To Explore the Vast Antarctic Continent.

The English Expedition, Headed by Capt. Scott, Which Will Sail in the Discovery in August.

Written for the Plain Dealer.

LONDON, May 22.—By turning out of fashionable Bond street, following a rather depressing sort of passage, ironically dubbed Burlington "gardens," and entering the great, gray London university building, you can gain admittance on any of these spring days to a rather conventional looking office, where a trim young man is working busily at a big flat desk getting ready to make some uncommonly important additions to the map of the world. He is Capt R. F. Scott, and if he gets back alive from the trip on which he starts out next August he probably will be a great celebrity. Although he is only thirty, he has been chosen to command the British expedition which is to make the most determined and promising effort on record to unveil the mysteries of the long neglected south pole.

Capt. Scott looks more as if he were twenty-five than thirty. He is not the typical young Englishman, the cast of his countenance and the squareness of his jaw being more suggestive of the American. He looks to be five feet five or six in hight, his hair is short and brown, his eyes blue and uncompromising, his complexion is ruddy with health and his mouth and chin tell of bulldog determination.

The captain has been "loaned" to the Antartic expedition by his majesty's navy, in which he held the rank of torpedo lieutenant on the warship Majestic. A taste for scientific investigation he always has had, and when Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical society and organizer of the expedition, offered to him command of the Discovery, the remarkable ship now building for the voyage, he took it without stopping to think twice. He began to plan the undertaking a year ago, and it is to be credited mainly to his energy that the expedition will be able to sail soon.

Means a Lot to Commerce.

This expedition is going to mean a good deal to the world at large and to commerce in particular. "You probably understand," said one of the officers of the expedition to the writer, "that this voyage is not necessarily to reach the south pole, but to study the magnetic influences of the Antarctic ocean, so as to supply charts of the locality. It is known to everyone that in various parts of the world the needle of the compass points in a different direction, and in any locality but the Antarctic the mariner has only to look at his chart to get his bearings. In the Antarctic, however, he is obliged to get along in rather a haphazard way by taking observations every day, and, to get the data for the preparation of a complete chart, the Discovery, on her way home, will cover the ordinary sailing route from Australia to Cape Horn by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

"We shall take with us," he continued, "a large supply of the heaviest woolen clothing, which is being made especially for us, and no end of furs, which are also being made to our order in Norway. Snowshoes and moccasins from Canada and Norwegian skis will also be a part of our equipment. The sledges we shall use are of the Nansen and McClintock pattern respectively. How much they will be used depends entirely upon circumstances.

Plenty of Alcohol and Tobacco.

"Practically all our food will be of the tinned variety; for our supply of fresh water we shall depend on the latest improved type of condensing and ice melting machines. You may tell your readers that alcoholics will form a part of the Discovery's supplies, but you must add that it will be served out as a luxury or a medicine only. Should the men have any especially fatiguing work to perform and should a party be sent out to explore, spirits would not form a part of their rations. In other words, alcohol will be used exactly as it is used in the royal navy. Of tobacco there will be practically any amount."

"What is the supposed character of the unexplored regions of the Antarctic?" was asked. "Is there open water or is it merely a field of ice?"

"Ross, who explored the region in 1841-2," he replied, "found pack ice at about the 65th parallel, but succeeded in passing it and sailed through open water until he encountered a further ice field. The extent of this is at present unknown, as the explorer's time was up, the open season, which is short, was at an end, and he was in a sailing vessel. What we shall do when we get there depends entirely upon circumstances."

It will be seen that wild statements of deeds to be done are excised from the conversation of the members of the expedition. It is even impossible at present to obtain a map of the course which the Discovery will take.

Fair Chance of Returning Alive.

The chances of getting back alive from such a trip are not particularly good, but the officer quoted didn't seem to have considered that branch of the subject much. He said the chief danger was the possibility of being crushed between the ice floes. "I do not know," he added, "what are the statistics with regard to the return or disappearance of polar expeditions. I should say, though, that most of the Antarctic explorers have come back alive. It is a fact, however, that the men composing this company are, with, I think, three exceptions, unmarried. I do not think it probable that any of us will obtain insurance on our lives. Some Norwegian assurance companies do such business at high rates, and the Nansen and Abruzzi expeditions were assured. No English company, however, will assume such a risk at anything but a prohibitory rate."

