

# Plug Uglies

Turn your water bucket upside down and have a seat. Here's some inside paddock chatter

By  
WALTER  
DAVENPORT

Jimmy Rowe solved  
the Borrow mystery



Wide  
World

"GENERALLY speaking," said Scipio Hogan, "a horse has just about as much sense as the folks he has to live with. Of course if he's just crazy that's another thing, but generally speaking the horse and his folks match up."

"If a horse is crazy or crooked or a killer—well, that's something else. His folks can't do much about it. There was Infilade, for instance. Fine chunk, but crooked. Born crooked. Good example didn't do any good. See? Jock Scott was another."

Scipio Hogan thereupon talked horse sense and non-sense for an hour or so, and you may depend upon it that Mr. Hogan knows his subject. He was actually born in a stable—the great Lamberne stables where his mother was cook and his father the trainer of such beauties as Lamberne Pomp, whose trophies hide a twenty-foot wall, and Silk of Lamberne, for whom Edward VII is said to have offered twenty thousand pounds.

Infilade was a great racing mare. She might have made important turf history had she been an honest woman; but she was a thief and, as everybody knows, thieves cannot win. Not consistently, anyway.

Charles Schwartz owned her at her

best and worst. She was French bred, a flash of satin and steel, and hers was that guileless demeanor which disarms the cynic. Johnny Hastings was her trainer, and she came nigh to breaking Johnny's heart.

The deceit in her heart manifested itself soon after her track career began. It was an auspicious beginning, too—so auspicious that wise tracksters predicted records and championships for Infilade. She

turned in several wins breezing and three or four more under wraps in a fast field. And then—

She began by ignoring half her feed. Presently she refused to touch a mouthful of what was set before her. They dosed her with tonics and faced her with veterinarians, but the fancy oats they offered her were scorned.

They tried outwitting her by putting a pony in her stall. Now and then thoroughbreds get lonesome and company cheers them back to health. They filled her feed box with California hay and timothy and superlative oats. Scipio Hogan describes those oats as "hand-picked and too expensive for humans."

## A Murderer's Weak Spot

THEY'D fill the pony's feed box too, but with less expensive victuals, and then they'd steal away, hoping for the best.

Soon they'd hear the pony nickering complainingly and investigation would show that its feed box would be quite empty but Infilade's untouched. They would throw a little more to the pony, hoping his healthy example would stimulate Infilade to eat. But the expensive viands at her velvet muzzle remained untouched.

Borrow, great runner and faker,  
never forgave his trainer (below)  
for outwitting him

The pony, for all his appetite, grew thin and wabby. Infilade, who should have been starved to collapsing, had picked up and was taking nicely to training. She won a race going away. Then the inevitable truth came out. Spies set to watch her verified it. She would eat the pony's feed but not her own. The pony was too small to get to Infilade's feed box.

"She never did eat her own food after that," said Hastings. "We would have to fill her feed box, however. We cut a hole in the side of her stall nearest the feed box of her neighbor, and she'd eat her neighbor's dinner but not her own. And she wouldn't eat her neighbor's unless her own dinner was there for her to ignore. There are plenty like her in the world—and they ain't all horses."

But in the end her dishonesty was her downfall. Men grew tired of pampering her. . . .

Jock Scott was a murderer at heart. Morty Murphy owned and trained the big brute and frequently did it at the risk of his life. Jock Scott was afraid of nothing in this world except Chief, Murphy's big mongrel dog, and Chief was just a little more of a killer than Jock, having reduced three dogs to carcasses. Jock Scott had that respect for Chief that the gunman has for his quicker-fingered leader.

There were other dogs around the stables, not that Jock Scott noticed them. In fact, he used to chase them, and they fled tails down. Chief never ran, and Jock Scott stopped when Chief faced him. A snarl from the dog and the horse was quiet.

To get Jock Scott to the track it was occasionally necessary to blindfold him and rig him with heavy iron chains. Anyone trying to take Jock Scott by the bridle would have invited gory disaster. Once on the track, Jock Scott could run. The jockey was taking a chance, but the horse could travel.

