

## THE CLUB CUP.

BY WILLIAM EARLE BALDWIN.



HE horses whirled in their tracks and thundered up the course toward the start with arched necks, shining coats and gleaming nostrils. They passed the judges' stand well bunched, the excited faces of the riders showing pale and haggard above the brilliant colors of their jackets, and it seemed as if the race had begun. But Aspinwall-Jones who had for some reason pulled his mount fell behind, and all were sent back. Certain of the horses were stopped with difficulty, and the long-limbed bay mare Kismet went part way round the track before Bemis could stop her. This was the fifth try to get off. Most of the riders scowled and somebody muttered something about "that Aspinwall-Jones." Bemis also, with his raw-boned Kismet, had a share in balking a good start.

The crowd began to be impatient. There were a great many people in the stand. A number of drags and brakes about the track were covered with men and women who bore the air that is to be obtained only through long years of good ancestors and good tailors. On one drag there were several girls, all more or less excited, and one of them in particular had stood up four separate times as the horses passed and waved a silken scarf.

Young Bemis down there on his horse had seen her and, as he felt with exultation the long strides of Kismet, resolved that it was a case of win or die.

It was the third and most important of the Lenox Club races: for the Club Cup, best two in three, half-mile heats, gentlemen riders. It meant much to young Bemis, for in the same race his rival, Gouverneur Knickerbocker, was to ride the favorite, Lady Baby, and somehow or other victory seemed to Bemis to be a necessary incident to Miss Penhallow's favor.

As Bemis retraced the long distance Kismet had carried him, his mind reverted to a conversation he had overheard at a dance last evening. It wasn't his fault that he had overheard it, for when Knickerbocker and a number of men

came out into the inclosed piazza where he was sitting out a dance he couldn't get up at once and run off with his partner, especially as he had no warning that they were going to talk about him, and talk in such an extremely disagreeable way.

"They say Bemis is in for the Cup," said one.

"Yes," said Knickerbocker, dryly.

"Seen his beast?"

"No. Any good?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "It's an old bay mare his father kept when he broke up and sold his racing string. Was awfully good once I understand, but quite out of the question now."

"I am sorry for Bemis," said Knickerbocker. "He is a nice fellow in some things, but no end of a fool in others."

Bemis got up at this point and asked the girl if she wouldn't like to go in and take another turn. But she was apparently enjoying it all in a quiet way and insisted that it was very cool out there and that she didn't think she cared about dancing.

Later in the evening Bemis, with a pale, quiet face, confronted the men and said that, though he didn't mind their talking about him, he should prefer that if they were going to discuss his father's affairs they would secure some less public place.

Knickerbocker "dear-fellowed" Bemis a great deal and, when some one else said something about the race on the morrow, remarked, "Er—I hear you are in it."

Bemis said yes, he hoped to be in it. The end of it was that he wagered every cent he could beg or borrow on Kismet, and people who were betting began to wonder how it was that the odds of twenty to one against him had been pulled down to five to one.

He lost a waltz with Miss Penhallow in the process, however, and went home from the dance asking himself if life was worth living. He had been doing a great many things he ought not to do, and if he lost the Club Cup he would not only lose the money, but would be placed in the very unpleasant position of a man who for the first time in his life has boasted and lost.

It was rather a foregone conclusion that Knickerbocker's Lady Baby would win

the Club Cup this year, and the people who knew something about horses and thought they knew a great deal more were wishing that the race promised to afford better sport. But no one, with perhaps the exception of Miss Penhallow to whom Bemis told everything, knew what happened the week following the arrival of Kismet and her old grizzled trainer. Every morning, two or three hours before society awoke, Bemis had gone with Kismet to the track and learned from the old trainer how to hold her, exactly when to let her out and just when to press his knees in her sides. He had learned that it took Kismet a long time to get her blood up and that he must not be disappointed if she lost the race after all, for really her racing days were over and it was asking a great deal of her to beat the much-talked-of and much-admired Lady Baby.

But Bemis had been intoxicated with those early morning spins. He had learned how it looks when the sun is just rising and the sky is so clear-except perhaps in the west where there is a light morning mist overshadowing the mountains. And with the exhilaration of dawn he had felt the amazing bursts of speed the mare had shown with nothing but the old trainer's hack for a pace-maker. If the people who had taken Bemis's money at twenty to one had known what happened and what the old trainer told Bemis they would not have been quite so confident.