Just how, if at all, the explorers will communicate with the outside world has not yet been revealed. Capt. Scott, however, has an expert knowledge of wireless telegraphy, with a complete apparatus with which the Discovery is provided, and this may help to solve the problem. Borchgrevink, the south pole explorer, utilized the plan of inclosing letters in watertight casks addressed to the Royal Geographical society, and placing these makeshift letter boxes on ice floes and in the hollows of bergs. It can be said that the members of the expedition expect to return to England connoisseurs of penguin served in every way known to the cookery art, for no four footed animals exist, so far as is known, in the 7,000,000 square miles of snow and ice still unexplored, and these birds and their eggs will furnish Capt. Scott and his fellow adventurers with many a respite from "things in tins."

Curiously enough, one of the hardest tasks in connection with this enterprise has been to discover men having polar experience who are also young enough to endure the hardships of another voyage, the reason for this being the infrequency of British polar expeditions in late years. Men who have reached the age of forty are considered too old for the work.

Work for the Discovery.

Besides exploring the Antarctic region itself and studying the magnetic influences there these scientists expect to investigate the tides and the prevailing meteorological conditions as well. Geology will not be neglected, for it is the intention of Prof. Gregory and his associates to try to discover whether the unknown Antarctic continent is the connecting link between Australia and South America; for, if this should be the case, it is more than likely that gold and other valuable metals may exist there.

In spite of wars and the American trade invasion England is raising more than half a million dollars for the expedition. Half of the sum was given by the British government, a small appropriation came from Australia, and private subscription is trying to account for the rest. It is suggested that an American contribution would be appreciated highly.

Much has been written already of the remarkable strength and equipment of the good ship Discovery which will carry the expedition. She was launched the other day at Dundee and is now almost ready for her work. She will go first to Australia and then south to the polar regions, where the explorers hope to spend two years in exploration and research, making Melbourne their winter headquarters, and expecting to run across somewhere or other the expedition which the German emperor is sending out, and which to some extent will co-operate with the English party.

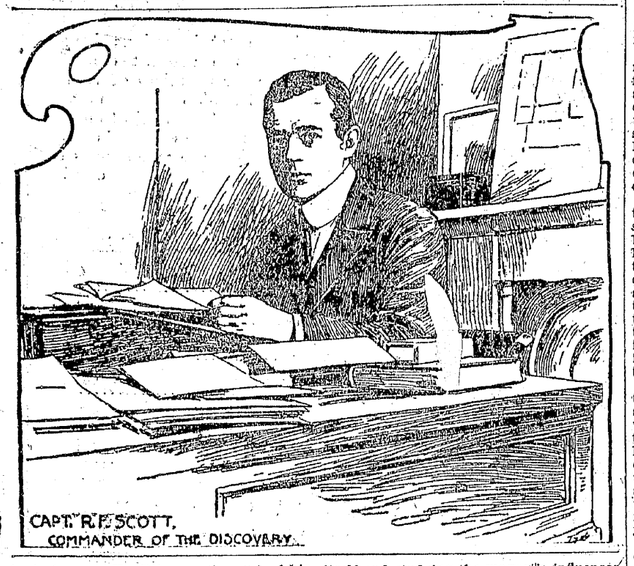
The Discovery will be provisioned for three years, but there have been many demands on the public purse, and subscriptions lately have come in so slowly that there is not sufficient money to pay the salaries of the members for more than two years. Efforts to obtain the necessary cash will go right on after the Discovery actually has sailed, for then it will be time to consider means of equipping a relief expedition to go in search of the present explorers, in case nothing should be heard of them by the time their two years is up.

