

PS 3505

.02687

P6

Copy 1

PRICE, 25 CENTS

May 11 1891

evolutionary Writings



BY
JAMES KELLY COLE





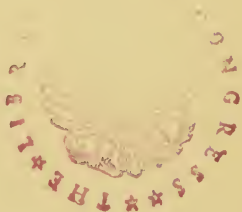


POEMS AND PROSE WRITINGS

OF

JAMES KELLY COLE

MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
WHO WAS ACCIDENTLY KILLED NOVEMBER 17, 1909,
WHILE ON THE ROAD TO SPOKANE, TO TAKE
PART IN THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM OF
SPEECH, AS AN ORGANIZER IN THE
INTEREST OF HIS COMRADES



PUBLISHED BY

The Industrial Workers of the World
518-56 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.



1910?

PS 3505
.G 2687 P6

By Transfer
FEB 20 1925

19747
19761

Ms. No. 1948-3-20

CONTENTS

| | Page. |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| BIOGRAPHY - - - - - | 7 |
| BROTHERS AND SISTERS - - - - | 13 |
| THE SHADOW OF THE BARS - - - | 17 |
| "TAPS" - - - - - | 26 |
| WHAT'S THE USE? - - - - - | 27 |
| DREAM TIME - - - - - | 28 |
| THE PRISONER - - - - - | 29 |
| PATRIOTISM - - - - - | 31 |
| REFORM - - - - - | 33 |
| TO AN OLD PAL - - - - - | 34 |
| BROKE AT CHRISTMAS TIME - - - | 36 |
| AN OLD FRIEND - - - - - | 39 |
| MY MOTHER'S GOD - - - - - | 43 |
| "TO THE ROSE" - - - - - | 49 |
| WOMAN THE REFORMER - - - - - | 51 |
| ONLY A TOUT - - - - - | 55 |



James Kelly Cole

1885-1909

Seldom does Nature endow anyone with brilliancy, eloquence and promise, more richly than she did James Kelly Cole. Not often, perhaps, have the signs of the invisible future been more propitious to anyone than they were to him. He possessed many of the attributes of a genius. Just as the waters of the land find a home in the ocean, so did all fine, human qualities find a place in him. He felt in his heart the feverish throbs of the world, and keenly sympathized with the poor, the oppressed and the hopeless. He knew mankind well and wished it well. He hoped for the "parliament of man, in the federation of the world."

In the land of perpetual sunshine,
down in old New Orleans, February

6th, 1885, James Kelly Cole was born. His father was a brave defender of Lincoln's cause and his mother was the gentlest of true womanhood. From his honorable parents, who still live to mourn their son, he inherited wealth, not in gold, but in character, mentality and sympathy. And of this fine inheritance he made good use for his fellow men.

Cole was educated in the North Division High School, Chicago, where his record as a student was unexcelled. He particularly was unrivalled in English, and as an orator he was brilliant. But his education was far broader than that afforded by the high school. The library almost became his home. He schooled himself so well and became so learned that he could discuss with unusual facility and intelligence any subject in economics, philosophy, history and literature.

While in high school, he established a flourishing school paper, "The Yellow

and Blue," of which he was the editor-in-chief. The ability he showed in this work presaged for him great success in the newspaper world. He had the power of administration, was inventive and able to execute his plans. After his high school course, he engaged in the advertising business and was very successful.

The temperament of Cole was always sunny and hopeful. In him were mixed the elements of June. His humor and wit made him a much-sought companion and famous among all who knew him. Once in high school, a girl began hopefully to recite that poem, "Spring is coming, I know it, I know it." She got no further, but paused and stammered. Like a flash Cole cried out, "You don't know it." And then the stern teacher had to rap hard for order.

As an orator, he was brilliant, forceful and ready. When only a small boy he was known as the "boy orator," and

was much in demand as a speaker, especially in Grand Army circles. This gift of oratory grew with him, so that when he had become a man, he had already made an enviable record. When he spoke he said something interesting and of value, for his beautiful voice and art of oratory were only the agents for expressing the thoughts of his clear, trained mind.

Music was part of his life. The violin never refused to yield up its sweetest tones to him. And any song, however simple, when he sang it, became beautiful. Often he would come out of the theater and sing some song he had just heard better than the hired singer had done. And poetry, which is only a part of music, he loved intensely. The poets of all times he knew well, and much of their works he was ever ready to recite in a manner that they themselves would have been proud to hear. When something happened to strike his fancy,

he would lapse into appropriate verse. However, his modest nature never laid claim to the title of poet or author. He wrote poetry and essays, much of which has been lost, but fortunately a few remain to honor his memory. If he had given himself to literature, success for him would not have been uncertain.

James Kelly Cole, however, tried to help mankind in a more practical way. To that irrepressible class, which is struggling against oppression and the system of ages, he belonged. He believed in the rights of man and that man should meet man face to face. His whole being felt the injustice of present economic conditions and his sympathies were ever with the workingman, that toiler of the seas. He did all he could to remove the evils of capitalism and to supplant those evils with the rights that belong to men. His was never the part to make jest of the needy, but his was the part to help them. He believed

in socialism, hoped for it, worked for it and died for it. He saw in it the solution of unsolved problems, the realization of justice and the victory of men.

And it was on a pilgrimage to help others who believed in the rights of men that James Kelly Cole was halted suddenly by death. A railroad accident at Tomah, Wis., November 17th, 1909, ended only too untimely his brief, young, hopeful life. He lived well and bravely and thus did he die. He was sincere, just and upright. He left many friends and sweet memories.

“ His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘ This is a man ! ’ ”

James Kelly Cole often recited these lines. They were true of him.

Poems

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Is he draped in ragged clothing,
Are his hardened features vile;
Do you look on him with loathing,
Or a thoughtless, sneering smile;

Does he leer at you in envy;
Evil gleaming in his eye?
In the darkness of the twilight,
Would you fear to pass him by?

Is his life an allegory,
Made of hatred and despair?
Doesn't some one know his story?
Doesn't anybody care?

Will he trudge the city's highway,
Friendless, doomed to ever roam;
Is his bed a sheltered byway;
Has he pawned the joy of home?

For a body racked and broken,
 Don't you think he'd understand,
Just a kind word softly spoken,
 Or the pressure of a hand?

Will at last the highway lead him
 To the river's brink at night,
Where upon the restless ripples
 Shine the moonbeam's ghostly light?

Will he hesitate a moment
 'Till the latest hope has fled;
Has another soul been added
 To the kingdom of the dead?

He's your brother.

* * * * *

Did you meet her in the glamor
 Of a city's gilded hell;
In a mercenary amour,
 Did you drink and wish her well?

Do you really think her laughter
Rang out truly, rang out free;
The deep sigh that followed after
I am sure you did not see.

And I wonder if you noticed
The sad longing in her eye
When that mother with a baby,
All unconscious, passed you by.

Did you know she got a letter
From a country 'cross the sea,
That a mother, who had loved her,
Passed to all eternity?

Did you know the tears went coursing
Thru the paint upon her cheek,
As she gazed upon a picture;
Did you hear that fearful shriek?

Did you stand among the curious,
Looking through the open door,
Where beside a lifeless body,
Lay a pistol on the floor?

