

GRAHAM'S CORNER

By Frank Graham

MR. FITZ'S AUNT AMANDA

MONMOUTH PARK, N. J., July 24.—This was at Mr. Fitz's birthday party, the third running of it, you might say, at this track, and Pat O'Brien said:

"I was visiting with Mr. Fitz at Belmont the other morning and I asked him:

"Are you in shape for the big doings at Monmouth?"

"And he said: 'Yes, I am Pat. I ought to be. It's such a nice thing they are doing for me.'

"Then he said: 'I wonder how I would have made out if I'd gone into something else besides racing.'

"You would have done equally well,' I said, 'no matter what you went in. It's the same with leaders in any sport or business or profession. The top men always would get to the top, no matter which way they chose. Look at Arcaro. He's a great jockey. But you know



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him well enough to know that he would have been great at anything he tried. And so, Mr. Fitz, would you.'

"Mr. Fitz smiled and said:

"Thank you, Pat. Your faith in me reminds me of my Aunt Amanda.'

"Your Aunt Amanda? Who was she?"

An Offer of a Job on the Street Cars

"My Aunt Amanda," Mr. Fitz said, "was my wife's stepmother. But that's what we all called her. Aunt Amanda. You know about the time I almost quit the horses to take a job as a motorman on the street cars in Philadelphia. Well, that was Aunt Amanda's idea.

"I was a young married man in those days and I had to be away from home most of the time. Besides, I wasn't making much money and Aunt Amanda thought I would be better off and my wife, too . . . if I was home and had a steady job and was bringing home a good pay envelope every week. I thought she might be right and, much as I hated to do it, I thought I should give it a try, especially as she had a job ready and waiting for me. You see, her husband was the president of the Street Railway Lines in Philadelphia and he would put me to work on the cars."

"Now, sitting there in his stable-yard," Pat said, "he was looking back to a critical time in his life.

"I made some inquiries," he said, "and I found I would have a steady pay, all right. Maybe it would be ten dollars a week, maybe fifteen. Then I thought to myself I could be mailing that much money, or more, home every week if I stayed with the horses, even when the horses weren't doing so good and I only hustling.

"So I told Aunt Amanda I didn't like to displease her and that I thanked her for what she had tried to do for me, but I was going to stick to the horses because I was sure things were going to be better for me.

Aunt Amanda Had It All Figured

“Well,” Mr. Fitz said, “the time went by and things were better for me. The children were coming along and I bought a little house in Sheepshead Bay and Mrs. Fitzsimmons furnished it nicely and we were very happy.

“Aunt Amanda used to come and visit us every once in a while and one day when she was there we were sitting on the porch, Aunt Amanda in a rocking chair, rocking back and forth, and I said:

“Now don’t you think I did the right thing? After all, if I had gone with the street cars, where do you think I’d be now?”

“And Aunt Amanda, still rocking back and forth, and looking straight ahead of her said:

“By this time, you’d be the president of the line.”