Thus he was led to the paddock one day at Aqueduct. He was able to see a little, and that little, that day, included Murphy standing near a stall door. Jock Scott reared, snatched free from his attendants, and with a scream made for Murphy. He rushed his owner into the stall, butted him up against an iron stanchion, and there Murphy lay, stunned. Had Jock Scott been a little more deliberate, he might have killed Murphy, but the horse was frenzied, overanxious. He made several snatches at his owner's head, none of which were effective.

And then Chief arrived.

Chief leaped at Jock Scott's nose. The horse backed. Chief leaped again. This time he sank his teeth in the soft muzzle, and there he hung with Jock Scott, crazy with pain and terror, swinging him from side to side trying to smash him against the stall. Chief hung on until Murphy could scramble clear.

Then Chief let go, and Jock Scott ran. Chief dived at the horse's legs, missing by small fractions of an inch being kicked to death. But Jock Scott kept on running. Almost a mile away Chief let up, and Jock Scott, frightened into submission, suffered mere stable hands to lead him back to the stable.

## Lazybones Takes Revenge

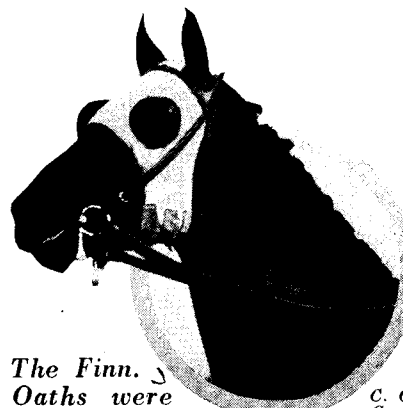
ALMOST any trainer can tell you yarns of mean horses. There was Captain John, for example. Dream of the Valley had his treacherous moments. Sport, owned by Jacob Ruppert, father of the proprietor of the New York Yankees, had the stable terrorized. Jim Fitzsimmons had a horse called King Idol which was a sharpshooter with his hind feet. He seldom missed his target. Twenty years ago Walter House owned a murderer—Bashaw, Jr., which killed two men.

Captain John was usually gentle enough, but had that quality which makes men dangerous when crowded too hard. He would work just so much and no more. He would run just so long and no longer. Urged on, he became cranky and, pushed further, treacherous.

One morning he objected to the workout necessary to a thoroughbred in training. He submitted with poor grace to the saddle, and by the use of the twitch and whip his trainer forced him to keep his feet long enough for the exercise boy to mount. He had to be beaten to the track, where, as if realizing further immediate resistance

idle, he began to run.