Did you note the worried visage
Of the "Madame" by her side;
Did you read upon the first page,
Of another suicide?

She's your sister.

* * * * *

They are falling, brother, falling,
Almost daily in the land.
Won't you heed their silent calling?
Won't you stretch a kindly hand?

THE SHADOW OF THE BARS

The raven croaks her lone, prophetic
flight

Across the dismal waste, and sable
Night

Hath clothed the prison wall in garb
of gloom.

Unseen the orbs which thru eternal time
Are Wisdom's fount, and source of
Hope, sublime :

The fearful shadows shroud a living
tomb.

The vagrant wind taps constant on the
pane,

A dreary chant of woe, without refrain,
It beats with careless count the pulse
of strife :

And restless, fevered thought of bitter
things,

Discordant with the wind intensely
rings
The tuneless canto of a wasted life.

The convict brooding in his narrow cell,
Awaits the ringing of the signal bell,
Which bids the weary soul to sleep
and rest:
Ah, if that brazen thing but had the
power
To lull in slumber sweet one little hour,
Those tireless phantoms of the mind
arrest.

Unknown, upon that hard and narrow
cot,
The peaceful sleep of boyhood's happy
lot:
Here dreams grotesque the fevered
brain abuse:
Dreams conjured in the glaring pit of
hell,
Wove red with threads of pain in Mab's
weird spell,

With terror glint the eye, the brow
suffuse.

Upon a meager shelf a picture stands,
A pile of faded letters, slender strands,
Which hold the heavy heart in Love's
embrace:

'Tis all that's left him of the golden
hours,

When life was sweet with song and
scent of flowers,

And Hope revealed her glory in his
face.

He reads again the missives, one by one,
From her who e'er was proud to call
him son:

With words of hope and gentle love
they teem.

His many boyhood graces well she knew,
In her fond eyes he ne'er to manhood
grew—

Remained the idol of her virgin
dream.

How ardently he hoped if wanton fate,
Should e'er unbar the cruel prison gate,
 To rear a home and prove his love
 with deeds:

And testify that many useless years
Could not resist a mother's loving tears;
 That seeds of love do not grow
 thankless weeds.

That though the harvest may be long
 deferred,
The tree well pruned by gentle deed and
 word,
 Will bear a harvest worth it's weight
 in gold:
That storms of vice and ugly drouth of
 sin,
But serve to purge the latent sap within,
 And yield a richer flavor than of old.

Another year has made its dreary
 round:
The village sexton tends a vernal mound,

Wherein the convict's hopes lie with
the dead.

The brief oasis in his desert heart
Became as burning sand, the better part
Is sere and dry—nought lives but
hate and dread.

Dread of the god who turned away his
face,
Hate of the cruel, blind, indifferent race,
Who treat their kind far worse than
beast treats beast.

What jungle despot ever kept his prey
Confined in sunless vaults, to pine away,
For seeking higher place in life's
rich feast.

Hath not the earth brought forth abundantly,
In field of grain and heavy laden tree,
Enough for all: then why, in justice,
should
Some bear the curse of poverty and
crime,

Some live in sunny places, sweet with
thyme,
When all belong to Man's great
brotherhood?

The felon feels within his heavy heart
That fate, perverse, has played a wan-
ton part

In his mere life, that some dread
pow'r unknown,
Has cast its spell, and with a ruthless
hand
Has scattered Father Time's uncon-
scious sand
And left him bitter hours to brood
alone.

Days, weeks, months, years, in dull pro-
cession plow
Their tiny furrows on the smoothest
brow,
And scatter silver threads thru gold-
en hair:
No other tokens mark the flight of
years,

The days of fruitless toil and bitter
tears,
Nights spent in fearful thought, in
faithless prayer.

Beneath the callous guard's malignant
eye,
In silence he must toil, nor satisfy
The yearning in his heart for fellow-
ship,
By word or sign to those who share his
fate:
All sympathy is crushed or turned to
hate,
And Self and He hold grim compan-
ionship.

Hate grows and feeds upon its mon-
strous growth,
Vile brooding lust becomes his mate,
and both
Rule jointly in the heart where Vir-
tue's throne
Was burnt to ashes in the flames of fear,

Where Hope was drowned in mem'ry's
 acid tear,
 And Faith mocked God and died un-
 wept, unknown.

How can such fearful cost annihilate
Sin's crimson stain? How can we com-
 pensate
 By starving in the prison's iron
 hole?
'Tis true this felon killed a fellow man,
And now society with pedant plan
 Will straightway right the wrong
 and kill a soul.

If, interfused in earth and sky and sea,
Pervading all that breathe and all that
 be,
 A law of Compensation turns the
 scale,
And weighs and pays the penalty of
 pain,
What ponderous weight of woe shall
 men sustain,

To meet the cruel prison's mighty
tale.

And now the brazen bell its warning
rings:

The lights go out—the night wind gently
brings

The solemn tone of taps; nerve-
racking jars

Of bolts and keys disturb the stifling air,
Beside his bunk the convict kneels in
prayer,

And o'er him steals the shadow of
the bars.

" TAPS "

When lights go out and darkness reigns
alone;

Borne on the whispering wind, a plain-
tive tone,

The sacred chamber of my soul invades,
And thrills, and flits with sorrow's soft-
ened shades.

O bugler! well we know, without thy art,
That lights are out in every human
heart!

Hear the sad, the solemn call,
Wafted o'er the prison wall—

NEV—ER—M—O—R—E! NEV—ER—M—O—R—E!

Nevermore—Nevermore—Nevermore!

NEV—ER—M—O—R—E! NEV—ER—M—O—R—E!

NEV—ER—M—O—R—E! NEV—ER—M—O—R—E!

WHAT'S THE USE?

This world is full of pain and gloom;

What's the use?

We fight through life from crib to tomb;

What's the use?

We work and sweat both night and day,

For that wee bit that men call pay,

And then we prod the same old way,

What's the use?

We rise at dawn to start at work;

What's the use?

We cannot rest or labor shirk;

What's the use?

We come home worn at night to sleep,

But when the sunbeams light the steep,

We hustle out our job to keep;

What's the use?

DREAM TIME.

It's not in the glory of sunrise,
It's not in the heat of the day,
The Dream Fairy opens our eyelids
To visions of Far-off-away.

She comes in the cool of the twilight,
Astride of the North Star's beam,
Attended by many an elf-sprite
Each bearing a beautiful dream.

THE PRISONER

When pacing my cell in the gloaming,
I dream of the years yet to be,
Of wonderful lands I'll go roaming,
Of wonderful sights I shall see.

No country too distant to foil me,
No ocean too rough for my boat,
I ride on the mist of a dream cloud,
On the sure ship Hope I'm afloat.

The Niger's jungles I'll conquer,
Her denizens weird to behold;
In south seas my good ship I'll anchor,
To load with Australian gold.

Then, Ho! for the land of the Indus,
The call of the east comes so plain.
In "Mandalay" lines I have heard it,
The temple bell's ringing again.

I'm tired; I've sailed the world over,
I'm longing the home land to see,
But the *'screw'' turned the lights on
this evening
And brought back the present to me.

* A "screw" is a prison guard.