The Royal society and the Royal Geographical society are managing the affair, and a learned committee of both organizations is pondering upon the question whether the supreme command of the undertaking shall be vested in the Discovery's young captain, or the chief of her scientific staff, Prof. Gregory of Melbourne university, who will have charge of any landing parties. But whether or not the entire responsibility of the quest is placed upon Capt. Scott's broad shoulders, assuredly few other men of his years have been called upon to undertake so grave a commission as that of steering the Discovery into the ice bound fastnesses of the southern seas and bringing her and her cargo of scientists safe home again.

Capt. Scott shares his Burlington Gardens office with his immediate subordinate, Lieut. Armitage, and a stenographer. Like his chief, Lieut. Armitage is a personified fulfillment of the promise made by the organizers of the expedition, that none but young and healthy men would be chosen for the service, for he, too, is the embodiment of health. Lieut. Armitage was second in command of a north pole expedition several years ago, and took charge of the entire meteorological work connected therewith.

The great, well lighted room where these two venturesome young men are planning to explore an unknown territory twice the size of the United States is ranged for service, and not for display, as chief articles of furniture, besides the paper littered desk at which Capt. Scott and his lieutenant are seated, being a filing cabinet, which apparently contains every document relating to the non-scientific side of the enterprise—its various compartments bearing such labels as "Outfit," "Employment," "Library, novels, etc.," "Travel," "Food and Drink." But this commonplace looking old cabinet would suggest little of the mission of the room's occupants to the cursory observer. A more helpful hint might be supplied by the presence in the corner of two long ant light Arctic sledges of the Nansen pattern and sexvseral Norwegian skis, from which hang moccasins of deerskin, all of which wil be used by the explorers on their quest.

CURTIS BROWN.



CAPT. R. F. SCOTT, COMMANDER OF THE DISCOVERY.

THE RICKEY OUT OF FAVOR.

Highballs Also Less Popular Than They Were.

There are fashions in drinks as in everything else, and the spread of a new drink is as rapid as the spread of a new style in women's dress.

Barkeepers in the big down town saloons say that the day of the rickey as the most popular drink is almost past, and all carbonated beverages are declining in popularity. Even the highball is losing some of its admirers, so many of them, in fact, that there has been a notable falling off in the amount of carbonated water consumed at all the big bars.

Bartenders, that is, the good bartenders, watch the style of drinks as carefully as a dressmaker watches the fashions in clothing, and they are as quick to note any change in the public taste. Good bartenders are scarce. The modern bartender is apt to be a white coated automaton, who serves what is called for with as little trouble to himself as he can, and who cares only a little about the taste of his customers.

These bartenders do not become great men. The bartenders who do their best to learn the wishes and peculiarities of the customers own racing stables and country homes in time and live on the fat of the land. Many men say that the average bartender is not so good a man now as he was fifty years ago. These men also say that the whisky sold nowadays is not so good as that which they drank when they were younger. Some philosophers think the difference lies in the livers of the drinkers. Good bartenders are all philosophers.

"The call for carbonated drinks of all kinds has fallen off," said one of the greatest bartenders in this town the other day. "A year ago at this time we were using three times as many limes as we are now and double the quantity of seltzers and carbonated waters. The decline in the popularity of the rickey has been steady and sure. The reason for it is not hard to find. The doctors were against it from the start.

"They said that the man who put such a large quantity of acid into his stomach as the rickey drinker did would have all kinds of trouble on account of it. The men who drank the rickeys found out the truth of this prophecy in time and there are a lot of men who wish that they had never heard of the rickey. Their stomachs were eaten out by the lime juice, and they are suffering from the effects of their drinking now.

"All of these men have stopped drinking rickeys and many of their friends have followed their example and advice. This accounts for part of the falling off in the consumption of this particular drink, and then, of course, the rickey got to be an old story and the men wanted something new. Lots of men used to drink the rickey because they thought it was the proper drink. They quit because someone else did.

"The doctors were against the highball, too. They said that it did a man harm to swallow so much gas, and that he would be better off if he would take drinks that had no gas in them. Lots of men have told me that they found themselves uncomfortable after two or three highballs, and they wondered why it was. They had too much gas in them. That was the whole trouble. The father of the highball was the English whisky and soda, but the men in this country made the mistake of drinking too many of them and drinking them too fast.

