first of these and won, beating Hampton Court, with Frankie O'Neill in the saddle. After the race we met O'Neill and he told us he would have beaten Novelty, or Buster, as we called him, if his mount hadn't swerved in the last fifty yards. We had sold Hampton Court a short time before this to Preston M. Burch, another American who had gone to France.

"You just think you would have beaten Novelty," I replied. "That's because you don't know him. He always does just enough to win his race—unless he's hard urged and then he'll win off by himself."

We teased Frank so much about saying he should have won with Hampton Court that he said he would like to ride Buster in the second big
RESTIGOUCHE AS A JUMPER IN FRANCE (HORSE IN BLINKERS)

ACCORDING TO FRENCH TURF RULING ONLY FRENCH-BRED HORSES MAY ENTER THE FLAT RACES IN FRANCE

NOVELTY IN THE PRIX DE MONTE CARLO, NICE, 1913

NOVELTY BY KINGSTON OUT OF CURIOSITY WAS THE BEST TWO-YEAR-OLD OF HIS YEAR, 1910.
race of the week. Novelty had to take up eighteen pounds over his previous race, but he just breezed home in front of the field. O'Neill rode him this time, and as soon as he had come back from the jockey house he came over to us and said:

"I take it all back, what I said about Buster. He's a sweet race-horse. I ran him along with the other horses to see if he would stay in front of them on his own courage and he showed me he would. Then when I urged him a little he just walked away from the whole bunch."

It went against the grain with me to turn Buster into a jumper, but we wanted to keep him wearing the Kohler colors and that was the only thing left. He never took much to racing through the field; in fact, his form over the grass courses of France was pounds below what it had been on the dirt tracks of his own United States. You need horses that run high from the ground for grass tracks, and Novelty was the reverse of that. He ran so low that his hoofs would keep cutting through the grass and put a burden on him that the high-stepping horse would never encounter. Fitz Herbert was the right type of strider for this kind of going, but Fitz didn't like the jumping end of it. Restigouche took to the game well and so did Puggins until he tore a ligament after winning a race on one of the tracks near Paris. It was only Buster's speed and courage that made him do as well over the jumps as he did.
The French officials were always on the watch for doping cases; it seemed to me they took a little extra pains to see that foreigners didn't give their horses any drugs. At one of the tracks was a veterinarian who would make a great show of going through the motions of examining winners to find any trace of stimulants. Immediately after the race the horse under suspicion would be inspected by this veterinarian and sometimes handled in a way that would make me feel like stepping out and pulling the officious little fellow by the nose. One of his favorite tricks was to scrape a horse's tongue, place the saliva in a bottle and label it. The whole business was so silly it would have made me laugh if it wasn't that the veterinarian was handling horses in a way that would never have been tolerated on American race-courses. The owner or trainer who dopes his horses doesn't last long in racing. There are ways of finding out when crooked work is taking place, and this veterinarian's system was certainly not one of them.

One day the Kohler colors were carried to victory by a little old French mare we had claimed from a race. She had shown evidences of stiffness before the race and Lucien Roberts, my secretary, had suggested to the stable-hands that she be rubbed with liniment. After rubbing she had been walked around the paddock for an hour or so to get the soreness out of her muscles and joints. Somebody from our stable was with her constantly.
before the race, and after she'd won Willie Brennan, our foreman, took her from the track to the Kohler stables in a van. But her victory had aroused the suspicions of the busy veterinarian. He went over to our stables and scraped her tongue.

A few days later I received a letter from the racing officials directing me to report before them. They told me that the veterinarian had found heroin in the saliva he'd scraped from the mare's tongue. I didn't believe he had, but I told them that if there was any heroin in the specimen somebody else had put it there, for I was certain nobody in our outfit would resort to drugging horses. I was mad clean through and cabled to Mr. Kohler in America telling him what had happened. He sent word back to me at once to present the French mare to the Jockey Club officials, and let them analyze her stomach. I made this offer to them, but they were convinced that I knew nothing about the doping, if there was any, and the case was dropped.

An American horseman in Paris saw in the incident a chance to have a little fun with me. Gene Leigh met me one day and said, "Look out, old-timer, they'll get you yet if you dope your horses."

"They haven't anything to get me for," I answered. And then I added in the same joking vein he had used, "But I'd advise you to watch your own step, Gene. I happen to know they're
on your trail and they've said they're going to get you, too." I didn't know anything of the sort. I just said it because all the Americans were having such a good joke on me. So what was my surprise soon afterward when Gene was ordered before them in the same kind of an investigation. The same veterinarian had done his same scraping stunt and reported that one of Leigh's horses had been doped.

By this time the American horsemen began to realize that the charges were no joking matter. None of us took any more stock in the charge against Gene than he and the others had when I was the victim. And none of us felt easy in our minds until a few weeks later when the French officials made a thorough investigation of the veterinarian himself and found out that he was a rank fakir. It seems that he had a craving to be in the public eye and he thought the French people would applaud him for his charges against the Americans. But that conceit was unfair to his own people and to the French Jockey Club. If his trickery hadn't been discovered in time it might have caused a very embarrassing situation.

When we arrived in France we had gone to one of the hotels to live. But if we were going to remain in that country long I knew there wasn't a hotel big enough to allow me all the elbow-room I like to have when I'm home. So one day we took it into our heads to get a little nook we could
call our own. Not far from the track at Maison Lafitte was an unoccupied chateau, with seven and a half acres of ground and a fine stable containing sixty box stalls. In our search for a house we kept motoring past this fine-looking old place a couple of times each day. Always our eyes would turn in its direction and we would remark to each other what a beautiful spot it was. We agreed that the chateau was the kind of a home we would like to live in some day, but, of course, it would be very extravagant to think of taking on such a big obligation when it wasn't certain how long we'd remain in France.

"Now when our ship comes in I'm going to get such a place for us to live in and entertain our friends in," I said to Mrs. Hildreth, as we would drive along the Avenue Racine and gaze longingly at the estate. "Of course, we could manage to get it now and squeeze through somehow, but it wouldn't do to invest all that money in just a house."

"Certainly we're not going to do anything so ridiculous as that," Mrs. Hildreth agreed. Then we'd both look again at the green lawns and the fine old shade-trees and the stately mansion that had been standing for years and in the background the stone stables that had housed some of the fastest horses on the French turf.

I had deposited one hundred thousand dollars in the Paris banks. It took just eighty thousand
dollars of it to buy the chateau we had decided by all means we wouldn’t buy. And that was before we had even started to do any remodelling or furnishing. Away went another twenty thousand dollars so fast we couldn’t even hear the rustle of the money. But there was no use trying to stint now. You can’t very well have a fine old chateau on your hands and no furniture in it. I looked at my check-book and found I had a balance of one hundred dollars.

“Say, this little nook stands us an even one hundred thousand dollars up to the present writing and the gang’s all here still hammering nails and plastering walls and painting the woodwork,” I told Mrs. Hildreth. “How much does the average nook cost?”

“I hate nook riddles and you know it, so please don’t ask me any,” was all the information I could get from my partner in this chateau enterprise.

“Of course, certainly,” I agreed. “The only thing is we set out to get a place to breathe in and I was thinking that by the time we got settled in our chateau the wind would be knocked clean out of me and I wouldn’t be able to breathe.”

I sent an emergency call to my New York bank for more American dollars, and when I’d paid out thirteen thousand dollars of this new supply they told me the place was done. The fact that I was in the same condition didn’t interfere with the
pleasure we found in occupying the chateau for the next six months. The thirty-three thousand dollars we'd spent making improvements had done wonders, and we both felt a tingle of pride when our friends would drop around and admire the place. When the time came we could no longer occupy it we had no trouble getting it off our hands. Mr. and Mrs. John Sanford, of Amsterdam, leased it for three years and later I sold it for almost as much as I had put in it. The Sanfords are one of the best-known turf families in America.

Baron Maurice de Rothschild was a good friend to us and a keen sportsman. It took me some time to accustom myself to the frills of the fellows who go in for society on a high scale in the European capitals, but I soon learned that underneath this surface the Baron was just as regular as the crowd I'd known in the early days out in the Middle West. At Longchamps, St. Cloud, Maison Lafitte, and the other tracks we used to have long talks about things in general and about horses in particular. He surprised me with his knowledge of horse-racing. The American way of handling a horse had made a great hit with him. He liked our snappy manner of doing things and the vigorous methods of our jockeys.

"It's really quite remarkable the progress you Americans have made in the sport," he remarked to me once. "On this side of the Atlantic we've
been racing thoroughbreds for centuries, and yet you people over there have discovered entirely new ways of training and riding."

"It's not entirely new with us," I replied. "Our really great line of thoroughbreds was started in 1799 when the English Derby winner Diomed was taken to America, but there had been a good deal of racing before that. The instinct for racing horses is old stuff with humans; it's just as instinctive with us as it is for a dog to chase a cat or a cat to chase a mouse."

Baron Rothschild turned over two or three of his horses to me to handle. Though he was not the square-jawed, stern-faced type you expect in the fighter, he'd shown me that he wasn't afraid to wade in with both hands when the time came for a good scrap. The way he'd fought with his own countrymen at the time the foolish little veterinarian was trying to make trouble for American horsemen was pleasing to see. He told the Jockey Club officials it was absurd to say the Kohler horses had been doped, and he never rolled down his sleeves until it was found out that the veterinarian was a fakir and publicity-seeker. Baron Maurice was a new sort to me and we hadn't been brought up exactly along the same lines, but I liked him for his loyalty to a friend.

Our stay in France came to a sudden and sad ending. In June of 1913 Charlie Kohler came
over from America to spend a month or two enjoy­ing the sport he'd spent so much money on. Five days after his arrival he died—a fine sportsman and a better sport cut down at the time he expected to get the most out of life. We shipped the horses to Deauville and sold them. I only recall now where a few of them went. Clarence H. Mackay bought Fitz Herbert for stud duty, Novelty went to South America for the same purpose, and Gene Leigh got Restigouche. The next year Restigouche was claimed by the government for military service and joined Curiosity, Novelty's dam, in helping to win the war.

August Belmont was in France at the time Mr. Kohler died. He looked me up in Paris and asked if I would like to go back to America and handle his horses. Racing had come back in New York by this time and was on a sounder basis than it had been. There were two reasons why the idea appealed to me strongly. I had trained Priscillian for Mr. Belmont at the time that son of Hastings was winning race after race and I knew there were few men on the turf I'd rather be associated with. And the desire to get back home was growing in me. The stay in Paris had been fine and we'd had our share of success with the Kohler horses, but after all there's no place like home. I was anxious to see the old familiar faces again in the paddocks. I was itching for somebody to come
along and give me a hard slap on the back and shoot a few American cuss words in my direction. The polite ways they have in other countries and all the bowing and scraping they do keep you entertained up to the point when you say to yourself how great it would be to sit down before some fried chicken, Southern style, with a darky waiter standing at your elbow and asking you whether everything was all right, yes suh.
CHAPTER XIV

HOURLESS AND OMAR KHAYYAM

It wasn’t necessary for Mr. Belmont to influence my judgment by telling me that racing was back on a firm foundation in New York. My mind had already been made up. We had been in France for about fifteen months. I’m not sure when the thought had first come to me about returning to America, but it must have been about a week or so after our arrival in Paris. It wasn’t because I didn’t like France especially, but because I do like America particularly. But there was my arrangement with Mr. Kohler staring me in the face, and the horses and all the expense we’d gone to, not to mention the one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars’ investment in the chateau, the “little nook we’d bought for ourselves just to have a place to breathe in.” And now poor Charlie Kohler had gone on his way and I was a free agent. It was a tragic release from my obligation, and the pleasure I felt at the prospect of getting back among my own people was all but lost in the sorrow I experienced at the passing of so good a soul.

“IT’s very kind of you to look me up,” I told Mr. Belmont, “and of course I’m only too glad to accept your proposition. The experience over here has been fine, and we’ve enjoyed it in spite
of the homesickness that has come over us now
and then. And I want to thank you for all the
help you've given to Mr. Kohler and me. I know
he appreciated everything you did to get the early
kinks smoothed out for us.”

We returned to America soon after that. There
was a stranger in our party—a fluffy mite of a dog
we'd picked out in Nice at the time we were racing
the horses there. Early that spring I had hap­
pened to glance out of our hotel window and had
seen a man walking along the street with this very
same mite scampering along after him and barking
at his heels.

“Look over there,” I called to Mrs. Hildreth,
pointing to the dog, a Maltese. “Who does he
remind you of?”

Mrs. Hildreth looked and agreed with me.
The playful little fellow was all the world like
Rags, the dog that died of a broken heart when we
left him in America on our first trip abroad. I
hurriedly summoned a bellboy, rushed him to the
window and pointed to the man and dog, who could
still be seen walking slowly down the street. My
knowledge of French was not much, but a word
here and there, with plenty of pantomime, makes
a language understood the world over.