"Old 'er in," said the old fellow. "Keep 'er with the bunch, and when the others begin to pass 'er she will wake up. Squeeze 'er at the quarter, and give 'er 'er 'ed."

Bemis had been following these instructions time and again at those early morning rehearsals and had mapped out a plan of campaign. But as he rode back to the start on the day of the race he felt in his heart that the mapping was much easier than the doing.

As Bemis went back for the sixth try he saw the old trainer at the distance-pale, gave him a nod and then the old fellow came forward and patted his knee affectionately.

The horses were wheeled up again and down the track they came. It was a beautiful sight; a sight that stirred the blood. The starter peered forward and watched them keenly as they advanced. He ran his gaze about the track and noted the po-

sition of every horse. He dropped his flag and then the cry came from the grand-stand and echoed back among the carriages: "It's a go!" and every one stood up and turned about to watch the race.

Bemis had drawn a poor place, the third from the outside, and when they wheeled at the first turn Kismet fell hopelessly behind everything but the other two outsiders. Bemis felt a great temptation to press his knees into the mare's sides and let her go, but remembered his instructions and held his place until the quarter-pole was reached. But, sad as it may seem, instead of forging ahead at this point, Kismet, the mare he had told Knickerbocker would beat Lady Baby, sulked and refused to exert herself.

The race became a procession with Lady Baby well in advance. Bemis pressed his knees into the mare's sides and gave her an encouraging word as he had done very often before in the early morning practice on the track. The very last horse of all was near now and Bemis looked back in dismay and wondered if Kismet would allow herself to be passed by a horse ridden by young Aspinwall-Jones. What was the matter? Young Aspinwall-Jones made a spurt and came up so that it was almost neck and neck, while Lady Baby got in first amid a babel of sounds. Bemis let Kismet go, and there was a very pretty race for last place. Kismet not only left young Aspinwall-Jones behind, but actually passed another laggard and came in fifth. Bemis saw however with chagrin that a great many people were laughing, and he knew that it must have been funny to see him tearing excitedly down the track on that old raw-boned bay mare when the race was all but over. He had very hard work to hold his horse and she went nearly a third around the track again before Bemis could pull her up. He hated to face the crowd of people in the grand-stand, but it had to be done until turf formalities were completed. At last to his great relief he got back to the stables.

The old trainer said nothing, but when Bemis said "There's no use; I'd better give it up," he pointed to Kismet's dilated eyes and talked to Bemis earnestly. The young fellow's face grew rather more cheerful and he presently went down to the drag where Miss

Penhallow had loyally waved the scarf for him.

"Shall I roll it up and put it away?" she asked with a rueful smile as Bemis climbed up beside her.

"Well," replied Bemis, "that depends. Are you going to desert me?"

"When a man tells me such tales about a horse and then comes in—was it sixth or seventh?—what am I to do?"

"Did you see her come down the home-stretch?"

Miss Penhallow said she saw all of that, and struggled to repress a smile. She added that the blue scarf wouldn't wave again unless there was something to wave for.

Bemis smiled and merely reflected that her gray hat was most becoming. It softened the rosy tints of her perfect complexion and furnished an effective contrast to her blue eyes. Her hair was in coils at the back of her head and as the sun shone upon it Bemis found himself fancying that it looked like finely spun gold.

"If you would like me to win," he said politely, "I will make a bluff at it."

"It will be all bluff I am afraid," answered Miss Penhallow. Then she added and this time there was no joking: "I am awfully sorry, Mr. Bemis; really I am. Do win, just to please me."

Bemis said that if there was anything on earth he could do to please her he would do it. He said this in no lover's whisper for he knew that Knickerbocker was sitting on the rear seat overhearing all that passed. He added quietly: "The race isn't over yet." It had been an understood thing that Bemis and Miss Penhallow were all but engaged before Knickerbocker appeared and claimed so much of her attention. "Kismet however," he continued, slightly raising his voice, "is quite blown and I suppose I shall do well if I put her in third place."

"You were in awfully hard luck, Bemis," breaks in Knickerbocker with dry sarcasm. "I hope you will get a better place in the next heat."

"Thanks, very much," replied Bemis, courteously. "It's good of you to say so, I think I shall!" Knickerbocker affected not to notice the significant emphasis on the last few words.

"Why do you two always fight?" Miss Penhallow asked opening her blue eyes in the most innocent way in the world.

Bemis continued to talk to Miss Pen-

hallow in a low tone and was rewarded with a friendliness of manner that made Knickerbocker set his teeth with rage.

