

For the next three, four, or five years they serve as apprentices before they are given their jockeys' licenses; by regulation they have to be at least twenty-one years old before they are allowed to hold full licenses, but if they have served their apprenticeships satisfactorily before they reach that age they may be granted conditional licenses. For all the time of their apprenticeship the trainer for whom they are working is responsible to the Racing Conference for their conduct and honesty, and he is required to make reports from time to time.

Between races the pause for rest is only brief; hardly a minute to lament your last bet, a loser by ten lengths, or hardly a chance to stand in the edging, shuffling queue to collect a div., a handful of notes and silver, before it's time to hunt up the winner for the next race. Men pull on cigarettes; women for once forget their make-up and their hair, which is straggling from the rain; faces peer from under hats and umbrellas through the drizzle at the tote. Bells ring, and the indicators, giant coloured thermometers, lengthen and shorten to show the odds. Every one listens to his

neighbour; everywhere are newspaper clippings, guide sheets, and lists of past performances: cards of all colours, all with the latest dope, the certain winners—all for the price of 6d. Crowds in the bars, in the stands, on the course: people betting, and drinking, and talking.

The day passed with a race over hurdles, a maiden race, a hack race, an open handicap, and a memorial race, the winner of which paid £20 and had a pink sash tied round his sweating, heaving neck. At last the eighth race, a hack handicap of £180, in which Royal Victor was a starter. Rufus, a three-year-old colt, registered brown but looking a shining black, had just had his exercise shoes replaced by lighter racing plates by one of the many farriers who always attend the course on race days. Beside him was Stooze, the stable lad, and over against the railings was his jockey, 5 ft. and 5 st. He was talking to the owner in whose colours he was riding—gold, royal blue sash with gold diamonds, gold cap. After weighing in, the scale registering to an ounce the weight of the rider and his saddle and gear, the jockey swung into the saddle. Rufus stood more

