



Harry Brolaski

# EASY MONEY

Being the  
Experiences of a Reformed Gambler

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All Gambling Tricks Exposed

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BY  
HARRY BROLASKI

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

I shall endeavor in these writings concerning gambling and gamblers to follow the injunction which the Spartan father gave to his son—to “shoot straight and speak the truth.”

I am now forty years of age. During twenty-one of those years I have been connected with gamblers; at first as their victim, and afterwards as their confederate. Bret Harte doped our literature with Mother Shipton and John Oakhurst, but his deified sport is as much the offspring of pure fiction as his sanctified strumpet. I assert, without fear of successful contradiction from those who know, that not one professional gambler in a thousand is at all times absolutely square. He will occasionally, if not always, throw loaded dice, deal from the bottom of the pack, introduce marked cards, extract aces from his sleeve, pull cards from a faro box with a “snake” in it, whirl the ball around an advantage wheel, and control the outcome of a race by doping horses and bribing jockeys.

I have been, as a professional gambler, not as bad as the worst of them, but probably as good as the best of them. Like the farmer who does not always put the smallest strawberries at the bottom of the box, and the biggest adjacent rock in the middle

of the hay bale; or, like the Wall Street broker who does not always bucket the orders of his customers, I have often been square with those who dealt fairly with me. At other times I have been a follower of the golden rule of David Harum to "do unto others what they would do unto me if they had a chance, and to do it first."

I have left the race track and the card room forever. I have revolted from the associations and practices of twenty-one years. I am writing these sketches partly from the selfish motive of so shutting the doors of gambling rooms and pool-rooms in my own face as to make my return to them impossible, and partly from the unselfish motive of warning others away from the pitfalls into which I was beguiled in youth, and into which I afterwards aided to beguile others. Whether my reformation from gambling to decency is due to the teachings of Christianity, or to the influence of Halley's Comet, is a matter of no consequence to the reader. Whatever the cause, or whatever the consequences, I am going to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY FIRST BET.

Until I reached the age of eighteen years, I was an honest, hard-working lad, living with my parents in St. Louis, and acting as assistant clerk on a Mississippi River steamer, of which my father was captain and part owner. It was in 1888, and gambling on river boats was no longer practiced, or even tolerated, as in the years before the war. The pre-historic southern "Majah," with broad brimmed sombrero, white necktie, gold-headed cane and courtly demeanor, the "Majah" who put up a fifty-dollar bale of cotton for his "ante," and raised his opponent a one-thousand-dollar "nigger" after the draw, had vanished from the Mississippi River steamers, and was now in evidence only in the pool-rooms and at the race tracks, where jockeyed, weighted, trimmed and doped horses had taken the place of marked cards. The excursion steamer was to take the place of the old-time gambling on the Mississippi, in which business I became engaged in later years, as related within these pages.

One bright moonlight evening in 1888, as I was enjoying my eighteenth year of life by pacing up and down the hurricane deck of my father's steamer, the Annie P. Silver, as she lay at the foot of Olive Street, St. Louis, two gentlemen—that is, they were

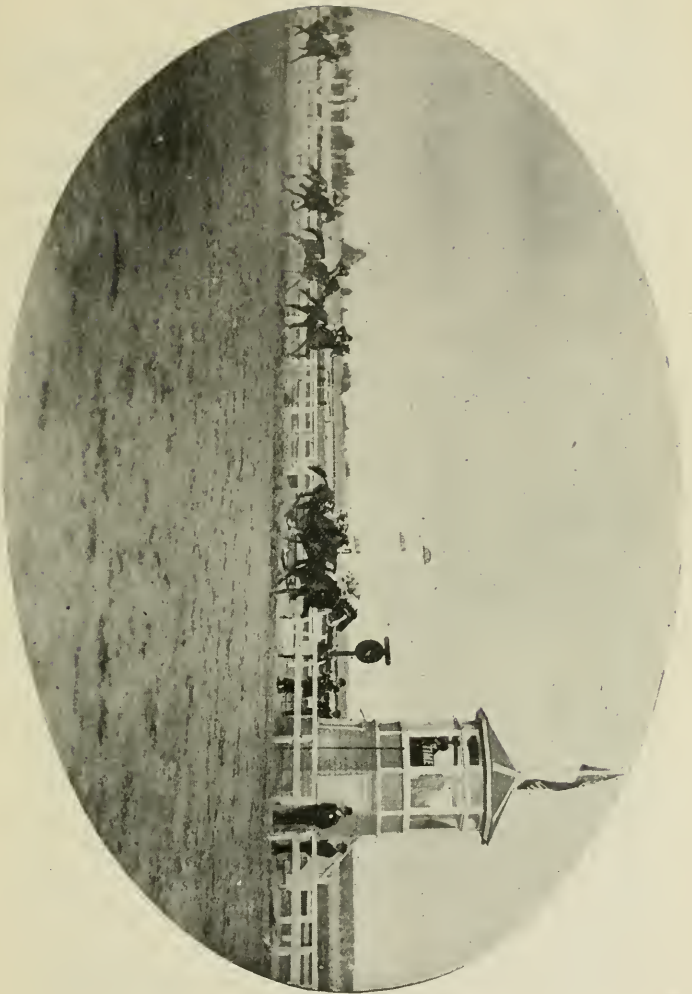
gentlemen in dress and manners—came on board and accosted me. "Mr. Brolaski, I presume," said the elder of the two. I admitted that such was my name.

"My name is Morris. You have forgotten me," said he, "but I had the pleasure of an introduction to you last week during the excursion trip of this boat up the river, and your name has since been mentioned to me by mutual friends as that of a young man in whose discretion and secrecy I could confide."

I admitted that I was discreet, and not given to babbling.

"Mr. Brolaski," said he, "I am betting commissioner for one of the largest stables at the race track, and I am necessarily in a position to make some money out of advance information, but I cannot act openly or I would lose my position. This man that I have brought with me is the trainer of one of the horses to be in a race tomorrow, and it has been 'fixed' for that horse to win. He cannot bet openly on that horse, neither can I. We want somebody to place bets and we desire, if possible, to make an arrangement with you to do so for us. You can profit by the knowledge we give you to make bets with an absolute certainty of winning. In return for this information we will require you to share your winnings with us. It is a sure thing. The odds will be ten to one against the horse that is 'fixed' to win, and you can take down one thousand dol-

A Close Finish.



lars—which will be five hundred for you—for every one hundred dollars you put up. I suppose you have a hundred dollars that you can command?”

I had two hundred and fifteen dollars, that it had taken me all summer to earn by working about eighteen hours a day. The jew-fish within me opened wide its mouth to swallow the offered bait, and I advised Mr. Morris of the condition of my finances.

“Well,” said Mr. Morris, “bring this money with you to the race track tomorrow. Don’t say a word to any living soul. This horse trainer has been robbed of his earnings for the season by a stable hand who ran away with the money, and I am doing this to help the man and his little family. I want but little for myself. You will have half of what you win, the other half goes to us. If this is satisfactory, Mr. Brolaski, I will see you at the race track tomorrow. Don’t address me there until I first speak to you, for we will have to be cautious.”

The gentlemen departed, leaving me to a sleepless night of anticipation. Well has Doctor Johnson said that “hope is sweeter than possession.” How much better is the money that we are going to get than the money we do get. Oh, the things we can do with it, the luxuries we will buy with it, the friends we will help with it, the European tours we will take with it!

“What,” I said to myself, “is the use of working, when there are fabulous sums of easy money wait-

ing to be picked up at the race track?" I had slaved all summer to make and save a poor two hundred and fifteen dollars, and now I would double or quadruple it in one afternoon. I would in a short time become a king of finance. I would strut through the corridors of the Southern Hotel with a diamond pin like the head light of a locomotive. I would make all my acquaintances kow-tow to the Young Napoleon of Finance. It would be—

"I, I, I itself, I—

The inside, the outside, the what and the why;

The when and the where, the low and the high—

All I, I, I itself, I."

But how, thought I, about the right and wrong of it? Would it be honest to obtain money in this way? But I quieted my conscience with the stock reflection that the devil puts in the brain of thieves that "somebody would get it in this way, and I might as well be that somebody."

The morning dawned. I was up at five o'clock and all in a flutter. I strutted around my room like a peacock on an amatory excursion. I could not attend to my business at all during the morning. My mind was constantly on the race track. I did not partake of any breakfast except a cup of coffee, and my noon luncheon consisted of a chocolate éclair and another cup of coffee. My watch could not run fast enough for me. I said with the poet—

"Oh how the leaden-footed, limpid minutes

Do lag and creep beneath my fiery wish."



I thought that two o'clock would never come. At about half past twelve o'clock I went to the Fair Grounds race track to see a horse race for the first time. I purchased my ticket and bought a program. The boys on the outside selling tips and stable information saw that I was a new one and a green one. They clustered around and tried to sell me their tips and stable information. I waved them aside with a haughty air, trying to make them think I was an old hand at the game and had been there before; but they knew better. I strolled to the fruit stand, and it was just ten minutes past one. Fifty minutes ahead of time! That fifty minutes seemed to me to be fifty hours!

At exactly two o'clock by the watch Morris and the trainer loomed in sight. Both greeted me cordially. Morris, acting as spokesman, said: "Did you bring the money?" I said, "Yes, Mr. Morris, I was at the bank at ten o'clock this morning and brought all I had, two hundred and fifteen dollars."

"That's good," said Morris. "Today I intend showing you how to earn money without working. Today is going to be the start of your career as a good business man."

I thanked him. He then turned to the trainer and said: "Now, Jack, you go over to the stable. Be sure and hop the horse. Give him an extra load, because this means a great deal to Mr. Brolaski and yourself. Be sure and tell the jockey that Mr. Bro-



Grand Stand and Paddock, Santa Anita Race Track, Arcadia, (Los Angeles), California.

laski will have a bet down for him, as well as yourself, and be sure and hop the horse."

Turning to me he said: "Of course, Mr. Brolaski, you will put a bet down for the jockey?"

"Certainly," said I. If Morris had asked me I would have put a bet down for the King of England. All I could see was the winning of big money and getting it into my possession.

The trainer left us. Morris whispered to me, confidentially: "Now, Mr. Brolaski, we had better not be seen together, as my employer may accidentally stroll this way. Our horse starts in the third race. I don't want you to bet a cent until that time. I want you to go up into the grand stand and watch the first and second races, and meet me here for the third race."

I thanked him and told him I would obey instructions.

Just about the time he left me Officer Cunningham, who was in charge of the race track police, and knew me well, came to me and said: "Harry, what are you doing here? Does your father know you are here?" I said he did not.

"Well," said he, "you had better take an old bird's advice and not bet on the ponies. If your old man knew you were out here he would break your neck."

I laughed and said: "I guess I can take care of myself. I don't need any advice from you or my old man."

With that egotistical shot I sauntered up into the grand stand to watch the running of the first and second races. I must say they did not enthuse me. I did not see any sport in it. The finishing of these two races was close, but I did not have any money wagered on the contest and merely looked on in calm wonderment at my new surroundings.

After the finish of the second race I was the first person out of the grand stand, and hurried to the fruit stand to meet Morris, whom I found there waiting for me. He took me into the betting ring, saying as we walked along: "Take that badge off the lapel of your coat, Mr. Brolaski, as I don't want any of the touts to get hold of you. If they see you are wearing that badge they will know you are a beginner." I did as Morris requested.

In a little while, when the betting ring had become congested with people, and the bookmakers had put up the prices against the horses on their slates, Morris whispered to me: "Now follow me with your money and bet it as I direct."

We walked up to a bookmaker and I bet him one hundred dollars on the horse named by Morris, and received a ticket calling for eight hundred dollars in the event of the horse winning the race. He then took me over to another bookmaker and there I bet fifty dollars on the same horse and received a ticket calling for five hundred dollars, the odds on the horse having gone up from eight to one to ten to one.

Morris said: "Now, Mr. Brolaski, you go up into the grand stand and sit down. Leave the other sixty-five dollars with me and I will have it bet for the jockey and trainer."

He cautioned me again not to speak to anyone, and I left him and went up into the grand stand.

In about fifteen minutes Morris came to me in the grand stand and said: "I bet the other sixty-five dollars, fifty dollars for the trainer and fifteen dollars for the jockey. I sent the tickets over to the stable. Now, as soon as this race is over, Mr. Brolaski, you meet me again at the fruit stand. I am going to place a lot of money for the owner of the horse now."

My feelings and emotions from the time he left me until the horses came out of the paddock and went to the post were something terrible. My brain was in a whirl. I was all on nettles, all in a tremble. I was not myself; I was like a man intoxicated; I saw visions.

In a few moments the horses went to the post and were off! They all looked alike to me, colors, jockeys and horses. I saw one mass of horse-flesh over on the back stretch. In a moment or two they were at the three-quarter pole, and then, in a few seconds, they were rounding into the stretch. I still could not distinguish my horse from any of the rest, but about the time they reached the paddock gate I noticed the colors of the horse that I had bet on and saw that it was in front by about a length.

From the time I distinguished my horse until the finish I was like a crazy man. I stood on my chair and shouted, "Come on, come on!" I snapped my fingers. When the finish came I would have sworn my horse won by six or eight lengths, when as a matter of fact he only won by a nose.

When I saw the number of my horse hung up I relaxed somewhat from the strain under which I had been laboring, and was actually weak from excitement; for the gambling fever had absolute control of me.

The stocks, the ducking stool, the pillory and the rock pile are the proper homes for the professional crooked gambler, but those whom he robs deserve only pity. No person who has not felt it can appreciate the absorbing passion, the fierce lust for gain that seizes upon the victim of the gambling mania. At first he skirts only the outer edge of the whirlpool, trying to capture here and there a little fish, the silvery sheen of whose scales entices him. Grown bolder with success, and quite confident of his ability to withdraw at will, he steps in a little deeper, and then a little deeper, to obtain larger fish. Bye and bye the swift, circling, inexorable current seizes him. His feet lose their hold. He ceases to struggle, or even to wish to struggle. He abandons everything to the fierce passion of the swirl. Conscience is stifled. The calls of honor fall upon deafened ears. The pleas of wife and children are unheeded. The demon of greed has him in its

dire, relentless clutch, and at the last he is sucked into the vortex whose bottom is in the fires of hell!

It might have saved twenty years of my life to decency if the horse on which I had bet my money had lost the race. But, unfortunately for me, he won,

PANAMA CLUB				
TO WIN		1 <sup>st</sup> & 2 <sup>d</sup>		1 <sup>st</sup> 2 <sup>d</sup> & 3 <sup>d</sup>
FIFTH RACE				
ONE MILE	HANDICAP			
3	J RANSCH BRONZE WING 102	1	1-2	
3-2	T MEADE HARRY NEW 96	3-4	1-3	
9	MALGESON Lakeview Belle 95	3	3-2	
7-2	W WALDO HOODWINK 93	8-5	7-10	
4-0	W KNAPP STAR COTTON 94	12	3	
1-50	ROBBINS LITTLE ELKIN 90	60	20	
5	NUTT BARRACK 106	2	1	
13	J WALSH EVA RICE 90	5	5-2	



Bookmakers' Slate Showing the Betting Prices to the Public.

and I thought, poor fool that I was, that I was the smartest individual on the race track, and I would not have exchanged the friendship of Morris for that of the President of the United States, the Arch-



bishop of Canterbury and Andrew Carnegie combined.

As a matter of fact I was the rawest sucker in the City of St. Louis. Morris had probably made with one, two or three other greenhorns the same arrangement that he had with me, designating in each instance a different horse. If any one of these horses won the race, Morris would share the winnings of his victim and explain to the others how it was that they lost. He would also obtain from each of his customers as he did from me, money to place for the jockey and trainer of the "fixed" horse, and this money he would place where it would do the most good, namely, in his pocket.

I cantered down stairs as fast as I could and met Morris, who said, "I will get these tickets cashed for you."

"No," said I, "I will get them cashed myself. Show me where to go."

He did. I received from one bookmaker nine hundred dollars and from another one five hundred and fifty dollars, making fourteen hundred and fifty dollars. Morris then took me to the second floor of the grand stand and explained to me about dividing the money. He said that I had fourteen hundred and fifty dollars, of which he was entitled to one-half, as this was customary. I gave him seven hundred and twenty-five dollars, which left me winner on the day of five hundred and ten dollars.



Morris, of course, did not bet the sixty-five dollars that he was supposed to have wagered for the trainer and jockey, and he would not have shown up to meet me had my horse not won. He stood to win seven hundred and twenty-five dollars if the horse won, and sixty-five dollars if it lost; which would have been a good day's work for him.

Morris escorted me to the gate of the race track and would not permit me to stay and witness the other three races, explaining to me that the touts were very dangerous and they might try to take my money away from me. I rebelled and said, "Oh no, Mr. Morris, I am too old a bird now for any tout to control me." But he insisted on seeing me on the street car that was headed for the city.