“Dog, chien, get me?” I sputtered. “Chien
down there with man, chien et homme, under-
stand? Go get chien and homme; no, I mean et
homme. Bring chien et man—I mean homme—
up here. And skiddoo! Dépêchez-vous! Skiddoo! Comprenez?"

When the bellboy came back at me with a volley of "oui, ouis," I knew he understood. He hurried out in pursuit of the man and dog and returned in a few minutes. Meanwhile I had called an interpreter from the hotel office. It was explained to the mystified owner of the dog that I wanted to buy his pet. He looked greatly relieved. I fear he had become alarmed at my eccentric behavior and was on the point of scooting away to a safe place. The interpreter explained that we had taken a fancy to the little Maltese because it reminded us of one that had been dear to us. This information was all he needed to fix a fancy price for the dog, but he didn't take advantage of it. He sold us the dog for twenty dollars, and almost before he'd left the room we gave the new member of the Hildreth family the high-sounding name of Skiddles. And it was Skiddles that later became the father of Buster, the wise little rascal that so many racing folks used to like to pat on the head "just for luck." You'll hear more of Buster later.

In all my years of racing I never got a finer kick out of anything than the one I received when I again set foot on an American race-course. Back in the old haunts, among my old friends and the old scenes just as they were before we'd gone to Europe! It was a beautiful summer day, the
day of our return, and the fragrance of the flowers and the soft beauty of the green shrubbery lining the walks of the Saratoga course, and the flags flying and the band up there in the grand stand thumping out a lively tune, while the old crowds moved around the broad lawns in the same old, carefree way, all of it gave me the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Maybe my friends will not say I'm a demonstrative fellow, but I was so tickled by it all that I could have danced around and given three rousing cheers, all by myself. I went around shaking hands with everybody. It didn't matter whether it was Schuyler Parsons or H. K. Knapp or F. J. Sturgis, of the Jockey Club, or one of the little darkies in the stables. I felt like shaking hands and I did. I was almost sorry I'd gone on the water wagon while we were in France.

It was during the first year and a half of my association with Mr. Belmont that I learned how patient he was when things weren't running just right. We had some good horses in the string, Stromboli, Rock View, Mission, Thorndale, and Top Hat among them, but we weren't winning often enough to satisfy me, particularly the important races. The gelding Stromboli was our mainstay, a fine chestnut son of Fair Play out of St. Priscilla. But there was another gelding racing at the time which was always a thorn in our side. That was Roamer, by Knight Errant, a compact
little horse that Andrew Miller had picked up for a bargain. Roamer, I think, was originally cut out to run in selling races, but when he made his appearance in New York and showed high speed and the ability to handle weight he was booked from that moment for a great stake career. There were other good ones running along about this period, The Finn, Boots, George Smith, Borrow, Short Grass, Sharpshooter, and Corn Tassel, but Roamer and Stromboli had the measure of them all, with the possible exception of H. P. Whitney’s Regret, winner of the 1915 Kentucky Derby, the only filly to carry off that honor.

Sometimes when I would get a little discouraged about the success, or lack of it, Mr. Belmont would assure me that it was not due to any fault in training.

“I don’t mind it when they’re my own horses,” I told him once, “but it sure does bother me to run into a bad streak when I’m training for somebody else.”

“It doesn’t bother me,” Mr. Belmont said. “We’re both doing everything we can to make our horses win, and that’s the most anybody can do. Forget that I own the horses and look upon them as yours, then we’ll both be happy. And just keep this fact in mind: if the time ever comes that I think the horses aren’t being handled to the best advantage I’ll let you know.”

After that I didn’t fret very much when the
Belmont colors failed to come down in front as much as I would have liked. And in due time the break came—and came with a rush. The ever-faithful Stromboli was still holding up his end of the campaign, having won the Suburban and many other rich stakes, when Hourless and Friar Rock appeared at the races sporting the Belmont silks. Friar Rock was a son of Rock Sand, the great English sire which Mr. Belmont had imported to this country at a cost of something like two hundred thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for a stallion up to that time. His dam was Fairy Gold, a daughter of Bend Or, so that in his blood ran the finest strains of the thoroughbred. And he proved his right to his royal heritage in his three-year-old form when he beat the older horses in the Suburban and Brooklyn Handicaps and those of his own age in the Belmont Stakes. The Whirl Stakes, the Adirondack Handicap, and the Saratoga Cup were among the other turf classics that fell to this sturdy son of a famous daddy.

But it is of Hourless I wish to speak particularly, for he figured in the most remarkable horse-race I have ever seen. Hourless was a son of Nogofol, winner of the French Derby, and carried the strain of Rock Sand through his mother, Hour Glass, a daughter of the noted English sire. He was foaled at the Southcourt Stud in England and brought here as a yearling, winning his first start
Mr. Hildreth, Jockey Mack Garner and Mr. August Belmont After the Suburban, 1916.
for Mr. Belmont on May 27, 1916, when he beat Ivory Black and seven other high-class two-year-olds. I've never handled a horse easier to train than this colt, a handsome fellow with a rich brown coat that glistened in the sun. He would work any way I wanted him to, jogging along at an easy gait when I instructed his rider to restrain him or displaying his dazzling speed when that was wanted. Both Mr. Belmont and I realized before he had turned the three-year-old mark that we had a horse of exceptional qualities, one that would leave his mark on turf records in the second year of his running. The only thing he couldn't do was to run in the mud. I haven't a doubt that the strong heart of Hourless was willing when he found himself in the going he hated, but he simply couldn't make it. And that is the reason I maintain it is a mistake to say, as turf people so often say, that a really great horse will run in any kind of going. The case of Hourless proves the incorrectness of that theory.

It often happens in a racing season that the question of three-year-old supremacy rests between two horses. The rivals of that year, 1917, were Hourless and Omar Khayyam, a chestnut colt by Marco from Lisma, owned by Wilfrid Viau and trained by Dick Carman. Omar had won the Kentucky Derby and Hourless the Belmont Stakes, the two classics for horses of their age, both more in favor at the time than the Preakness,
which had not then been restored to its present high place in the turf world. They met in the Brooklyn Derby, but it was on a heavy track and Hourless ran unplaced to the Viau horse. It was not until the Lawrence Realization at Belmont Park that they came together at even weights in a real test of their merits. Jimmie Butwell rode Hourless that day and somehow he managed to get his mount shut off, although there was only one other horse in the race, and to lose his whip. But with all these handicaps Hourless came along on his own courage as he and Omar pounded down the stretch and just failed by the shortest of noses to win the race.

If there's anything that goes against my grain it is to see the best horse lose a race of this kind. You can understand it when there is a big field and the luck of racing can decide things one way or the other, but with only three horses racing there's seldom much excuse for running into a pocket. So the very old devil got hold of me when I saw what had happened and I let out a streak of cussing that caused Mr. Belmont to look at me in surprise. It was the first time he'd ever heard me swear. But he didn't say anything then; just let me continue to blow off steam until he thought I was getting back to normal. Then he smiled and said, "Bless my soul, Mr. Hildreth, I didn't know you had it in you to get as mad as that."

"Why shouldn't I be mad? I'm no saint, and
HOURLESS

Winner of the Lawrence Realization of 1917 against Omar Khayyam, a race which turned out to be one of the most thrilling in the history of the turf.
that's something that would make one of those saints mad. Hourless should have won that race hands down. I know he can beat Omar and he's going to beat him, too. He's going to beat him good if I have anything to do with it." There was still considerable steam left in me.

"Do you want to arrange for another race?" Mr. Belmont asked.

"I certainly do, and the quicker it comes the better it'll suit me."

"All right, do as you think best. You have my consent."

Some time later I met Colonel Matt J. Winn, general manager of the Laurel track in Maryland. I came to the point abruptly.

"How would you like to put on a special race between Hourless and Omar Khayyam?" I inquired.

"The idea being that you think Hourless should have won the Realization," Colonel Winn suggested.

"That's the idea exactly. And if you'll fix up a match between them I think you will see that I have good ideas now and then."

You'll excuse the boastful tone of this when I say that it was an absolute conviction with me that Hourless had lost on a fluke. And I say this with a full appreciation of what a fine horse Omar Khayyam was. In my indignant outburst before Mr. Belmont I had admitted that Omar was "a
helluva horse,” and I knew that this description fitted. But I felt Hourless had something on him, for here was the greatest race-horse I’d ever trained up to that time.

The result of the Lawrence Realization had the turf world by the ear. The newspapers were filled with discussions as to which was the better horse and the racing folks themselves were divided. Most of the older horsemen agreed with me that Hourless would win if the race were to be run over again, and I was almost afraid Mr. Viau and Mr. Carman would be unwilling to enter a match. But Colonel Winn sent me word soon afterward that everything was arranged for the race to be held at Laurel on October 18, the distance to be one mile and a quarter and each horse to carry 126 pounds. The race was to be known as the John R. McLean Memorial Championship and the conditions provided that the track must be dry. The stake was ten thousand dollars a side. Mr. Belmont and I agreed that if Hourless won, the money should go to the Red Cross for war relief.

Twenty thousand persons were crowded into the Laurel track on the afternoon of the race. Most of these were casuals who had been attracted by the discussion the race had aroused. They couldn’t get it out of their minds that Omar Khayyam had beaten Hourless in both of their two previous meetings and they poured their dollars in on the Viau colt. But the veterans went to
Hourless and it was their support that sent our horse to the post favorite at 3 to 4 as against 13 to 10 on Omar. A total of seventy-one thousand dollars passed through the mutuel machines, six thousand dollars more being wagered on Hourless than on Omar Khayyam.

Everett Haynes, who rode Epinard in the international races held here in 1924, was Omar's jockey. It had been understood that Jimmie Butwell would ride Hourless, and I'll admit now that I never said a word to correct that impression. I had a little surprise coming to everybody, but I was keeping my intentions strictly to myself. Nobody knew what I had in mind, not even the members of my own circle. It was to Frank S. Hackett, my chief assistant since the death of Dave Leary, that I gave the first intimation of what was up. About ten minutes before saddling time I motioned Frank to one side and said, "Go over to the jockey house and tell Frankie Robinson that he's going to pilot Hourless in this race." Robinson was one of the star jockeys of the day and was under contract to the Whitney stable. He was just the type of boy I wanted to handle our horse, a cool-headed youngster with a fine pair of hands and good judgment of pace.

If Hackett was surprised he didn't show it. He is not the kind to question in an emergency of this character. Without a word he hurried over to the jockey house and found Robinson outside
anxiously waiting for the two horses to get into action, as everybody else at the track was.

"Frank, go weigh in for this race," was the sudden way Hackett broke the news to the jockey. Robinson didn't seem to understand at first; it was all so fast.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hackett?" he asked.

"Just what I say, get the Belmont colors on and weigh in for this race."

"You mean you want me to ride Hourless against Omar?"

"Yes, what's the matter, don't you want to?"

"Want to? Want to? Say, would you want a million dollars if somebody offered it to you? Wow!" And Robinson made a dash for the jockey room at such speed the other boys thought he was running wild. When his name was posted the crowd was dumfounded.

I say again that this was the greatest two-horse race ever run in this country. Omar Khayyam, the plodder, set out to make the pace for Hourless, the speed horse. The Laurel track, never particularly fast, was not at its best that afternoon. On the lower turn the sandy loam was four or five inches deep. And yet when the stop-watches clicked as the two horses passed the first quarter it showed they had run the distance in $23 \frac{2}{5}$ seconds. It took them just $\frac{1}{5}$ of a second longer to cover the next quarter, the time for the half being 47 seconds. Haynes eased down a trifle here and the
third quarter was travelled in $25^{2}/₅$ seconds, or $1:12^{2}/₅$ for the six furlongs. And all this time Robinson was holding Hourless under wraps, pulling so hard that I thought he would choke the horse. As they had skimmed past the five-furlong post it had looked as though he intended making a move with his mount, but through my field-glasses I saw him take another hold on Hourless and let Omar retain the same advantage he'd taken early.

It was not until they rounded the far turn that Robinson let out a wrap, for he sensed that the pace had begun to slow up a bit. The fourth quarter was covered in 26 seconds flat, $1:38^{2}/₅$ for the mile, and it was here that Hourless made the move I knew meant business. Foot by foot he picked up the ground separating him from the pacemaker, fairly bounding over the turf with his great strides. In the stretch they were lapped and in the final eighth Hourless poked his nose in front, the first time he had taken the lead in the race. Haynes was urging Omar on to the last ounce of his speed and courage, and neither of these could be questioned, but it was of no use. The brown son of Negofol just continued to fly over the earth in that smooth, frictionless way he had of devouring space, and at the wire he was a good length in front.