PATRIOTISM

Behold the child his toy sword wave in
glee,

As phantom-thousands fall or turn and
flee;

For Conquest, Glory, Blood, his soul's
afire;

'Tis Patriotism feeds the mad desire.

When Cræsus needs a cut-throat to de-
fend

His blood-bought pow'r, a simple child
he'll send

A man in strength and years, yet still
the prey

Of platitudes, gay flags and roundelay.

For fools and knaves severe the patriot
shrine;

But wise men, underneath the gilded
shine,

The tawdry brass of Self can well di-
fine.

For Love's not bounded by geography,
By color, language, wealth nor heraldry,
Her bourn is Heaven and Humanity!

REFORM

I saw him come—his face was fair
 To look upon, though Penitence
Her chastening tears had gathered
 there;
Though pale his cheek and worn with
 care,
And grief-disheveled the brown hair
 That crowned a boyish countenance.
The hopeful eye e'er prophecies
 Success and joy;
Five years—his star may yet arise—
 He's but a boy!

I saw him go—a cunning leer
 Beamed from the sullen eye;
Where love had ruled, now hate and fear
Reigned in the heart, a desert sere,
Long thirsting for contrition's tear,
 Its fountains choked and dry.
Five years! With how much evil fraught
 Their burning scroll;
Man's penal plan no good had wrought,
 But damned a soul!

TO AN OLD PAL

Our ships have different courses,
Our aims have changed, 'tis true;
At the call of Nature's forces,
Our paths have branched in two.

But when our ships are ready
For the long, long journey home;
When our sails are trim and steady,
And the tide becks toward the foam;

When the port at last is entered;
When the sails are reefed and dry;
And our thoughts are ever centered
On the wherefore and the why;

When our barks begin to waver,
And the cable parts in twain;
When we feel the last light quaver,
As we drift upon the main;

When we note the sails about us,
 Drifting slowly, drifting far,
And we scan with eager eyes,
 To find some ship upon the bar;

Then, perhaps, at that last mooring
 Our barks may anchor fast
To Friendship's rock, enduring
 Hulk to hulk and mast to mast.

BROKE AT CHRISTMAS TIME

W'en a feller's flat agin th' wall an'
hezent got a sou,
An' things jes sort o' go contrary-
wise;
He mopes along without a home, a feel-
in' hungry, too,
Th' tears er jest wellin' to 'hiz eyes;
He empties out his pockets in a listless
sort o' way,
An' can't rake up a solitary dime;
It's a queerish kin' o' shiver as he looks
into th' river,
We'n a feller's broke 'long 'bout
Chris'mus time.

Ye feel yerself a outcast, ez thru th'
streets ye roam,
Ye really don' no wa t' say er do;
An' thoughts jes keep a risin' uv th'
luvin' ones at home,

A watchin' an' a waitin' there for
you.

W'en th' copper roughly shoves ye, an'
sez "now move on, jay,

An' don't 'che dish me eny uv yer
whine";

W'y ye jes can't help wishin' in a brok-
en-hearted way,

Thet you wuz dead, 'long 'bout
Chris'mus time.

Peepul pass by heedless uv a dirty
wretch like you,

Th' wind, it almost takes away yer
breath;

Yer nose iz sorely frosted, yer lips er
thin an' blue;

It's times like these a feller thinks uv
death,

Th' crowds all bump an' push ye, th'
sleet drips down yer neck;

Th' 'lectric lights jes seem t' lose
ther shine.

Th' snow iz ten times colder an' ye feel
jes ten times older,
W'en a feller's broke 'long 'bout
Chris'mus time.

We look into a winda all ablaze with
light,
See children rompin' round' a Chris'-
mus tree,
A suckin' "all day suckers," their faces
shinin' bright;
Th' ole folks joinin' in th' jamboree.
Then ye think of yer own mother, an'
th' story thet she told,
'Bout a babe who came to banish sin
an' crime;
An' ye wonder if He'd care, if He wuz
here, fer sich az you,
W'en a feller's broke 'long 'bout
Chris'mus time.

AN OLD FRIEND

When searching through the attic,
 To while away the time;
Through trunks and rusty boxes,
 Inch deep in must and grime.

In an ancient, battered hat box,
 Almost buried out of sight
I found a friend, forgotten,
 An old, neglected pipe.

Where are the dreams I conjured
 From your care-dispelling bowl;
Fragrant breaths of inspiration
 To my sorely-troubled soul?

Where are the castles, airy,
 You and I together raised?
They have crumbled with the ashes,
 Like the joys of other days.

But I'll take you down this evening,
And when lights are dim and low,
We'll drift on mem'ry's dream-cloud
Toward the mists of Long Ago.

And, old friend, if you can summon
Flemish pictures of the past,
You shall have a fitter guerdon,
Than an attic's airy fast.

For the breath of mild Havanna
Will your longing satisfy;
Old loves, old times, old pleasures,
We'll review, pal, you and I.

Your glowing eye will lighten
Care's heavy-laden yoke,
And regret for present blunders
Will vanish with the smoke.

We'll go back to the cottage
That stood upon the hill,
Where breath of homely flowers
The peaceful twilights fill.

Trudging up the dusty highway,
Free from school's confining grind;
Whistling airs that wise old masters
Have searched in vain to find.

'Mid the classic lore of music;
A wild, free melody,
That combined the happy heart-throb
With the song of bird in tree.

And there upon the green-sward
Stands one whose love is true,
As the dear, warm-hearted friendship,
Old friend, I feel for you.

Again we'll taste the cookies
From the sacred pantry store,
Such as make the hungry barefoot
Eat his fill and yearn for more.

Again we'll con the lessons,
Grim, knotty tasks for school—
Would that Life's entangled problems
Could be solved by rote and rule.

Once more we'll climb the stairway
 To the tempting, billowy bed,
And listen to the music
 Of the patt'ring rain o'er head.

MY MOTHER'S GOD

Oh, Deity! Who hears my mother's
prayer,
When silent Night clothes gloomy
Earth
In sable mantle, decked with gems;
I would to Thee a supplication make.
Nor come I, heavy with great sacrifice;
Incense, forms and favors shunning,
Loved by all other gods.
Full well I know Thy judgment rests on
love;
Full well Thy tender justice have I
proved,
When earthly sin, the vestige of my
birth,
Hath borne me down to sinful earth.
Thou sit'st enthroned in loving hearts;
No jeweled, gilded heaven Thy delight,
Like unto other gods,
Who dote on pearly gates

And streets of massive gold,
And shining vestments, and
Whose being rests on naught but praise,
And the applause of men!

I am of earth.

I have smelled the sweat on toiling men,
At end of labor's gloom and grime.

The broken bodies of humble women;
Eyes sore with slaving in the night, I've
seen;

And children aged at suckling time;
Not as to body, health and mind;
Mature for labor's killing grind!

Sad earth is full of these,
And dread disease, that hydra-headed
monster,

Waits at the door of man!

And crime, a gaunt and grizzled growth,
Is but reactive of the Master's sloth!

Enough!—To him who toils for bread—
Enough is said!

Such know the staleness of the social
life,

Whose element is strife!

* * * * *

My mother's God, Thou'rt not omnipo-
tent,

And be it to Thy glory,

Or else, like thundering Jove, from out
the sky

Would come the flashing of Thine eager
eye!