Upon arriving at the steamer "Annie P. Silver," about five o'clock in the afternoon, I was met by my father, who wanted to know where I had been, and in a very lordly manner I informed him that I had been to the race track and had won five hundred and ten dollars on a "sure thing," and that he had better get some one to take my place on the first of the month, as I intended to quit my position, that I was tired of slaving, and had found a new friend who was going to make me rich.

My father sat back in his chair, looked me squarely in the eye and gave me the first strenuous lecture of my life, using much of the vocabulary of the average Mississippi River steamboat captain. He said that of all the pinheads, of all the fools, and

of all the weak-kneed sucklings of boys that he had ever seen or known I clapped the climax. He denounced Mr. Morris as a tout, a thief, a crook, a confidence man and everything on earth but what was right and just and good in a man.

I stood it as long as I could and then said: "Father, you don't know Mr. Morris. You don't know what he is. You never met him. I will not stand here and hear him abused. Here is the money. Seeing is believing."

When my father saw he could not contro<sup>l</sup> me by abusive methods and harsh talk, he reasoned with me and talked with me for two hours, trying to win me away from my determination to become a gambler. But I had contracted the contagious disease and the germ had grown so fast after becoming inoculated into my system that mine was a hopeless case by seven o'clock that evening.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE GAMBLING GERM GROWS—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The first use to which a novice usually puts his first illicit gains is to make extravagant expenditure of a portion of them. I proved no exception to the rule. I did not return to a healthful home supper, as had always been my custom, but invited an old acquaintance of my own age to dine with me at Milford's restaurant. I ordered the costliest dishes on the menu, which we washed down with "White Rock" and "Green Seal;" and having tossed the waiter a tip equal to what had theretofore been with me a day's earnings, we adjourned to the Grand Billiard Hall at the corner of Sixth and Pine Streets. There we beheld a pin pool game in progress. The game-keeper would place a dozen little numbered balls in a leather bottle, shake them up well and toss one to each bettor, who had previously paid the necessary entrance money; the remainder of the balls being left in the bottle.

I knew as little about the game as a bull calf knows about cooking an omelette, but promptly stepped up to the table to take part in the game; and shortly after midnight I had succeeded in divesting myself of one hundred and ten dollars of my race-track winnings.

Months later the mysteries and miseries of pin pool were explained to me, and I learned how easily I had been parted from my money. I gambled on the high. Each player on receipt of a ball would call out its number. One of the players would wait until the others had called out their numbers, then the sure-thing player would call a higher number than the highest called, provided the highest number was called by a sucker. I played the part of sucker on that occasion, and played it to perfection. I was too much of a gentleman to ask the winner to exhibit the ball whose number he had called. I took his word for it, and the dealer, who was in with him, also took his word for it.

Months subsequently, after I had graduated from the producing to the consuming class, I made a deal with the game-keeper, and together we pursued the honest industry of gathering in at the pool table the surplus funds of confiding and convivial youths.

Years afterwards, at the mining camp of Hell's Delight, in Rattlesnake Canyon, Arizona, in company with an honest partner, I attempted to introduce the governing principle of St. Louis pool into a friendly game of poker.

I would call my opponent's bet, and when he said "kings," and exhibited his hand, I would call out "aces," gather in the pot with one hand, and with the other toss my cards on the table, face downward. My confederate would quickly pick up the cards and shuffle them into the deck.

This plan worked well for a while, until I "called" a grizzled miner, who was in the game, and who responded. "jacks." I said "queens," and threw my cards face down on the table, having only a pair of tens. "Hold on, sonny," said he, placing a huge horny paw over my cards. "If you have got queens thar are five of sich in the deck; for, with my jacks I've got three queens myself;" and he exhibited his hand.

"Oh well," said I, "your hand is the best; take the pot."

"Nat'r'ly," said he, "I'll take the pot; but that ain't all I'll take. Gentlemen who make mistakes in their hands are required by the rules of this yere camp to rectify them. You and your pal here hev made several sich mistakes by which you have captured eighty dollars of my money, where if you had not made sich mistakes I would hev had eighty dollars of your money. You want to hand me over between you one hundred and sixty dollars, and to do it pretty damned quick, and then to get out of this yere camp on the stage tomorrow morning. If you don't do it, you won't leave it at all; for the boys are just aching for a hanging bee, and you pair will make a good starter for one."

We contributed one hundred and sixty dollars to the exchequer of the honest miner, and promptly, if not cheerfully; and we were out-going passengers on the stage the next morning.

To return to our "mutton," as the French writers say, my friend and I, along with two other festive youths, after leaving the pool-room, hired a hack to take us through the red-light district. It is not considered the proper thing on such excursions for any of the party to really stray from the paths of rectitude. You do not tarry long in any one of the half dozen houses of evil repute that you visit. You call for wine and enjoy for ten minutes the elevated society and intellectual conversation of the enamelled ladies, the puttied, painted and grained damsels who ply their vocations as bawds. I had never before been on such an expedition, and I did not see much fun in it; but it was up to me to make many different kinds of an ass of myself with my race-track money, so I "went the rounds."

After I had paid for the hack and a dozen bottles of champagne, and "loaned" my new-found friends the money they asked for, I reached my home at four o'clock in the morning, having squandered in all two hundred and twenty-five dollars of the five hundred and ten dollars won at the race track. I tip-toed up the front steps, put the key in the door noiselessly, and quietly ascended the stairs.

When I reached the second floor I heard my mother's voice calling, "Harry, come here." I went into her room, kissed her and she then asked me where I had been. I choked up a little bit, but bravely told her the truth. She said: "Well, go to

bed now. Have a good night's sleep and we will talk it over in the morning."

This hurt me a thousand times more than the lecture my father had given me for two hours.

Being completely exhausted and tired out, I went to bed, but could not sleep. My dreams this first night were something terrible. I was seeing the world, and oh, such a world it was!

About five-thirty in the morning, after having about one and a half hours' sleep, or rather one and a half hours' tossing in bed with no sleep, I made up my mind to get up and leave a note for my mother, saying I would see her in the evening. I did not have the nerve to face her. I slipped out of the house without any breakfast, went down town where I bought coffee and eggs, and going down to the steamer "Annie P. Silver" I went to work about seven o'clock, an hour ahead of time.

Upon the arrival of my father at the office of the steamer, about eight o'clock, I was in for another strenuous time. After a hog has departed this life he is placed in boiling water in order to enable the butcher to scrape his hair off! I do not think there ever was a hog put in water as hot as that I was in, and which my father was boiling around me. But, instead of doing good, it only made me bull-headed and determined. I made up my mind to go and hunt up Morris, and I quit my position then and there; or, to do my father justice, I must say that I did not quit: my father fired me.

I waited around the boat, thinking perhaps I could make up with my father, and wondering where I would be able to find Mr. Morris, when, about nine-thirty, he and Jack, the trainer, appeared. My father saw them coming and he joined us.

A teamster exhorting an impenitent and refractory mule has one vocabulary. The first mate of a Mississippi River steamer, who seeks to expedite the movements of the deck hands when they are transporting wood from the levee at midnight upon their backs, has another; but no expert in philology, no dictionary maker in Europe or America could have equalled my father that morning in pungency and fluency of speech. He went so far as to doubt whether the mother of Morris was the possessor of a valid marriage certificate, and when he addressed Jack, the trainer, he fulfilled a text of scripture and "clothed himself with cursing as with a garment." If the language of my father were to be repeated and printed it would burn a hole in this book.

My father ordered us all off the steamer, and we went up town together. On the way up I told Morris of my experience the night before. Then he commenced to give me fatherly advice; but he saw that I resented it and desisted.

Morris and Jack, the trainer, had two sure things for this day and wanted me to bet my two hundred and eighty-five dollars, which I readily agreed to do, making an appointment with them to meet them



in the paddock; Morris explaining to me how to purchase a paddock badge, and how to act naturally after reaching the paddock. After swearing me to secrecy again, they left me. Needless to say I was all anxiety, expecting, of course, to do a great deal better today than I did on my first day, on account of being able, as I thought, to handle my own money.

Arriving at the race track at about one-thirty, I purchased a ticket. The boys outside the gate knew that I was a green one. They endeavored and used all means and tricks to get me to purchase their stable information; but in vain.

I entered the gate and went directly to the paddock, but found no one there. I was a little amazed at the time. I did not know then that the races did not begin until two-thirty. Most of the horses were still over at the stables. I could not stand the strain and nervousness of waiting for Morris and Jack, the trainer, so I sauntered into the betting ring.

As two o'clock neared I went into the paddock, where I found Morris and Jack waiting for me. They took me off to one side again, although it was not necessary, because at the time there was no one in the paddock but us. They told me that I would have to bet two hundred dollars for the jockey and trainer, which I agreed to do. They informed me that they had two "sure things;" one in the first and one in the last race.

In a few minutes the horses commenced to arrive and the paddock scene became very animated. Morris and Jack left me to go into the betting ring.

About two-fifteen, after the prices had been put up by the bookmakers and betting was pretty well under way, Morris and Jack came back to where they had left me and gave me the name of a horse. They said: "Come on now; we want to show you how to bet your money. You will give us two hundred dollars. Jack will take one hundred and I will take one hundred and bet for you. Then you can bet the balance for yourself. Don't speak to us while we are in the betting ring, but just follow along behind."

I gave each of them one hundred dollars. As we passed into the betting ring from the paddock they separated, Morris saying to me to follow him, which I did. Going up to the bookmaker he bet one hundred dollars on the horse that he had picked to win the race. He received a ticket calling for five hundred dollars. He then whispered to me: "Now, you bet all of yours on this same horse, but not with this bookmaker."

I looked around the ring and saw plenty of five to one odds. So, going up to a bookmaker I bet him one hundred dollars, receiving a ticket calling for five hundred dollars to one hundred dollars. Looking around I saw six to one against the same horse at another betting stand, and I went there and bet another hundred dollars, receiving a ticket calling

for six hundred dollars. I attempted to bet this same bookmaker another hundred dollars at the same price, but he said: "No, I will give you five to one." I said: "Very well, sir," and gave him my last one hundred dollars, receiving a ticket calling for five hundred dollars.

After receiving this ticket I looked around the ring and saw that there were plenty of seven to one bets against the same horse. By my stupidity, or rather my innocence, this bookmaker had talked me out of two hundred dollars. He saw I was green and took advantage of me.

I went up into the grand stand, and, reaching the same place where I had been the day before, found my "lucky chair," as I considered it, occupied. I made the man an offer of five dollars if he would give me the chair to watch the race in, which he did, and I felt as though I could not lose.

In a few moments the horses came out of the paddock, and I was all in a quiver again. Soon they were at the post, and then "off!"

As the day before, I could not distinguish one horse from another; but when they rounded into the head of the stretch, I saw that my horse was not in the first bunch of six or seven, and I actually commenced to die. The suffering and anguish were something terrible. My hopes were all blasted in a shorter time than it takes me to describe it. But when they reached the paddock gate I saw the colors of my horse about fourth and his negro rider

whipping him as hard as he could. I commenced to shout and work my hands up and down in motion with the whip the jockey was using on the horse. At every bound and leap my horse seemed to gain a little—inch by inch. The few seconds to the finish seemed to me to be a year. All the horses reached the wire together—it seemed to me from where I was sitting—and I thought my horse had finished third. The judges, on account of the close finish, did not display the numbers quickly, and the different bettors commenced to shout for the numbers they wanted put up.

In a few moments I saw the number of my horse going up as winner of the race. From the depths of despair and anguish to the joy and happiness of a winner is a great leap; something terrible, enough to cause heart failure in an ordinary individual.

Before I could realize that I had really won the bet, Morris was beside me, whispering in my ear: "Did you see the other jockeys pull their horses so that our horse could win?" I said, "Yes." Morris said: "The jockey that was second I promised five hundred dollars more to. He could have won the race hands down." I said, "All right, we will give it to him." All glimmerings of conscience had left me and I was perfectly willing to become a scoundrel and reward a fellow scoundrel.

Taking an inventory of my cash I found that I had won sixteen hundred dollars, less the two hundred dollars I gave to Morris and Jack, the trainer.

Now five hundred dollars more must be taken for the jockey that supposedly pulled the horse that finished second, which left me just nine hundred dollars winner.

After getting my tickets cashed I gave Morris five hundred dollars. He had made out of the race the five hundred dollars that I had given him, supposedly for the jockey that had finished second, the five hundred dollars that he had won from the bookmaker, and my one hundred dollars I had given him to bet, and the one hundred dollars that Jack had, making twelve hundred dollars. Now, if my horse had lost they still would have made one hundred dollars, as of the two hundred dollars I gave them there was only one hundred dollars wagered.

After dividing the money as per arrangement with Morris, he told me to go up into the grand stand and sit down and not bet on any race until the last one. I obeyed instructions for the second race, but when the horses went to the post in the third race I saw one grand looking piece of horse flesh, clean cut limbs and proud head, and he seemed to look at me and say, "Well, old Sport, I will win this race." I looked at the number on his saddle cloth, and then at my program to find the name of the horse, and scooted down stairs to sneak a bet on him without Morris' knowledge.

Going up to the first bookmaker I saw that the horse was twelve to one, and not wishing to appear as a piker in the eyes of the bookmaker, I said:

"Give me two hundred dollars on ——," calling the name of the horse. It happened to be a little bookmaker with a short bank roll, and he said: "I will take only fifty dollars." He gave me a ticket calling for six hundred dollars to fifty, and, making me believe by his actions that the race was fixed, I sauntered over to another bookmaker and offered him one hundred and fifty dollars on the same horse. He took it, giving me a ticket calling for eighteen hundred dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars, and said: "Young fellow, do you want any more?" As he spoke in rather a sneering way, I, not to be outdone, bet him another hundred dollars. Just as he handed the ticket to me the gong rang, meaning that they were off from the post and betting would have to cease.

I scrambled back into the grand stand as rapidly as I could, and by the time I reached my lucky chair I found a man standing on it watching the race. I did not hesitate one moment, but jumped up alongside of him, pushing him over onto the next chair.

I commenced to try and distinguish my horse. By the time I discovered the position of the horses, they were rounding into the head of the stretch. I saw one horse at least ten lengths in front but hadn't had time to look on my program for the colors of the horse I had bet on, so consequently did not think it was mine. I anxiously scanned the bunch of four or five that were laying second to-

gether, but quickly caught the number on the arm of the jockey of the leading horse, and saw it was the one I had bet on.

When nearing the wire my horse commenced to stop almost to a walk, and a few jumps from the wire, instead of being eight or ten lengths in front, he was only about one-half the length of his body in front of the field, and it looked to me as though the horses laying close to him were taking two strides to his one. The last jump looked to me as though two horses passed him.

I then commenced to figure in my mind how I could lie to Morris about losing the three hundred dollars which I had bet, and supposed I had lost, when, lo and behold, up went the number of my horse as the winner. He had won by a nose.

My winnings on this race, all my own, were thirty-four hundred dollars!

The excitement, the feelings that I had during this short space of time are beyond description. The perspiration was standing out all over me. I was in a terrible state of exhaustion.

As soon as the official sign went up, I looked around to see if Morris was in sight, then slipped down stairs to cash my winning tickets, which I succeeded in doing without Morris or Jack, the trainer, seeing me.

But Scotty, the tout, and Jimmy Cowen, his partner, got hold of me and tried their best to give me

the next race as a fixed event, but I was true blue to Morris and did not even listen to them.

Going back into the grand stand I waited until just before the last race, when I went to meet Morris and the trainer. I said nothing to them about winning my bet, and, being inflated with my own self-importance, when they commenced to caution me again to say nothing, and told me to follow them, I said: "Look here, boys, I am not going to tell anybody what we are doing." Morris looked up rather surprised, and I continued: "I am no sucker. I am on to this betting game. Treat me as a man."

Morris said: "Well, now, my boy, if you want to do business with me; you must do it my way or not at all."

I was like a punctured balloon. I meekly said: "All right, Mr. Morris," and followed him into the betting ring like a little sheep, betting five hundred dollars on the horse that he and the trainer told me would win, receiving tickets amounting to three thousand dollars. They wanted me to watch this race in the paddock with them, saying they were sure of winning.

Just before the horses went out of the paddock to the race track Morris whispered to me: "Now, give me two hundred and fifty dollars of those tickets so I can fix the other jockeys." I, without any hesitancy, slipped them to him. Jack, the trainer, entertained me while Morris supposedly went to give the tickets to the jockeys. Morris came back in a



few minutes and said that he had done so. We then watched the race, which was really no contest at all, as the horse we had bet on got off in front, led the entire journey and won by about three lengths.