When the time of the race, $2:02$ for the mile and a quarter, was hung up the horsemen at the
track understood just how remarkable the performance had been. It was better than Broomstick's record in more ways than one. Broomstick had set his mark with light weight up, I think it was 102 pounds, and here Hourless had run the distance carrying 126 pounds over a track that was not naturally a fast one, and that day a little slower than usual. But the most remarkable part of his performance was the way he had done it. The last quarter was run in $23\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, a speed that you will usually find in the early part of sprint races instead of the last two furlongs of a distance contest. Out of five thousand races you won't find a single duplicate of this time. Look over the fractional time for the Kentucky Derby and other classics at such distances and see if the final quarter is not usually run in something closer to 25 seconds than $23\frac{3}{5}$. In the Derby of 1925, when Flying Ebony won, it was 28 seconds flat, and I doubt whether the track was any slower than when Hourless beat Omar Khayyam. Hourless' speed was the kind that will test the heart and running qualities of any race-horse. None except one that has the fibre of a champion can accomplish it.

It was the second time in my career that I had won a great match race while the owner of the winning horse was on the high seas. You will recall that at the time of the Admiration-May Hempstead race William C. Whitney was on his way to Europe and knew nothing of it until his
son Harry and I sent him a cable message. This time it was August Belmont who was bound for the other side, and to me as the trainer fell the duty of accepting the Golden Cup awarded to Hourless for his victory. As Governor Harrington of Maryland presented it, I recall that Ed Cole, the presiding judge at Laurel, came over to congratulate me on the victory.

"I've seen many horses and many horse-races in my time, but I've never seen the equal of this race to-day. Hourless is more than worthy of the splendid victory he has won," said Judge Cole. I appreciated the compliment, coming from one so competent to express an opinion. Judge Cole has been around racing for years; it was he who sat in the judges' stand when Billy Kelly met Eternal and when Man o' War defeated Sir Barton in the special race that was called "the match of the country."
IN THE earlier part of my engagement with the
Belmont stable our chief contract rider was
Eddie Dugan, a boy who had ridden King
James and other horses for me in 1909 and 1910,
when my stable took the place at the head of the
winning-owner list so long held by James R.
Keene, with net earnings of one hundred and fifty-
nine thousand dollars and one hundred and fifty-
two thousand dollars for the respective seasons.
The American turf lost sight of Eddie Dugan
when he went to Europe to ride and later barely
escaped alive through the enemy lines. Eddie was
a natural horseman, alert at the post and a strong
finisher. He was a newsboy out on the Coast
when one of the trainers discovered that he had
ability as a rider; I think it was Boots Durnell,
who handled the Drake horses, and later the stable
owned by the King of Roumania, who discovered
him. But he was typical of the jockeys who were
riding in those days. Those youngsters were of a
different mould from Laverne Fator and Earl
Sande and the other stars who have come to take the
places of the boys of fifteen and twenty years ago.
It is not easy come, easy go with the leading riders
of this day; jockeying is a business with them and
they go about it like efficient young business men. The old-time jockeys have gone on their way just as the famous characters of the turf have gone on theirs, never to return.

I've always believed in declaring the jockey in on any good luck you have racing horses. It hasn't been so long ago since the best of them used to receive from two to six thousand dollars a year, but when you think what an important part they play in winning big stakes you will see that this is not enough. I paid Bullman, Buchanan, and Powers each one thousand dollars a month as a regular fee and gave them bonuses for winning the bigger purses. And Carroll Shilling, the boy who could ride a horse in a way that would make your nerves tingle with its rhythm and grace, was more than pleased with the little fortune that came his way in the days of Novelty and Restigouche. And I'll say now that it's one of the secrets of a winning stable to have your boys with you and for them to know that as you profit so will they.

One season when the average earnings of jockeys were much lower than they are to-day I had a heart-to-heart talk with Eddie Dugan about his extravagances.

"Why not save a little of this money, Eddie?" I suggested. "It's coming in fast now, but there may come a day pretty soon when you'll be looking around for a few spare dollars."

"It slips right through my fingers somehow,
Mr. Hildreth," he answered. "I don't know how to save."

"Then let me do the saving for you."

He consented to this and we arranged that through the season he was to receive so much every week or so. It worked to perfection. At the end of the season I had ten thousand five hundred dollars in the bank for him and had paid him out something like three thousand five hundred dollars for spending-money. When the season closed we had another little talk; he was making his arrangements to ride on the California tracks during the winter. His mother lived in California, and he was anxious to get back to let her share in some of the good luck that was coming his way.

"By all means go back and see your mother and give her a royal good time," I advised, "but for the love of Mike don't let the whole amount get away from you. You know, you'll be earning good money riding, and that ought to be plenty for you and your mother to have all the fun both of you want."

Eddie assured me that he would return East the next spring with more than he had then. I told him that wasn't absolutely necessary, so long as he had something to show for his money; why not buy a piece of property, a home for the family or something of the sort, I suggested.

"Eddie, look here; you see this century note," I said, holding up a hundred-dollar bill before
him. "That century says you won't have as much
to your name when you come back as you have
when you leave. It's yours if you can show me
next spring that you've put a little more away."
And then I thought I'd better make it a binding
bargain. "And if you have less you've got to give
me a bill just like it. What do you say?"
"It's a bet, a hundred even that I have more
than ten thousand five hundred dollars when I
return next spring," Dugan replied.

When he came back East after the California
racing the first thing I did was to remind him of
the bet we'd made.
"You win, Mr. Hildreth," he said, looking
sheepish.
"Did you make any money out on the Coast?"
"Sure."
"And spent it all?"
"Yes sir."
"Then as I see it you owe me exactly one
hundred dollars."
"That's right," said Dugan, "and I'll pay you
just as soon as the season starts."
"Good Lord, you don't mean to say you're
absolutely broke?"
"Sure, clean as a whistle, flat as a tire." And
Eddie grinned.

I gave him three hundred dollars to take him
down to Garnett, South Carolina, where Mr. Bel-
mont had some horses in training. And though
I gave him a good lecture along with it I might just as well have saved my breath. Eddie Dugan was a fine youngster and a great rider, but he could never have written any essays for savings-banks to distribute to their depositors.

I'll always remember my association with Mr. Belmont as one of the most pleasing of turf experiences. In all the history of the American turf there have been few men who had the knowledge of thoroughbred breeding such as the late president of the Jockey Club acquired in his lifetime. I got many valuable lessons from him. There's one little incident I recall now which shows just how keen his understanding of breeding was. In the stable was a thin, weedy little mare named Lucky Catch, too high-strung to do any racing and even too nervous to train. When left alone in the stalls she'd fatten up and begin to look like a real thoroughbred; I believe in giving race-horses lots of food and running them with plenty of body back of them. But as soon as we'd start to work her in the mornings she'd begin to go off her feed and lose weight. She looked hopeless and I told Mr. Belmont about her.

"We'll try her out in the stud then," he said. "You know, Mr. Hildreth, the nervous little mares of that kind often make the best brood-mares of all." And after he'd looked Lucky Catch over
with his critical eye he added, "I think we ought to get some good foals from this one."

He hit it on the head exactly. Lucky Catch was cut out for the breeding farm. They mated her to Hourless and she foaled Lucky Hour, the good stage horse that Jim McClelland was campaigning on the New York tracks a few years ago, winner of the Edgemere, Potomac, and Maryland Handicaps among others. Lucky Play, winner of the Colorado Stakes and the Knickerbocker and Scarsdale Handicaps, was another of her foals.

When Mr. Belmont decided to give up racing and devote his time to war work I bought some of the horses we had been campaigning. Mad Hatter, by Fair Play from Madcap, by Rock Sand, and Lucullite, the brown son of Trap Rock-Lucky Lass, the latter the dam of Lucky Catch, were the best of these. And there was old Stromboli, my pet, the most likable old fellow I've ever known. Poor old Stromey had given his best for the Belmont colors and it had cost him dearly. He had broken down under the rigors of a career spent in fighting it out with the best horses of his day. Stromboli had hauled down his colors and was gone from the strife of the race-track. But it wasn't for racing him that I wanted Stromey; it was because he had a big place in my heart and I couldn't think of anything finer than to have this honest son of a great sire as a saddle-horse, to take with me to some farm where I could turn him out
until his legs were again strong. So I paid Mr. Belmont one thousand dollars for the gelded son of Fair Play.

Of all the things a fellow training horses is called upon to do there is none that has ever interested me more than to take a cripple and make a new race-horse out of him. And I've seen so many of them come back after they'd been given up as hopeless that I'm always thinking the chance may be there, no matter how bad the case may be. With Stromboli I was hoping to bring him around so that I could ride him, but it happened that just at that time I had some trouble with my back and couldn't sit astride a horse. It began to run in my mind that maybe after all Stromey's racing days weren't over and that he would come back sound and fit if I went along on the easy side with him. My friends give me credit for having restored a lot of famous cripples, and if I've had more than my share of success in this line I reckon it's because I let nature help do the mending. I don't like firing-irons any more than the horses themselves do. Plenty of rest, liniments, patient handling, and the proper amount of work are a pretty good cure in themselves. Of all these I recommend patience. You can't make horses recover any quicker than nature will permit. But you can form a partnership with nature.

One night while Strom was slowly coming back to racing form I entered his stall and found
him choking and almost on the point of passing out. I called a veterinarian, and the quick operation he performed saved the old fellow's life. I was so happy over the success of his efforts that after I paid him his regular fee I threw in an extra five hundred dollars for good luck. When some of my friends found out about this they used to joke with me about the way I was squandering my money on a horse that had no more chance of coming back to the races than Hindoo had. We stood for their jokes, Stromboli and I did, and we never let them know that the day was coming when we'd both make them eat their words. When I'd go out to Stromey's stall I'd rub his nose and say, "Old-timer, just one more good race out of you, just one more, and then we can tell the whole bunch of 'em to go plumb to hell."

Two years had passed when the day came for Stromboli to make his reappearance carrying racing silks. It was at the early summer meeting at Belmont Park in 1921 when I dropped him in a mile condition race among horses that hadn't even been foaled when he was at the top of his career. The fellows down at the track who knew his history just rubbed their eyes when they saw Stromboli's name in the list of entries. They didn't know whether they'd been handed a set of five-year-old entry sheets or whether somebody in the secretary's office had made some sort of a foolish blunder. Everywhere I went, in the club-house or out in
the paddock, I could hear the buzzing about Stromboli being entered for the next day and people asking what the joke was. I passed one group, and I think it was Tom Costigan saying to Johnny Walters and Judge Ed Cole something about what good sport it would be to see a gray-whiskered horse running at Belmont. Somebody else wondered whether I had supplied Strom with a pair of crutches to help him hobble around the track.

Stromboli was given a great hand when he paraded the next afternoon, marching along with all the dignity that his ten years gave him. And when the barrier was released he streaked right to the front in the same old way he'd done eight years before when he was burning up the track as a two-year-old. And he stayed in front, too, until the finish, handling his 123 pounds as though it was a feather and finishing the mile in the fast time of 1:37 4/5. He had done the trick for me, the thing I'd asked him to do when we'd had our little talks in the stall, and if he never did anything else on the race-track I was satisfied. But Stromey didn't stop there. Three or four days later he came back against a good field and just failed to win, losing by a short nose on the wire. Soon afterward he made his third appearance, and this time he led a field of sprinters home at six and a half furlongs, with 127 pounds on his back.

"I knew all along you'd do it, Stromey, old-
STROMBOLI
A FAMOUS HORSE THAT AFTER TWO YEARS OFF THE TRACK CAME BACK TO WIN

MAN O' WAR
THE GREATEST RACE-HORSE THE TURF HAS EVER SEEN. THIS SON OF FAIR PLAY—MAHUBAH WON TWENTY RACES OUT OF TWENTY-ONE STARTS.
timer, and now you're going to live like a gentle-
man for the rest of your life," I told him after
that race. The tendons in his ankles had begun to
give trouble again, and it was a fine time for him
to pass out of the picture, with his name on every-
body's tongue and carrying the brackets of a
winner in his last race. And so Stromboli retired
from racing forever. And there he is at Rancocas
to-day, grazing in the beautiful green paddocks
and living the life of ease and comfort he so well
deserves. And with me he will always stay, my
favorite thoroughbred.
CHAPTER XVI

THE HORSE OF THE CENTURY

The greatest race-horse the American turf has ever seen made his appearance about the time I separated from Mr. Belmont and began organizing my own stable. That was Man o' War, the wonderful striding son of Fair Play-Mahubah, by Rocksand, bred by Mr. Belmont at the Nursery Stud in 1917. When Mr. Belmont decided to devote all his time to war work he offered to sell his entire crop of yearlings to Samuel D. Riddle, of Philadelphia. Louis Feustal and Mike Daly, the Riddle trainers, inspected the crop and reported back that they were undersized, advising against their purchase. Later when Mr. Belmont put them up for sale at Saratoga Springs, Mr. Riddle was struck with the appearance of Man o' War. He asked his trainers how they had come to consider that particular horse undersized and they told him Man o' War had not been among the lot shown to them on their Kentucky visit. This made Mr. Riddle suspect that the owner of the Nursery Stud had in mind holding the Fair Play-Mahubah yearling out of the sale and also made him more anxious than ever to get hold of the youngster. It is true Mr. Belmont had intended to do that very thing, but he was
afraid the entire sale might suffer if he made any reservations and so Man o' War became the property of the Philadelphia sportsman for five thousand dollars, the greatest bargain in the history of American racing, as it turned out.