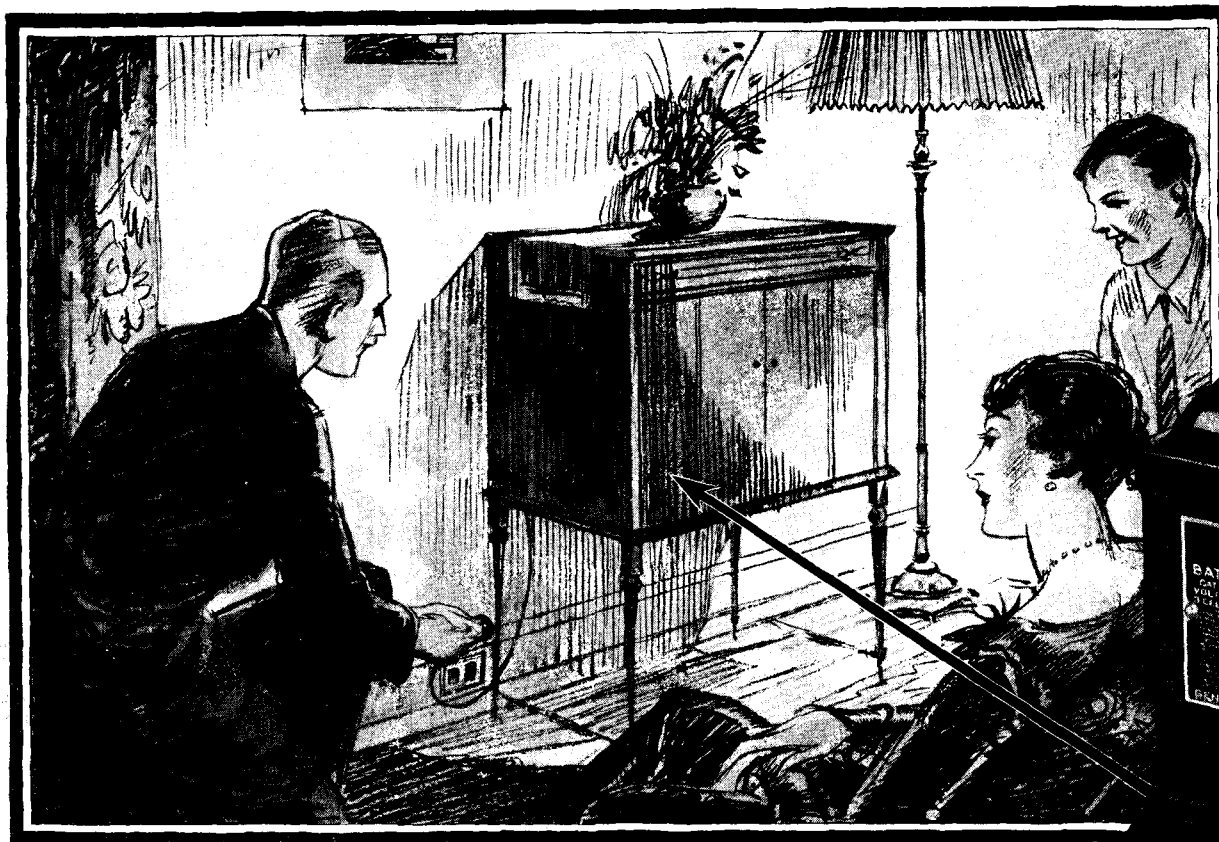
Apparently he decided that, inasmuch as he had to run, he might as well get it done in a hurry. He was covering ground faster than his owners had ever seen him travel. He came breezing into the stretch. The track was clean except for a squad of men scraping the outer edge at the three-quarter pole. Captain John fled past the men and their tools without losing (Continued on page 33)



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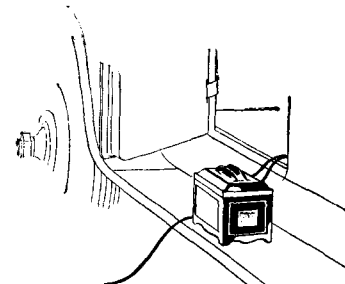
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# GENERAL ELECTRIC



# Welcome Home

Continued from page 22

Well, it will seem amusing to you, Bentham, but Mrs. Carson is convinced that I know where the girl is. She won't believe me when I say I don't. She is in an extremely excited state of mind."

"She loves her sister very deeply, I suppose," said Tom.

"Presumably, presumably," answered Carson, "although how she can be more than I can understand. But the point is that Mrs. Carson—still, I fear, under the influence of this poor twisted mentality—has persuaded herself that I am to blame for the girl's disappearance. Upon my word, Bentham, I hardly like to say it, but I'm not sure she hasn't persuaded herself that I have murdered the girl. . . ."

"I'm not a flatterer," said Tom, "but I would be willing to guarantee that you have not done that."

Carson's face lit up with simple human gratitude. "I felt sure you would say that."

Tom glanced upward. "How could you be so sure?" he asked.

"Why, don't you remember," returned Ira. "The reward. . . . You are the only person in the world who knows I was ready to offer—in fact I did offer you . . . twenty-five thousand dollars to find the girl. A man does not offer a reward to start everyone searching for a girl he has murdered."

"It wouldn't be such a bad idea either," said Tom.

Ira ignored this. "I want you to come with me now . . . and see my wife—my former wife—and tell her this."

Willing—eager even—to please his unseen listener, Tom answered in his softest tone: "But I don't understand, Mr. Carson, why a woman who has been your wife five years should need the word of an outsider to assure her you have not committed a dastardly crime."