Morris and Jack, the trainer, went with me while I cashed the tickets, and they required me to give up all the winnings except six hundred and twenty-five dollars. I had bet altogether five hundred dollars on odds of six to one, and had wound up by only winning for my part six hundred and twenty-five dollars on the race; for Morris and Jack, the trainer, had received for their valuable information six hundred and twenty-five dollars that I gave them after the race had been won, and seventeen hundred and fifty dollars in tickets which they cashed after they had bid me good-night, making their total winnings twenty-three hundred and seventy-five dollars. This was, to them, "easy money."

After making an engagement to meet me the next day at the race track, and exacting a promise that I would not gamble that night but go directly home, I left the race track, arriving home in time for supper. My mother met me, and, not saying a word about my coming home late the night before or anything else, she put her arms around me and kissed me affectionately. She kept the conversation on bright subjects during our supper meal, and asked me to stay home and spend the evening with her. I commenced to feel very badly. I felt ashamed and remorseful, and the tug at my heart

strings was something terrific. It was the battle of the gambling germ against a mother's love and the love for a mother.

After supper, while sitting in the front parlor, she quietly asked about a few of my experiences of the night before. I described to her some of my gambling operations as briefly as I possibly could, and also my experiences of the previous night along the same lines.

She took my hand in hers and proceeded to give me the following advice: "Now, Harry, I want you to stop your gambling for it will ruin your health, your reputation and your future. It will break your father's heart and mine. Your boy and girl friends that you have now will desert you, and the good people of life will shun you."

Little did I realize at this time the sincerity and truthfulness of my mother's words. I said: "Mamma, we have no money. I can make us all rich, give you everything you want, if you will let me gamble."

She said: "No, my boy, I don't want that kind of money, and I ask you not to gamble. But remember one thing, Harry, you are my son and no matter what you do in life, I want you to never hesitate to come and tell me, talk to me and let me try and reason with you. I have made my request that you stop gambling, yet I don't want you to leave home. If you insist on gambling and won't take mother's advice, I will not say anything more to you about it,

except that I never will be satisfied until you give up gambling. But, Harry, while I make the request that you stop gambling, yet I don't want you to leave home. Whatever you do or leave undone you are my boy and your mother's arms will ever be open to you."

Ah, why did I not listen to her? Why did I for twenty years vibrate on the ragged edge between wealth and penury? Why did I consort with thieves and scoundrels? The same abilities that I exhibited in crooked gambling would have brought me as large results in money if used in some legitimate business, and much larger results in peace of mind and in the good opinion of those whose good opinion is worth having.

With my mother's words of love and counsel ringing in my ears I went to my room to consider what should be my course for the future, and for five long hours my mother's wishes and such vestiges of conscience as had survived my illicit successes at the race track, fought within me for mastery over the gambling mania.

At last the devil had his way. Against my innate sense of right and wrong, against my desire to do right, the battalions of selfishness, of greed, of fierce desire for immediate fortune, triumphed, and I, a lad of eighteen, with the conceit of a man of thirty, determined to become a full-fledged gambler; and against this sullen and deliberate determination the prayers of my mother, the petitions of my sister, and

the remonstrances of my father were invoked in vain.

I was now, in my own conceit, a high-class professional sport, and as such I visited the sporting alley between Pine and Olive and Sixth and Seventh Streets, St. Louis, where the famous turf exchanges of Dick Roach and Ulman Brothers were in operation, and others were running pool-rooms; where gambling began at ten o'clock in the morning with combinations on base ball games, where futures on horses and lottery tickets were sold, where fake quotations on mining stocks were posted, and where you could bet from twenty-five cents to twenty-five thousand dollars on almost any kind of a game, provided the other fellow had from twenty to fifty per cent. the best of you when the game was fair, and one hundred per cent. when the game was foul.

Into this alley I walked with some modest misgivings, which were engendered by the remembrance of my experience at the pool game two nights before. A crowd of men surrounded the pool stands. Some were betting on horses that were to run that afternoon at the Fair Grounds, some on races that were to be run at Lexington, Kentucky, while others were betting on the result of the day's races in Chicago. A gentleman in striped breeches, a spotted vest, a jaunty coat and a stove-pipe hat, bought five hundred dollars' worth of tickets on a horse entered to be raced at Chicago that day.

My money burned in my pockets. "Shall I, a decorously dressed Missourian," I said to myself, "be outdone by this gaudily attired stranger? No." So I bet one hundred dollars on the same horse with odds of even money, and with the ticket in my pocket I strutted out.

At the race track Morris and Jack met me and renewed their advice to me to avoid talking with anybody. This I resented, for I was now entirely confident that what I did not know about the racing game was not worth knowing.

Morris informed me that this day they had the fourth race "fixed;" that the winner would be a horse belonging to Mr. John Hoffman, to whom he would introduce me later.

After the second race Morris and Jack brought a man up into the grandstand and introduced him to me as "Mr. Johnnie Hoffman," owner and trainer of the horse that was fixed to win the fourth race. Afterwards, when I met the real Mr. Hoffman, it was laughable to note the contrast between the two individuals. Nevertheless, when this "Mr. Hoffman" asked me if I would bet five hundred dollars for him I said, as I tumbled into the trap, "Why certainly." Verily, I illustrated the proverb concerning the plentousness of suckers.

After the running of the third race Jack, Morris and the supposed "Mr. Hoffman" met me in the paddock, where Hoffman requested his five hundred dollars, saying he wanted to bet it himself. Morris

wanted five hundred dollars for the jockeys in the race, saying that he wanted to bet it. Then he told me to go in and bet all I had on a horse they named to me, and that they would wait in the paddock until I came out with my tickets, and then they would place their bets, as they wanted to be sure and let me get the best price.

I went into the betting ring. I saw the odds against this horse were eight to five. With the first bookie I went to I bet five hundred dollars. I kept on betting until I had placed all my money, excepting three dollars, as I wanted to show the boys I was a dead game sport and no "piker."

Gathering all my tickets together I went into the paddock, where I met Morris, Jack and the supposed "Mr. Hoffman." They told me to stay there until they went and bet the five hundred dollars each that I had given them, saying they would see me after the race. With that they left me, going into the betting ring.

In a few moments the horses came on the track, went to the post and were off! I tried to distinguish my horse as I had on the previous days, and as I had become accustomed to the colors it did not take me long to discover that my horse was fifth in position as the animals rounded into the stretch. When they were about abreast of the paddock gate my horse was about third and was running very strong. I did not doubt that at the outcome of the

race he would be first, because the result was "fixed."

At the finish the race seemed to be very close between the first three horses; but I was calm and confident, expecting, of course, to see the number of my horse go up first, when horror of horrors, up went another number and then another one and the number of my horse was placed third!

I could hardly believe my eyes. I rushed out of the paddock and ran through the betting ring down towards the judges' stand to see if I had not made a mistake.

Just before reaching the stand Morris and the supposed Hoffman met me and said: "Why our horse won. The judges have made a mistake. They will surely change the numbers."

I said: "Of course they have made a mistake. Our horse won by a length."

But in a few seconds the official sign went up, and then Morris and Hoffman said: "This is highway robbery and the judges ought to be reported." I agreed with them and said: "I will report them. Whom can I report to?"

They, seeing I was in earnest, commenced to smooth me down, telling me that if I would get two hundred dollars more and start all over they would be very careful and would never do business or try to fix the fourth race, as it was either a stake race or a handicap that could be fixed to a certainty.

I gave one gasp and looked at them! My awakening was sudden. I commenced to realize the situation. There I was, with three dollars to my name, no position, and, where a few moments before the world held nothing but future bright prospects for me, now it was all dark and dismal. I did not care what became of me for an instant, when my dogged determination came to my rescue, and, setting my jaws hard, I said: "Boys, I will do the best I can. I haven't any more money, but I am going to learn this game. I know I can beat it, and I am not a quitter, even if I am a youngster."

They patted me on the back and said: "Good, old boy. We are both broke, but if you have any friend that you can take us to tomorrow, we will declare you in with us, and make you one of us and will give you one-third of what we make out of our operations."

I said: "Shake on that, boys. I have one or two friends, and will meet you at ten o'clock tomorrow down town."

After bidding them good-bye, I went up into the grand stand to think it all over.

I concluded, after a few minutes' reflection, that I had over-estimated my ability as a race track sharper, and, feeling very sheepish, I concluded to go home for supper. But I fully made up my mind not to tell my parents of my loss as I did not care to be chided. I was sullen, remorseful, peevish and irritable during the supper hour.



Going up to my room shortly after supper I tried to read various books, but it was impossible. The gambling fever was coursing through my system with the swiftness of quicksilver. Something within me kept surging and surging and saying: "Stick to it. Go get the money. Never mind how you get it, just get it."

I spent almost half the night in this condition.

I awoke early in the morning and hurried down stairs to obtain the morning paper and ascertain the result of the race at Chicago upon which I had bet in Pool Alley. I nervously turned to the sporting page and hastily glanced over the results of the Chicago races.

My eyes were not deceiving me this time. My horse had won and I now had a capital of two hundred dollars of my own to start with. I resolved then and there not to tell Morris of my making this bet down town, but to let them think that I was going to obtain two hundred dollars from some supposed friend.

Ten o'clock found me at Pool Alley in order to get my ticket cashed, but I was informed that I could not get my money until twelve. I then went and met Morris, and explained to him that I would get two hundred dollars from a friend. He insisted that I introduce him to this friend, but I evaded it by saying that I would introduce him tomorrow. I promised to meet him at the usual place at the usual hour that afternoon.

Loafing around town until the time arrived to get my ticket cashed at Pool Alley, I encountered a friend who had a little money and persuaded him to go to the track with me.

After getting my money on the bet that I had won on the Chicago race, I proceeded to the race track. Morris met me as usual and told me that the race they had "fixed" was the first one. I noticed his manner and also that of Jack, the trainer. They were not as cordial as they were the day previous. During our conference, the supposed Hoffman came by and he was as chilly as an iceberg.

Soon the prices were put up by the bookmakers in the betting ring. Morris told me the name of the horse that would win, and said that I would not be required to put up any money in advance this time, as he had assured the jockeys and the trainer of my "honesty."

Going into the betting ring I noticed that the odds against the horse named were four to five. I would be compelled to bet two hundred dollars in order to win one hundred and eighty dollars, which result did not appeal to me as especially attractive. But I was afraid not to bet, as I did not desire to lose the friendship of Morris by disregarding his instructions, so I proceeded to place my money.

I went into the paddock and watched the horses go to the post. They were off in a few minutes. I was a little keener in trying to locate my horse in this race than I had been the day previous, and

noticed him struggling along in last position. As he was the favorite in the race all the other jockeys were trying to beat him.

At the head of the stretch my horse ran into a pocket between two horses, and was pocketed from there to the wire where he finished third!

I, broke again, hopes all blasted, confidence lost in Morris and Jack, was like a drowning man in the middle of an ocean, grasping at a straw to save himself from death. The world was black to me. Everybody was against me. It was one of the bitterest moments in my life, and really had a great deal to do with my future career, for it aroused in me a dogged determination to thereafter do unto others as they had done unto me.

Morris and Jack, the trainer, did not hunt me up this time with an explanation. They knew that I was broke and financially a "dead one," unable to make further contributions. This infuriated me and in a bitter mood I proceeded to find and confer with the two gentlemen.

Going into the betting ring I espied Morris talking to a fine looking old gentleman. Walking up to them I said in a very brazen manner: "What do you mean by your lying to me? That race wasn't fixed." Morris, taking me by the arm and excusing himself to the old gentleman, who afterwards proved to be Phil Chew, said: "Don't make a scene here. Let's go out on the lawn and talk it over. Now, Brolaski, I'll be frank with you. Jack and I are

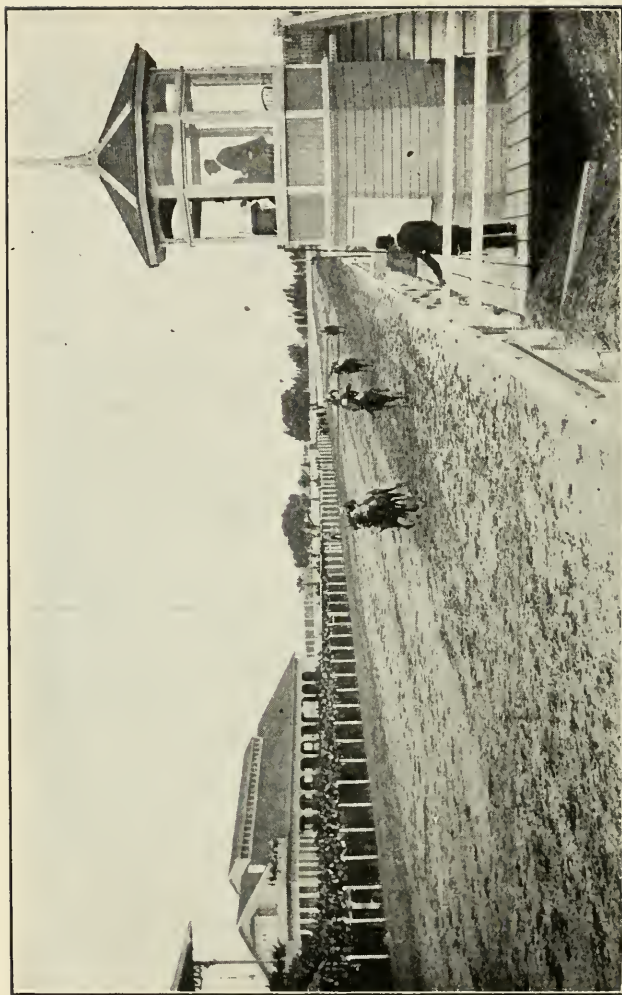
not race horse commissioners or trainers, we are hustlers, money makers. We are both broke. The money we took away from you we gambled and lost. We are trying to do the best we can. Now, you are a good, smart youngster, and if you will introduce us to some people, friends of yours, and let us work them as we have worked you, we will cut our money up with you and make you a partner with us. And when we are ready to go from here, we will leave Jack behind, and you and I will go to Cincinnati, New Orleans and around the world together."

"Morris," said I, "I will do it. You instruct me. I will do the work." "All right," said he. "Harry, we are pals from now on. Don't say anything about this to Jack. I will let him out and you in, and hereafter we will work together. You are surely acquainted with one or two people who are here this afternoon. Go into the betting ring, look around and see if you see any of your friends, hunt me up, and I will tell you what to say to them.

As the hungry hawk hunteth for the June bug, as the mephitic turkey buzzard hunteth for the carcass, so did I hunt for a friend. My motto was henceforth to be:

"Beat your neighbor all you can,  
He'll do the same for you."

My idea of a "friend" was a gentleman who would swallow my lies, one whose confidence I could abuse



Finish of a Race on a Muddy Track.

and whose pocket I could deplete with certainty, celerity and security.

Jack Eveling was my first victim. "Jack, old fellow," said I, "this first race is fixed, and I know the fellow who has fixed it. If you want to win some sure money I will take you to him. But he isn't here for his health. If he gives you the information you will have to put a bet down for him."

Just then Scotty, the tout, and Jimmy Cowen approached us. There is no honor among race track thieves any more than among worm-hunting hens. Let a hen obtain a nice, fat worm by diligent scratching and the other hens will not scratch for worms of their own finding. They prefer to chase the first hen around the barn yard trying to snatch her worm from her.

Thus it was with Scotty, the tout, and Jimmy Cowen. Jack Eveling was my worm and they proposed to gobble him away from me. And so Jimmy Cowen stood in front of us with a handful of bogus tickets and in a loud tone of voice counted the sum he claimed to have bet for a friend.

Then Scotty, the tout, came forward, and, approaching me, confidentially said: "Did you notice that horse Mr. Chinn's commissioner (pointing to Jimmy Cowen) has bet on?" I glared him in the eye and replied, "No, I haven't seen Mr. Chinn's commissioner." Then Cowen turned to me and said: "Will you kindly let me have your lead pencil.

I have dropped mine somewhere and I want to figure up how much money I have bet for my boss."

With some misgivings I accommodated the gentleman with my pencil, and watched him while he added suppositious figures with a celerity that would make a Chinese automatic adding machine look like thirty cents.

He pocketed my pencil as I supposed he would, and said: "Now, if you boys have any money and will bet fifty dollars for me, I will tell you what horse I am betting on."

I once played the part of Pooh Bah in the Mikado, and practiced sneering until I became an adept at it. I sneered at Cowen my choicest sneer, and replied, "No, I don't care to know what horse you have bet about two dollars on. This race is fixed and if you will come with me to Morris I will tell you all about it and give you a chance to get back the two dollars you have bet on some other horse."

Scotty smiled with a smile that resembled a sunbeam on a tombstone, and Cowen grimly remarked: "You are getting pretty wise for a new boob." Then they departed.

Mr. Eveling was anxious to meet a gentleman who would help him to make some sure money, and I introduced him to Morris. After a brief conversation and explanation of the situation as stated by Morris, Eveling entrusted Morris with all the money he had, which was two hundred dollars.