And with one sweep of august might,

Earth's sin and gloom would vanish—
as the night,

When morning's glory puts her shade to
flight!

Thou wouldst not e'er disgrace Thy
god-like power,

In feats of clownish jugglery, a little
hour,

With giant deeds of mercy yet undone,

When dank disease and death insult the
sun!

No trifling miracles would Thou per-
form

To astonish and astound a few;

Thy wondrous grace would not be prop-
 erty of Jew,
 Or Christian. But all men
 Would be encompassed by Thy mercy's
 ken!
 And earth would blossom into golden
 age;
 And crabb'd history's bloody page,
 Would pale into the hue
 Of Heaven's blue!
 The Eden time, through atavism's law,
 Would come again,
 And normal life would banish pain;
 When men would live and walk in quietude,
 Their only thought—their only law,
 Their brother's good!

* * * * *

My mother's God, what power stays
 The lives of men from goodly ways?
 What fiendish, fickle sprite
 Dims reason's light?
 Useless the question—well we know,
 That cursed exploitation stops the flow

Of human kindness, and conjures woe!
Men feed on men as beast on beast
And human life is but a bloody feast!
Where kings sit down to banquet on
their kind!

Where Matter rules and Lucre con-
quers mind!

Men curse and women die!

Yet not a weeping eye, save 'mongst
those

Who wear the proletarian's rough
clothes.

And little children feed the golden pile,
While bloody barons look and smile,
Or curse the Master of the show,
Who fails to keep the fires aglow!

* * * * *

My mother's God, what can weak man
Attempt? To lift this frightful ban!
Where shall men find relief,
For slavery's grief?
Thou art the true God of Love,
But Love, but follows where,

Keen Knowledge leads. Pray lead us
there!

And—knowing—then the proletarian
Will shake the shackles from his aching
limbs,

And breathe again;

And know that Socialism's plan
Is the enfranchisement of man.

" TO THE ROSE "

Once this rose bloomed full and sweet;
Soft zephyrs bore her rare perfume,
A stranger found her at his feet;
Could flower wish a nobler tomb?
Perhaps in perfumed litany,
She sought her soul-mate—Poetry!
When desultory reader opes,
This book, to strengthen feeble hopes,
While on this barren desert cast,
She conjures memories of the past.
Her life, though short, with beauty rife;
Knew naught of care; knew naught of
 strife;
To-morrow's, never changed the gay,
The tender tints of yesterday,
So men shall learn to live, I vow,
As free from care, Oh, Rose! as thou!
Oh, Rose; soon will my journey cease.
My spirit seek an earthy peace,
Among the stones, the clods, the clay,

That gave to thee thy colors gay.
Only a fool would fear to go,
Where tints like thine are taught to
grow

And bloom, to meet the shining sun—
The climax this: Then duty done!
I pray my soul, in grand attune,
With natural things, may greet the noon
Of manly deeds and in the light,
Of duty done—then seek the night
Of rest and peace, that other men,
The law of love and life, may ken.
Now to thy soul I make this prayer,
That when I go; no matter where;
I shall have left a few good deeds;
That I may not be cast with weeds,
To die forgotten; but like thee,
Find rest in glorious history.

Woman the Reformer

The greatest deed of woman was persuading Adam to eat the apple and become wise. Since then her power as a reformer has been on the slump. From the time of her first intellectual awakening, not long since, up to the present she has stood individually and collectively for petty reform.

Women are impressionistic. They see an evil but do not look for the cause. Blindly they endeavor to remove the unsightly thing without reasoning out a process. It could not be otherwise, for they have been and ever will be unreasonable creatures. Thank God for it. It makes them beautiful.

An old farmer down in Maine built a

new house. The roof leaked slightly, not enough to be unpleasant or to make things damp, but just enough to cause the walls of one room to become somewhat streaky. On this account the old farmer had to whitewash the room once a month. It never occurred to him to fix the roof, or if it did, the job appeared too strenuous, and the whitewashing removed the evil for a time at least.

WOMAN IS A WHITEWASHER.

With brush in hand she roams about the world daubing an ugly spot here and there. By the time she has gone the rounds the spots are out again more numerous than before, an unpleasant way ugly things have of multiplying. This whitewashing has a purpose, however. It proves the inefficacy of reform measures in this system. Disease, crime and evil of every sort is but the macular evidence of a diseased condition of the social organism. Evil in society is

a constitutional disease. If a man were like Job, covered with boils, he would be hooted should he attempt to cure himself by treating each boil individually. He would find himself on a continual round "reforming" boils. The outgrowth of social evil can rarely be removed by reform and never can be cured by it. The constitutional remedy, economic revolution, must be applied. The evils attending the liquor and tobacco habits, about which the W. C. T. U.'s, the Y. M. C. A.'s, the I. O. G. T.'s and other alphabetical combinations are continually howling, will never be removed until the intensity of machine labor is mitigated, the hours shortened and labor receives its full product. The problem of the unemployed will stand sphinx-like, let demagogues rant how they may about tariff and immigration, until the great financial barons are forced, through economic revolution, to desist from changing the life-blood, en-

ergy, joy and freedom of innocent childhood into piles of yellow gold reeking with the sweat and stink of human bodies. The divorce and marriage problems; the problem of the fallen woman, will be ever with us until womankind are placed in an economic position where they will not be dependant upon man for a subsistence, a position in which they may bud and blossom into beautiful, normal womanhood and not become, as under the present regime, intellectual and physical dwarfs—unsightly and useful only to the Capitalist.

Meanwhile let the whitewashing continue. It is valueless as a remedy but an excellent illustration.

Only a Tout

It was Getaway day at Harlem. A crowd made up of all sorts and conditions filled the spacious grand stand and lined the fence along the "stretch." The dapper, easy-going young "sport," dressed in the latest fashion, a field-glass slung over his shoulder, reading an official "dope" book; the seedy looking old-timer, a cigar jabbed in his red countenance, intently studying the newspaper tips; the clerk with a Saturday afternoon off; the broken-down gambler; the vagrant; all these and many other types were in evidence.

The brazen young woman, with a line of racing talk that would humble a sporting editor, was telling the frail little woman in the blue goggles that "Allegrò" was a "pipe," and would "cop" the

"stake." "Why look," said she, "his last time out he was only sixth in a field of eight. Let's see; oh, yes, 'Judge Himes' won that race, and you can bet your last shekel 'Himes' is no 'dog' in the mud. Harris is up on her, he's a nigger, but he's great on the finish." At this stage of the conversation a colored enthusiast of the feminine gender "butted in."

"Yo' is shore right there, leddy. Dat boy Harris ain't no kin' uv a fool on no kin' uv a horse, dat boy ain't. He may be black but de goods am dar." Feminizing satellites of the racing game put great confidence in the colored fraternity, having the absurd idea that these colored women are bulging with inside information from the stables. For this reason the little woman with the blue goggles was convinced beyond all doubt that "Allegro" was a good horse and she "lowed he had a chance."

"Chance," sniffed the brazen young woman, "chance? Oh fudge"!

"Chance?" echoed the colored lady. "Oh my."