"Here's good luck to you," she said, as Bemis swung to the ground, and she gave him her hand. "Make a try for third place," she said; and Bemis looked back and laughed. Knickerbocker, he saw, was suddenly devoting himself to the unfortunate girl on the back seat.

When they started the second heat there were but two tries to get off, and although young Aspinwall-Jones and his beast lingered in the rear the starter sent the horses off, knowing very well that Aspinwall-Jones would probably remain in the rear anyhow. At the start it looked very much as if it would be a repetition of the first heat. The horses strung out, but Kismet held fifth place and if any one had been near he would have noticed that Bemis was urging her on from the very start. He soon left the rear horses behind and slowly overhauled the horse in front. Kismet's long neck stretched out and she strode with the precision of some well-built machine. Slowly her head moved forward until neck and neck with the fourth horse and in a second she was ahead. Bemis had now two horses between him and Lady Baby. These bunched and Kismet flew past them with a few streaking strides. There was a short stretch of daylight between him and Lady Baby, and then Bemis saw Knickerbocker's white, strained face glower savagely. "Kismet! Kismet!" came from the grandstand and when Knickerbocker heard the shouting he looked over his shoulder and saw the mare with distended nostrils and staring eyes coming like a whirlwind after him. As Bemis passed the drag he thought he saw the blue scarf waving, and in the excitement of the instant he forgot the race, remembering only that Miss Penhallow over there was thinking of him and hoping that he would win.

The streak of daylight had vanished; he was upon Lady Baby. Knickerbocker leaned far forward, almost on his horse's neck, and plied gaffs and gad after the fashion of so many gentlemen jockeys. Bemis sat almost erect and though he burned to urge forward the faithful Kismet he spoke quietly to her and let her go without whip or spur. The old mare ran game and true and in another

instant her nose showed ahead of Lady Baby's so that Bemis had to turn slightly to see the strained face of his rival.

"Kismet by half a length!" shouted the crowd and this time it was no ordeal to return to the stables in front of the grand-stand.

The men who had taken bets against the broken-down bay mare began to wish very much that they had inquired into the beast's record. Knickerbocker looked sullen and surprised when he came over to talk with Miss Penhallow. His anger was not diminished any when she asked him if he wasn't glad that his wish came true that Mr. Bemis should get "a better place."

As for Bemis himself, he did not dare to go down to the drag, for he felt that he could not face any one. Even the boys and men who came down to the stable to admire the bay mare made him nervous, and he walked up and down the paddock with his hands thrust deep into his coat pockets. He was thinking of what Miss Penhallow had said a while ago and was conscious that, however odd it might seem, the final heat meant much to him. Somehow this race was so much a part of him that he did not reflect that Miss Penhallow might care quite as much for him though he came in last in every heat.

The sun was nearing the horizon and a cooling breeze was sweeping the tops of the trees over there near the quarter-post. Long bars of slanting light came across the greensward in the center of the grounds and flashed in the eyes of the people on the drags, making them lower sunshades even while a race was in progress. There was a hush in the air—a hush that always comes on late summer afternoons when the clouds float lazily about in a sea of blue-clouds tinged with gold and lined with silver—clouds of a delicate salmon pink and odd lavender.

Over at the stables there was a great deal of confusion, for several of the horses had to be re-saddled, and one or two of them were late in starting. At last they were all at the post and soon came thundering down the track, and were off. The last heat in the great race for the Club Cup began, and there were many anxious faces in the crowd, for if the long-limbed bay mare repeated her performance it meant pretty serious business for more than one man.

Kismet shot into the lead at once. Lady Baby clung to her flank however and Knickerbocker urged her faster and faster, regardless of the fact that it was but the beginning of the heat. Bemis merely held Kismet to the pace and pulled hard at her mouth when he felt that she was trying to get away from him. The old trainer had told him to be very careful this time how he urged her, for her racing blood was up and she was likely to bolt from sheer excitement. Nevertheless, when Lady Baby began to crawl up, Bemis thought he had better get as much of a lead as possible. So not far from the quarter he gave the mare her head, spoke the word, and for an instant the gap increased. Then slowly but surely Lady Baby began to close this gap. Bemis looked behind anxiously and saw the black horse gaining with a steadiness that meant defeat at the home-stretch. With despair in his soul Bemis forgot the trainer's warning and dug his knees into the old mare's sides. For an instant she lost ground, and he could hear the panting breath of Lady Baby and almost feel the steam from her nostrils in his face. His mind became foggy and he was conscious only that Lady Baby was in front of him gaining slowly but steadily. A great wave of disappointment and despair came over him. Then there was a reaction. What was this? The upper turn, and Kismet was gaining. Bemis was clear-headed again. He did not look to see if the blue flag was waving. He had forgotten all about it and the girl who had waved it. He only saw a black streak in front of him and the bobbing jacket of his rival.