Instantly Carson contrived to look like a man worn by all the cruel injustices of life: "Isn't it strange, Bentham, inexplicable, how the minds of women work—their emotions rather? But now you see why I want you to go with me—a dispassionate third person who will make her see how distorted and unreal her attitude is. Of course I might have taken Smith or Bishop Boardman, but I have decided that you would be best of all, because you heard me offer that reward."

"I will go," said Tom. "I will testify that you did offer me a reward."

Carson beamed genially at him. "I knew I could depend on you to do the generous thing," he said, "and I may add that no one has obliged Ira Carson without—"

"I'll get my hat," said Bentham, and ran upstairs.

He thought he knew exactly how she would be standing—and there she was. The presence of Ira in the lower hall necessitated their standing very close to each other and speaking with the merest movements of lips.

"Make her know that I am safe," she articulated.

"Without betraying your hiding place."

"If necessary to her peace of mind—"

"No," he said.

As he turned away she gave him her hand.

CARSON'S town car, upholstered in the palest shade of café-au-lait—coffee with too much milk, Tom thought—was waiting, and as the two men sat down, the cushions gave a faint, restive sigh. They moved forward with no more jarring than a ship on a quiet sea. Carson sat erect—as erect as possible under the low top—with his hands clasped on his stick, raising one or the other in salutations to the more important of the traffic policemen.

At the front door the butler, waiting for their arrival, murmured: "Mrs. Deane Carson is already here, sir." He received Carson's priceless panama and stick as if he were a high priest receiving the insignia of office, and Tom's old

gray felt as if he were a conductor taking up a five-cent fare. Then he led them up to the little bookroom.

So this was Adele—Adele whom never in this world would Tom be able to think of under any more formal title. No, he would not have known that they were sisters—a sweet, timid creature with enormous, mournful, brown eyes. . . . Ah, the voice! Yes, there was something reminiscent in the voice, as she said:

"Really, Ira, I should think you might have done me the courtesy of being on time." But it was not a bold criticism, it was a complaint, and set Ira at his ease at once.

"Very sorry, Adele. Not my fault. You wanted a responsible third person. I went to get this gentleman—Mr. Bentham of the Standard—a friend of mine."

The brown eyes engulfed him for an

"I knew it," she answered. "I knew you were not doing a generous action to help me in my anxiety without a sinister purpose of your own."

"That," cried Ira, "is a most unjust statement of the case. . . . Why should I bear slander in silence? Oh, Adele, how could you lend yourself to that dirty plot against me—you, my wife? I was not surprised that Barbara should lie on the witness stand—I have no illusions about that young woman—but that you . . ."

"It was not a lie, and you know it, Ira."

"I have a letter written to you. . . ."

"It's that letter that's a lie. . . . Barbara was trying to spare my feelings in those days. You and that woman—"

"I deny it," said Ira. "Appearances were against me in some instances, but I deny that I was anything but absolutely loyal to you in spirit, Adele."

other and been married. Divorce is a legal, not an emotional state, and as the wedding ceremony is not always potent enough to unite people, so a writ of divorce is not always able to separate them.

Here from Tom's point of view were two people—the man already middle-aged, the woman no longer in her first youth—who ought to be glad to put the whole ugly matter behind them and settle down into a quiet life. Here they were passionately opening the whole question all over again.

THEY forgot Tom's existence. As he sat listening to them he thought what a pity it was that Barbara had forbidden him to steal the letter, for he might have conducted a quiet search of the premises without attracting the least notice, so absorbed were they in their argument. He thought of his own quarrel with Barbara . . . yes, there were certain ways of quarreling which indicated love . . . and this seemed to him to be one of them. Good heavens, if that were so, who could get the letter as surely as Adele? . . .

At the moment nothing but the bitterest reproaches were passing to and fro. All right, Tom thought, let them get it all off their chests for once.

"Did you or did you not lie to me?"

"I did, I own I did, but I loved you, Adele. . . ."

"Nonsense, you don't lie to a person you love. . . ."

"Remember I was dealing with two people—you and that sister of yours. Tell me this: did she or did she not advise you against marrying me?"