The odds on the fixed horse were twelve to one. Morris explained that he would have to bet one hundred dollars for the jockeys who were to do the fixing by holding back the other horses, and the twelve hundred dollars that would be made by betting the other one hundred, were to be divided between Eveling and Morris. To this honest arrangement of bribing jockeys and swindling a bookmaker Eveling agreed with cheerful and unconscious alacrity.

Morris and I proceeded to the betting ring, leaving Eveling to await our return. On the way Morris handed me one hundred and fifty dollars, saying "Here are fifty dollars for your half of the hundred that is supposed to be bet for the jockey. You bet the other hundred on the horse I name and take the ticket to Eveling. If the horse wins we will have three hundred more each. If the horse loses we will have fifty each anyhow and Eveling will have the experience, and you can drop him and hustle around to find another friend whom we can sting."

"Why not bet the hundred instead of dividing it and make twelve hundred for ourselves?" said I.

"You gosling idiot," said Morris, "Can't you see that the only safe way to play this game is to always make sure of a little money and have a chance to make a good deal?"

Eveling's horse did not reach within whinnying distance of the goal. I had no sympathy for him, for he had willingly engaged in what he believed to



be a swindling transaction in the expectation of great profit.

I started on a still hunt for another "friend." During the afternoon I captured three, out of whom Morris and I made four hundred and eighty dollars and Morris did not guess the winner a single time. Whether the three "friends" whom I helped to rob would ever have been worth four hundred and eighty dollars to me in any legitimate way is a matter of doubt. Probably not, for they were themselves incipient crooks or they never would have embarked, as they supposed, in the business of bribing jockeys to throw a race. I can look back now on the whole miserable treacherous business with disgust at myself; but at the time my conscience was completely ossified.

Just before the close of the races this day, Morris shook me by the hand and said: "You are all right, kid, if you just don't weaken. Meet me down town, I want to introduce you to Dutch Fred Cook tonight. He has a man that I think we can trim."

Agreeing to meet him, I left him to go home.

During the supper my father and sister, as usual, upbraided me for gambling. My mother, taking my part, said that I was young and would perhaps be through sowing my wild oats in a short time, and she would not stand for my being abused.

I hastened down town after supper to meet Morris, who introduced me to Dutch Fred Cook, a big, raw-boned, ignorant Dutchman, with a hang-dog

expression on his face, who said: "I have a man that I can't handle. I will turn him over to you and Morris, but I must be in, too. I want thirty-three per cent. for my bit."

Morris and I agreed to this.

The next morning we met Cook's man and got six hundred dollars from him, of which Cook received two hundred.

Cook in after years became quite a noted character on the turf, owning a number-one stable of race horses, becoming a big bookmaker and gambling with the best of it, skinning the public at every opportunity. But he was not satisfied with this, he wanted to control the racing situation. He tried it and commenced to take chances with his money in investments, and he is now practically penniless.

My partnership with Morris aroused and developed in me qualities of energy, cunning, patience and persistence.

As a crooked professional gambler it was my business to skin the unwary, to fleece my fellowmen and to double cross my friends; and it became second nature with me to always be on the alert and to look for some individual weaker than myself, whose friendship and confidence I might obtain as a preliminary to trimming him. It did not lessen, but rather increased the moral turpitude of my actions, that, in order to succeed with my victim, I was obliged to encourage and develop his inherent inclinations toward rascality.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GRAFTER AND GAMBLER—VARIED EXPERIENCES.

During my twenty-one years' experience in gambling, from 1888 until October, 1909, I traveled the world over. I have been in every important city in the United States, from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico. I have booked or gambled on every large race track in the United States, and on many of the smaller ones. I have gambled on the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans and from New Orleans to the Jetties. I say "gambled." It really was not gambling, it was sure-thing grafting.

I have always endeavored to spend my summers in the North or East and my winters in the South or West. In a good many cities, where there were no race tracks, I would gamble at cards, dice and various other games. But my preference has always been for race-track gambling and grafting, as there is always more money to be obtained from the visitors at a race track.

I have landed in New Orleans broke, and left that city with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I have landed in San Francisco with one hundred thousand dollars and left there broke. I have landed in New York on several occasions broke and

left with a lot of money. I have affiliated and gambled and met in my career most of the notorious gamblers of the world, or to speak more accurately, the grafters of the world. A real gambler is a man who gives a chance as well as takes one, but most gamblers will not play fairly with anybody, but will seek to cheat, first their victims and afterwards their associates.

The only sporting man whom in twenty-one years of experience as a gambler I have known to be absolutely fair is James L. Holland of Albany, president of the Santa Anita race track, Los Angeles. He has staked hundreds of broken gamblers, sports and grafters, and has always refused to participate in any double-crossing or cheating methods. He was the only race-track president with determination enough to say: "I will not gamble in defiance of the law," after the anti-gambling law was enacted in California. It is a very broad assertion to state that he is the only sporting man in all my checkered career whom I have found to be absolutely on the level in his dealings with mankind, but such is the fact.

The notorious race track gamblers, such as Tom Williams, John Condon, George Rose, Louis Cella, Sam Adler and "Cap." Tillis are always looking for a shade the best of it, and will obtain that shade or will not deal.

I have visited many foreign countries, including England, France, Germany and Mexico, and have

gambled at their various games, sometimes with success, but more often with loss.

The easiest picking that I have found in my journeys around the world was in New York City and in Chicago. Bankers, doctors and lawyers are curiously enough classed by gamblers as "soft snaps." This is probably because their minds are occupied constantly in their own lines of business, and they do not keep up with the ways of the under world. They are like unsophisticated school children, particularly if they have the greed germ in their systems. I am sorry to say that some bankers, who are supposed to protect the poor widow and orphans, bankers who advertise that they cannot pay more than four per cent. for money and will loan on good security at eight per cent., will, when approached by a grafter or a gambler and shown a way to make one hundred per cent. illicitly, eagerly seize the supposed opportunity. It is like taking a stick of candy away from a little child by promising him ten sticks in exchange, when you approach a banker with a sure-thing proposition.

Morris and I, finding ourselves unable to entrap the man whom Fred Cook designated as a victim, concluded to transfer our scene of operations to Cincinnati. On our arrival there we registered at the Gibson House, where we mingled with people who gave surface indications of possessing combinations of such rascality and asininity as were essential for our purpose.

Our first victim was the cashier of the Gibson House. I explained to him the *modus operandi* of beating the bookmakers. I told him how easy it was, when three horses were entered, to bribe the jockeys of two of them to let the slowest nag win. I dangled the bait of successful rascality before his gaping mouth, and he swallowed it. We relieved him of one thousand dollars, and he lost three thousand more in the pool-rooms.

How much of it was his own money, and how much of it belonged to the hotel company, I did not inquire.

Mr. Morris and I did not remain at the Gibson House, because the general manager, Mr. Horace Dunbar, earnestly requested a cessation of our patronage as guests, and Morris went to the Palace Hotel and I to the Guerdes Hotel. There I posed as a wealthy young gentleman of sporting tendencies, and, as such, was introduced into a poker game. In two nights I was fleeced of three hundred dollars.

Then I proposed to pass from the noble army of martyrs and join those who inflict martyrdom. Morris at once became my guide and introduced me to old Joe Blackburn—not the brilliant Kentucky ex-senator of that name, nor yet his cousin or other relative—who instructed me in the tricks of the great American game, and coached me to play as his partner. He was the shrewdest and most artistic card sharper between the Alleghanies and

the Rockies. He could deal from the bottom of the pack and "hold out" without detection.

I introduced Joe to the game wherein I had dropped three hundred dollars. I do not know what he did with the cards; I bet high, according to previous direction, whenever old Joe dealt the cards, and, as a result, Joe and I, in three sittings, took four thousand dollars from the other players. I did not swindle anybody, I bet all I could when I had a good hand, and I always had the best hand when Joe dealt, which I thought then was only good luck; yet, because of it I was wrongfully accused by the hotel manager of being a "fixer and a cheater," and he quietly but firmly requested me to vacate my room.

The atmosphere about Cincinnati became so unduly charged with unfriendly caloric that Morris and I concluded to return to Chicago and play the game at the Roby race track there.

While en route to the windy city we picked up a contributor on the train, and the next day the gentleman gave me three hundred dollars to bet on a fixed horse. I went down to the betting ring and did not return until after the horse on which I was supposed to bet had run and lost. If the horse had won I would have told my victim, as I handed him back his money, that I did not reach the betting ring in time to make a bet. But as the horse lost I had only to pocket the money and tell him we must hope for better luck the next time.

It was a totally unnecessary steal, for Morris and I had about five thousand dollars between us.

We concluded that we would cease fishing for small fry and try and beat the bookmakers themselves. We bet not only on the races being run at Roby, but on those at other tracks as well. We undertook to beat twenty-four races in one day and at first were successful.

On the second day Morris and I had a little argument about a wager. Thinking that I was about as wise as he I concluded to paddle my own canoe. This I did with some success for two days, but the third day a whirlpool in the stream twisted the paddle from my grasp and landed me forked end upwards on a rocky bank. Charley Cash, who on account of his habit of expectoration was commonly known as "Spitting Charley," was the instrument of my financial downfall. He saw me in the betting ring, and in the slang of the turf, he "spotted me for a sucker." He became confidential. He grew warm with friendship. He led me to bet on fixed horses whose fixing was only in his affluent imagination. He caused me to "go broke," for which act of friendship I consigned him at the time to the close custody of the Enemy of Mankind.

But I forgive him now, for, controlled as I was by ignorance and conceit, I would have descended into the pit of insolvency anyhow.

Aside from the physical consequences of a condition of impecuniosity, it is to be avoided because



of its demoralizing effect on one's mentality, and morality, if he has any. Somebody has wisely said that "poverty makes our souls lean as well as our bodies." I have learned to know that "money talks," and as an expert witness I can testify that it speaks in its saddest and loudest tones when you see the horse on which you have bet come under the wire loser, and you hear your coin singing, "good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

Morris had also, about this time, met his financial downfall, and, with our tempers sweetened by adversity, we made up our differences. We organized the "Touters' Trust, Limited" (by opportunities only), and agreed to return to our former business of luring adolescent youths and guileless gray-beards of conscienceless instincts and sportive proclivities into the business of betting on "fixed horses," and "sure things."

We had no money, but Morris had a valuable watch. He sighed "**tempus fugit**," as he deposited it with his uncle, and we traveled to St. Louis on the proceeds. There I looked up another friend and gave him a "pointer" on the races, out of which we made and he lost five hundred dollars.

My dear reader, I am going to give you a little advice. If you feel that you must illustrate the proverb that "a fool and his money are soon parted," I will tell you how to get rid of your surplus cash. Take from the racing calendar for the day the names of all the horses in all the races. Write them all on

separate slips of paper, put these in a hat and shake them up. Draw one and bet on that one. You will lose your bet of course, but you will have had some slight chance to win, and that you will not have by listening to and following the advice of a tout.

If you visit the race track and one of the fraternity offers to give you a tip for a consideration, you give him a tip without any consideration. Give it to him on his nose, and if the flexors and extensors of your right leg are in good condition, kick him. He will not complain. He desires no police court publicity as a complaining witness.

With the five hundred dollars of easy money obtained at St. Louis we went to New York. There I pursued the honest industry of making acquaintances, whom I introduced to Morris, who proceeded to minister unto them.

From New York we went to Washington, D. C., where we lost our money in crap and keno games.

Why will men leave a legitimate and profitable business such as advising their "friends" how to bet on the races, and then venture their hard earnings on so-called games of chance from which the element of chance has been eliminated by the dealer?

Washington proved a barren field. There were senatorial poker games in that city, but we could not get into them. We could have gained access to games played by department clerks, but there were no gleanings in a game played by gentlemen

who on eighteen hundred dollars a year supported families guiltless of race suicide.

So we went to New Orleans, where we operated for two months in the pool-rooms with varying success, but finally emerged "on our uppers" as the slang-whangers say.

In the Spring we went to Hot Springs, Arkansas. There Morris and I again differed and separated, and I became an associate and partner of Lawrence Varner, known as the "Harmony Kid," a notorious dice and card sharp.

Varner initiated me into the various cheating methods in dice and cards, and we operated around Hot Springs quite a little while, being fairly successful.

Going from Hot Springs to Little Rock, and then to St. Louis and Kansas City, Varner and I quarreled and divided on account of his retaining my share of a bank-roll of which we divested a greenhorn one night in the Blosson House in Kansas City.

I went back to St. Louis and resumed partnership with Morris, he and I going over to Cincinnati, where we found Llewellyn Hatch, commonly known as "Hot Lamb and Peas Hatch," who was trying to promote a night race track, to be called Milldale, opposite Cincinnati. Hatch had had an eventful career; nobody had confidence in him. He was looking around for some one to use as a bluffer, when I was introduced to him by Morris. Hatch immediately called Morris off to one side and asked him

whether I could fill the bill as a supposed backer of his enterprise. Morris said I certainly could.

At that time I was dressed in the height of fashion, having a diamond pin and ring, with the usual puffed-up vanity of a youth with a face like a saint.

The proposition of Hatch was that I should pose as the moneyed man who was behind his race-track venture. I agreed immediately to his proposal, with the understanding that Hatch, Morris and I were to divide the spoils equally.

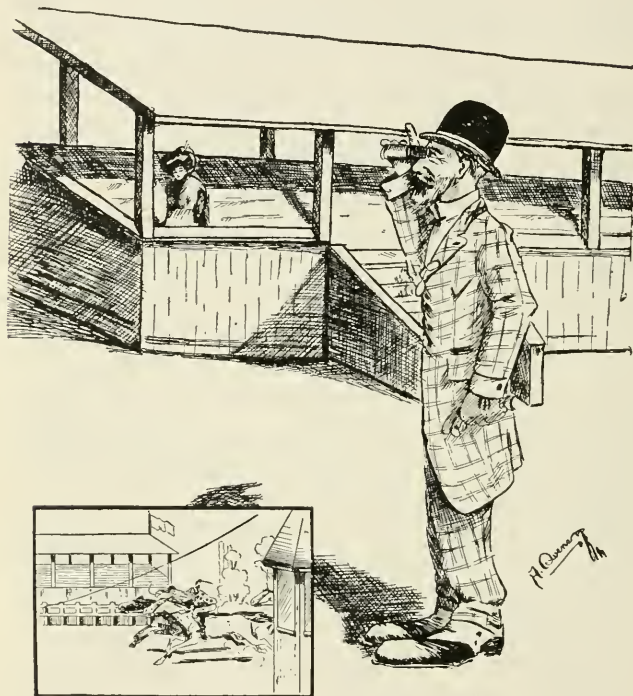
Hatch introduced me to a banker and a liquor dealer of Covington, stating that I was ready to put up twenty thousand dollars in the enterprise, providing they would guarantee protection for the night track. It did not take long for the banker and liquor man, who were politicians at the time in Covington, to agree to protect us, when we assured them that they would receive one hundred dollars each per night for this protection.

Hatch took me to his contractors who were building the track and had me assume the debts; in other words, I agreed to pay any old price for any old thing, to get the track started.

I engaged the Covington band, and made a contract with the street car company to run special cars to the track. We finally opened the biggest burlesque that was ever put before the public, advertising four races.

Our bank roll consisted on the opening night of one hundred and eighty dollars, thirty of which

were in a bank. Morris was the bookmaker. We put four books in operation and the prices were something terrific.



Race Track Judge Protecting the Public.

On the opening night we had probably two thousand people, the admission was free, and the books won about five hundred dollars. But, not wanting

to let the money slip out of our hands, we concluded to pay the horsemen off in checks the next evening, so that when they tried to get these checks cashed they would be forced to bet them with the books, or at least part of them.

On the second night there was a very heavy plunge on a horse named "His Nibs," and the books stood to lose three thousand dollars. Hatch had secured a one-armed man by the name of Crawford, of Quincy, Illinois, to act as judge; Hatch himself being the starter.

Just before the horses went to post Morris told me that if "His Nibs" won the race he could not pay off, and to inform Hatch. I gave the message to Hatch before he went to the starting post, and told him if "His Nibs" won the race we would have to welch. Hatch agreed to leave "His Nibs" at the post.

I went back and told Morris of this, and he took all the money in sight on the horse.

In a few moments they were off, and "His Nibs" was left at the post. But all the jockeys in the race had bet on this horse, and when they saw that he was left at the post they, with one accord, commenced to pull up their horses, giving "His Nibs" an opportunity to catch up with the field, with the result that he won the race by about six lengths.

I went into the judges' stand and told Judge Crawford that he would have to disqualify "His Nibs," or the meeting would have to end, as we couldn't

pay off. Crawford proved dead game, and, in the face of a howling mob that had bet on "His Nibs," disqualified the horse for interfering with another horse in the race, which was not the fact.

This was, luckily, the last race of the night. It was probably owing to this that Crawford's life was saved, as the mob was very angry, and justly so.