"The Englishman will spend a lot of time in the consumption of one Scotch and soda and while he is at it the American will drink a half dozen highballs one on top of the other. The Englishman knows how the drink should be taken, and it does him no harm. The American wants to get his drink and get it out of the way, and so he hurries through it. He gets all the bad effects, and none of the finer effects, and so he doesn't get so much enjoyment out of his liquor as the Briton.

"It is all right to drink the cocktail that one takes before dinner at a swallow, but the highball, if one is to drink it at all, should be sipped. A man should take at least fifteen minutes to drink a highball made in one of the ordinary bar glasses. But most men do not know how to drink, anyway. A man came in here the other day and asked for a mint julep. If there is anything that a man who knows what he wants is particular to have made right, it is a julep. A good julep is the triumph of a bartender's career. Let him succeed in the compounding of a julep, there is no further victory in store for him.

"I know men who hold that there are only two bartenders in saloons of hotels in the city of New York who know how to make a julep as it should be made. These two are very haughty, and they are looked up to by the other men in the profession. They will refuse to make a julep for a man who they do not think is worthy of it, and they will not make one unless they feel equal to the task. It requires the steadiest eye, the clearest mind, the most delicate touch, to make a julep, and plenty of time.

"Well, this man came in and asked for a julep. I told him that the mint was not all that it might be, but that I would do all that I could. I spent a lot of time on the drink, and although the mint was not quite so fresh as I wished, it was a good julep. Then that person took the drink in his hand, threw the mint on the floor, and drank it as he would a cocktail.

"It was awful. I could have assassinated him and I think that a jury would have acquitted me. But we have to keep the place tidy, and to have killed him would have made a mess, so I let him go. I told him never to ask me to make a julep for him again, though, and I did say to him that he was not fit to drink the worst julep that was ever made. He seemed surprised, but an old customer of mine who was in here took up my side of the argument and that unappreciative one went away. He has not been back since, and I hope that he will not come in again.

"I find that a great many of my customers are going back to plain drinks again. Many men who were drinkers of rickeys and highballs are now drinking whisky and water, which is the best thing that a man can put into his stomach. Lots of men have compromised on the subject by making a long drink out of a plain whisky and water. They put the whisky in a tall glass and then fill it up with water. This makes a good drink, and it is becoming popular. It quenches the thirst, and it makes a long drink.

"Some men don't like it because they say that it tastes like nothing except weak whisky. Others say that it is good. There is one crank who comes in here and loads himself upon a drink that is made up of as much sugar as the whisky will hold in solution, and as much water as will fill a tall glass. I don't think that the drink will ever become popular. That man is a crank, anyway. His wife is trying to get him to stop drinking, and he says that he has stopped, but he comes in here and puts any quantity of bitters in his system, under the plea that they are not intoxicating. He makes me think of a deacon I used to know when I lived in the country. He was one of the leaders in all the temperance movements, and he wouldn't sell the apples that were in his orchard for fear that they would be made into cider. When he died the doctors found out that he had died of acute alcoholism brought on by the drinking of bitters."

"This boom in Wall Street was a big thing for our business. The men who lost drank to drown their sorrow, and the men who won drank to celebrate. It doesn't make any difference to us how the market goes. We win anyhow. People say that drinking is on the decline. It isn't here, for we are doing a bigger business today than we ever did before. Men don't drink so much as they used to in business hours; that is the only change. They drink after business, and they make up for lost time then. The ante-luncheon cocktail is popular, too, just as it always has been. We're happy, and making money. Nobody need worry about our future."—New York Sun.

Murray's Guide Books No More.

Another British institution has fallen. "Murray's Handbooks" are no more. Mr. Murray having sold out the whole set to Mr. Stanford, the geographical publisher. The British tourist can hardly be imagined with no "Murray" to decide for him his hotel or his impressions. He will have to stay at home or stoop to "Baedeker." It is seventy-two years since the first John Murray, Murray the great, discovered in his travels the need of a guide book. He collected the needful information and brought out the first "Holland and Belgium" in 1836. The handbooks have lived, and the British traveler's faith in their statements is still absolute.—New York Sun.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to keep them from harm.