In rounding the last turn Kismet lost another length. The dust flew in so thick a cloud that at first it was hard to distinguish anything. Then Knickerbocker's red jacket shot out from the cloud of dust like a stone from a sling and every one cried "Lady Baby! Look at Lady Baby!" Then came a sudden hush. There was no cheering and shouting, but instead people whispered, "Look at Kismet! Look at Kismet!" Like a locomotive the old mare came tearing along with that faultless, machine-like stride. Knickerbocker's smile of confidence changed for one of alarm. Kismet was at his horse's flanks with a wild gleaming eye, and Bemis was sitting on her back with the joy of

victory already beaming in his eyes. No sounds were heard but the thud of hoofs on the turf and the wheezing of the old bay mare as she tore down the home-stretch to the wire.

What happened next he hardly knew. His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. The wire was all at once terribly near and still there were three inches to gain. The faces of the people were one big blur, and only the shouting of his name and that of his horse told Bemis that he had won.

The hot blood of the mare by this time thoroughly fired by the contest bade fair to carry her around the track a second time, just for luck; but somewhere, just how far beyond the finish Bemis never knew, he finally managed to pull up and turn. Yells and shouts still rang in his ears, but he sat in his

saddle like a man in a dream till he felt a hearty slap on his knee and the trainer's voice sounded in his ears—"It was the old mare that won the race, my boy. If you'd forgot yourself at the finish again it might have been a close thing the other way." This uncomplimentary speech brought Bemis's wandering faculties back and most likely prevented him doing something supremely ridiculous. He got down, and when he glanced toward the stand, hats and kerchiefs were still waving and another storm of cheers greeted him winner of the cup, and Kismet the idol of the day.

As he passed the drags a tall, graceful girl stood up and waved a silken scarf high above the many-tinted flutter of parasol and kerchief. After all it is not so strange that a girl should think better of a man because he wins.

## COMBINATION ROWING AND SAILING BOATS.

WITH HINTS AS TO RIG AND EQUIPMENT.\*

BY A. J. KENEALY.

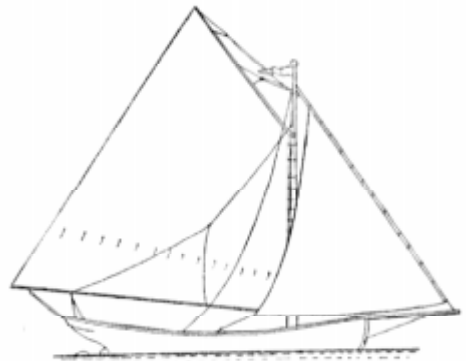


Whip purchase and traveler.  
Fig. 1.

**A** BOAT intended for both rowing and sailing should be partly decked, and have as high a coaming as possible round the cockpit. A folding centerboard should be fitted as in Fig. 10, so as to avoid the awkwardness of a trunk, which in a small craft takes up too much room. Outside ballast is not necessary; a few bags of sand will do instead. An open boat under sail is dangerous except in the hands of a skilled boatman. In a scrub race the helmsman cracks on until the lee gunwale is almost on a level with the water. He may go along like this for some time, but if the water is rough, ten to one a sea will sooner or later come in over the lee bow, and the weight of water to leeward may cause the boat to capsize before the sheet can be let go and the helm put hard down to bring her head to wind. This in itself is not agreeable; and failing to right the boat one may be compelled to cling to the keel or rail until relief comes, or till he gets too tired to hang on any longer.

The excellent sport of sailing in a stiff breeze is obtained at its best only in a partly decked boat. The half-decked craft may also be made into a life-boat with the aid of water-tight boxes of tin or zinc. The cockpit should be made as narrow as is compatible with comfort.

The combination rowing and sailing boat should have as little gear as possible. Sheets and halyards should always be kept clear for running and never be allowed to get foul. If you are so unlucky or so imprudent as to meet with a capsized, keep clear of the ropes, for a



Jib and Mainsail Rig. Fig. 2.

\* A chapter from Capt. Kenealy's book, "Fair Weather and Foul," to be published by OUTING.