"What's his odds?" piped the little lady, in a mincing voice.

"Forty t'one, madam," volunteered a gentleman, rather large in the abdomen and small in head, who "sported" a pasty looking pin on a dirty red neck-tie. "Forty t'one, madam, and he's got about as much chance as a fav'rit in the Derby. Why, he couldn't win," continued the fat gentleman, in short, impressive gasps, "if the rest of them horses was tied to that sprinklin' cart."

This voluntary information rather startled the little woman and she waited for support from her late friends. The colored lady looked sheepish. The brazen young woman sniffed contemptuously and "guessed that some people didn't know Washington was dead"; and that "she had her opinion of some pikers."

The portly gentleman smiled uneasily and looked for consolation to his newspaper.

It was an ideal day. The sun was shining bright and the beautiful hats of the women bedecked with ribbons, birds and flowers shimmered in the sun. The band was playing "Bill Bailey," and all hearts seemed light and gay, for old Sol has a way of chasing gloomy looks from careworn faces, of coaxing tardy smiles to sour lips. "Favorites" had won the first two races, and this fact alone would prove to the initiated that the crowd was in good spirits, for Saturday crowds have a weakness for favorites.

When looking over the vast sea of faces in the stand, some youthful and denoting inexperience, others bold and bearing the telling lines of vice and depravity, the onlooker saw pictured by Time's unsparing hand, in the varied and diversified physiognomies, every human frailty, vice, folly and imbecility.

For whom but a mental degenerate is found at a race course? As one's eyes roamed over these upturned faces the attention was fixed upon one face. It impressed the onlooker with a semblance of occult power or magnetism. The features were lined and drawn with care; the inflamed eyes, red through loss of sleep and nightly debauch, were starting from their sockets; the lips were compressed with mental agony. The cheeks had the pale flush of the consumptive. But aside from these marked features there was something depicted which kept the onlooker hypnotized. It was the wrestling of a soul. The whole visage bore such a look of abject misery, wildness, forlorn hopelessness, and yet the owner was so young, not above twenty, that the onlookers' heart is touched with sympathy. The whole aspect of the man portrayed such woe and despair that many eyes are rooted on the spot. He looks listlessly

at the happy faces about him and moves slowly toward an exit to the ring. His bearing is that of a gentleman, not the swaggering poltroonery of a gambler. He reaches the stairway and looks down upon the seething mass of humanity in the betting ring. The ring is about fifty yards long and nearly as wide. Along two sides of it stand the booths of the bookmakers. A motley crowd is madly surging and swaying around these stalls, holding money above their heads and trying frantically to place their bets before the "odds" are shortened. Here we see thousands of individuals, day by day, idling their time away in the vain hope of getting something for nothing. In these sloughs of idleness and degeneracy the youth gets the first brand of the criminal. He receives here the impetus which ultimately makes him a social outcast, a physical and mental degenerate. Here under the eyes of the jurist, theologian and politician is a can-

cerous growth which preys upon the manhood of the rising generations. You judges sitting in ease upon the bench; you eminent divines preaching mildewed orthodoxy to your flocks; you corrupt politicians basking in your power; you are responsible. At your door we lay the fruit of the gambling evil.

After watching the gamblers a few moments the young man descended the stairway toward the ring. The fierce light of gambling which once lighted his eyes is gone. It is changed to the dull glow of fevered despair. He reaches the bottom step and leans against the balustrade.

Other eyes are watching our hero. An individual in plaid trousers and orange jersey, coatless, and wearing a little blue cap is gazing intently at him.

He is a small man, wiry, with a weather-beaten visage. The face, though cunning, bears traces of good humor. This is the type often seen at

race tracks, a typical tout and hanger-on, one who gains a livelihood by "roping in suckers." This, in the vernacular of the ring, means the selling of racing information to the unwary.

After scrutinizing our hero for a few moments, evidently for the purpose of ascertaining whether he had found a prospective "sucker," he crossed the ring and accosted the young man in a friendly way.

"Played this race yet, pal? There goes th' horn; they'll be at th' post in a minute."

Our hero looked steadily at the tout for a moment as if debating whether to answer this seeming familiarity, but finally answered surlily:

"I'm not betting on this race."

"Got bumped in the first two, huh?" questioned the tout.

"Yes, I lost a little——my God." With a low moan he reeled and would have

fallen headlong had not the tout supported him.

“What’s th’ matter, pal, yer ez white’s a sheet?”

“Oh, it’s nothing. Just a little pain in my side. I guess it’s the excitement.” He steadied himself against the balustrade.

“Come an’ have a drink. A little “three-star” ’ill fix y’ right. Y’ musn’t take th’ game s’ hard.” The tout grasped him by the arm and led him hastily to the bar, although he made a slight resistance.

“Here, Jack, a couple out o’ the’ brown bottle.” As the bartender responded, a smile of recognition passed between him and the tout.

“Up to th’ brim, pal, that’s th’ medicin; here’s ‘how.’” With one gulp the tout took his “medicin” and eyed his new acquaintance. The stranger swallowed the burning liquor and coughed violently. He seemed about to faint and

staggered against the bar, passing his hand over his face like one bewildered.

"Whatche coughin' fer, pal; y' can't be ust to that stuff?" said the bartender.

"I never drank before I played the races. This is my first season and my last, I hope."

"Well, pal, horse racin' an' drinkin' kin' o' pull together, that's a fact," said the tout. "Have another?"

"No, thanks; this has braced me up wonderfully." At this moment the bell in the paddock rang for the jockeys to mount.

"There's the secon' bell, pal," exclaimed the tout. "Th' jocks er gettin' up. Look, they're comin' out now. Say, pal, I've got somethin' right in this one. I'm from th' Cummin's stable an' they're ears ain't muffled any. Ther's goin' t'be a hot one put over in this race. Wan'a get next?" The stranger looked up suddenly and eyed the tout for a few seconds and then said:

"How do you know this horse will win"? The tout took him by the arm, walked toward the ring and said in a confidential way:

"Didn't I jes tell ye I got this frum the right people, an' b'sides this filly breezed a mile yisterday in one-fort'-two an' this gang uv sellin' platers she's hooked up with can't do it in one-fort'-four in this goin'. She's perpared fer this race an' th' owners an' wise ones er goin' t'make a killin'. It'll be th' biggest s'prise uv th' meetin'. O' course we fellers ain't s'posed t' give this information out, but y' looked kind a lippy and I thought ye'd 'preciate it if I butted in. Seein's yer out on the day here's a boss chance t'git ahead uv um. O'course if she wins, an' there ain't nothin' that kin go her route, I'll expect a little fer lettin' y'in. It's a lead pipe, what-a-y'say?" While the tout was speaking the stranger listened eagerly.

His face lost its look of ennui and became flushed with hope.

"If I thought this horse could win I would bet ten dollars," said he.

"Ten, why, pal, that hoss is worth th' biggest bet y'ever made."

"What horse is it?" the stranger asked eagerly.

"Lucy M., pal, an' a real hoss." Our hero scanned the boards on which the "bookies" write the odds. His face bore a look of keen surprise.

"Why, she's twelve to one," said he.