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Buck Niven's Race Horse and His Astonishing Speed.

A Hog Killing at the Leavenworth Track.

"One July morning in '93," said an invalid infantry officer of the regular army who was at the Morris Park race track last Saturday, "Buck Nivens, the foreman of the 4 T ranch near the Nebraska post on the U. P. line at which I was stationed, led a big 16.3 chestnut horse up in front of my quarters—Buck and I were very chummy—and called me out to look the animal over.

"I asked Buck if he'd taken to rustling. The horse didn't look as if he belonged out that way. He was rank and hairy and muddy, and his ribs were rather painfully visible, even through the mud and long hair. But he had blood lines and a thoroughbred's feet and legs, and he was a star gazer—never saw a horse, even on a race track, carry his head more proudly.

"'Where'd you nab that one, Buck?' I asked him.

"'Well, he's a kind o' gopher, I reckon,' replied Buck, grinning. 'He jes' nachully pranced up to me, about six miles over the range, this mornin'. He walked right over to me, and put that fine head o' his'n acrost my pommel. Looks like he's got breedin', hey?'

"'Breeding!' said I to Buck. 'He's a thoroughbred from end to end. Pretty shaky story of yours, Buck, about picking him up on the range. That kind don't come up on sage brush. They're made of sweet tufts of blue grass.'

"'I'm tellin' you right, though,' replied Buck, knowing that I was only fooling. 'I can't figger out any a reason for his bein' aroun' these yere parts—but thar he were as big as a 'dobe and as mild as a setter pup. Acted like he were lonesome and used to the company o' humans, the way he comes a-waltzin' up to me.'

"Well, it was a queer kind of business, for a fact.

"'Give you a hundred for the waif, Buck, and no questions asked,' I said to the foreman.

"'Nope,' replied Buck. 'The young feller—he's on'y four-year-old, by his molars—has taken a kind of a shine to me, and I reckon I'll put him under a shed and fix him up and git them ribs out o' view. Then maybe I'll use him.'

"I loaned Buck a bridle and he hastened it onto the handsome but abused looking chestnut and trotted off to the ranch, leading his odd four legged find alongside his swerving cayuse.

"I didn't see Buck again for a month. Then he came cantering up one afternoon on the chestnut. Now, I've been looking at race horses, odd times when I've been on furlough and had a chance, for a matter of a quarter of a century or so; but I don't think I ever saw such a ripping looking brute as this lost, strayed or stolen range pick up of Buck Nivens had turned out to be in the course of that month.

"'He's some hoss, ain't he?' said Buck, proudly slipping out of the saddle.

"'Well, make it a hundred and a half, Buck, and I'll furnish him oats,' said I.

"'Not ten hundred and fifty,' replied Buck. 'This feller and me is mashes, sure enough, Cap, and we git along together like two chum gals in boardin' school. He don't stand f'r nobody foolin' around him but me, and I reckon it's with while to have any ol' kind of a four-legged thing feel that-a-way toward you, particularly one with all the instincts of a gentleman like this boy. How 'bout that?'

"'Well, it 'ud be a shame to keep one like that plugging around a beef ranch, that's all,' I told Buck. 'He's good enough, by the looks of him, to go to the races.'

"'And,' replied Buck, with a strong accentuation of the 'and,' 'he's good enough by somethin' else than the looks o' him to go to the races. That's what I'm over here to see you about, bein' plum loco myself when it gits down to a matter o' figgers.'

"Buck flipped a coin to one of the post dog robbers to hold the chestnut for a while and came into my sitting room. After he'd liquored up a couple of times he presented his little arithmetical problem to me.

"'It's this-a-way, Cap,' said he, turning his chair the wrong way around so's he could lean his elbows on the back. 'This yere Gopher o' mine—that's what I'm callin' him, Gopher, and you know why—this yere orphan hoss hits me as bein' a sure-enough blood proposition. I didn't do nothin' but feed and burnish him till about a week ago. Then I puts one o' the light saddles on him—about forty-five pound, I reckon—and gits on him to give his legs a stretch.

