

# **THE RACE TRACK SWINDLE: A SATIRE**

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The Race Track Swindle: A Satire by Thomas H. Kennedy

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**THOMAS H. KENNEDY**

**THE RACE TRACK  
SWINDLE: A SATIRE**



THE  
RACE TRACK  
SWINDLE

A SATIRE

BY

THOMAS H. KENNEDY

Who Sincerely Hopes This Publication Will be Instrumental in Saving  
Some of His Fellow Men From the Fatal Whirl of the Track.



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## PREFACE

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Horse-racing was once a noble sport, conducted by honorable gentlemen, to whom the honor of winning was of more importance than the stake. Today it has degenerated into a despicable game. Every race-track is a gambling hell, run apparently in the interest of scheming rings, whose only object seems to be the skinning of the unfortunate victims who play.

The vile work at the starting gate, the rank decisions of the judges, the "doping" of horses, the crookedness of jockeys, the treachery of owners and the rascality of books, have caused many disagreeable scandals, which have, in a measure, opened the eyes of the public, and yet, lured by the fascination of the game, they continue to go in trainloads and gamble while they have a dollar left.

The game is so corrupt that it has been suppressed in several states, and in others the battle against it is still going on. It has blighted lives, ruined homes, wrecked fortunes, and caused rivers of tears to flow. The insane asylums, almshouses and jails are filled with its victims, and considering everything, **THE RACETRACK SWINDLE** is a mighty evil which every law-abiding citizen should endeavor to suppress.

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### THE RACE TRACK SWINDLE

Come, festive sports, who've played the ponies long,  
And hear the muse that sings a doleful song.  
Ye midnight students of the doubtful "dope,"  
Who figure records, while ye fondly hope;  
Unwise mechanics who the workshops leave  
To buck the bookies laughing in their sleeves;  
Deluded followers of the tipsters, too,  
Or touts that worry with their tales untrue.  
Come, weary women, who may sadly need  
The savings squandered on each fancied steed;  
Ye young beginner nibbling at the bait,  
Or older player with a hoary pate;  
Whate'er your station, you may wiser be  
To heed the wisdom which is sung for thee.  
No sorehead malice doth my words impel,  
Mine is the wish alone, the truth to tell;  
To point the folly, and without offense  
Lead thoughtless victims to the path of sense;  
In its true light, before the public bring  
The hideous evil called "The Sport of Kings."

#### THE RACE TRACK SWINDLE.

There was a time, not many years ago,  
When honest starters let the horses go,  
And honest owners raced each gallant steed,  
Moved by no spirit of unholy greed.  
To see the steed they owned beneath the wire  
First at the finish was their one desire,  
Proud of the jockey of superior skill  
Who loved his mount and rode it with a will.  
Then at the County Fair, just once a year,  
For a short time the racers would appear,  
And the good people from the country side  
Came to the sport they loved from far and wide.  
Sweet Mary Jones put on her Sunday togs  
And Bill brushed up when he had fed the hogs;  
While good old Mamma donned her Cashmere shawl,  
Jake hitched the horses to the carry-all.  
Old farmer Jones his ancient whiskers trimmed  
And wiped his spectacles by hay-dust dimmed,  
Then down the county road on pleasure bent,  
With all the neighbors to the races went.  
A joyous crowd of people filled the stand  
Pleased with the music of the rustic band.  
When from the paddock came each noble nag,  
Ready to jump when dropped the crimson flag,

### THE RACE TRACK SWINDLE.

They saw no crooked starter's juggling play  
To get some favored steed the first away;  
Nor thought of riders paid by thieving crooks  
To "pull" a winning horse to save the books.  
When round the track the nimble coursers sped,  
Right from the heart, they cheered the one that led,  
And when the struggling field came flying in  
Were pleased, b'gosh, to see the best "hoss" win.

But now, alas, how changed are things, to-day  
Each racing magnate can with pride survey  
His wide domain of track and grassy lawn  
Which willing gardeners sprinkle night and morn;  
Two miles of stables with three thousand steeds,  
And scores of hostlers tending to their needs;  
The trainers with their salaries, not the least,  
And numerous boys to exercise each beast;  
Cooks, farriers, yes, and veterinarians, too,  
With clerks and trackmen, swell the costly crew;  
The so-called starter, kept at great expense,  
And judges with their salaries immense;  
The horde of specials whom the club must pay  
To keep the beats and outside thieves at bay;  
The club-house furnished in luxurious style,  
The band that tries with music to beguile,