Morris, as soon as the disqualification was posted, immediately took to the high brush. The mob wrecked the judges' stand and the grand stand, and that was the last night of electric-light racing at the Milldale race track.

I crossed to Cincinnati as soon as I could, and took an inventory of what we had taken in, and found that we had about twenty-eight hundred dollars between the three of us. We sent Hatch his part, and Morris and I concluded that the atmosphere would be much more salubrious elsewhere, and consequently we left Cincinnati at midnight. I went to St. Louis, where I opened a pool-room in Pool Alley, next to the engine house on Seventh Street, and commenced to make a twenty-five and fifty-cent book, catering to the lowest class of bettors, and renting out booths in my pool-room for other pool-makers at five dollars per day.

My place was shortly afterwards closed by the police; partly in deference to public opinion and partly because I declined to pay for protection.

I then affiliated with a couple of telegraph operators who were reducing the profits of the pool-rooms

in St. Louis, and they used me as betting commissioner.

About this time Horace Argo, Coley Ullman, Barney Schriber and other notorious gamblers, were conducting a string of pool-rooms on Fourth Street, opposite the old Planters' House. We took from these rooms much of their ill-gotten gains by obtaining advance information of the San Francisco races over the Postal Telegraph Company's direct wire from San Francisco, beating the Western Union Telegraph Company from three to five minutes. We were only able to work our scheme a few days, when the pool-room owners discovered that they were being skinned, which necessitated our ceasing operations.

By our trick we took several thousand dollars from the pool-rooms. It was a case where the second thief was the better owner.

I then went to Chicago with the same two operators, and was introduced to William McNutt, who was impecunious at the time. He made the proposition to us that he and old man Stone would "cut in" on the main pool-room wire at South Chicago, providing I would bet the money and divide it with them, which I agreed to do.

McNutt introduced me to Gussie McKee, who was operating quite extensively as a bettor in a woman's pool-room in Chicago. McNutt asked me to let Miss McKee in on the game, to which my associates and I agreed.



McNutt and Stone "cut in" on the wire, as planned, and we divested the Chicago pool-rooms out of quite a lot of money; especially did we plunder O'Leary and McGinnis, who were running at this time on Clark Street, between Van Buren Street and Jackson Boulevard. But, as usual in many such cases, prosperity killed the goose that laid the golden egg. One of the telegraph operators talked too much, and the next day we could not get a bet.

I do not think there is living today any man who can beat old man Stone or William McNutt when it comes to tapping a wire and beating the pool-rooms at their own game. They are both straight fellows now, and are engaged in legitimate business.

At that time I had quite a bank roll. Going back to St. Louis I commenced gambling around the East St. Louis, Madison and South St. Louis race tracks. One of my experiences there was extremely amusing. I had lost quite a good deal of money, when Dick Hanlon, a tout, suggested to me that we run a ringer, which I readily agreed to. Anything to get the money! Hanlon took me over to the Fair Grounds, introduced me to a trainer by the name of Arthur Hewlett, who agreed to run a ringer at the South Side Race Track for me, providing I would bet five hundred dollars for him, which I readily agreed to do.

It was agreed to run a very fast horse the next day as a ringer in the place of "Tom Tough," regu-

larly entered in the race. I gave Dick Hanlon five hundred dollars to bet for himself. Hewlett and I bet five hundred dollars at four to one. But alas, our ringer lost, and I was the victim that was skinned! They had only given me a guess for my money and had not run a ringer at all.

I then changed my operations to Sportsmen Park Race Track. That track was owned and operated by Chris Von der Ahe, who was also president and owner of the St. Louis Browns, the four-time champion base-ball team. Von der Ahe lost his entire fortune, including his interest in the St. Louis Browns, in this race track venture.

Dan Donley and John Ryan had the betting privilege at this track, and they were dealing a fierce game. My first attempt to beat them was successful. I afterward went to Ryan with the statement that I could control a jockey by the name of Harry Davis, and that he would pull all his mounts for me whenever I wanted him to do so. Ryan and Donley agreed to divide the profits with me on any race where Davis rode the favorite.

To make things look good to Ryan I deposited with him one hundred dollars, and told him to place the money against the favorite that Davis was to ride. When the betting opened in the race I tipped a number of friends to bet on the favorite, and they put their money on him freely, Ryan boosting the odds all the time, thinking that this favorite would be pulled to lose. But I proceeded quietly, through

agents, to place my money on this favorite. The favorite won the race. I succeeded in obtaining an average price of three to one against a horse that should have one to two. Thus I double-crossed Ryan, and beat him at his game.

For this I was ruled off the track and was not permitted to enter it for three days, when I succeeded in having a political friend secure my reinstatement.

I then started to knock around the country from pillar to post, experiencing the ups and downs of life, existing on turkey one day and feathers the next, until finally I found myself, 1899, in New Orleans and broke.

I commenced to hustle around the pool-rooms, and managed to get hold of a little money with which I began operating among the steeple-chase jockeys, and framed up a few "sure things."

I operated also at Memphis until I had accumulated about fifteen thousand dollars.

I then bought a few horses, and, going east, attempted, during the summer, to show the eastern bookmakers what a smart, western hustler could do. It did not take the eastern "dummies," as I considered the race-track gamblers there, long to trim "Mr. Smarty" from the west. I was down and out and broke in short order, and it was coffee and sinkers, arguments with my landlady and hustling for my laundry money during that summer.

Along in the Fall I concluded to try the southern field, going first to Atlanta, and afterwards to Macon and Augusta, with the usual ups and downs, ins and outs.

I then drifted to New Orleans, where I doubled up with Ed. Arnold. We hustled around New Orleans together, and succeeded in lining up a few suckers to handle at the race track, where we gave them a fixed race one day, and were compelled to leave New Orleans on a freight train that night to escape a good drubbing. Arnold and I took an Illinois Central (Palace) box car, arriving at Brookhaven, Mississippi, just beyond the Louisiana state line, about four o'clock in the morning, and there awaited the Illinois Central passenger train, which took us to Memphis.

From Memphis we went to Hot Springs, and from Hot Springs to Chicago, where, under the name of "E. J. Arnold & Company," we started the notorious get-rich-quick proposition along race horse lines.

We soon moved to St. Louis. We could not agree as to our partnership matters and separated.

I went to Buffalo to do the people attending the Pan-American Exposition. I opened up five railroad-ticket brokers' or scalpers' offices in Exchange Street, which were only a blind. In the rear of each of these ticket offices I had a gambling joint, and there ran a shell game, a sure-thing crap game and various other gambling games, all intended to trim

the suckers. I had cappers or runners out working trains and steering people to my ticket offices, supposedly, but in reality to my gambling dens. I was doing business with "Buffalo Murphy," who was giving me protection from police interference, and also with one or two politicians of Buffalo. I cleaned up over sixty thousand dollars during the Pan-American season, after paying the cappers and runners fifty per cent. of all the business they steered into me, and paying well for the protection that was given me.

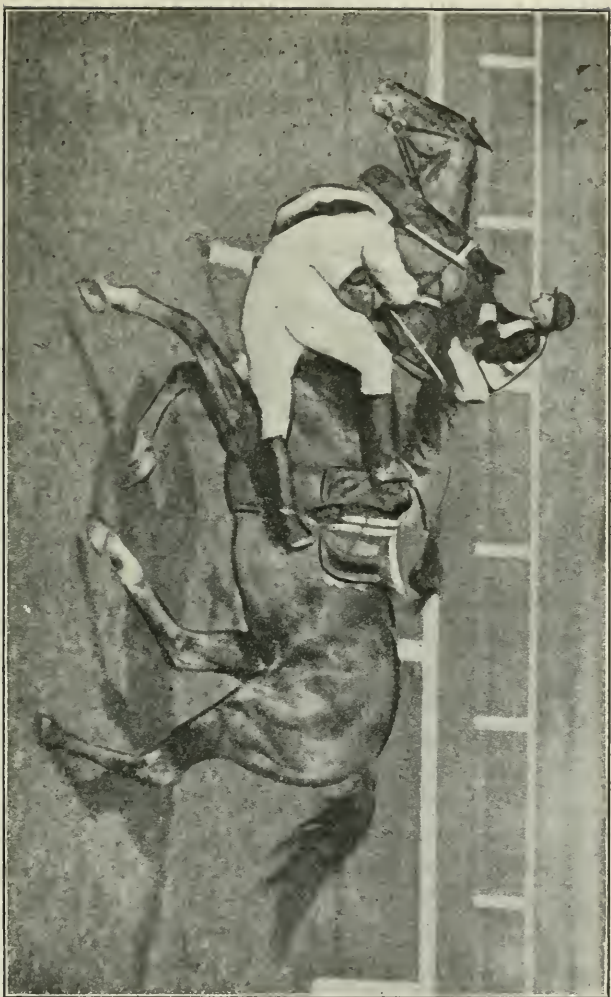
About this time E. J. Arnold was in pretty sore financial straits in St. Louis. On several occasions I sent him money enough to pay his dividends.

Soon after the Pan-American Exposition I went to New Orleans, and there cleaned up, during the winter of 1901-1902 approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, playing the races, or rather fixing races.

I then returned to St. Louis, was initiated into the mysteries of the stock exchange, and attempted to corner the corn market with my insignificant sum of money. As a result I "went broke" like a flash.

In May of 1902 I went to Chicago, obtained backing and opened up "H. Brolaski & Company," co-operative bookmakers.

I operated with great success for the first three or four months, and at one time had over five hundred thousand dollars. But on Friday, the thirteenth day of February, 1903 (mark the combination), H.



Jockey Intentionally Falling from Horse in Fake Race.

Brolaski & Company was closed, and I concluded that a trip to Europe would benefit my health. I sailed from New York on the steamer Etsuria of the Cunard line, taking with me my old friend Morris, who had started me in the business of gambling and grafting.

Arriving in Liverpool we spent a day seeing the grand international steeple-chase race. We then went to London, which city we did to a frazzle; then to Paris, where I spent some little time, then back to London and then returned to dear old United States.

On my arrival at New York I was broken in health and pocketbook, and was taken quite sick there, which necessitated an operation. Having confidence in only one physician, Dr. William Harvey of Chicago, I concluded to go there to have the operation performed. I was operated upon on the day of the American Derby that was won by "The Picket."

The operation was successful. I stayed at the Garfield Park Sanatorium for about four weeks, and then went to Waukesha, Wisconsin, where I spent a month or two recovering my strength.

I was soon again in St. Louis, where I organized a company and purchased the steamer "Hill City," and put her in the excursion business there.

I obtained a bank roll from a gambler friend and went booking at the Delmar Race Track at St. Louis, with more or less success, when finally I be-



came a past master at the art of cheating the Cella, Adler and Tillis combination at their own game, and quit the Delmar Race Track with a bank roll of about sixty thousand dollars, of which thirty-three and one-third per cent. was mine.

I then staked Harry Frolich to a bank roll of five thousand dollars to make a book at New Orleans. This was in the fall of 1903. I proceeded to rebuild the steamer "Hill City," but did not complete the work at that time.

Not being sufficiently wise to know that I could not gamble and run a business at the same time, I gave way to my gambling spirit, and, going to San Francisco at the opening of the races at the Emeryville track, I staked Sam Stephens and Frank Bain to book for me. Not being satisfied with these two bookmakers, who thoroughly understood their business, I, myself, cut in and went along for quite a little while, until I had lost all my money.

I then quit booking and gambling and left San Francisco on New Years' Day, 1904, broke, arriving at St. Louis with hardly enough to pay my hack fare from the depot to the Southern Hotel. I then commenced to figure with several gamblers to get them to put up the money to finish my boat, and finally succeeded in securing a loan and finished the vessel, re-naming her "Corwin H. Spencer," after a prominent citizen and business man of St. Louis.

I started out in the Spring of the World's Fair year as master of that steamer, the greatest floating



gambling hell that ever existed on the Mississippi, or any other river.

In the Fall of 1904 I took my boat to New Orleans. Arriving there, I purchased a string of race horses and commenced to book again, in addition to running excursions for gambling purposes. I also purchased "Tartan," the best race horse I ever owned.

I lost quite a good deal of money that winter, as it rained for nine consecutive Sundays and killed my excursion business.

In April, 1905, I left New Orleans with the steamer "Corwin H. Spencer," for St. Louis. I shipped my stable of race horses to Memphis, in charge of Johnnie Powers, my trainer. I placed the "Corwin H. Spencer" in the excursion business at St. Louis and continued in that undertaking during the summer of 1905

On October 12th, 1905, I lost my boat by fire, in which I came very near losing my life, being rescued from a fiery death by Fred Hemmerley, my watchman, and a negro by the name of "Dutch Frank."

In the fall of 1905 I shipped my string of horses to Latonia, and then went back to New Orleans, where I gambled with the usual ups and downs; and in the spring of 1906 found myself with a stable of race horses and no cash.

I then shipped "Tartan" to Memphis, and attempted to pull off a big coup with this horse. I

engaged Jockey Cherry to ride him, and went to one or two of my old-time gambling friends and had them bet the money for me.

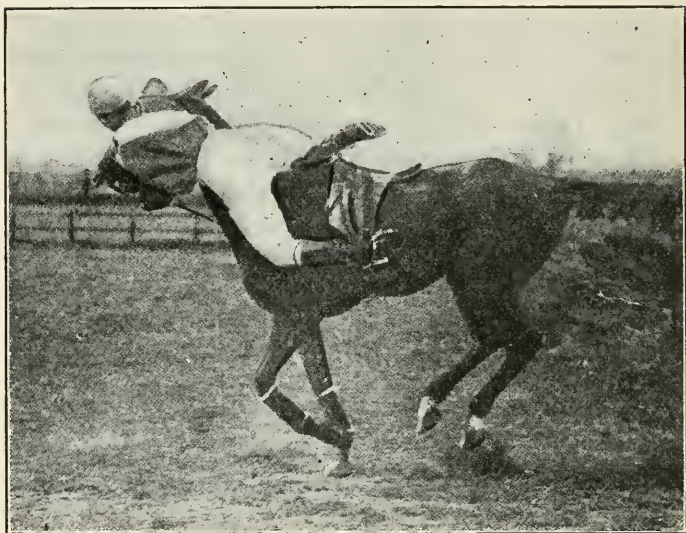
"Tartan" won, but was disqualified, making a difference to me personally of thirty-six thousand dollars, which I would have received for my part of the winnings had the judge not been so observing.

I was broke again, but concluded to ship "Tartan" to New York for one big clean-up. I went to St. Louis to raise money to bet on him. "Tartan" was fitted by Trainer Powers for the race of his life, and when he was cut loose for this killing he won hands down and I received for my part of this race thirty thousand dollars.

This money did not last me thirty days, and I was compelled to go to work as manager of the games on the Mississippi river steamer "City of Providence," on a percentage basis of thirty per cent. I controlled and managed the gambling games on the "City of Providence" during the summers of 1906-07-08.

I shipped "Tartan" to Los Angeles in the fall of 1906 and ran him short in one race without Trainer Powers' knowledge that the horse had been taken out and worked in the morning—one of the first cases of night riding in California. The horse finished last, as I had planned he should, not even taking my trainer into the scheme. The next day "Tartan" was in a stake race, and was backed from ten to one to two to one, and won pulled up.

In the spring of 1907 I sold "Tartan" to John Brink of Los Angeles. This grand horse was later cut down and destroyed in a race. A nobler and gamer animal never lived.



Jockey Jumping from Horse, making it Appear He is Falling,  
a Trick in Fake Races.

Going back to St. Louis I steamboated in the summer, and in the fall I again attempted to clean up a coup on some of the pool-rooms throughout the country, but was unsuccessful, owing to a misunderstanding of my betting instructions, which left me high and dry and flat broke.

Going back to Los Angeles in the fall of 1908, it was a case of up and down, in and out and with no success. This continued until March of 1909, when I conceived the idea of promoting a race track at Tia Juana, Mexico

Organizing my company at Los Angeles and San Diego, I went to the City of Mexico and obtained a concession against great odds. Here it looked as though I had a million dollars in my inside vest pocket—"almost," as the Dutchman would say.

Let it suffice at this time to state that while struggling to promote the Tia Juana scheme I was called to Washington, D. C., and there was surrounded by such conditions that there seized me a sad and stunning realization of my awful career, and then and there I vowed and determined that I would not only forsake the life of a grafter and gambler, but would give the best efforts of my remaining days to saving others from its hellish whirlpools.

The life I have led has been a terrible one at times. I have never liked the business, but it was money ringing in my ears all the time. I have met many and many a true-hearted man who was a gambler and a grafter, yet who would lay down his life for a woman or a child. My acquaintance has been among pickpockets, thieves, highway robbers, safe blowers, grafters, gamblers, policemen, stool pigeons, politicians, railroad men, bankers, doctors, lawyers, governors, ministers; and, in fact, I have

classed among my friends men and women in every walk of life, from the highest to the lowest.