"'I clean fergits how these yere blooded horses hates the gaff, and so if don't take off my spurs. Hadn't no more'n got him out in the open than I absent-minded like gives him a dig with the off spur, like he was a cayuse. Well, he gives one jump, and then it's me to do some ridin', sure 'nough. Now, I strip at 150, and there were forty-five pound o' gear on his back beside, which figgers up near 200, if I know anythin' about it, and the way that hoss galloped f'r three miles was just racin', that's all—racin'. I stopped tryin' to pull him up after the first mile and let him go on. At the end o' the three mile I figgered I'd enough breeze f'r one day and fin'ly got him to slow up. When I hopped off there warn't hardly a heavin' of his sides.'

"'Oh, well, there's nothing remarkable about that,' I said, 'seeing, as anybody can see, that he's a thoroughbred and meant for the races.'

"'But this yere's what I want to git at,' proceeded Buck. 'A couple o' days ago I takes this yere Gopher out onct more, and I've got it fixed with one o' the hands that I can depend on to do a little tamin' f'r me. I puts the hoss through a little gallop out o' reach o' the layout, where nobody but my timer is next, and then I sets him at the mile that I've got plotted out. Now, my man with the watch catches this yere mile at 1:50 flat. That's with 195 pound up, y'understand, over a mile stretch that's a heap deep in inspots and cloggy. What I want you to figger out f'r me is this: What is that 1:50 mile 'quivalent to, so to speak, to a race hoss runnin' on a reg'lar race track with the average racin' weight up?'

"I had to smile at the ingenuousness of Buck's question, as well as his implicit confidence in my powers as a mathematician. Nevertheless that 1:50 mile under the conditions he had named struck me as being a mighty powerful performance, if the watch had caught it right.

"'Ask me easy ones, Buck,' said I, 'but you've got a race horse right from that showing. If your timer wasn't dreaming or his watch running a bit of a race too, you've picked up a nag that ought to negotiate a mile on a track, with average weight, in about 1:42 or better.'

"'Much 'bliged,' said Buck. 'That's all. That's what I thought myself, but I wanted to sort o' git my calc'lations indorsed by a figgerin' sharp that I knowed.'

"Whereupon, leaving me somewhat mystified, Buck clomped out, mounted his fine chestnut, that pawed joyfully at the sight of him, and rode off.

"Ten days later—this was about the middle of August—Buck came loping up to my quarters on his cayuse.

"'Jes' dropped by to pick you up, Cap, if you want to go along,' he said.

"'Go along where?' said I.

"'Leavenworth,' said he. 'I'm a sure-enough wizard o' the turf now, Cap,' grinning into his whisky and soda.

"Then he explained to me that he'd shipped Gopher down to Leavenworth, Ks., to run at the county fair meeting on the three-quarter mile track, and that he was going to take a run down there to see how his orphan made out. The county fair was to begin ten days later, and Buck wanted me to go along with him. Buck was disappointed that I couldn't go along, but I told him that I'd root for his nag, and away he went.

"His visit sort of put an itch into me to get away from the post for a little whirl, and when I gently hinted as much to the colonel the old man very generously rigged me up a detail for a couple of weeks. This was a week after Buck's departure, and I didn't get into Leavenworth and meet Buck until the day before the opening of the county fair, on which day two trotting and two running races were to be decided.

"I found Buck a couple parts drunk and very happy. He was in company with the son of a wealthy banker of the town, a slim young fellow who had a considerable reputation out there in the Big Muddy country as a gentleman rider, and this young fellow had been let in by Buck on the possibilities of Gopher, so that he had decided to ride the horse in his first start. Gopher had been entered as an 'unknown bred'—there were no breeding requirements, of course—in a mile dash, with gentlemen riders up on the first day of the opening and the orphan, Buck told me, had been kept thoroughly under cover.

"There was a lot of talk in the town and at the fort about the gentlemen riders' race, and two pay or play future books had been open for three days—one in the Star of the West saloon on Shawnee street, and the other handled by a sporty citizen of Leavenworth. Gopher, because he was the only horse in the race with no given breeding, was at 20 to 1 in the two future books. There were nine to go altogether, and three of them were to be ridden by army officers from the fort, all of them, by the way, friends of mine and men that I had served with.