If it hadn't been that I wanted to get horses in training instead of yearlings Man o' War might have worn my own racing colors. I had handled Masda, his full sister, and I knew that if he possessed the same kind of speed that she had he would be a humdinger. Several times when I had held the stop-watch on Masda she had run so fast that I thought there must be some mistake and I had asked others to verify what my own watch told me. But they caught her in the same time. In her works she was one of the fastest tricks I've ever trained and she was good at actual racing, too, but not the same filly she was in the early morning gallops. I thought of Masda when I first heard of Man o' War, but I let it stop with thinking. Riddle didn't.

Man o' War became the idol of the public early in his two-year-old form. He simply smothered his opponents for speed and stamina, covering the ground in great leaps and seldom seeming to be pressed to show how fast and courageous he was. It was Man o' War off by himself, a flashing streak of horse-flesh, in stake after stake, the Keene Memorial, the Youthful, the Tremont, the Hudson, the Grand Union, the United States Hotel, the
Hopeful, and the Futurity. He suffered only one defeat that season and that through a bad piece of racing luck. It came in the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga when Man o' War got away to a bad start and then ran into a pocket from which Johnny Loftus, his rider and the premier jockey of the time, could not escape in time to catch the Whitney horse Upset. In the stretch, Man o' War came with a great rush, once he had got clear of interference, and he came within half a length of nipping Upset, to whom he was conceding fifteen pounds.

As a three-year-old Man o' War was unbeaten. He began by winning the Preakness and then swept through the Withers, the Belmont, the Dwyer, the Realization, the Kenilworth Cup at Windsor, and many other stakes. In the Dwyer he met John P. Grier, from the stable of H. P. Whitney, and broke the heart of this game horse, his closest rival, if you could call any horse of his age a rival. Grier was never the same horse after that encounter. In the Potomac Handicap at Havre de Grace, Man o' War went to the post with the crushing burden of 138 pounds on his back and got away from the barrier in a tangle, three or four lengths back of the field, when one of the assistant starters held his bridle as the starting signal came. But he quickly overtook his field on the heavy track and won the race, leading the good horse Wildair, 108 pounds, under the wire. That race is remembered as
THE RACE HELD AT KENTWORTH, IN CANADA, SHOVED THE DIFFERENCE IN CLASSES BETWEEN WAR AND ITS NEAREST COMPETITIONS.

MAN O' WAR BEATING SIR BARTON.

PHOTO BY W. E. WRIGHT PHOTO.

A."
Man o' War's greatest, as well as one of the most remarkable exhibitions of thoroughbred gameness on record.

It was when Man o' War was bowling over every competitor in his division that the demand came for a match between him and Sir Barton, winner of the Kentucky Derby of 1919 and a horse of the highest calibre in his four-year-old form the next year. Sir Barton, a son of Star Shoot, was being campaigned by Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Canadian sportsman, who was racing a powerful stable. The race was held at Kenilworth in Canada and attracted international attention, but as horse-races go it was no contest. Sir Barton had trained off badly before he went to the post and he was no match for the champion three-year-old. Man o' War took the track at the start, held it all the way, and just galloped to a seven- or eight-lengths victory over the little son of Star Shoot. The only effect of the race was to establish Man o' War more firmly than ever as the greatest horse the American turf has ever seen. He retired as a three-year-old the winner of twenty races in twenty-one starts and with earnings for his owner of two hundred and forty-nine thousand, four hundred and sixty-five dollars, the largest amount ever won by an American horse up to that time.

It was just about the time Man o' War was making his never-to-be-forgotten record that I stopped one afternoon for a chat in the club-house
with Harry M. Stevens, the caterer at the baseball parks and the race-tracks. He introduced me to a man standing there with him. It was Harry F. Sinclair, the oil man. Later in the afternoon I ran into E. E. Smathers, who had owned McChesney and other good horses when I trained for him some years before this. With him was Mr. Sinclair.

"Sam, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Mr. Sinclair. He’s a baseball fan and I’m trying to tell him how much better horse-racing is as a sport," said Mr. Smathers.

Mr. Sinclair and I laughed at this and told E. E. that everybody at the track was trying to introduce us.

"If they keep on we ought to get to know each other some time or other," Mr. Sinclair remarked.

"Whenever I come to the races I always get Mr. Hildreth to mark my programme," Smathers broke in, addressing the oil man. Then he turned to me, saying, "Here, Sam, put circles around a few good ones on that programme."

When I’d marked his programme with the horses I thought had the best chances of winning their races that day, I turned to Mr. Sinclair and asked if he would like me to do the same for him. He replied that he would be extremely glad to have the benefit of any information I could give him, as he was not familiar with the form of race-horses and was pretty much at sea when it came to pick-
ing winners. I marked the entire card of six races for both of them. Five of my selections won.

The next day I met Mr. Sinclair in the clubhouse again and he thanked me for my choices. 

"I took your advice on all of them except one," he said. "In the Futurity I went to Purchase instead of Dunboyne and now I know better." Dunboyne had won the Futurity.

We stood talking for a few moments and as I was about to move on Mr. Sinclair asked whether I'd mind marking his programme again. I did and again I hit on several winners. Every time I saw him after that I volunteered to circle the names of the horses I liked, and as luck would have it I was in a great winning streak. Nearly everything I picked was either coming down in front or knocking at the door. After this had continued for a week or so Mr. Sinclair met me one afternoon and asked me to sit down for a little talk with him.

"It's very nice of you, Mr. Hildreth, to go on giving me winners every day as you have been."

"That's perfectly all right; I'm only too glad to do it for a friend of E. E. Smathers or Harry Stevens. You're perfectly welcome to any help I can give and don't think there is any obligation to it, not for a moment."

And the outcome of that conversation was the formation of a combination that still continues after five years of successful campaigning on the turf. Our first arrangement was for a pool to back
the horses I fancied, but it became an actual partnership as Mr. Sinclair's interest in racing grew. I had seven or eight good horses running at the time, Lucullite and Mad Hatter at the head of the string, and Mr. Sinclair asked me one day if I would mind selling him an interest in Lucullite, to whom he had taken a great fancy. I consented and it was Lucullite that first ran in our joint interests.

There was a horse running that year which looked to me as having the makings of a real champion. A great massive horse, he was, for a two-year-old, with a rich chestnut coat that sparkled, a broad, noble head that is the mark of a fine racehorse, and a smooth action that told of a world of speed and power yet to be developed. That was Purchase, the son of Ormondale-Cherryola, by imported Tanzmeister. And well he should be a fine specimen of thoroughbred, for his breeding was of the purple. Ormondale, his sire, was the Futurity winner of his year, and Cherryola, his dam, a fine race-mare that had won twenty-six races in the years of 1909 to 1913. I knew his daddy and his mother both. So I put out feelers for Purchase, and when George D. Smith let me have him, I knew I had made a bargain that would bring me a fine return on my investment. I bought Lord Brighton from Smith at the same time.

It was in the Futurity of 1918 that I had first become impressed with Purchase's racing qualities. Though I had backed Dunboynie to win that race
and though Mr. Sinclair had gone against my judgment when he went to Purchase, I knew that it was only through bad racing luck that Purchase had lost. Earlier in the season he had run five races before winning, but in the sixth he performed in a manner that made him an equal favorite with Dunboyne for the Futurity. And it was only because he swerved as the barrier went up that he failed to lead the field under the wire. It was lucky for me that he had been a victim of this accident of running. His price would probably have been double what I paid if he had won.

Purchase was the best horse I ever trained, and I say that without any strings to it. As a three-year-old he started eleven times and won nine races. I started him on the season’s campaign on July 10, 1919, when I sent him after the Dwyer Stakes at a mile and a furlong at Aqueduct and I wasn’t a bit afraid about the good field named to start, Sir Barton, Eternal, Cirrus, Crystal Ford, and Questionnaire. I was even sorry when the sloppy condition of the track caused the withdrawal of three of these, Eternal, Cirrus, and Questionnaire, leaving only three to go to the post and only Sir Barton as a real opponent. But Sir Barton had won the Kentucky Derby and was supposed to be the champion three-year-old of the year, so a victory over him meant a great deal. And this victory Purchase scored with the greatest ease, winning by three
lengths from the odds on favorite, Crystal Ford being a distant trailer all the way.

If Purchase was good to look upon as a two-year-old he was magnificent when he reappeared as a three-year-old. So besides being my greatest horse he was the finest-looking one I ever saddled, standing more than sixteen hands high, splendidly muscled, and a race-horse in every ounce of his flesh. Mr. Vosburgh, of the Jockey Club, wrote of him, "He had the size of Melbourne, the power of Stockwell, the beauty of Orlando, the speed of Ormonde and St. Simon, and the indomitable courage of Lexington." That describes Purchase, who is standing to-day at the Rancocas Farm in New Jersey, quartered in the largest box stall to give him the freedom his size demands, and next door to Grey Lag and Zev and Lucullite and Kai-Sang.

The one thing not told of Purchase is that hard luck followed him in his racing days as it does few thoroughbreds. There is no telling how far the most famous of Ormondale's sons might have gone but for his misfortunes. As a two-year-old he had the Walden Stakes at his mercy, with ten or twelve pounds off, when he injured one of his legs three days before the race. The next year I was preparing him for the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and he was showing speed that made me feel confident he would win one of these or maybe both, when he reared in his stall, got one of his front feet caught in the hay-rack, and crippled himself. Sir
THE HORSE OF THE CENTURY

Barton won the Kentucky that year, and when Purchase romped away from Sir Barton in the Dwyer two months later I was more than ever convinced that it was only his bad luck that had kept him from having his name written on the honor list of Kentucky Derby winners.

Hard luck was the biggest burden Purchase had to carry; weight itself was not a burden to this strapping colt. He showed this when he shook off his old enemy for a while that summer and won the Southampton Handicap with 129 pounds up, beating Eternal with 125, the Stuyvesant with 124, the Saranac with 133, the Huron with 134, and the Saratoga with 118. In the Brooklyn he was given the highest weight ever carried by a three-year-old in that stake, 117 pounds, and he ran second for his first defeat of the season. The second time he was beaten came in the race for the Saratoga Cup over a mile and six furlongs, when he met Exterminator, winner of the Kentucky Derby of 1918, and one of the most popular horses that have raced in America. Exterminator was a Hindoo over a route and a bear in the mud, but I was never more confident of anything than I was that I would win that race. I remember standing in the clubhouse and telling some friends that I thought the short price of 1 to 3 against Purchase was really a good price. And the way that race was run is one those things I like to forget. Bill Knapp, a capable jockey ordinarily, could not have ridden
worse. In the stretch he lost his whip and with it Purchase's chance of leading Exterminator home. It was another piece of bad luck for this unfortunate horse.

It was while he was at the top of his three-year-old form that a horseman approached me one afternoon and asked if I would consider selling Purchase. I knew that particular fellow didn't have anything like enough money to buy the horse, so I thought it was a joke.

"No, I mean it, absolutely. One of the biggest owners at the track has asked me to see you about it; I'm representing him," he told me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I'm not at liberty to say until I find out whether you will sell."

"How much does he want to pay for Purchase?"

"He'll go as high as three hundred thousand dollars."

That is the highest sum I've ever heard of being offered for a race-horse. It was a tempting offer and I had good reason to believe that it was Commander Ross who was trying to buy Purchase. But I refused. It was at a time when I was just getting together a stable of horses to carry my own colors and I was certainly in no mood to part with the best one I had ever handled. And this was just before Purchase met with the accident at Laurel. After that I doubt whether Commander Ross
would have offered half the amount for Purchase, as it was uncertain then how serious the injury was.