When I think at times of the corruption, of the double-dealing, of the conniving, four-flushing and sham lives that eighty per cent. of the people in the world are leading, it appalls me. There is only one thing that will wipe off the face of the earth crime, corruption and vice and lift the veil of false living, and that is by turning on the searchlight of publicity. Exposure is the only remedy, the only cure for evils mentally, physically, morally and socially. The fear of letting your fellow-men or fellow-women know what you are really doing is the only remedy for these diseases.

I am not a saint, nor have I been one. You can picture me as having been just as bad as anyone depicted in this book, and you will not have missed the truth very far. But down in my heart, as in the heart of every man and woman, there is still that feeling and desire to do better.

To cure the gambler, grafter or thief, first expose his methods, and then help him to overcome his passion for gambling, grafting or whatever tends to weaken him, and teach him to walk the straight and narrow path of life. If the religious bodies of all denominations would act a little more along these lines, they could accomplish better and greater results.

In the pages to follow I will relate some of the varied experiences I have had during my twenty-

one years' association with the gambling element, thus illustrating its sins, its failures and its awful consequences, and will also expose the tricks of horse racing and all gambling games.

I desire to emphasize one fact: To gamble means an attempt to obtain something for nothing. Even when you gamble on the square, the percentages are against you. I sincerely trust that by my exposures I will be able to do my fellow-men some good, and thus atone in some degree for my heartless preying upon the unsophisticated in years gone by.

## CHAPTER V.

### A RACE TRACK AND ITS OPERATION.

A race track is an oblong road a mile long and sixty or eighty feet wide, the original purpose of which was to test the speed of horses. It has degenerated under the malign influence and dishonest practices of grafters into a deadfall, where those who patronize it are robbed from start to finish; robbed by the race-track owners, robbed by the bookmakers, and robbed by the touts.

The only honest individuals connected with this dishonest industry are the horses. A horse will not lie, he will not cheat, and he will do his best to win, in which effort he is often baffled by the rascally jockey who rides him to lose.

The thieves who conduct a race track, from the principal owner, who wears a diamond pin like the headlight of a locomotive and struts along the grand stand, to the stable boy, who takes a bribe to dope the favorite horse, are all members of a sure-thing syndicate. Occasionally an outsider makes a winning by happening to bet by accident upon the horse that has been fixed to win. But the great bulk of the money that is bet by the public on a race track is simply stolen by the gamblers.

Originally the result of the race was ascertained by stretching a wire across the track and the horse

that first presented his nose under this wire was declared the winner.

But this arrangement did not present adequate opportunities for thievery; for hundreds of spectators could see which horse it was that first passed under the wire.

So the actual wire was banished from the track, and in its place was substituted an imaginary wire, running from the eyes of the judges to a point on the other side of the track.

Obviously the point of view governed the location of the imaginary line. The angle of vision was a determining factor, and judges who were afflicted with either moral or actual strabismus might, and usually did, in a close contest, name as the winner the animal that had been previously slated to win, though beaten by another horse.

Race track life starts at four-thirty in the morning with the stable foreman arousing the exercise boys and stable hands. The horses are fed, then walked and led for thirty to forty-five minutes, then taken out and worked—some slowly, some fast—to show their condition.

They are then returned to their stables and fed again, then well groomed, and by ten o'clock all of the stable work is done and the horses are left alone until about noon, when they are fed again.

In the meantime the owners and trainers are over at the secretary's office under the betting shed, making entries for the next day's races. The entry clerk,



who receives the entries, usually has some favorite owners who wait until the last moment to enter their horses, the entry clerk tipping off to them which races will be the easiest to win, and the owners entering their horses in those races, thereby cheating the other race-track horsemen.

Entries are supposed to close at ten o'clock a.m., when they are made up, the weights assigned and the entries printed for the racing next day. Then the owners and trainers, or ninety per cent. of them, get their heads together and frame up races for the coming day.

About one o'clock p.m. the telegraph office commences to get busy sending away the names of the jockeys, scratches and future prices on the afternoon races; also tips from owners, trainers and touts, and even race-track officials.

About two o'clock the bookmakers commence to arrive, and by two-ten are in action and ready for business. In the meantime they have had their confidence agents at the track getting what information they could and doing what business they could with certain owners, trainers and jockeys.

Booking operations now commence. The victims are arriving with their dope books. The thieving bookmaker who has one or two sure things up his sleeve immediately hunches the price so as to get his money in quickly before any other bookmakers become aware of the fact that he has a "dead one." These arrangements are easily told upon the slates

Breaking Two Year Olds to the Starting Gate.



of the bookmakers by the fraternity, but not by the suckers.

This will keep up for six races during the day.

The race itself presents an animated scene. The wise spectator confines his investments to popcorn, salted peanuts and lemonade as weak as it is vile. But the "sucker"—there is one of him born every minute—patronizes the bookies, and drops his week's wages or his yesterday's stealings into the hands of the bookmaker, and every dollar, as it is seized by one of the tentacles of the devil fish, sings the refrain, "Farewell, vain world, I'm going home."

The horses start. Through the paddock gate they come with quivering ears, distended nostrils, and eyes aflame with eagerness. They are off—all except the one which, by previous arrangement with the starter, is left at the post. With hoofs clattering they rush. The crowd cheers and yells with excitement.

At the half-mile post four or five are close together; at the three-quarter post the number is reduced to two or three. Down the home stretch they come with mighty strides. There it is that the fixed jockeys do the work. A strong but secret pull on the bridle to the right or left, a sway of the body, a trick of whip or spur, and the favorite and the near favorite are out of the running, and the horse that has been fixed is declared the winner by a nose, a throatlatch or a neck.

And the fool crowd cheers the illicit winner, and those who have been induced to place their money on the loser don't cheer, but grit their teeth and search their pockets, and again seek the bookies to be plundered again and yet again.

The bookies and the touts and the race-track owners ride home in autos, and the victims ride home in the crowded street cars.

Noble sport, isn't it? About the only fair race nowadays is the slow race at country fairs where every rider bestrides another man's animal, and the last one to pass under the wire takes the prize. Even in this kind of a race there is sometimes crookedness. For instance, where the rider of an Andalusian jackass caused his animal to outspeed all others by fastening a cabbage at the end of a short pole and swinging it in front of the nose of his steed.

## CHAPTER VI.

### RACE-TRACK GRAFT AND PROFITS—BOOK-MAKERS.

The profits derived by the owners of race tracks are very great. Men like John Condon of Chicago, Louis A. Cella of St. Louis, Thomas H. Williams of San Francisco, "Sitting Bull" Bush of New Orleans, and the millionaires who own the race tracks around New York, have made millions out of the operation of race tracks—all graft, pure and simple. These capitalists are the ultimate recipients of all the money gained by crookedness, or otherwise, at race tracks. They receive pay from the little grafters for the privilege of working graft on others.

The outsider is cheated from the time he purchases a ticket of admission to a race track, to the minute when he departs therefrom. He does not receive any value for the price of his ticket in the way of amusement, for he beholds no honest contest of speed, but only the results of fixed races. If he bets, he puts up his money, not against a chance, but on or against a sure-thing game.

Race-track owners know of the thieving methods of the bookmakers and the corruption among jockeys, trainers, horse owners, and, in some cases, the clerk of the scales, assistant starters and starters. They cannot tell you they do not know this, because

it has been exposed time and time again; yet the race-track owners protect the smaller grafters because they receive a revenue from them in a good many different ways.



Race Track Grafters.

The outsider has about as much chance to beat the operators at a race track as he would have if he took a spin on a merry-go-round and expected to pick up a thousand-dollar bill at the end of his journey.

Jones, Smith and Brown visit a race track, each determined to back his favorite in a certain race. It so happens that there are three starters in this particular event. The gentlemen step up to a book and see the following quotations, or odds, on the slate of the bookmaker:

Jack Atkin .....4 to 5

Tartan .....8 to 5

King Barleycorn .....4 to 1

Jones is a confirmed "favorite" player, and bets \$100 on Jack Atkin to win \$80. By playing the favorite is meant that Jones believes that the horse carrying the smallest odds is more likely to win than any of the other entries.

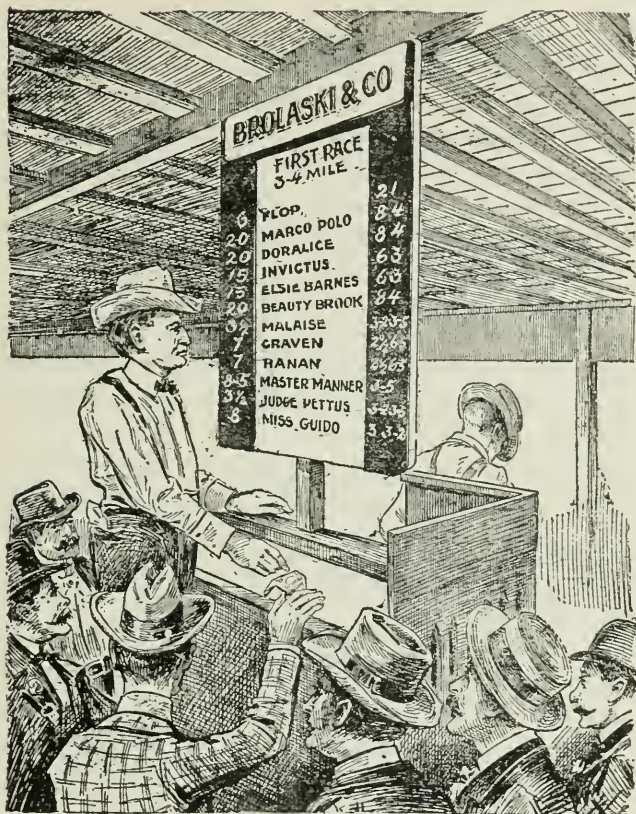
Smith likes Tartan and bets \$70 to win \$112.

Brown believes the outsider has a royal chance, and invests \$36 on King Barleycorn and receives a ticket which reads \$144 to \$36.

Now what Jones, Smith and Brown did in the above instance is a simple illustration of what the public is doing at the races every day. The bookmaker has received from the three bettors two hundred and six dollars. If Jack Atkin wins he pays out \$180 and is \$26 ahead. If Tartan wins he pays out \$182 and is \$24 ahead. If Barleycorn wins he pays out \$180 and is \$26 ahead.

Did the bookmaker gamble with Jones, Smith and Brown in the above instance? No. Jones, Smith and Brown were gambling between themselves. The bookmaker was simply the stakeholder, and re-





Bookmaker's Stand and Slate.



ceived about fifteen per cent. for holding the money which the trio had played on the different horses. In other words, the bookmaker's profit on the event was nearly fifteen per cent.

In this way the bookmakers act as stakeholders in six races a day, six days in a week—sometimes seven days—fifty-two weeks in a year. I have been at it for 21 years.

It will be pertinent and interesting to here quote from the argument against race-track gambling, made by Hon. W. E. Raney, K.C., before a committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa, Canada, recently:

"These two questions naturally suggest themselves: What is the total amount wagered with the bookmakers in a year on the six tracks in question?

"It is impossible to answer definitely, but we are not left wholly at sea. Mr. Orpen produced before the committee some of his bookmakers' sheets, i. e., books made on the Woodbine track. These books averaged about \$850 in amount. On that basis a bookmaker would handle for the six races run in a day about \$5000. He pays on an average over the different tracks a license fee of about \$100 a day. Given these figures and that the total amount paid in license fees by the bookmakers on the six tracks in 1909 was \$450,000, it is a simple problem in the rule of three, and the answer is \$22,500,000 wagered on the six tracks in 1909,

"Then what was the profit or loss to the men who backed the horses against the bookmakers on these tracks in 1909?

"Some light was thrown upon this question by the evidence of the Toronto butcher who has played the races for ten years at an average annual cost of \$1,000 a year; that is to say, his whole net income and more. He started in with a surplus of \$3,000, and he admitted that he is now \$2,500 behind; and he said that in his ten years' experience he had known hundreds of men like himself—grocers, butchers, bakers, clerks, teamsters, laborers—who had been ruined or embarrassed in business by following the tracks, and he produced a list of the names of fifty such men which he had been able to recall offhand.

"But authentic information is available. Canon Horsley, ex-chaplain of the Clerkenwell Prison, gave evidence before the Lords' committee in 1902. He had made a careful study of the subject by following the predictions of the experts in the sporting papers and then noting the results. It will suffice to reproduce one question and the answer:

"EARL OF ABERDEEN: 'Did you take the prophecies from one of the well-known sporting papers?' A. 'From all of them. I have here a case in which seven sporting papers gave seventy-nine horses. In seventy-four cases their prophecies were wrong. Another case I have is where the 'Standard' selected one hundred and seventy-nine horses

for one hundred and forty-eight races. One hundred and fifty-five were wrong and twenty-four right. Some sporting papers sneered at this, and said that this particular prophet did not know very much about his business. Then I took the chief sporting papers. They had seven races that week, and gave forty-five horses, of which forty were wrong. Another week they gave forty-seven horses, forty-six being wrong and one right. Then to take a longer period of a month, there were one hundred and fifty-six races, for which six sporting papers gave eight hundred and ninety-eight horses, out of which seven hundred and seventy-seven did not win. This is the sort of thing I constantly do; because I have found with intelligent young men that is the best argument when I say, 'You know nothing about a race;' and they answer, 'No, but so-and-so does, therefore, I follow him.'

"Let us examine for a moment the proposition that bookmaking is a necessary support of the race-course and the thoroughbred.

"There were jockey clubs in Greece 2,500 years ago. There were Hebrews then as now, but we have not heard that they had at that time learned the gentle art of bookmaking which their American descendants have practiced with so much profit for the last quarter of a century.

"The bookmaker did not introduce the thoroughbred into England. He did not introduce him into the United States or Canada. He did not invent

race tracks—the Newmarket, or Epsom, or Goodwood, or the great tracks of the United States prior to 1880, or even the Woodbine. As a financial support to the race track he was unheard of until about thirty years ago, when he began to get control of the American tracks. The fact is, the bookmaker is a parasite of the thoroughbred, and, as a friend of mine points out, it is only possible to defend his existence on the David Harum theory, that ‘a certain number of fleas is good for a dog.’

“Then just a word as to the bookmakers, and I have done. The argument to this point has proceeded on the assumption that the bookmaker is an honest gambler, of the class of the poker player who would scorn to play with a card up his sleeve, or the dice thrower who would think himself a scoundrel if he used loaded cubes. This assumption would appear, however, not to be supported by the facts. No one is competent to speak on this subject except those who have inside knowledge, and I do not profess to have that. But some of those who have it have spoken, and as they are men who had peculiar means of knowing, were men of reputation and could have no reason for misstating the facts, you will perhaps permit me to quote one or two of them briefly.

“Pierre Lorillard is a name well known among the American horsemen. In giving his reasons in the New York Tribune for retiring from the turf, he said among other things: ‘I am very much opposed

to the bookmakers, because they rob the public and they rob owners of horses. There is no fairness in their dealings. All bookmaking is against the horses. A bookmaker, of course, could not live unless he bet against horses, and in the course of plying his trade he steals stable secrets and buys up jockeys and trainers. The bookmaking system is, therefore, demoralizing to jockeys and trainers, and hurtful to everything and everybody connected with racing. The bookmakers are, with few exceptions, rascals who would be fit subjects for the prison when their more profitable trade of robbing the public on the race course is at an end. We have outlived the necessity for these fellows.'

"Mr. Lorillard was describing the United States bookmaker, and it is the United States bookmaker that this bill will deal with. The evidence is that there are not more than about a dozen bookmakers in Canada, and none who give their whole time to the business, and that four-fifths, or five-sixths of the men who make books on Canadian tracks are from the United States.

"And the English bookmaker and his following would appear to be no whit superior to the American. Listen to a description of him and his following by Mr. James Runciman, a devoted admirer of the thoroughbred and of honest sport, lately editor of the London Family Herald:

"'A strange, hard, pitiless crew are these same bookmakers. Personally, strange to say, they are,

in private life, among the most kindly and generous of men; their wild life, with its excitement and hurry, and keen encounters of wits, never seems to make them anything but thoughtful and liberal when distress has to be aided. But the man who will go far out of his way to perform a charitable act will take your very skin from you if you engage him in that enclosure which is his battle-ground, and he will not be very particular as to whether he wins your skin by fair means or foul. \* \* \* \* \* In sum, then, we have an inner circle of bookmakers who take care either to bet on figures alone, or on perfectly accurate and secret information. We have another circle of sharp owners and backers, who, by means of modified, or unmodified, false pretenses, succeed at times in beating the bookmakers. We have then an outer circle, composed partly of stainless gentlemen, who do not bet and who want no man's money, partly of perfectly honest fellows who have no judgment, no real knowledge, and no self-restraint, and who serve as prey on which the bookmakers fatten. And then we have circle on circle showing every shade of vice, baseness, cupidity, and blank folly. First, I may glance, and only glance, at the unredeemed, hopeless villians who are the immediate hangers-on of the turf. People hardly believe that there are thousands of sturdy, able-bodied men scattered among our great towns and cities, who have never worked, and who never mean to work. In their hoggish way they feed well and lie

warm—the phrase is their own favorite—and they subsist like odious reptiles, fed from mysterious sources. Go to any suburban race meeting—I don't care which you pick—and you will fancy that hell's tatterdemalions have got holiday. Whatsoever things are vile, whatsoever things are roughish, bestial, abominable, belong to the race-course loafers. To call them thieves is to flatter them; for their impudent knavery transcends mere thieving. They have not a virtue. They are more than dangerous; and if ever there comes a great social convulsion, they will let us know of their presence in an awkward fashion; for they are trained to riot, fraud, bestiality and theft, on the fringe of the race course.'