"Yes, and I wish to heaven I had listened to her. . . ."

"Oh, Adele—that is cruel—that is a terrible thing to say. . . . He seemed to be wounded out of all proportion. He sank on the sofa and buried his head in his hands. Mrs. Deane Carson looked alarmed at the effect of her words . . . there was a pause. She said timidly:

"Surely, Ira, it would have been better for both of us if we had never—"

"Not for me, not for me—the happiest years of my life—the only happy years. . . ."

"Happy! Then why did you throw it all away?"

"I could not fight against the odds—the constant influence of that bitter, envious woman."

This time she did not protest. "Where is she?"

"I tell you I would give twenty-five thousand dollars to find out."

"You say so, but you don't do it."

"All right, I'll telephone Smith now. Only, you know that if she is found the district attorney will indict her."

"I know he will do exactly what you tell him to do."

"What nonsense, Adele!" Still he smiled, as if, perhaps, she wasn't entirely wrong in thinking he had some influence.

Tom rose to his feet. "While you are telephoning Smith," he said, "I should like to speak to Mrs. Carson alone."

Carson agreed at once. "Tell her how unjust she has been," he said, and left the room.

She turned her pathetic eyes upon Tom. "Would he really do such a dreadful thing? My poor sister! Ah, Mr. Bentham, if you knew her—the grandest person. You must not believe what Ira says of her. She can be cold and hard to outsiders, but to the people she really loves—and there are not many of them—she is so kind, so really tender. . . . But I mustn't bore you about her. . . ."

"You don't bore me," he answered, and he looked at her with a gentleness she did not understand. She felt strangely drawn to this young man. He seemed to understand her.

"Tell me what I ought to do," she said impulsively.

"Let him offer his reward," answered Tom, "and then make him give you the

(Continued on page 30)

## NAMEOGRAPHS

"Milk Cow," by Armando Oscar Montes, Porto Rico

"Telephone," by Howard H. Brady, 1211 Poplar Grove St., Baltimore, Md.

"Greyhound," by Mrs. Alan E. Rife, 4709 Noble Street, Bellaire, Ohio

"Lincoln," by S. L. Goldansky, 5 Grant St., Denver, Col.

"Pavlova," by Margie Zander, 936 South Kenmore, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Goat," by J. L. Springer, 177 Barksdale Drive, Atlanta, Ga.

"Bowling," by A. O. Wiggens, 138 N. 12th Street, Lincoln, Neb.

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instant, but he evidently excited no interest. She was aware of no one but Carson.

"Where is my sister?" she asked, addressing the wrong man.

"I don't know, Adele. I keep telling you, I don't know. I wish I did. . . . I wish it so much that I have offered Mr. Bentham a reward of twenty-five thousand to find her."

For an instant the brown eyes softened. "Oh, Ira," she cried, melting with gratitude, and then, painful memories coming to her, she demanded sternly, "Why did you?"

Carson was an artist at telling the truth when there was nothing else to tell. He opened his heart in a great, spontaneous burst of candor. "I'll tell you," he said; "I'll tell you exactly. I propose that your sister shall tell the world that she lied on the stand. I intend to be vindicated. I've been a victim long enough, and if she refuses to make public retraction of her testimony, by heavens, I intend to have her indicted for perjury."

Mrs. Carson laughed scornfully.

The doctrine of loyalty in spirit, which seemed to Tom a rather weak defense, was not instantly repudiated by Mrs. Carson.

"It's too late to discuss all that, Ira," she answered. "I have come to find out about Barbara. If you will not tell me where she is—"

"I cannot tell you what I don't know."

"You always used to be able to find out anything you really wanted to."

"You have always been unjust to me, Adele."

"Unjust. . . . I? The whole trouble is I thought too well of you too long."

"I never observed that failing in you."

"Oh, Ira, when I used to worship the ground you walked on."

"You early abandoned that folly. . . ."

"You threw it away—the best I had to offer you—you despised it . . . and me."

So Tom came to witness another example of that phenomenon which the unmarried, however intelligent, can never really understand—the indestructible nature of the bond which unites people who have once loved each