A little later in the season, when we had moved on to Laurel in Maryland, the old jinx returned. I had tried to arrange with Commander Ross for a match between Purchase and Sir Barton, but he refused. There wasn’t much left for Purchase to beat. Man o’ War and he were the heroes of the year, but the Riddles preferred the three-year-old races for their champion. So the only thing I could do was to keep Purchase in fit condition and send him out for the less important honors. One morning I was breezing him a half-mile in fifty seconds when he struck a rock or some other hard obstacle on the track and tore the ligaments loose in his off front leg. He was lame for two or three months after that and I decided to give him a good long rest before sending him back to the races. In the spring I had him in the stud, where he served a few mares, and kept working hard on him all through that year to get him ready for campaigning again. In July, 1921, at five years old, he was sound and fit. I entered him at Empire City and the reception he received reminded me of Stromboli’s return to the races earlier in the season. He won two races at Empire and I shipped him to Saratoga. On the train he wrenched one of his hind legs and again was thrown out of training. That was the end of his racing days. I retired him to Rancocas to stay, listed in my memory as the great-
est race-horse I ever owned, the most magnificent thoroughbred I have ever seen, and yet the one with the worst luck.

Before this Mr. Sinclair and I had formed a racing partnership and had set out to get together one the strongest stables that have ever raced in this country. The man who had been introduced to me as a baseball fan not much acquainted with horse-racing had become more enthusiastic about his new diversion than he had been about the sport he'd followed from his boyhood days. The way he went about building up a string of horses reminded me of the methods the Dwyers had used years before. His heart was set on winning the big stakes; he had been carried away with the thrill of seeing his horses come tearing down the stretch in the lead of the field, while the crowd shrieked its tribute to the winner. It is the way of every fellow who gets the hang of the race-track and who understands the spell that comes with the rolling thunder of hoofs in the loam and whose heart bangs against his ribs when he sees his own colors weaving to the front of a field that flashes along with the speed of a meteor and with the grace of a bird in flight. And I could tell that the spell was full upon this man, with his natural love for the outdoors and with a mind tuned to the winning scale.

Both of us were on the lookout for young horses that showed promise. It was my job to keep the stable up to the mark we had set for ourselves, but
Mr. Sinclair was picking up knowledge of horse-flesh fast and his suggestions were valuable. One afternoon at Aqueduct we were both impressed with the qualities of a two-year-old running for the first time in the colors of J. H. Rossiter. The youngster was Inchcape, a son of Friar Rock, and the way he romped away from a field of high-class ones told me that here was a horse of exceptional merit.

"I think we ought to buy that fellow," I remarked after the race.

"I don't think there's any doubt about it," Mr. Sinclair replied. And it was pleasing to me that he had recognized Inchcape as a probable champion.

Horse-racing was in a flourishing condition and prices were on the rise. Mr. Rossiter fixed a large price for Inchcape and wouldn't budge from that. While we were dickering for the Friar Rock colt he won another race. That settled it and we met the demand, each of us owning a half-interest in accordance with our partnership arrangement. It was the highest price ever paid for a two-year-old and remains so to-day. But it was an unlucky investment. Inchcape won only one race in our colors. He went wrong then and never responded to treatment. We retired him to Rancocas for stud duty.

The success we'd gone in search of came in even a larger measure than we'd hoped for. Mad Hatter
was our chief reliance in the older division, and though many of the regulars around racing will cuss at this horse and say he was not a consistent runner, it is only necessary to look over his record to see just what he has accomplished. There you will find his name bracketed as the winner of the Latonia Championship, the Bowie, the Suburban, and twice in the Metropolitan, the Kings County, the Toboggan, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, with total winnings for his seven years of racing amounting to one hundred ninety-four thousand five hundred twenty-five dollars. And Grey Lag, a younger horse, by imported Star Shoot out of Miss Minnie, had joined our string to do his part in the fine run of luck we were having. It is Grey Lag that I regard as the second-best racehorse I have handled in my fifty years on the turf. With him we earned one hundred thirty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five dollars in purses and many of the most important stakes on the racing calendar, the Suburban, Brooklyn, Metropolitan, Belmont, Devonshire International, and Saratoga, to name a few. You will recall the confidence the racing public had in this horse and how every one knew he could be counted upon to give the utmost of his brilliant speed and courage, an honest and reliable horse if the race-track ever saw one.
CHAPTER XVII

RANCOCAS

I have intimated that Mr. Sinclair was a fast worker. You will get a good idea of this speed when I tell you that after his first venture into racing he had the fever so strong it began to run through his mind that we ought to go the full distance by taking up the breeding end of the game. Can you beat that? Here the hundred per cent. baseball man had first made a casual trip to the races, profited on a few tips, bought a half-interest in one horse, branched out to be part owner of an elaborate racing stable, and now had a hankering to polish the whole experience off by becoming a breeder of thoroughbreds. I had almost sensed this coming. It is the way of all men who have the sporting instinct and the money to dabble around with horses. I had seen William C. Whitney go through the same experience. Charlie Kohler had been through it. E. E. Smathers was an example of it. When the thoroughbred gets into their blood they can’t wait until they have a string of their own and can pick out their own colors in the jumble of colors that moves around the track. And when this longing has been satisfied there is always the next step—the desire to send horses to the post that have been bred on their own farm and raised under their own eyes. It was ever so.
"I think we ought to buy the Rancocas Farm," was the sudden way he put it to me one day when the breeding germ had taken such a grip on his system that there was no cure. And I'll admit I was staggered. Rancocas! The great establishment which Pierre Lorillard had developed at Jobstown, New Jersey, a half-century before when I was a kid going around to the quarter-tracks with my father and Red Morocco and the others in his modest string! The birthplace of Dewdrop, Wanda, Pontiac, and many others whose names were glorious in the history of the turf; a great estate of 1244 acres, of which 1000 were in grass, and its stables for every breeding purpose and its broad paddocks, some of them covering 100 acres. And its fifty acres of deer park and its swimming-pools and the training-track one mile and five-eighths in length. When I thought of the bigness of the idea my mind went back to the days in Missouri and Kansas and Kentucky and I could picture the little old barn that housed our horses, a tumbly affair at its best, though clean and immaculate, and I could see Vincent Hildreth, my father, and my brothers working round the stalls and gid-daping the horses here and there as they made the straw beds for the night.

"I'll tell the world you're no piker," I managed to observe after a spell of thinking. But Mr. Sinclair paid no attention.

"And I think we can do a lot to improve it."
I've already been down there to look it over and it needs plenty of fixing up. But that's easy; all you need is a crew of carpenters and plasterers and plumbers and an architect and an engineer or two. And I think a few more buildings are needed. Then when we have everything ship-shape we'll buy up a lot of brood-mares, and it will be a fine place to send Grey Lag and Purchase and Lucullite and Mad Hatter when their racing days are over."

And can you beat that? Not only buy Rancocas, but spend a fortune on it in improvements. I began making a mental tabulation of the money I had in bank and figuring how far it would go in standing this kind of a gaff. The old bank-roll had been hit pretty hard now and then in my years of racing, but I could see where it was going to receive its worst wallop. I added and subtracted and divided and multiplied until I began to get cross-eyed. It was too much banking for me; I was getting dizzy as well as cross-eyed.

"What's all this going to stand us?" I finally blurted out. But Mr. Sinclair went right on, ignoring my practical question.

"And then in a couple of years we'll have our own horses to send to the post, the horses we raised on our own farm."

"What's the bill going to be?" I broke in.

"I think we'd better call ourselves the Rancocas Stable; that will be an appropriate name for a stable racing the horses bred at Rancocas Farm."

"How much?"
"I've always had a leaning toward white and green. We'll have to have white and green in our racing colors."

"Name the cost; you know what I mean, say something about what I'll have to chip in to do all this. Slip it to me in dollars and cents, if you know what I mean." This in a feeble voice from me.

"And another thing about white is that you can always see it so plainly. Now I think white is much more sensible than, say, a dark purple or a brown; and the green speaks of the outdoors and grass and things. And when we get going I can—"

I threw up my hands. The speed of this thing had gone to my brain.

"Yeh, I like white, too, and there's nothing quite so green as green; and Purchase and Grey Lag ought to make humdingers in the stud; and I think we ought to have a big indoor track where we can train the horses when the weather is too bad to work them out in the open; and I know where we can get some brood-mares; and if you lime the paddocks once every so often it makes the grass sweeter for the mares and their foals; and it's just a question of getting enough men to work on the place, plenty of stable-men to keep the stalls perfect and plenty of exercise boys to gallop the horses; and if those carpenters don't do a good job we'll fire them and get new ones; and it'll be such a fine place for Buster and the other dogs; I think
I'll spend my winters there, and, say, what's this all about anyway?"

So we bought Rancocas as was and made it as is. And for the first time since my early boyhood I was back in the breeding end of racing. But the fears I'd had in our first conversation were realized. The bills were coming in too fast to suit; I was over my head. There was the item of the indoor track, three-eighths of a mile around, the only one I know of in the country. It was all too much of a burden for me, and I told Mr. Sinclair so. I told him there was nothing I liked better than to live close to my horses and to have every modern appliance at hand to produce the finest kind of thoroughbred, but that this sort of thing was a little beyond me. In our speed I don't think Mr. Sinclair had reckoned on that. So we revised our arrangement. I sold my interest in the farm and the stock to him and became the general manager of both.

You of to-day are familiar with the history of the success of the Rancocas Stable; it is all so recent and there has been so much in the papers about it. In four years of campaigning we had won about one million two hundred thousand dollars in purses, an average of three hundred thousand dollars a season. And there is the record year of 1923, Zev's year, when the stable's earnings were four hundred thirty-nine thousand dollars, the largest amount ever won by a single stable, and the
winnings of Zevalone totalled two hundred seventy-two thousand dollars. You have heard before this that Zev, with his total winnings of three hundred thirteen thousand six hundred thirty-nine dollars, has passed far beyond any other horse of to-day or other days in the amount of earnings, and that he was the hero of the most-talked-of race the world has ever known, his match with the English Derby winner, Papyrus. But there are some things you don’t know about the performances of this famous horse, the son of The Finn and Miss Kearney, by Planudes, for they have been known to very few persons. And it is these things I am going to relate now, after telling of just one other incident that occurred in 1921 in the days when we were organizing the establishment that was to have so much good fortune.

The Rancocas Stable had no monopoly on turf fixtures then and has not now—most certainly not last year with our famous old campaigners doing stud duty and the flu holding our horses back all through the early part of the season. When you talk about success it’s so easy to give the impression that you’re boasting, and I don’t mean it that way. There have been many others to give us a good fight over every inch of the ground; fellows who are too game to haul down their colors and admit defeat. Harry Payne Whitney is one who has pressed us every foot of the way, and once in the past four years he has led us under the wire with his earnings
CONTRARY TO THE EXPECTATIONS OF MANY
THE CHAMPION TWO-YEAR-OLD OF THIS YEAR—THE SON OF BAYWORTH—WENT THROUGH THE SEASON WITHOUT A DEFEAT

MORVICH

Photo by Vic's World Photo, N.Y.
for the season. Rancocas has not been the only stable on the American turf, not by a long shot. You are simply hearing more of Rancocas here because this is the story of my experiences and Rancocas is my stable.

In the early part of 1921 the Eastern racing folks saw a horse named Morvich make his first appearance in a cheap race at Jamaica. Morvich, a son of Runnymede, romped off with his first race by something like fifteen lengths, leaving the rest of the field so far behind that you had to look down the track to find them when he passed under the wire. Now it is always a deceptive thing when a real good horse makes his bow in a cheap race, as sometimes happens. It stamps him as not being thought much of by his owners and the public has a hard time forgetting that he has carried that mark. Max Hirsch got Morvich from the Spreckels for four thousand three hundred fifty dollars and soon sold him to Fred Burlew for four thousand five hundred dollars. It was when Burlew, my old partner of the Guttenberg days, had Morvich that he beat one of my own horses in a selling race, I think it was Brush Boy. While they were throwing the blanket over the winner after the race I walked over to Burlew and gave him a warning.

"Don't you ever run that horse in another selling race, Fred," I said, "because if you do I'm going to lead him away from you, sure as the sun shines."
"Well, you'll have plenty of chances to do it," Fred replied. "I'm going to run him in lots of selling races."

Back in the club-house I told some friends that to see Morvich in a selling race reminded me of something that had happened when I was a boy riding for Mr. Pritchard at the Vinita track in Oklahoma, the only race-course I've ever known of that was owned and operated by Indians. One day a leader of the tribe, a fellow who was much feared, won a selling race with a good horse, but refused to let his horse go up at auction. They told him that it was the rules of racing that a horse running in a selling race must be sold to the highest bidder, if there were any bidders. He didn't care anything about racing rules or anything else; they weren't going to offer his horse for sale and that was that. And he wasn't the right kind of an Indian to argue with. So one of the officials of the track, himself a redskin, went to the judges' stand and rang a big dinner-bell to attract the attention of the crowd.

"No sale this horse, no sale this horse," he announced. And that was all there was to it.