"Juicy odds, huh, fer a big bet," exclaimed the tout; "she opened at twenty, but wise money has cut her t'twelve. Y'better git yer money up quick. She'll be th' favrit near, before th' race." By this time the pair had reached the outskirts of the motley crowd jamming the ring.

"Do you think she can beat Hayward the First; he's four to five?" The

stranger looked anxiously into the tout's face.

“Ah, them favrits. Say, pal, eny duffer what follys favrits 'ill go to the bad in a hurry. Some guys come out here, full o' dope, with a 'scope hangin' 'round ther' neck; they go to th' paddock en squint knowin' like at the hosses bein' exercised, look at th' condition uv th' track, an' then they got a idee they kin call um one, two, three. They're piker-dopes, pal, piker-dopes. They ain't nothin' a layer likes better than a dope fiend, especially if he's got his pockets full o' paper dope. W'y, say, the guys what write them newspaper tips couldn't tell a cheap sellin' race from the American Derby. Their nut's full o' bug juice. If a guy folly them tips he'll walk home from Ran'olf street nine days out uv th' week. Pal, I'm on the inside t'day en 'y kin bet all yer worth Lucy M 'ill deliver th' goods.”

"If I thought she could win"—the stranger broke in.

"Win, pal? W'y, it'll be a shame t' take th' money. Harris, that's her owner, bet on her outside th' track, so's not t' spoil th' odds. Look, she's down t' ten now. Ye better hurry if y' wan's get a good price." The young man's face was a study. He seemed to be undergoing a great mental strain. He hesitated a moment, passed his hand tremblingly over his brow, and said:

"I think I'll bet fifty to win and fifty to show." The tout grasped him by the arm and whispered in hoarse, eager accents:

"Pal, if yuv got big money in yer pants don't pass this one up. Bet a hundred each way if it's in yer jeans, en ye won't be sorry. Go ahead, pal, it's the easiest thing I seen this summer."

"Is it true that you have inside information on this race? Be honest with me; is it true?"

“Sure’s shootin’, pal. Cassidy give it to me this mornin’, en he’s from the Cummin’s stable. It’s dead sure. There’s only two ways to stop Lucy M, her er th’ jock must drop dead. She’s th’ real dope.” The young man leaned against a booth and placed his hand to his throbbing head. He was silent a few moments and then murmured almost inaudibly:

“Shall I risk it—shall I risk it?”

“Go ahead, pal, an’ ye’ll thank me for tellin’ ye. They must be at th’ post. Don’t hesitate. Some guy wrote somewhere’s—He what hesitates is—is—well, he ain’t in it. Hurry, pal, er ye’ll be too late.” A look of desperate determination came over the young man’s countenance. He reached in his pocket and counted out two hundred dollars. He had but three dollars left. He turned to the tout and said fiercely:

“Well, I will risk it.”

"Said like a true sport. Ye'll be on th' block some day."

"God, I hope not," answered the stranger. "If I could only get even I would quit gambling forever."

"Well, yer right fer once, ole sport. Git that money up before it's too late." They pushed their way through the surging crowd. After a short struggle around a booth the stranger exchanged two hundred dollars for the coveted ticket. He hurried through the crowd toward the back of the ring closely followed by the tout. They made for the stairway and went up on the run, for but a few seconds would elapse before the horses would be off. They found two seats near the top of the stand. Every eye in the crowd was rooted on a line of bobbing color and caps across the infield of the course. It was a six-furlong race and much depended on the start. The stranger's face was white and drawn. He groaned.

“Say, sport, you mustn’t take th’ game so hard,” said the tout. “It’ll kill ye.” The stranger turned upon him fiercely. “Do you know,” he said, “that my future depends on the issue of this race?” A desperate light came into his eyes. “I am playing with stolen money.” The tout moved uneasily, but said nothing.

“My God, why don’t he let them go. This suspense is awful—her colors are green and white.”

“Two-year-oles er a hard bunch to start, pal,” volunteered the tout. The stranger paid no attention. His whole soul was in his eyes and they were riveted on the quivering mass of horseflesh that could hardly be distinguished across the course. He was muttering inaudibly; his fists were tightly clenched. “Lucy M must win,” he said, “if I——” “They’re off!” roared the crowd. As the white barrier shot up a cloud of dust rose and the race was on. As the view cleared it was seen one horse was left

at the post. The stranger jumped upon his seat. He was wild with excitement. All his pent-up feeling was released on the rising of the barrier. "Lucy's in front," he shrieked, "they're crowding her but she's got the rail. A good length ahead and running easy. Go on, Lucy M." The tout's face was clouded.

"Yer wrong, pal; that's Hayward the First. Lucy was left at th' post." The distress of the stranger was pitiful. "Lucy M left at the post; my God, I'm ruined." He sank upon his seat and buried his head in his hands. The crowd about him gave no heed. Their attention was fixed upon their several choices. What cared they whether a human life was staked upon the outcome. Perhaps several lives at stake, what difference as long as their horse won. Meanwhile the tout was watching the race with great interest. Suddenly he said, "By God, she's got a chance." He touched the stranger on the shoulder.

“Don’t give up yet, pal, Lucy is still in it; she’s runnin’ great.” The stranger jumped quickly to his seat, a wild look of hope upon his face. “You say she has a chance,” he said, “is that her fifth?”

“Yes, an’ she’s catchin’ Allegro,” exclaimed the tout. The stranger resembled a maniac. “Come on, Lucy M,” he shrieked, “come on.”

“At the half now, pal,” said the tout, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement.

“She’s passing that red one. She’s fourth now,” exclaimed the stranger. Our hero was now almost insane with excitement. His face was flushed; his eyes dilated; he was wildly waving his hat. As the horses made the far turn he lost what little remained of self-control.

“Go on, Lucy M! Go on! The jockey is whipping her! She is responding no-

bly! She's catching the leaders! Go on, Lucy M! Go on!"

"The back stretch will tell, pal," said the tout. The stranger paid no attention. He was in another world. "Look at her go. Why, the others are standing still." He was laughing hysterically. "She's second now. Go on, Lucy M!"

The tout was beginning to get excited. He had thought Lucy M would "blow up," as he put it, in the stretch, but as she seemed to be holding on and gaining slightly, his face became flushed. At last he jerked off his cap and became as frantic as the stranger.

"They're in the stretch," he yelled. "She's a length behind Hayward, but gaining." Both the stranger and tout acted like madmen. But now on all sides were madmen. The race was evidently between Hayward the First and Lucy M. Hayward was leading, but under punishment. Could he hold the lead? Pandemonium reigned. The sup-

porters of Hayward were howling, bawling, yelling and cursing. Were these creatures civilized men? It seemed hardly possible. The horses had now reached the front of the stand, Hayward still leading by a half a length. The stranger's voice could be heard above the awful din. "Come on, Lucy M! Come on! Oh, that jockey's noble."

"That coon kin ride, pal," shrieked the tout. "They're heads apart. By God, pal, she'll win." Head and head they ran. They passed beneath the wire like a team. Bodies extended; necks stretched; eyes glaring; jockeys using whip and spur with might and main.

