

# How the World's Record Was Made

Hamline, Minnesota, 1906

A greeting arose from the throat of each man, as they caught the first glimpse of the proud head of Dan.

Lightly he stepped; and gallantly bowed in response to the cheers of that great Hamline crowd.

Each nod and each look of that marvelous horse Portended he'd beat his own time on that course. Victorious blood pulsated each vein.

As Dan wheeled around in response to the rein. His blood seemed to tingle as Hersey said, "Dan, Today you must beat your own time, if you can —A fraction will do it-the battle is on!" A shout from the crowd, and the pacer was gone! With nostrils distended, and head proudly high, like a flash of the lightning the quarter was by.

"You are doing it Dan - that quarter was good;" And Hersey knew well that old Dan understood. His pace then increased, and a jerk at the rein, made the unspoken answer both forceful and plain.

Cheer on, you watchers! Their voices rang free, and the multitude surged like a turbulent sea. Shout! Shout, till you're dizzy! Oh, hammer those drums!

For truly the later-robed conqueror comes! No Roman Victorious as he passed underneath an arch, He's coming! He's coming! Now straight for the wire! And Hersey leans forward to speak and inspire.

The crowd is now silent. Then fanned to a flame, till ninety-three thousand are shouting his name. All four of his feet seem to fly through the air. As though the groomed track had never been there.

He's coming! He's coming! His pace is so fleet, that each flying second gains forty-nine feet, oh people! Cheer louder and longer and more;

This mile is one such as was ne'er seen before! And the air was billowy ocean of cheers, as Dan made a record to stand through the years. A mighty ovation; the winners arrive.