"If Fred Burlew runs Morvich in another selling race he'll need an Indian with a dinner-bell to save him from my halter," I told my listeners. But it never became necessary for Burlew to seek the services of an Indian to protect Morvich from joining the Rancocas string. Soon afterward he
Winning the Kentucky Derby of 1925

Photo by Wide World Photos, N.Y.
sold a half-interest in the son of Runnymede to Benjamin Block and they raced under the name of the B & B stable. Morvich continued winning every race he went after, meeting a better class of horses as he went. And late in July of that year his value had increased to the point where Fred became worried over the responsibility of owning even a half-interest in so exceptional a horse. He sold his interest to his partner, but continued to train Morvich. The price paid by Block was supposed to have been thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

Morvich was the champion two-year-old of 1921, going through the season without a defeat. He became the favorite for the Kentucky Derby of 1922 and Block bet a fortune on him in the winter books, getting the usual good odds offered in future betting. And Morvich won. Block alone knows how much he cleaned up on that race and has never advertised it, but the turf world realized it must have been plenty, perhaps hundreds of thousands. And the chances are he tossed a great deal of it back to the place it had come from when Morvich failed later in the season to live up to the form he had shown as a two-year-old and in his first start as a three-year-old. There were many horsemen who were predicting the collapse of Morvich. They simply wouldn't let themselves believe he was the great horse his record made him. When he was beaten by the Whitney horse
Whiskaway and others as a three-year-old they smiled and said, "I told you so." And yet nobody can deny that this son of Runnymede, starting as a selling plater, was a mighty fine race-horse when he was good.

It is not a new story to the turf world for an owner to throw back a fortune he has made on a fast horse. Do you remember Davey Johnson, the plunger, and Roseben, the great sprinting son of Ben Strome? Roseben was the most famous horse of his day, back fifteen years or more, a sprinter and weight-carrier who had no equal then, and has not been surpassed in the years that have intervened. I knew Dave Johnson well. He bet thousands on his favorite thoroughbred, even after the handicapper had begun to place burdens on his back which sometimes would run well over 140 pounds. It was only the other day that somebody asked me how much Johnson used to bet on Roseben, and I answered, "Whatever he had." If it was one thousand dollars, he'd bet it; if it was thirty thousand dollars he'd bet that, whatever he could rake and scrape. And when Roseben finally began to lose so did Johnson. The fortune he'd piled up with the king of sprinters withered away when age and weight took their toll on the high speed of Roseben, "the big train," as he was known.
MR. HILDRETH WITH THE CUP WON BY ZEV IN THE BELMONT STAKES

ZEV—SANDE UP

ZEV LEADS IN THE LIST OF MONEY WINNERS WITH $272,008 TO HIS CREDIT
CHAPTER XVIII

THE TRUTH ABOUT ZEV

But it is of Zev I started to tell, the brown horse that rose to greater fame than all the others that have cantered through the glories of the turf; the best-advertised horse the world has ever known, because he won the most celebrated of international matches, and because there has been the radio to help broadcast his accomplishments. And it is of Zev's two most noted races I will speak, passing over the fine record he made as a two-year-old when he finished first in five races out of twelve starts, and won nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in purse money, including second place in the Futurity. It will be enough to say of his earlier career as a three-year-old that he was all powerful, that he proved his right to carry the hopes of America in the International by his splendid victories in the Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Withers, and other stake races. In the Preakness that year, 1923, he lost a few of his friends when he finished unplaced, but a thing which the public didn't appreciate, and which I knew, was that he had been kicked at the post a few minutes before the start. So when Earl Sande a week later brought him down in front of the strong Derby field, with odds of nearly 20 to 1
against him, it was a surprise to many horsemen, but not to those who had noticed what had happened in the Preakness.

When Major Belmont and his associates arranged for Papyrus to come over here to meet the best American three-year-old there was never any question in my mind that Zev would be the selection of the committee. I told Mr. Sinclair that all we had to do was to go along easily with Zev and keep him fit and sound. On his record he had shown himself far superior to anything in this country, and in any kind of going. If he was sound at the time of the race I could not see how any other horse could be chosen over him. There was talk of Admiral Grayson's horse, My Own, but it didn't worry us. Zev was the Kentucky Derby winner and the horse coming here to race was the English Derby winner. That in itself was almost enough to make his selection certain. But our horse had done more than this; he had come out of the Derby without a mark on him, and had shown his heels to some of the best of his age in the Belmont, and to the older horses in other stakes. Sickness was the only thing, sickness or an injury.

About two weeks before the race we discovered that Zev had a sore throat and was coughing. The report flew around that he was in a bad way, and that some other horse would have to take his place in the International. We nursed him along with the greatest care, and he responded. Then when
he had all but recovered from the coughing he broke out with hives, but it was not a serious attack, and five days before the race they had disappeared. I knew Zev was ready again to put up a sparkling performance. There was no doubt in my mind that he was the best qualified horse in the country to represent Uncle Sam in a match that meant so much to the entire nation. And though he was primed in every way for the task ahead of him, I even felt that he would not have to give of his best speed to beat this horse from England. Papyrus was taking all the worst of that race, first with the long trip across the ocean and then getting accustomed to our climate. Zev looked like a one to a hundred shot; certainly he would have been that much better than Papyrus if it had not been for the coughing.

The talk about My Own became more insistent as the reports of Zev's illness were exaggerated. The Jockey Club was taking no chance on such an important horse-race, and the committee, on Mr. Sinclair's request, came down to the track to have a look at our horse and a chat with me. Mr. Belmont was the chairman, and the others were Robert L. Gerry, Joseph E. Widener, William Woodward, and W. S. Vosburgh. They asked me many questions about Zev's condition. I was positive in my mind about the whole thing, and my answers were just as positive.

"I don't see how there can be any thought of another horse," I told Mr. Belmont. "Did you
ever see a Kentucky Derby winner return East and do the things Zev has done? Did you ever see a horse come back as sleek and sound as he did? Why, you'd never know Zev had even been in a race. And here he has done everything we've asked him to do since then."

"That's perfectly true," Mr. Belmont replied. "I've seen many horses return to New York after the Derby, and I've never seen one come back in better shape."

Somebody suggested that it might be well to have a test between Zev and My Own to see which was the better horse.

"No, I'm not going to enter Zev in any test race. The agreement was that he could qualify if he won the Realization. He won the Realization, and I'm going to stand on that. And I want to tell you something, gentlemen, you never knew before. In the Realization Zev tore a frog off one of his legs, but he won in spite of it."

I simply couldn't get it through my head why there should be any question as to the selection of Zev. I'm not criticising My Own when I say that his record as a three-year-old had been nothing to compare with that of our horse. I turned to Major Belmont a little irritably, and said:

"Just bear in mind that there never would have been an international race this year if it hadn't been for Zev. Mr. Irish didn't send Papyrus over here to race My Own or any other American horse
except Zev. It's the two Derby winners against each other. That's what the public of both countries want to see."

Mind you, there was no antagonism toward Zev on the part of the committee. It was myself who was on the aggressive. The whole situation seemed so ridiculous. I brought Zev out of his box stall for the committee to inspect.

"There, take a look at him for yourselves. You're all horsemen, and if you can see anything wrong with Zev I'd like mighty well to know it."

It was Mr. Belmont who brought the inspection to an end.

"Mr. Hildreth," he said, "I am to understand from what you say that Zev is now in good condition, and that if he's chosen he will go to the post sound and fit?"

"You have my assurance," I replied.

"And you are giving us your word that if anything develops between now and the day of the race that makes you think he could not win, you will let me know?"

"You have my word."

And then one of the most pleasing things that have happened to me in all my years of racing occurred. Mr. Belmont turned to the other members of the committee, and spoke to them in a serious tone.

"I've known Mr. Hildreth for a great many years, and I've had him with me as the trainer of
my horses. If he gives me his word he will send Zev to the post in fit condition it’s plenty good enough for me.”

So Zev became the final selection of the committee, though the public wasn’t certain until the last minute which horse would face the barrier with Papyrus. The fact that My Own was rushed to New York a few hours before the race made many believe that the Grayson horse would receive the honor after all.

The Belmont Park track was deep in mud the day of the race. Some people have said this was greatly to Zev’s advantage, as he had always run so well in soft going. But I believe Papyrus was benefited by it just as much as Zev was. Some friends of mine who had seen the English horse run on a soft track in his own country had told me that he was at his best in that kind of going.

I’ll confess to you that I have all the superstitions of the race-track; some fellows say I have more than my share. When there’s important business in hand I don’t want to get near a two-dollar bill, and I’ll run away from a cross-eyed man. And I like to stand in a winning spot. Out under the trees in the Belmont paddock is a particular spot where I always go to see my horses saddled. I’ve sent many a winner on his way from that place, more than a hundred in all, I reckon, and I’ve come to associate it with good luck. So on International day, as always, I directed that the saddling be done under
ZEV WORKS OUT (NEAREST THE CAMERA)

PAPYRUS (THIS SIDE) WITH HIS STABLEMATE BARGOLD
these trees. I had just told the stable-man to take Zev there when Jimmy McLaughlin, now a track official, came along and said that a special enclosure had been built to saddle Zev and Papyrus in.

"You see, this is a rare occasion, and there's a great crowd at the track, and the Association thought it would be better to have the horses in a place where they wouldn't be bothered," said McLaughlin.

"You bet your life this is a rare occasion, Jimmy, and I'm not going to take any chances by changing my luck at the last minute. It's the same old saddling-spot for me, there's too much at stake in this race." I was truly afraid that if I went to the fenced-in enclosure something would happen to Zev and he would get the loser's share of twenty thousand dollars instead of the winning stake of eighty thousand dollars and the beautiful cup the club had offered. But after I'd taken Zev to the regular saddling-place I was almost sorry I hadn't gone to the enclosure, the crowd was so great.

You could feel the suspense of the crowd while the two horses were parading to the post. Here was the most brilliant event the turf world had ever known, here or abroad. The best three-year-old of England against the best of America. The premier English jockey, Steve Donoghue, against the premier American rider, Earl Sande. Country against country on the race-track. It was something to make you hold your breath and send the
blood tingling through your veins. You knew that millions of people the world over were waiting to hear the result of this race flashed, and here you were yourself actually waiting to see the horses on their way. My own heart was pounding a little faster than usual, although I was an old, old hand at this game and had been through many a battle.

In the paddock I had given Earl Sande the last word of riding instructions. "Run right along with Zev if he goes to the front easily," I had said, "but don't press him too hard if the Englishman wants to run his head off in the early stages."

I was standing in our club-house box with a party of friends when the horses were sent away from the post. All around us the crowd was packed in such a dense mass that you could hardly move. As the two contenders galloped down the back stretch I lowered my field-glasses for a moment and noticed a familiar face in the crowd outside my box. It was Basil Jarvis, the trainer of Papyrus and a fine sportsman. He was pushing his way through the yelling throng trying to get some place where he would have a good view. What a tragedy, I thought, for a fellow to come all the way across the Atlantic, spend days getting his horse in good condition, and then to be unable to see the actual running of the race. I called to him.

"Mr. Jarvis; hey there, Mr. Jarvis, come over and get in our box," I yelled, but my voice was almost drowned by the squawking of the specta-
THE INTERNATIONAL DERBY—ZEV WINS OVER PAYTHUS
tors. He looked up, saw me, and by a supreme effort shouldered his way through the pack. I reached out my hand and gave him a pull forward when he got near enough and he stood directly outside the box while the race was being run.

Zev jumped into the lead at the start, and through my glasses I could see that Sande was letting him run in his own way. He was in one of his best moods and just cantering. With each bound he increased his advantage over the Englishman. His action was smooth and frictionless, and he reminded you of a bird sailing along on the wind, so easy was his stride. Coming into the stretch he pulled a little further away from Papyrus. There was no mistaking this move. It was victory. I knew it and so did every other horseman at the track. Basil Jarvis was quick to recognize it. I felt somebody tugging at my arm, and lowered the glasses to see the English trainer extending his hand.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hildreth," he said with a good wholesome smile. "It's your race, my horse is beaten."

We shook hands. There was a firmness in Jarvis' grip that told of his sincerity.

"And I congratulate you, too, Mr. Jarvis. I congratulate you and Mr. Irish and I want to say that you were all good sports to bring your horse over here and race him against such odds. Papyrus is a good one, but you never had a chance with the
short time you allowed for him to get used to our climate." And we shook hands the second or third time.

When you think of it, it seems strange for these congratulations to have passed back and forth even before the race was over. They still had five-sixteenths to go when this took place and you can never tell what might happen to a running horse. Suppose Zev had stepped into a hole or had crossed his legs or had bowed a tendon at the last moment. It's happened before and will happen again. But it didn't happen that day. Zev breezed over the line a full five lengths in front of Papyrus, with Sande looking back to see where the English horse was. A great load was lifted from my mind. I had naturally wanted to win the honor that went with the victory, as well as the eighty thousand dollars and the cup, but I was thinking even more about my promise to Major Belmont and his committee. What if something had happened to Zev in the running of the race, something that would have been the fault of nobody and yet would have lost the race. Everybody would have blamed me for sending a badly conditioned horse to the post and I would have been damned from one end of the country to the other. Only a few of us would ever have known the criticism was unjust.