The race was over. A mighty silence reigned. Breathlessly the crowd awaited the decision. Every eye was riveted upon the number board. The tout crossed the fingers of both hands and groaned. At last the marker raised the number. The stranger was the first to see it. "Hurrah for Lucy M. I'm sev-

enteen hundred to the good." The tout and the stranger fell into each other's arms and hugged themselves for joy. At last the tout extricated himself and said: "Let's git in line, pal, and spot the cash before it spoils. Pal, that wuz certainly a killin'. Seventeen hunerd bones. Holy swipes. Ain't I th' candy kid, pal? Stick it here." He extended a hand. The stranger grasped and said fervently: "You have saved my life." They hurried to the ring and got in line. Both the stranger and the tout were jubilant. "Stick to me, pal, en I'll make ye a millionaire. Gee, they're takin' a long time to cash. There's a crowd aroun' the judge's stand. Wait here 'till I see what's up." The tout ran from the ring. The stranger looked anxiously toward the judge's stand. Suddenly a cheer broke from the crowd and they started toward the ring.

"What's it about?" he asked the first man to line up.

“Lucy M was disqualified; they gave the race to Hayward the First.” The stranger groaned, staggered and fell senseless upon the ground. Three men carried him to the stairway. One man put a flask to his lips. After a few moments he came to. He was bewildered a moment, and then all came back to him. He buried his head in his hands and groaned. The crowd about him began to disperse with the exception of a few of the more curious. The tout came running up:

“I’ve been lookin’ fer ye everywhere, pal,” he said. “That wuz a hard ole knock ye got. Lucy M ran a great race and won right enough, but Murphy claimed a foul. Plain case a’ stealin’, but us fellers git used to that; a part uv of th’ game ye know. W’y, ye look all in, ole sport, what’s th’ row? Some, cheer up. There’s three more on th’ card en maybe th’ bookies ’ill treat us

better. I got a good one in this race and we'll git it all back."

"I put up my last," moaned the stranger without looking up.

"Yer dead broke, eh? Well, that is bad. But ye'll be out t'morra an' ye kin fin' me here at th' Cumberlan'. I'll have somethin' good."

"I won't be here again." The stranger looked up. His face was white and drawn, his eyes cold and lusterless. He was the picture of despair.

"Ye won't be here no more? Oh, yes, ye will. They all say that, but they generally turn up again."

"Tomorrow I will be in jail," said the stranger in harsh tones. "Today I wagered stolen money to recuperate past losses. If Lucy M had won that race I should have quit for good. I am a criminal." He bowed his head in his hands. The tout looked thunderstruck.

"Well, this game does get a lot uv you high-toned guys, don't it. Well, I'm

sorry for ye, pal; but it ain't my fault Lucy M was disqualified; damn th' judges."

"Don't feel sorry for me," said the stranger; "even I don't care what becomes of my miserable self. I've been a fool, and I realize it now when it is too late. I deserve all I'll get, but my poor mother will suffer more than I. How will she stand the disgrace, her son a common thief and gambler. It will kill her; my God, it will kill her." Tears began to trickle through the stranger's fingers. The tout stepped about uneasily, then sat down by the stranger, a look of sympathy upon his face.

"Brace up, my boy, it may not turn out so bad. Can't ye borrow from yer frien's er hock some uv yer duds. Maybe ye kin raise five hunerd that way?"

"My case is hopeless. I've borrowed and borrowed from every one that would trust me, until now my credit is worthless. My watch, stud and everything I

own that is of any account is in pawn. This cursed fiend of gambling has led me on and on to—hell. I've squandered all my mother's savings and at last stooped so low as to commit robbery, thinking all the time my luck would change and I could put it all back. I don't know why I tell you all my troubles, but I must tell some one. My God, I cannot bear them alone. But I deserve it, I deserve it." The stranger bowed his head and continued: "Oh, what a cowardly cur I am. My old mother away down in Maine, dear old Maine, has denied herself to furnish money which I have squandered. I'm the most miserable man on earth."

"In Maine, pal; did you live in Maine? What town in Maine?"

"Bangor," whispered the stranger. The tout started up.

"Bangor, Maine!" he exclaimed. The stranger looked up. The inflection of the tout's voice was peculiar.

"Did you know any one in Bangor, Maine?" the stranger asked.

The tout did not answer the question. He stood for a few moments looking toward the betting ring.

"How much did you borrow, pal?" the tout asked.

"Borrow?" question the stranger.

"I mean, from your boss," said the tout apologetically.

"Five hundred," the stranger answered in a low, fierce whisper.

The tout seemed engaged in a great mental struggle. The stranger's head was bowed, his hands covered his face. At last the tout broke the silence.

"Well, I tell ye, pal, I feel ashamed an' sorry. I'm part th' cause o' yer condition. I'm only a tout, a hanger-on. I lied w'en I said as how I wuz on th' inside. I ain't, ner neither is nobody as fer as I know. I didn't bet a cent on Lucy M in that race. I jes give her a outside chanst. I touted ye on Lucy M,

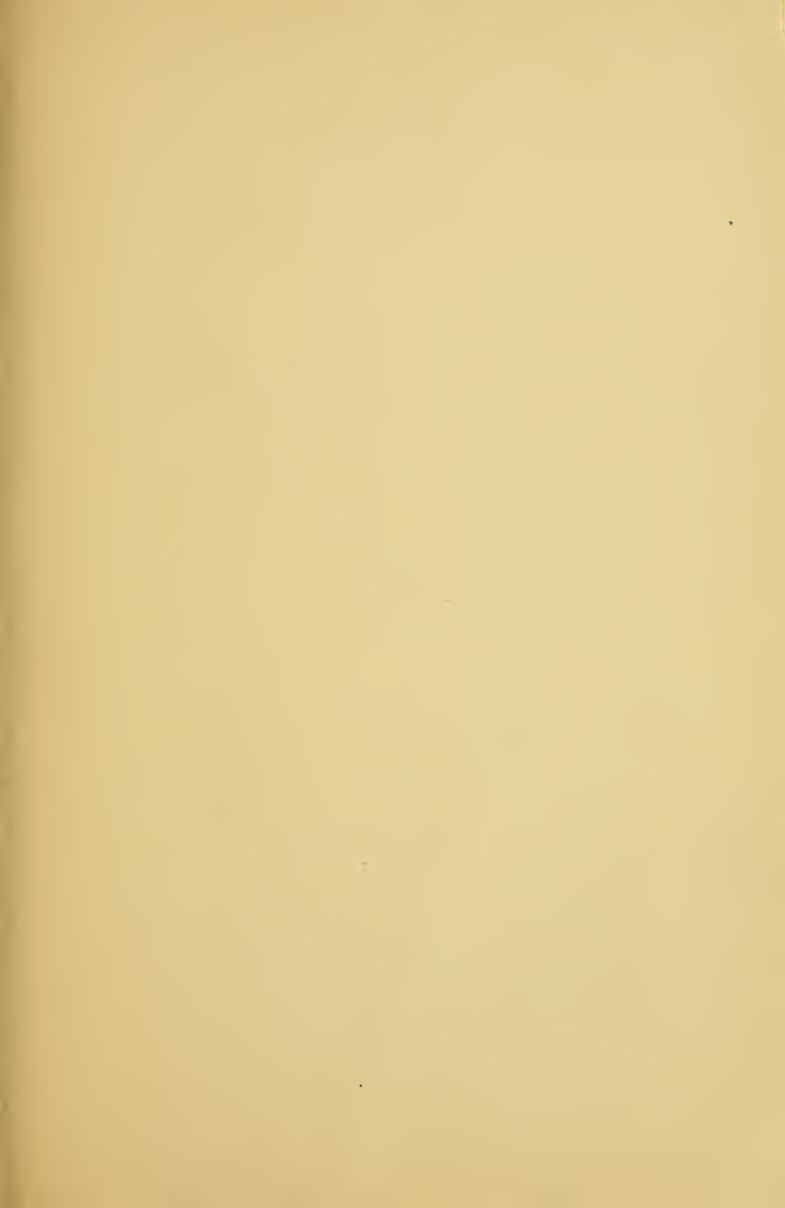
pal." The stranger looked up in angry surprise, his fists clenched. The tout continued: "I thought ye wuz a big gun. That's th' kin' us fellers look fer, th' big guns, that are green to th' game. I thought all th' time ye had a roll an' could afford to lose. If I'd known ye wuz up agin it like this, I wouldn't a touted ye, honest I wouldn't. Pal, I been on th' tracks since I wuz a yearlin'. My ole man wuz a stable boy. I wuz a jock, an' a good one, too, if I do say it, 'til I got thrun in the Brooklyn handicap an' put this leg out o' gear. Now, I'll tell ye a funny story, pal. Ye wouldn't think a guy like me ud have a mother, would ye? But I did an' through my sickness she nussed an' watched over me. It was brain fever, pal, an' a broken leg. Time an' again I rode that race in my delirium, an' I'd a rode it to my finish, if my mother hadn't stuck to me. I ain't dippy, pal, er nothin' like that, but I know what a frien'