"In what garments of respectability shall we clothe this motley crew, if they are to be licensed, to make them fit company for the sons and daughters of the United States? And what license fee shall we extort from them adequate to compensate for the injury they will do to the unformed characters of the rising generation? I leave the jockey clubs to answer; and the answer will come back, but not from the jockey clubs: 'It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!'"

Aside from the betting there are many other sources of revenues on a race track which serve to take the money from the pockets of the patrons. Everything inside the enclosure is placed upon a basis whereby the management secures a portion of the profits,



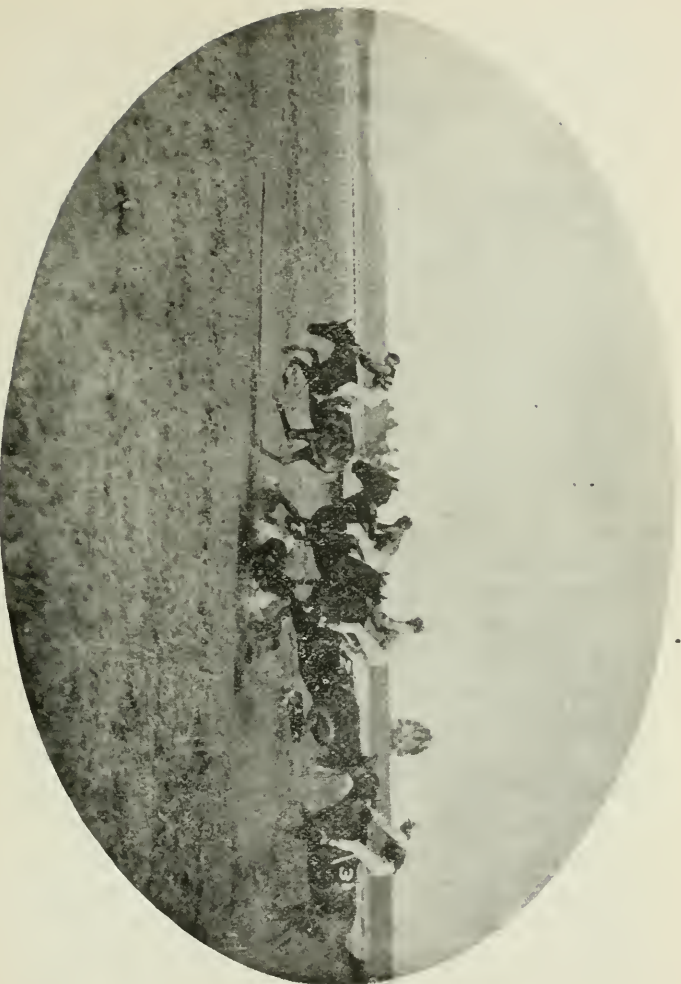
Jumping or Hurdle Race.



Included in the revenues are gate receipts, bar privileges, program privileges, privileges of candy and fruit stands, privileges from the restaurants and lunch counters, revenues derived from the telegraph and telephone companies, revenues from the barber shop and bootblack stands and from the selling of paddock badges and bookmakers' privileges.

Revenues are also raised from the supplies of the bookmakers, such as tickets, sheets, pencils, thumb tacks and other necessities; even the water privilege is sold.

Fines are exacted by the starter and judges. One-half of the "run up" money in all selling races, the messenger service, sale of box seats, feed room privileges, opera glass privileges, cigar stand, laundry, and the stable boarding house, all goes to the management.



Hurdle Race. Jockey Killed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ORAL BETTING.

For the past twenty years or more the professional bookmakers and gamblers have been carrying on their corrupt methods so extensively that most all of the States of the Union have legislated against bookmaking and horse-race gambling.

As a subterfuge and means of evading the law the bookmakers, professional gamblers and race-track proprietors have worked out a system which they call "Oral Betting."

"Oral Betting" was conducted in the following manner upon the race tracks of New York State in the summer of 1909, and is pursued at other tracks:

The bookmaker would pay a privilege to the racing association of twenty-five dollars per day, ostensibly for the jockeys and scratches; but in reality the payment was for the privilege of booking. A number of bookmakers attempted to book upon the race track without paying this privilege and were put off the grounds by the Pinkertons, hired by the race-track proprietors.

The bookmaker would make his prices and put them up to public view on his program. Standing alongside of him would be one of his assistants, or rather clerks, and on the other side of this clerk would be another assistant or clerk. The bettor de-

siring to make a bet would say to the bookmaker: "I will bet you one hundred dollars on Jack Atkin to win." The bookmaker would answer: "All right, you are on." The clerk standing next to the bookmaker would register this bet on a little tab of paper which he held in his pocket, an act at which some of such clerks became expert, using a short pencil. This clerk would also register the bettor's initial, tear off the slip of paper from his tab and pass it to the other clerk standing next to him, who in turn would follow the bettor away, particularly if he were known as poor pay, and collect the one hundred dollars from him then and there, taking the money and the slip of paper over to another assistant quite a ways off, who was the cashier for the same bookmaker.

In all races there are usually from two to ten horses, and sometimes fifteen. Six races a day with different people betting on different horses would make it impossible for the bookmaker to make his collections if the bets were not registered.

During the running of the race the cashier and the assistant clerks to the bookmaker did not watch the race, but got together in the betting ring and counted their cash and bets taken, and, as soon as the winner was announced, assorted their tabs and paid off the losses immediately after the official result was announced.

The track owners knew this to be a fact, and any track owner that permits oral betting in the manner

described above is as guilty of violating the law as the bookmaker.

The oral betting system offers better opportunity to the bookmakers to fleece the bettor than does open betting. The race-track judges and officials are supposed to ignore the betting end of the game, and if a thieving bookmaker is laying against a "dead one"—a horse that is not trying to win—the bookmaker can take from the public on that horse ten times as much money as he could with open betting; for with the slates up, as in open betting, for five or ten minutes after the prices are put up the wise bettors and other bookmakers can easily discern the fact that the thieving bookmaker is handling a dead one, and the other bookmakers can make the same prices on the same horse, and the judges can, under the open betting system, protect the public and the bettor against such practice to a great extent by sending for the bookmaker's sheets, substituting another jockey in place of the one that was carded to ride the horse, sending for the owner or trainer of the horse, and demand to know why this horse has gone back in the betting, and require the owner, trainer and jockey to show some cause why the particular bookmaker should know all about the horse and overlay the price against it. Whereas, in the oral betting system the race-track judges must absolutely ignore all acts of the bookmakers and cannot protect the public.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### POOL-ROOMS.

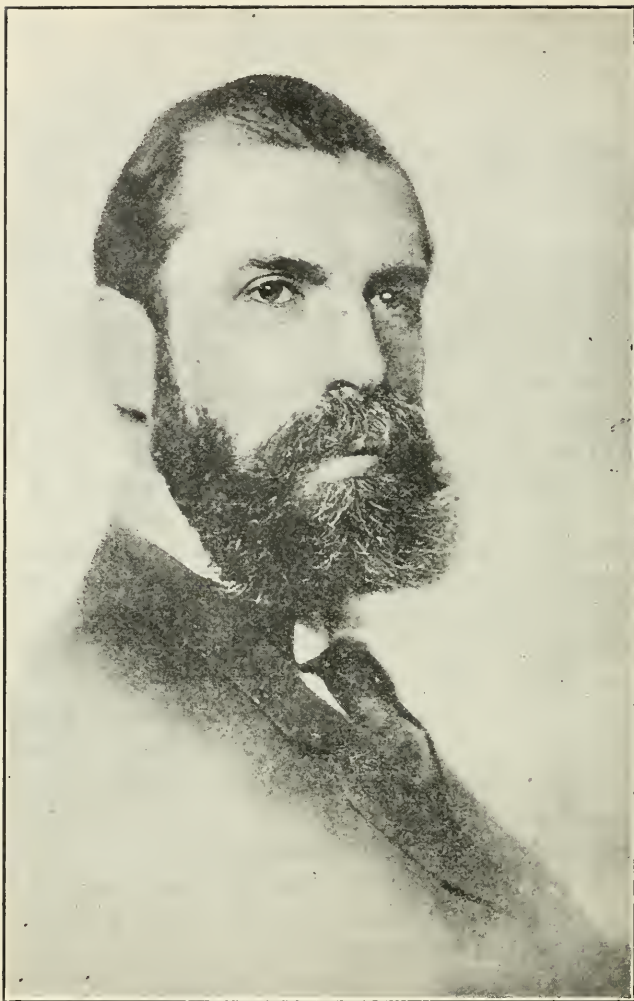
A pool-room is an ordinary room in any building, shed or tent, into which is run a telephone or telegraph wire, over which is conveyed information from a race track of the races and results.

The interior furnishings of the room are a blackboard, on which is written the names of the horses, jockeys, weights and prices—or as used in eastern pool-rooms, one piece of cardboard instead of a blackboard—a telegraph instrument, telephones, a few chairs, a couple of tables, the Chicago Racing Form or the New York Telegraph, with tips on the races, and slips on which to register bets.

The pool-room proprietor employs a cashier, a man who receives the money from the public, a ticket-writer, a sheet-writer, who registers the bets made, a telegraph operator, a doorkeeper or lookout, and a couple of touts to advise the bettors how to lose their money.

When the racing commences at the track, the odds are telegraphed into the pool-room and called out by the pool-room proprietor. Then a description of the race is given.

The track correspondent, in sending the odds to the pool-room, cuts them in half, so that the pool-room player receives only half the money he may



Ex-Governor Hughes, of New York, Now a Member of the U. S. Supreme Court, Whose Valiant and Fearless Fight Against Race Tracks in New York was Effective.

win on a horse that is won by a bettor at the race track.

The people who patronize pool-rooms are of a class that can illy afford to lose. They are not aware that they are up against one of the strongest sure-thing games on earth, and that only about five per cent. of the outsiders or players ever win. They are betting on a race that is run a thousand or more miles away from the pool-room. They do not know that in many cases, where a heavily backed horse and a favorite in the race has lost at the track, and the pool-room proprietor has received this information, he continues to take in money on the horse and then gives a fake description of a race and announces that the horse has lost, which fact he had known for some minutes.

But if everything were honest the straight prices laid in a pool-room will average a percentage in favor of the pool-room proprietor from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. The place, or second, prices will average from thirty to fifty per cent., and the show, or third, prices will average as high as one thousand per cent. against the player.

Will the poor individual who has the gambling fever stop and consider? In some pool-rooms they have as many as three sets of races a day. Figure it up for yourself and see how long it would take you to lose \$1,000.

The pool-room is usually connected with or adjacent to a saloon. If the bettor is lucky enough to

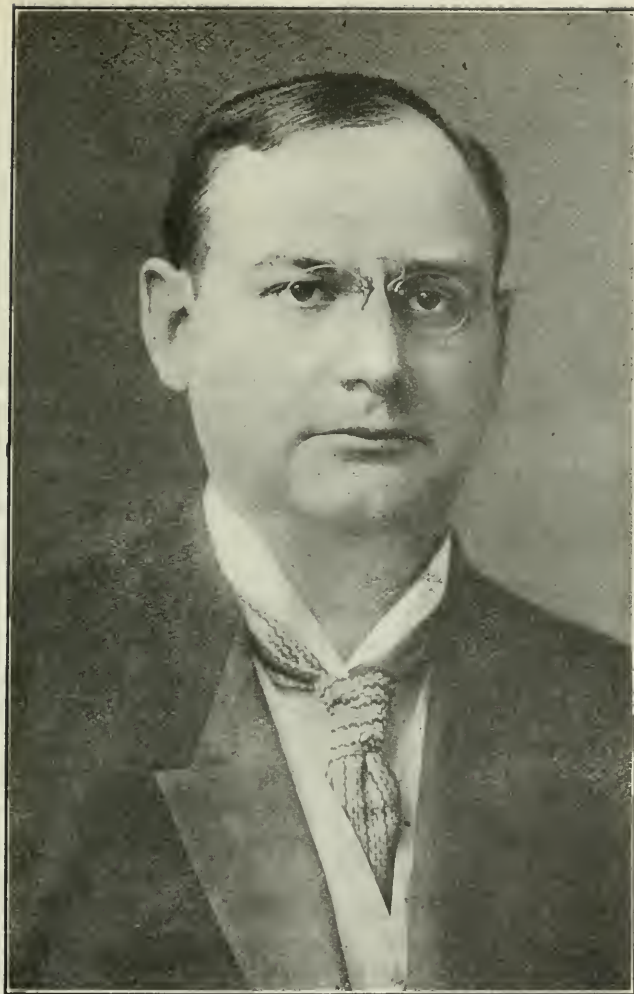


win a bet, the proprietor will immediately send a capper to the bar with the lucky bettor and purchase him drinks, and the capper will endeavor to have him re-bet the money he has won, with the result that he loses it.

The earnings of the pool-room are something enormous. The amount they take away from the gambling public is appalling. This money, though, is not all profit, for the pool-room proprietor is required to give a good portion of his revenue to the main politician, or some official or policeman in the town or community where he is operating, for his protection.

Pool-rooms are illegal and are only permitted to thrive and run through lack of activity on the part of the police department or the prosecuting attorney in the city where they are operated. A good, vigorous prosecuting attorney or police board, or sheriff, can close any pool-room in the United States in twenty-four hours if he wants to do it; particularly the pool-rooms which run wide open and cater to the public in general. It would not be such an easy matter to close the pool-rooms which run under cover, as it would require more evidence, which evidence it would be harder to obtain than against the wide-open rooms.

In any community where a pool-room is operated wide open, you can safely say that the proprietor of the room is doing business with the main poli-



Ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, Who Suppressed Race Tracks  
in That State.

(8)

tician in that community; as without his support and cooperation the room could not exist

The bettor in a pool-room bets the bookmaker one hundred dollars that "Jack Atkin" will win the third race. The bookmaker therefore bets that "Jack Atkin" will not win the race. Races are closed at post time, meaning the time that the horses go to the post or starting gate to run the race.

The bookmaker has in his favor the following advantages: The bettor does not know the condition of the horse or the race track. He does not know whether the horse's work has put him in condition for the race. He does not know whether the blacksmith has intentionally mis-shod the horse. He does not know but that the blacksmith has schemed with some bookmaker to make a winning on this race. He does not know whether the owner has bet against his own horse. He does not know whether his horse is a dead one or not. These are facts that he does not know and the bookmaker in the pool-room does know.

The betting in a pool-room commences when the odds are received from the race track on the first race, by telegraph, which in New York is about 2 o'clock. The prices that are sent from the race track are posted on a small piece of card-board; the names of the horses, the jockeys, the weights, and the conditions of the track, whether fast or muddy. Then in about ten minutes, the second betting comes in.

The news is sent from the race track by race-track correspondents. I have been a race-track correspondent. The correspondent acts only in favor of the pool-rooms and hand-bookmakers, and never favors the player. The track correspondent protects the pool-rooms instantly by making a cut in the price of the horses, if there is a change in that direction at the track, or if there has been a play on him at the track; but he does not hurry to protect the pool-room player when a horse goes up in the betting. I mean if a horse has been two to one, and perhaps in a preliminary warm-up on the track has shown a little soreness or lameness, then his betting goes from two to one to six to one. The track correspondent, before sending this change, waits until the second betting. He does not flash it as he does in the case of a well-backed horse. Consequently the pool-room player is not protected and is cheated out of the proper odds.

About ten minutes after the second betting comes to the operator—either by telephone or telegraph—he says they are at the post. Then he will say they are off, continuing to call: “King Barleycorn leads at the quarter; Tartan second; Pan d’Oro third.”

At the half-mile post, the horses may reverse their positions, “Tartan” first, “King Barleycorn” second, “Pan d’Oro” third. Again at the three-quarter post they may change positions and then enter the stretch,

At this point every one in the pool-room is wrought up to the highest tension; everyone shouting for his horse to win.