And here I want to say that I prefer not to carry the load of a nation when I race thoroughbreds. It's bad enough to have your horse lose
Saratoga, the largest money winner of 1924, was one of the horses that defeated Foreard when he was in America.
THE TRUTH ABOUT ZEV

when he’s a strong favorite and to know that his defeat has disappointed so many people, but it’s not like feeling that the eyes of all your countrymen are turned on you and that they are demanding you make good. I wouldn’t have minded it so much if the question of whether Zev or My Own should run had never come up, but there I was on record as practically saying that my horse was going to win. No, it’s much simpler just to race in your own interest and to know that nobody but yourself is going to get hurt if you lose.

Toward the close of that season Zev had become a hard horse to train. His speed was so great that it would have killed any one horse to work along with him, so I tried using two, one to make the pace and the second to pick Zev up at the half mark and finish out the distance with him. But Zev was getting cunning. He stood for the new scheme two or three times, but after that when the first horse would pull up, so would this strong-headed son of The Finn. He was just the opposite of Hourless, who was one of the nicest work horses I ever handled.

In the Latonia Championship at a mile and three-quarters both Zev and My Own were beaten off by Carl Wiedemann’s In Memoriam, a horse that had finished back in the ruck when Zev won the Kentucky Derby. You will recall that the Championship was a clean-cut race, but it didn’t convince me for a moment that In Memoriam was
a better horse than Zev. I figured it just as a poor race for him. But some of the Kentucky horsemen backed up Wiedemann when he issued a statement that his horse had it on the conqueror of Papyrus. I learned of their claims when Mrs. Hildreth and I were sitting at breakfast in Baltimore one morning with E. R. Bradley, the Kentucky horseman. He showed me a newspaper article about the Bradley Farm, where he breeds his own thoroughbreds, and after glancing at it I handed the paper to Mrs. Hildreth. Suddenly Bradley and I heard her utter a cry of surprise.

"Well, of all the nerve," she exclaimed, "this beats anything I ever saw! Look what it says here. It says Carl Wiedemann is challenging us to a match between In Memoriam and Zev for any amount we want to put up. And it says we're not particularly anxious for another try at his horse." Mrs. Hildreth was indignant.

After breakfast I made for a telegraph office and sent a wire to Colonel Matt J. Winn, the Kentucky racing official. I told him I was willing to race In Memoriam for any sum from twenty-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars a side or higher if Wiedemann wished it, distance to be one mile or more. Mr. Sinclair was some place in the West and I didn't wait to consult him about the match. And I was pretty certain that he would be in favor of another race. Under our revised arrangement I was to have full man-
agement of the horses. Everything I'd done up to that time he'd agreed to, and I didn't see any reason why he should make an exception of this match.

Colonel Winn sent word back to me that he was interested in my proposition and would get in touch with Wiedemann. A few days later he telegraphed that the owner of In Memoriam had agreed to ten thousand dollars a side and that the association would offer another ten thousand dollars, the distance to be a mile and a quarter. I put up my own money for our side. If Mr. Sinclair wanted to take it off my hands when he learned of what I'd done it would be satisfactory to me, but I was willing to assume the entire amount if necessary. All this time I was trying to locate him, but my telegrams remained unanswered. It was not until a few days before the date of the race that he called me on the long distance from St. Louis and said he had read of the match in the newspapers.

When Mr. Sinclair arrived in Louisville on the day of the race something happened that would have made my confidence wobble badly if I had known of it at the time. In the Sinclair party were Hugo Stinnes, the German banker; Mrs. Stinnes, and several other friends. Mr. Sinclair sent a man out to engage automobiles to take his party to the track. The man searched the garages high and low for conveyances, but found that everything on wheels had previously been engaged. Finally he went to an undertaking establishment and hired
four or five autos and had them sent around to the hotel. And it was in these automobiles belonging to an undertaker that Mr. Sinclair and his friends made the trip to the track. His man told him nothing about where he had engaged them, but I don’t think it would have worried Mr. Sinclair if he had. He is not superstitious and he laughs at the things that worry me. Thirteen is his lucky number. He’s welcome to it.

Zev started a strong favorite for the race. The crowd generally was playing In Memoriam on the strength of his previous easy victory over our horse. We were confident; as I saw it the only thing that could beat us was for Zev to show some of the cunning he had learned while training for the International. Up to that time he had always been a front runner, but not knowing how fast Papyrus was, I had taught him to lay in behind the pacemaker and to make his run in the stretch. And it is surprising how a habit will stick to a racehorse. I had trained Zev so often that way he was getting so he wouldn’t do his best unless some other horse was in the lead.

"Lay behind with him until you hit the stretch and then let him go," I told Earl Sande in the paddock. And that is just the way the race was run. In Memoriam led all the way around until they reached the quarter pole in the stretch. Then Earl let out a wrap and Zev bounded after his rival with a great burst of speed. At the quarter pole
he had been two lengths back of In Memoriam; at the eighth pole he was two lengths in front. But the race wasn’t won yet. With the finish line only an eighth of a mile away and Sande urging him along, Zev suddenly began to ease off in a manner that was alarming to all of us. He was back at his old trick of waiting for another horse to make the pace. I realized then that the run had been made just a trifle too soon.

Sande went to riding with every ounce of skill he possessed. He had seen the danger at the same time we noticed it and realized that he had his work cut out to keep his mount going for the few more strides that stood between him and success. In Memoriam kept creeping up steadily. A few jumps from home their noses were bobbing up and down together and it was impossible to tell which might win. But Sande made a supreme last effort and it was the tip of Zev’s nose that caught the judges’ eyes as the two horses flashed past the post. It was a close call, and most of the spectators thought In Memoriam should have won the race. Nobody at the track except our own little circle knew that it was Zev’s cunning and not lack of courage that had almost cost him the race.

And with that race this handsome brown son of The Finn rounded out a campaign that found him the winner of more money in a single season than almost any four or five great stake horses together win in the course of a lifetime. The good-luck
charm was always working for him, just as it had always worked against Purchase. He found himself in a year when the turf offered its richest prizes and he had the speed and courage to win them—a great horse and a lucky one in his ability to stand up under the hard task we set for him.
BROODMARES AND FOALS—RANCOCAS

THUNDERCLAP—RANCOCAS

MR. HILDRETH LOOKING OVER ONE OF HIS PROSPECTS
CHAPTER XIX
A BAD BEGINNING WITH A GOOD ENDING

For six years now it has been the flashing white and green of the Rancocas stable which my eyes have followed as the fields have swept down the back-stretch to the turn for home, moving with the rhythm and speed of the storm-frenzied herd in flight, and no longer the sombre black blouse and white sash, the old familiar colors which are closest to my heart—my colors. And of these six seasons the leanest came in 1925—leanest in the total of honors won and money earned, but richer by far than we had expected.

The winter preceding the season of 1925 I spent at Rancocas Farm, as I have the other winters which have intervened since Mr. Sinclair and I entered into our arrangement in 1920. The charm of this beautiful stretch of lowland in southern Jersey, with the brood-mares and their foals grassing in the paddocks, the clean, well-ordered stables, the great training-tracks over which have stepped some of the most famous thoroughbreds the turf has ever known, the exercise boys and the stable-hands and their everlasting babble of horse talk, and the eternal reminders you find at every hand that here has been reared a monument to the spell which the turf casts over men—the charm of this horse paradise had me firmly in its grip. At times
when I'd think about the old colors that were no longer present in the parade to the post—the black, white sash—and I'd feel a tugging to see them back again where they had been so many years, it was the peace and quiet of Rancocas and the sunshine flooding the countryside with warmth even on the coldest days which drove back the recollections of other years and strengthened my constantly increasing affection for the white and green.

Through the winter months Mr. Sinclair would drop down at the farm over the week-ends to see what progress we were making in breeding and to learn about the outlook for the approaching season. The news I had for him was a mixture of optimism and pessimism. Breeding was getting along in great shape, but the prospect of a successful campaign with the horses in training was about as dismal as it could be. Toward the end of March, with the start of the season only a little more than two months away, I was completely in the dumps. An epidemic of coughing sickness had spread through the stables and was threatening to kill whatever chance we had of winning a few races. I had about abandoned hope of getting Zev back to the races, and it was now finally certain that the future usefulness of Grey Lag and Purchase would be confined to the stud.

"Nothing to it but an off season for us," I told Mr. Sinclair. "Looks as though we'll have only two strings to our bow—Mad Play and Silver Fox."
Any races we win outside of what they account for will be just so much gained.”

Mr. Sinclair refused to be downcast. Or at least he tried to soften the discouragement I felt over the bad turn things were taking just then.

“Don’t let it bother you; it can’t be helped. I’ll say we’ve done pretty well as it is. We can afford one off season—if we have it.” Something in his tone suggested to me that he didn’t believe we were in for as bad a drubbing as I was representing. But I was in no mood to be cheered up at that moment. The only thing which could have lifted the heavy clouds of gloom would have been for Zev to have stepped a mile in 1:40, or for Grey Lag or Purchase to have returned to the form that made them idols of the racing public just a few years ago. But miracles weren’t being performed—not in that direction. The plain truth was we were hard put for horses in training to carry the Rancocas colors in the season now almost upon us. There was every prospect for the most unprofitable period the stable had known in the five years which had elapsed from the time we had taken it over.

If there was anything to brighten up the outlook it was the fact that the Rancocas stable would have the chance to campaign a fairly large string of Rancocas-bred thoroughbreds. This had been the one big goal we had been working toward for five years. Mr. Sinclair, like all men of wealth who
go in for racing, was far more interested in seeing his own home-bred horses in action than in racing those which we had bought from other breeders. Such an ambition is not hard to understand. It is a family matter. You get to feel that there is a blood relationship between you and the colts and fillies which come into the world in your own barns and which grow up before your own eyes. Something more than just racing machines, are these horses. Their successes and failures have a personal meaning. There is no joy greater for the racing man than to see his colors carried to victory by a thoroughbred he himself has raised.

In this respect, if no other, we would look forward to the approaching season with some comfort. Mad Play, our main dependence in the handicap division, was Rancocas-bred and reared, the son of Madcap, one of our best brood-mares. The soundness of his blood lines had long since been established. Fair Play, his sire, had sent an exceptionally fine line of sons and daughters to the races, among them Man o' War, and a previous mating between this great sire and Madcap had produced Mad Hatter, our own famous campaigner, the winner of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. Through his dam came the blood of Rock Sand, Madcap's sire, and back of both branches of the family was a long line of aristocratic breeding which had made its mark on the turf of England and America.
In the younger division the Rancocas output included Inchcape Belle, a racy-looking daughter of Inchcape and Swan Song. This filly is the sole get of the great Inchcape, the horse which we bought from J. H. Rossiter, of California, for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid at that time for a two-year-old. Inchcape, after a short and brilliant career on the turf, in which he was never beaten, went wrong early in his career and was retired to the stud, where we hoped he would make amends for his misfortunes by reproducing in his progeny the rare speed and courage he himself had shown on the track. But Inchcape was an ill-fated horse. He perished in a fire that destroyed one of our stables two years ago. That fire was a serious blow to the breeding plans of Rancocas. We carried no insurance on Inchcape, nor on many of the fine broodmares which died with him. But even worse than this was the fact that we were now being forced to limp along with a small string of two-year-olds where we should have a healthy crop of them to carry our colors.

The most likely-looking of the other Rancocas youngsters were Sabine, a bay filly by Purchase-Madcap; Nichavo, by Lucullite-Iridescence; and Lachen, a son of Lucullite-Rose Brigade. If Mad Play could hold up his end among the older stake horses and Royalite, a fleet daughter of Lucullite-Royal Ensign, would live up to our expectations
and these two-year-olds would show winning performances now and then it would make up in a way for the drop which it seemed the stable must take as a factor in the list of winning owners. We would at least have a chance of seeing how good our judgment of breeding might be. For the first time in many years, dating back to the day when Pierre Lorillard had presided over this great racing establishment, Rancocas was standing pretty much on its own feet. And as luck would have it, we were face to face with this situation when suffering most from the effects of the disastrous fire which had destroyed the horses which would now be ready for their two-year-old campaign.