is—I had *one*. She wuz a good woman, she wuz—one o' them bible-kin', ye know; not one o' them kin' that spiels a lot, but one that does a lot. Th' jocks ust to call her 'The' Angel of Sheeps-head.' Pal, if ever ther' wuz an angel, she wuz one; married th' ole man to make him better—didn't succeed though. Well, pal, she left us one day an' then's w'en I lost th' only frien' I ever had. Pal, she's buried in Bangor, Maine; dear ole Bangor, where I wuz a yearlin'. W'en ye said ye hailed frum Bangor, it put a different color on yer story. An w'en ye mentioned yer mother, ye kin' a touched a tender spot, I guess th' only one in this ole carcass. Durn me, if I didn't nearly bawl. Pal, I'm sorry fer you, an' I'm as much to blame almost as you are, but I'm sorrier fer yer mother. She mustn't know about this, pal. I've got jes' about five hundred left in my wad an' yer welcome to it, if ye'll promise me one thing—never play th' races

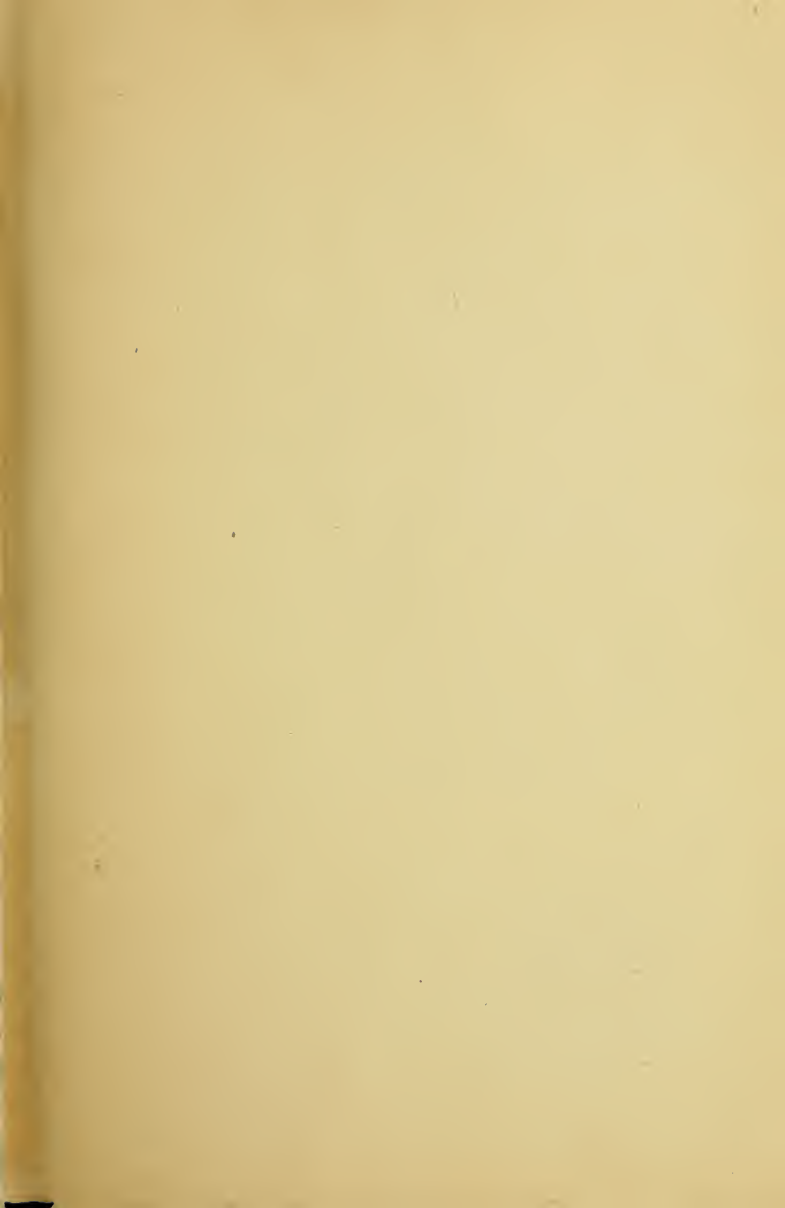
again. Y' ain't built fer it, pal. Yer too excitable, an', b'sides, horse-racin's a game fer such fellers as I, that don't know nothin' else. It's a game fer gamblers an' thieves, not fer a feller like you. Take th' advice of an' old timer, keep away from th' ponies. Th' game ruins more than it makes. I've seen th' effects uv it. Here, Pal, take it. Me name's Bud Mayer, an' if ye happen to get ahead that much some day, w'y jes' drop in on me, maybe it'll come in handy." The stranger rose and took the tout's hand, tears coursing down his cheeks, his voice shaking with sobs. He tried to mumble an expression of gratitude, but failed. He broke down and wept like a child. "Don't thank me, pal, it's nothin' much. Pal, I know if she wuz here she'd say: 'That's right. Bud,' an' that's all the reward I want." He squeezed the stranger's hand and with some trouble broke away. "Well, if I haven't clean missed th' fourth race.

The bunch 'ill think this tout's a dead one. Good-bye, pal; remember yer promise." He entered the ring. The stranger sat upon the stairway clutching the tout's money, a prey to many emotions. A moment later a merry voice was heard above the babble of the ring. It came from a little man in plaid trousers and orange jersey, coatless, and wearing a little blue cap. "Hey, Charlie, what a'ye know in the fifth?"









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 001 000 411 1