"Needless to say Buck had taken all of the 20 to 1 that he could get from the two future books and he already stood to win between $3,000 and $4,000. The books hadn't rubbed, but they had just declined to give Buck any more Gopher because he seemed a bit too anxious for it.

"Well, I had a look at Buck's range pick up that night and then I went right down town and made a modest little investment in that 20 to 1 about his chances. The horse looked magnificent. The reputations of the three crack horses from St. Loo didn't scare me a little bit after I'd had that look at Gopher.

"Well, when the betting on the gentlemen riders' race opened, after the two trotting races had been decided, the five bookmakers on the grounds had all they could do taking in the money on a big, raw boned six-year-old from St. Louis that one of my friends from the fort was booked to ride, and before ten minutes had passed this horse was almost a hold-out favorite at 5 to 3 on. I took a bit more of the 20 to 1's against Gopher and had a serious struggle with my conscience as to whether it was up to me to put my friends from the post, and particularly the officer who was going to ride the favorite, next to the fact that there was only one horse in the race, and that horse Gopher. I decided that my duty as an officer and a gentleman was to maintain my faith toward Buck Nivens, who had put me on my honor—and then I went and took a few more slices still of Gopher's 20 to 1 against.

"I never saw anything funnier on a race track than when those nine horses paraded to the post. Gopher, as the only cold bred horse in the bunch, was the last to emerge. The crowd took just one look at him as he pranced to the post, as handsome as any Hanover, and then they swooped upon the bookmakers with their money. They were still trying to get it down in chunks at a price that had been cut to 5 to 1 when the horses got away like a platoon of cavalry.

"The race doesn't need to be described. It was Gopher all the way, and winning by thirty lengths, pulled sideways. The favorite was second, and the rest strung out more than a sixteenth of a mile. The cry of 'Ringer!' went up from the throats of those who hadn't succeeded in getting their money down on Gopher, but the square reputation of the young man who had ridden the horse to victory soon caused that yell to subside. Incidentally, I went to the front myself and told the stewards what I knew of the horse, and it was all right. Buck was about $5,500 to the good, the banker's son who had ridden something similar, while I contrived to pull out enough on the range pick up to keep my uniforms in repairs for a while. The officers who had ridden in the race looked me over pretty quizzically at mess at the post that night and made ribald remarks about people who got furloughed from their stations for the purpose of pulling off hog slaughterings, but they were jealous, and I didn't mind 'em.

"When I returned to my post I found my orders for the Presidio at San Francisco awaiting me. About a month after I got there I met a well known Irish turfman who used to be a big man on the California tracks, and is now racing in England. I narrated to him the story of 'Ringer!' went up from the throats of Gopher, and he was interested from the first word. He asked me to describe the horse, and I did.

"'I'll send a man to Nebraska for that horse tomorrow,' he said. 'He's mine. He's a four-year-old that had never faced the flag, and last May I shipped him on with a carload of other horses to make a killing with him in the east. The car caught fire somewhere in western Nebraska in the middle of the night, and the hands had to turn all of the horses loose on the prairie to save them from being burned to death. All of them were recovered in the morning but that chestnut, and it was concluded that his panic was such over the fire that he had run over the prairie until he had dropped dead. I'll shoot a man to Nebraska for him tomorrow.'

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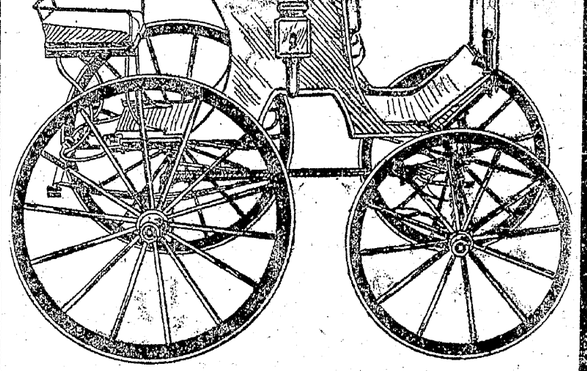

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