Besides these horses our chief reliances were Silver Fox, the imported gray son of Gray Fox-Mary Queen of Scots, and the two three-year-old fillies, Nedana, by Negofol-Adana, and Superlette, by Superman-Epignlette. We were uncertain about Silver Fox. In the work-outs he had shown a great burst of speed, but he still had to prove himself in actual racing. And the job he had in hand was a tough one. It was his assignment to help Mad Play carry the burden in the stakes. As Grey Lag had dropped into the place left vacant by Purchase and as Zev had come along to take up the task where Grey Lag had left off, so was Silver Fox called upon to bolster a tradition of long standing—the tradition that horses from Rancocas were always fit to cope with the mightiest. The cherry
and black of Pierre Lorillard, sweeping to victory here and abroad, had years ago started the winning fashion for this picturesque stock farm in southern Jersey; the white and green of the later-day owners had revived it in 1920, and now it fell to a small group of horses to see that this time-honored sentiment was not trampled in the dust.

Looking back over the season of 1925, it would seem that thoroughbreds fight all the harder when they fight for a tradition. The pall of gloom which had spread over the stable through the spring, reaching its crest when many of the horses in training were stricken with coughing sickness, began to lift before the season had advanced many days. Mad Play was showing himself to be a Hawkins' horse. The Long Beach Handicap fell his way; he led the field in the Brooklyn; the Queens County was his; and it was his number which was given the honor position after the finish of the Empire City Handicap. We shipped him to Chicago to compete in the Special. He won it. We took him to Saratoga Springs to race for the Saratoga cup, at a mile and six furlongs, and he won that, too.

Silver Fox, the uncertain quantity at the start of the season, more than made good, with victories in the Broadway, Shevlin, Carter, Empire City Derby, Cincinnati Derby, and Saratoga Sales Stakes. In the Carter, Silver Fox beat the mighty Sarazen, and in the Cincinnati Derby his winnings
amounted to twenty thousand dollars. He was the surprise of the year. He surprised not only the racing public, but his own people as well. It was not until the season's campaign was in full swing that we appreciated just how fast the gray fellow was. His winning record was a windfall. It dropped down on us at a moment when most needed.

The two-year-olds fell in line with the winning spirit which seemed to have blown in from nowhere in particular. Nichavo, Sabine, Inchcape Belle, and Lachen all carried the white and green to victory through the summer months, several times in stake events. And in the achievements of these homebreds we found enough satisfaction to offset any disappointment over our inability to get Zev or Grey Lag back to the races. It was the one thing which Mr. Sinclair had had in mind chiefly when we bought Rancocas—the breeding of horses which would carry our colors first past the winning-post.

But the upset of my pre-season forebodings did not end with the fine performances of Mad Play, Silver Fox, and the two-year-olds. Nedana, Royalite, and Superlette were consistent winners throughout the campaign, Nedana making a clean sweep of her four starts, Royalite winning eight out of ten, and Superlette accounting for five races, two of them stakes. The consistency of these fillies made them strong favorites with the public. Ned-
ana made her last appearance of the season in July, but the other two appeared frequently in the overnight entries and often went to the post in the same race, coupled as the Rancocas entry. In fact, the regulars became so accustomed to seeing them entered together that they seldom looked for one without the other. "They're inseparable as the Siamese twins," said an old-timer on the clubhouse porch, as he watched them in the parade to the post. "Or like two sisters in a vaudeville act," observed another. And from that moment they became known to the regulars as the Dolly sisters.

I had been so firmly of the impression that this was going to be an exceedingly bad season for Rancocas that I could not stir up much interest in the extent of the stable's winnings, though I was conscious of the fact that we had done much better than expected. One afternoon toward the latter part of July or early in August, the subject was brought home to me with a jolt. Frank Hackett, my assistant, called it to my attention.

"Say, Mr. Hildreth," he remarked, glancing up from a newspaper he had been reading, "here's an interesting piece of news. Where do you think we stand in the list of winning owners?"

I assured him I had no idea, but to myself I observed that it must be pretty far down the list.

"We're first," Frank said in his abrupt way.

"What's the joke?" I inquired.
"No joke; it's the truth. Here's the list. It shows Rancocas at the top."

It was the first intimation I had received that we were anywhere near the head of the list. We'd all become so absorbed in making the best out of what had seemed to be a bad bargain that we had clean forgotten how much had piled up in the way of stakes. From that time on I watched the standing of the owners with a great deal more interest, and when Rancocas finished second to Glen Riddle Farm in the final summing up I was more than elated. Our winnings had amounted to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, of which Mad Play accounted for fifty-seven thousand dollars and Silver Fox fifty-eight thousand dollars. We had won a total of fifty-eight races through the season and were only about twenty thousand dollars behind the leading stable. And in this off season of 1925 the Rancocas-bred Mad Play had been proclaimed by many critics as the champion stake horse of the year, his great rival being Sting, the James Butler candidate.

And yet it was not Mad Play nor Silver Fox nor the Dolly sisters nor the two-year-olds which figured in the outstanding stable incident of the year, but rather a youngster named Siren, by Man o' War out of Star Puss, the only one of the get of this great sire to be sold at public auction. The origin of Siren was in itself unusual. In 1923 Samuel Riddle, owner of the Glen Riddle Farm, con-
tributed a service of Man o' War to the army remount organization and at the same time A. B. Hancock contributed a service of the brood-mare Star Puss. Siren was the outcome of this mating, and it was part of the agreement that the proceeds from the sale of the foal should go to the support of the remount service. We bought Siren as a yearling at Saratoga in the summer of 1924 for eight thousand one hundred dollars.

The first inkling we had of Siren's speed was at Aqueduct, when the youngster turned off five furlongs in the mud at fifty-nine seconds flat. Not long after that she ran again, this time on a dry track, and was badly beaten in 59\(\frac{3}{5}\) seconds. It was hard to account for such a reversal of form, since it would seem that she should certainly be able to run in better time on a fast track than in slow going. The exact opposite of this had happened. My first thought was that Siren had merely run one unaccountably bad race and that she would not be guilty of such a somersault again. But I wanted to make sure. So I decided to make a few private tests.

In the trial spins I worked Siren alternately in slow and fast going. The suspicion which had been growing in my mind was borne out. I found that this two-year-old could actually run faster in the mud than on a hard track. It was one of those rare cases where race-horses for some reason or other find it possible to attain their highest speed when running in the mud. There have been other
horses of that type. Pretend, a campaigner of fifteen years or so back, was one of them. I have had horses in my own barn of the same mould, notably Waring. But I have never trained one or seen one the equal of Siren in this respect. I am waiting to see whether she has the same characteristics as a three-year-old.
BUSTER

CHIEF

TWO OF THE HILDRETH PETS
CHAPTER XX

DOGS: BIG AND LITTLE

MAYBE it was the blessing Father J. J. Sweeney bestowed upon Zev, Grey Lag, and Kai-Sang in the glass barn at Ran-cocas that brought the good luck to our colors. Or maybe it was the presence of Buster, the little Maltese dog that came to us when we mated Skiddles to Kitta. You remember Skiddles, the fuzzy little fellow I bought in Nice, France. When we got back to America Billy Pinkerton gave us Kitta, and to Kitta and Skiddles two pups were born. It was when Buster was about seven months old we decided to take a trip away from home. I looked around at the pack of dogs in our place; they seemed to be everywhere. We would have to give some of them away or abandon any thought of travelling, that was certain. So I gave Buster to Billy Pinkerton. And then I was sorry. All the time we were travelling I thought about his intelligent little face and his playful ways. Eight months later, on our return home, I went straight to Billy Pinkerton and asked him to let me have Buster back.

"Sure, you can have him back, but he won't know you," Billy replied. But he had reckoned without Buster. There was no mistaking the way
Buster scooted around the room, jumping all over me, when I saw him again. It was such an affection as I'd never found in a dog since the time many years before when Coke had appointed himself the watchman of my stable. Buster's future was settled from that moment. I took him everywhere with me, even down to the track, where dogs are not welcome visitors. The club-house crowd got to know him well and would come over to our box to pat him on the head for luck. It was a favorite trick with John A. Drake to do this; nearly every day he would stop for a little chat with Buster and stroke his head.

"Buster," he would say, "you're the best luck there is around this race-track. Here, let me touch you, I need some good luck to-day."

And Buster got to know racing so well that he would never move until the sixth race had been run. You couldn't believe your own eyes to see him sit there all afternoon as still as a mouse until the field had come dashing down the stretch in the last event on the programme. It was like the five o'clock whistle blowing for him to knock off work for the day. Down he'd jump from the chair and scamper around the box until I had joined the party and we started for home.

Two years ago last winter Buster was with us at Rancocas. Every morning when I'd go out to the training-track he'd perch himself up on a table standing near a large window and there he'd sit
WISE COUNSELLOR

THE VICTOR OVER EPINARD AT SIX FURLONGS
through the hours, ruining one silk table-scarf after another with his dusty little feet, but welcome to stay there and always peering along the driveway and waiting for me to return. It was the same thing day in and day out, and you couldn't drive him away from the spot where he kept his vigil. And as soon as he'd see my car headed toward the old farmhouse we occupy, off he'd shoot on one of those wild harum-scarum dashes around the first floor, with his little legs flying as he ran close to the ground and so happy you couldn't help laughing to watch him. And my two police dogs, Chief and Betty, would stand looking at him with their ears cocked and their brows wrinkled, as much as to say, "What's wrong anyway with that crazy midget of a dog?"

One night Chief and Betty were playing out on the lawn, and it was very dark. Buster ran through the open door to search for them in the blackness that comes with a moonless night in the country. I heard a sharp growl and a feeble yelp, and then Chief came into the house holding the lifeless body of Buster in his teeth, the faithful little friend he'd killed by mistake in the darkness. Chief laid the small, still bundle at my feet and stood looking at me while I picked up the tiny form from which life had fled so suddenly; dear old Buster, who had loved me so much and whose place on the table near the window would now be empty. And Chief understood how terrible was
the thing he had done. He slunk away to the cellar, where he stayed for days, refusing to eat or to be consoled. In six months he had withered away to a skeleton and then he went where Buster had gone, dying from a broken heart.

Through all the years I've been in racing there's seldom been a moment when we've not had at least one dog in our home to gladden it with the spirit of love and friendliness that pours from the soul of a faithful pet. Coke and Rags and Buster, all of them, are as deeply engraved in my memory as though they had been of my own kin, and as they pass in review before me now, staunch and steady in their affection, I can think of them only as I can think of the humans who have held out a helping hand when I was in need. And to-day there remains only Betty, who came to me as so many of my dogs did—from Billy Pinkerton, my friend of so many years; and when I see Betty I think of the man who gave her to me, and she is a constant reminder of the bigness of Billy's soul and the breadth of a character that was good to know and the magnitude of a spirit that placed loyalty to friends above all else. Is it any wonder that Betty is something more to me than just a dog about my house? And now that the time has come when I can sit back and think these things over, analyzing them for what they really are, would it not seem that these living gifts came to our home from Billy Pinkerton to remind us ever of his
friendship for us? I think Billy had that in mind.

There is little that remains to tell. The great year of the Rancocas Stable was in 1923, which will always be known in the turf world as Zev's year—the year in which a single thoroughbred directed more world-wide attention to America than came through any other factor. In 1924 this glorious fellow was not the Zev we had known just twelve months before, and he came in for none of the fame that fell to those who faced the Frenchman Epinard. And it was not because he was out of it that I say the horse he beat for International honors was a better horse than the one that came from France last year. As popular as Epinard was and as good the sportsmanship of Pierre Wertheimer in bringing him to this country, I cannot rank him with some of the famous thoroughbreds that have blazed their way to glory on our tracks in the past. Three times he ran for International supremacy and three times he was fairly beaten at various distances—at six furlongs by Wise Counsellor, at a mile by Ladkin, and at a mile and a quarter by Sarazen. Nor am I one of those who believe that Epinard was a victim of poor horsemanship from his jockey. During the Christmas holidays I met Everett Haynes, his rider, at a New York hotel.

"Haynes, I want to say to you that I think you rode the best race of anybody in those International contests," I told him. It was good to see his eyes
sparkle at this word of encouragement; I reckon the poor fellow had heard so much criticism that he had almost begun to believe that he had ridden badly in those races.

"You don’t know how I appreciate that, Mr. Hildreth," he said. And he shook my hand so vigorously I knew he meant it.

And I meant what I said, too, even though it was the Christmas holidays and I was thinking, when I met Haynes, how my father, Vincent Hildreth, always got so much real happiness out of giving encouragement to the boys who worked around the rusty old barn that housed Red Morocco and the other quarter-horses. Fifty years ago that was, and in all this long journey down the stretch of time I’ve never forgotten that the thing uppermost in Vincent Hildreth was his love for horses and a gentleness of character that lay behind an unpolished exterior.

"Sam," he used to say when I was getting big enough to understand; "Sam, if you can’t say a kind word now and then to the people around you, you might just as well shrivel up and die. As for me, I believe in what the Bible says, that a good word maketh the heart glad; that’s me all over."

And the making of hearts glad was Vincent Hildreth all over.

THE END