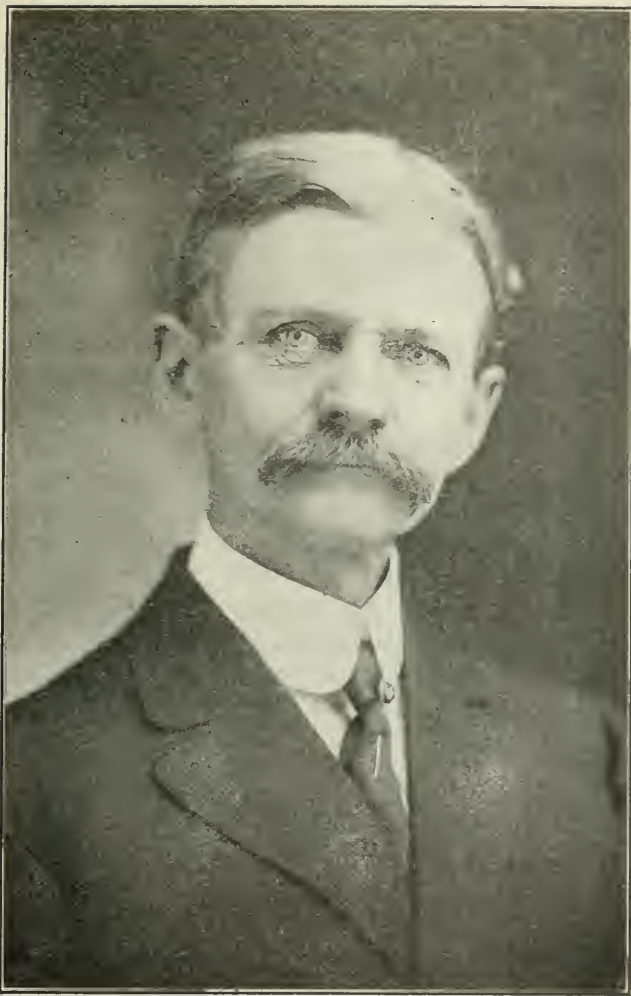
The pool-room bettors are one hundred or three thousand miles away from the race track, but they have become inoculated with the gambling germ to such an extent that they almost believe that they are on the race track and can see the horses.

I have seen men and women, boys and girls, yell, call for their horses to win, scream out in their excitement, snap their fingers and jump up and down, and the race being run a thousand miles or more away. They seem to think that they are on the track.

Then the winner is announced, and also the second and third horses. The lucky ones that bet on the winner are all smiles, patting each other on the back, laughing, roaring, and all talking at once. They think they have made a killing. They begin to inflate as would a blower pigeon. They count themselves smart, for they have beaten the book-maker.

Yes, they have beaten the bookmaker, once, perhaps, out of twenty-five times. These are the winners.

Now look at the loser. He presents a very different picture. His is the other side of the story. It may be his last dollar. He may be the head of a family, and he wonders about the rent, the grocery bill, the many other expenses that he cannot now



Thomas Marshall, of Indiana, Who Drove the Chicago Gamblers from  
His State,

meet. What is he going to do? He tries to smile. He tries to be game and laugh it off; but it is a laugh without any mirth, a laugh full of bitterness. He gasps, bites his lips, and the contortion of his face evidences the terrible struggles within.

I will not dwell on this longer, as it brings to me many a sad memory. I can see these things too vividly.

In a few minutes the official announcement is made. The jockeys are weighed out; that is, certain officials of the track take the weights of the boys who rode the horses to see that they are of the right weight. Everything is announced as being right, and the bets will now be paid off. Then commences the next race, with a repetition of what I have described.

There is only one way to put the pool-rooms, the hand-books and the handbook makers out of business: and that is by prohibiting the transmission of odds over the telegraph or telephone lines from state to state.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HAND-BOOKS.

It is appalling to think of the number of hand-books that are being operated in the United States. The suppression of hand-books offers a serious problem to the business men of our land, and they should awaken to a realization of what this swindle is costing them.

The percentage against the player in the hand-book will run from five to fifteen per cent. In addition to this large percentage, the player takes the chance of never receiving his money even when he wins his bet, as there are a number of hand-book thieves operating in the United States.

A hand-book is a book made by a man or woman who receives bets on a race being run at a distance. The hand-book operator pays according to the results of the race and prices as published by the New York Telegraph or the Chicago Racing Form.

Hand-book gambling is carried on by men and women, boys and girls, who place bets with the hand-bookmaker at a distance from the track where the race is being run. This distance may be one hundred or three thousand miles.

A hand-book is made by a man with a capital of from fifty cents up, according to the amount of money that he may care to handle or care to take



from the bettor. It is usually made in a cigar store or saloon, the proprietor of which affords such facilities without any cost whatever to the hand-bookmaker, as it brings him business.

The hand-bookmaker employs solicitors or runners upon a five-per-cent-commission basis; in other words, he pays the solicitor five per cent. of the bets secured by him in cash. If you were to give this solicitor a bet of one hundred dollars cash on "Jack Atkins," for instance, the bookmaker would pay the solicitor five dollars cash when he brought the bet in. He would credit the bettor with the entire one hundred dollars and pay the solicitor five dollars besides.

If the bettor wins, and the odds are two to one, the hand-book man pays the bettor three hundred dollars, and, as he has paid the five dollars to the runner, he loses two hundred and five dollars.

But, to offset this loss, the bookmaker receives five or ten times as much from bettors on the horses which do not win. He takes more from the losers than he gives to the winners; and hence his certain profit.

The class of people that the hand-bookmakers do business with are those who have not the opportunity to bet at the race track. They are department-store clerks, office clerks, railroad clerks, and salaried employees, who are confined by their work and who find it impossible to go to the bookmaker themselves and bet their money. They are, as a

rule, people who do not want it known that they are gambling on the races, people whose reputation and positions would be lost if their betting was known.

The solicitor takes the money and the bets that he has collected among his players back to the hand-bookmaker, who thereupon enters bets in the pool-rooms in such a manner that, whatever the result of the race, he cannot possibly lose.

The people who bet with hand-book operators can ill afford to lose, and only a small percentage of them ever win. They are mostly working girls, boys, men and women, who cannot get away from their duties to visit the pool-rooms or the race tracks.

## CHAPTER X.

### GAMBLING GERM.

The individual, on his first visit to a race track, looking for pleasure and recreation, after seeing a race or two, becomes enthused with the sport, and to make it more interesting invests a dollar or two upon the chances of a horse—sometimes winning, sometimes losing. If he wins he becomes enthused and self-conceited with the idea that his judgment is better than the bookmaker's.

He tries again, this time losing. He tries the third time, thinking there must have been some mistake in his losing the second time. He loses again. He then becomes resentful and bitter inwardly at the bookmaker.

The individual is then determined to get the best of the bookmaker, and, in his own conceited estimate of himself, deems himself sharper and smarter than the former.

He then tries again, perhaps winning, which only fires his imagination. He sees greater possibilities of future wealth, and he takes another plunge or two, with fatal results. He has by this time had inoculated into his system the gambling germ. It spreads and grasps the entire brain.

The individual, after becoming inoculated, resembles a confirmed drunkard, cocaine fiend, opium

fiend, or tobacco chewer. His very acts, words, deeds and thoughts are of gambling. He neglects his personal appearance, his family, his business. The gambling germ tightens the web around his brain, closes all the cells of that organ against righteousness, truth and proper conduct. It leaves only one little cell open that will plan to beat the other fellow, so as to become wealthy without working. He plans how to live in luxury on the poor, innocent bookmaker's money—how to live at the rate of ten or fifteen dollars per day without any income. These are the ideas that are in his brain. He is grasping, turning and reaching for this supposed wealth, and it is like the mosquito that lights on your nose; when you reach for it, it has just gone. This is the gambling fever.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MALEVOLENCE OF RACING.

The assertion that a race track is a benefit to a city is preposterous. It is assumed that the race attracts numbers of people who expend large sums of money in the shops. It could be as truthfully claimed that the residence in a city of a large contingent of women of easy virtue, or of a large number of bar-keepers, or of a full supply of burglars, is a benefit to it.

During race weeks there are added to the population of the city where the races are held about fifty bookmakers and clerks, three hundred horsemen and two hundred jockeys and stablemen. These people go to a city, not to bring money into it, but to take money out of it; not to add to its productive industries, but to diminish its productive energies.

The camp followers who trail after the races, even as vultures follow a dying steer, bring neither money nor muscle, neither brains nor brawn to the community. They are not sheep, they are not wool; they are only the scissors that shear the sheep.

Of what advantage to any community are these purveyors of false information, these magazines of tips, these vendors of "sure things?" They establish no industry, they create nothing, and they benefit nobody, not even themselves. The race track

is a pustule on the neck of civilization, and its owners and managers sit upon it like a bread and milk poultice on a boil, drawing the corruption of the community to a head.

The people who come to the city to shop will be lured by the races. The merchants of the city will not get their money, but the touts will. Clerks will borrow money on their salaries to give it to the touts, and crawl under the bed when they hear the bill collector's ring at the front door.

A racing week will cost the people of the municipality that permits it about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this amount fifty per cent. will go to the race track people, twenty-five per cent. to the horse owners and jockeys, and the remainder to the educated followers of the racing game.

And when the racing season is over there will be left in the city its debris and wreckage, in the shape of a mob of undesirable citizens, who are friendless, and moneyless, and characterless, and who, for lack of money to buy railroad tickets, and lack of courage to tramp, and lack of willingness to work, will hang around the free lunch tables until kicked out, and will sleep in station houses, and become beggars, and sneak thieves, and porch climbers.

Crime will increase and pauperism will increase after the racing season, as is shown by the statistics of cities which have had the misfortune to become racing centers.

## CHAPTER XII.

### GAMBLING BY EMPLOYEES.

Business men would promote their interests by gathering statistics showing the amount of money lost by firms through the embezzlement and thievery of their employees who are tempted by combinations of gamblers.

Employers also lose the time wasted by their employees in studying and reading the race results and sending out bets during the day by the office boy or over the phone to the combination of bookmakers. This time is paid for by the employer. The employee does not realize that he is stealing time from the man who is paying his salary, nor does he appreciate that the small amounts he loses in gambling should go to the support of his family and for payment of his honest debts.

Why do not the business men demand the suppression of race-track and hand-book gambling? It can be done.

There are fifty thousand race-track players in the city of Chicago gambling with the hand-books, taking time that belongs to their employers and devoting it to a game in which they have but small chance to win. It is easy to detect the employee who bets. The first thing he turns to in the morning paper is the sporting page, or, maybe, he carries some

racing form in his pocket. There are numerous other ways by which the employer can tell whether his employee is a race-track gambler.

By making rigid rules the employer cannot only protect himself, but he can protect his employee and drive a nail in the coffin of the gamblers. Do the employers know that in most of the stores a race-track hand-book solicitor mingles with the employees during the noon hour? Wake up, Mr. Employer, check up, and see if I am not right.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### MY FIRST RACE HORSE.

Winning a pretty good sized wager at the Madison, Illinois, race track one day, I was prevailed upon by a former jockey by the name of Curtis to purchase a race horse. Curtis told me that he knew of one that he could train and make a good killing with. He took me to the owner of a horse named "Johnnie Weber."

After carefully looking the horse over, thinking that I knew a good deal about a horse when I really knew nothing, I finally purchased "Johnnie Weber" for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and immediately employed Curtis as the trainer.

This horse had seen his best days at racing, and we concluded to race him on the electric-light night track at St. Louis. So we shipped the animal to the South Side Park and primed him for a killing.

The night of the race came, and Trainer Curtis engaged Jockey Narvez to ride. The South Side Park race track was owned and controlled by Cella, Adler and Tillis. They had in operation four books. John Payne of Cincinnati was at that time running a pool-room in Cincinnati on these night races.

My trainer, Curtis, being an old hand at the game, advised me to bet but very little money in the betting ring, but to send most of my money to Cincin-

nati. Consequently, I wired a friend of mine in Cincinnati, telling him to bet five hundred dollars on "Johnnie Weber" at any old odds. Curtis had me distribute about one hundred dollars among five different people and send them into the betting ring to bet twenty dollars each on the horse, the odds on him being four to one in a ten-horse race, and he was one of the outsiders.

The percentage against the player in this race was about four hundred per cent., but I did not know at the time what I was up against in the percentage end of it. Friends of mine to whom I had given one hundred dollars with which to bet, placed some of their own money, and by post time "Johnnie Weber" was two to one. It was a mile and a sixteenth race, which necessitated passing the grand stand three times, the track being three-eighths of a mile.

When the horses went to the post I told Jockey Narvez that if he would win I would give him one hundred dollars. This was more than the jockeys usually obtained for winning ten races. He assured me that he would do his very best.

The horses were off in a few moments, "Johnnie Weber" being last. Passing the grand stand the first time "Johnnie" was still last and Narvez was sitting very quiet and easy on the horse. I hollered to him "turn him loose!" I thought Curtis would have forty fits because I did so. He swore and stormed and said he was training the horse and giving the orders, and for me to keep quiet.

Turning into the back stretch the last time around Narvez commenced to move his horse up and gradually succeeded in overtaking horse after horse until, when turning into the head of the home stretch, "Johnnie Weber" was in second position and Narvez was commencing to ride with hand and whip.

A short way from the judges' stand "Johnnie Weber" was in front by two lengths, and won pulled up to a walk.

I won on this race about twenty-four hundred dollars, of which I gave the jockey one hundred dollars and the trainer four hundred dollars.

"Johnnie Weber" looked to me to be the grandest horse in the world. He had carried my colors to victory at the first asking, and I would not have traded him for the greatest race horse on the American turf.

This one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar horse won for me in all about ten races, and I finally sold him for five hundred dollars.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SOME RACE-TRACK EXPERIENCES— TRICKS OF THE GAME.

After returning from a trip abroad in 1903 I went to the Delmar race track, St. Louis, to book. I was broke at the time, and securing a bank roll from three or four friends, quickly lost it.

I then went to an old-time gambler and explained the situation to him. I told him that Cella, Adler and Tillis, through the manipulation of their books, were plundering the public, and that I thought I could beat them if I had money enough with which to operate. This gambler furnished me with a bank roll of fifteen thousand dollars, and I went to the track and commenced to manipulate and fix things among the jockeys and owners, and open a book.

The Cella combination had one individual booking for them by the name of Mark Moore, who, in his own estimation, was the wisest bookmaker at the track. After I was sure of my ground and knew that I would not be double-crossed, I laid for Mark Moore particularly.

The Cella crowd would get all the men booking for them together about eleven o'clock in the morning, after they had fixed up one or two races for the day, and make the prices that they were to give the public for the afternoon. I had succeeded in buying

the help of one of the employees of the Cella combination. This man furnished me with the Cella prices. Mark Moore, being the leading bookmaker for them, endeavored to induce me to bet against horses that they had fixed to win.

Two notable instances were the "Old Stone-Forehand" race and the "Tabby Tosa-Little Scout" race. The "Old Stone-Forehand" race was fixed by the Cella combination for "Forehand" to win, and in their morning prices they had laid seven to ten against "Forehand." I proceeded to undo their scheme and arranged for "Old Stone" to win.

Mark Moore came to my stand and asked what price I would lay against "Forehand," and I said six to five. Moore said he would bet me twenty-five hundred dollars. I accepted the bet, and had my ticket writer prepare a ticket calling for three thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars.

Moore asked me if I wanted to take any more at that price, and I said yes. He skirmished around and induced two other bookmakers of the Cella combination to bet me five hundred dollars each at that price, expecting, of course, to lay this money off to the public at seven to ten on "Forehand," thereby scalping the market and plundering the public at the same time.

When the betting on the race commenced the prices were put up by the Cella combination at seven to ten, and I immediately met them by offering the more favorable odds of six to five, and took in ten

thousand dollars on this one race, preventing the Cella combination from laying off any of the money they had bet with me.

The horses were soon at the post and off, "Forehand" being last, unfortunately for the Cella combination. "Old Stone" got away in front and won by a head in a hard drive, which feature prevented suspicion by the Cella combination that their trick had been turned.

Jockey Sheehan, who rode "Forehand," did not do any business with me. He rode his best and had nothing to do with the crooked end of the deal. I, myself, in addition to taking money from the Cella combination and the public, bet one thousand dollars on "Old Stone" at fifteen to one, most of my money being bet by young Grover Baker, who at that time was a mere slip of a boy.

It was really laughable to see the expression on the faces of Cella, Adler and Tillis, Mark Moore and the other members of the combination. They said I was very lucky, and, of course, I admitted that I was. They did not know I had overplayed them. They had taken the extra precaution of putting two men at work in my book to see that I did not cheat them, and I must say, in fairness to these men, that they thought I was lucky and did not know that I had an ace in the hole buried a little deeper than their employers could see.

I gave the Cella combination two or three days to cool off before commencing operations again heav-

ily, when the "Taby Tosa-Little Scout" race came up. "Little Scout" belonged to Bennett of Memphis, and was considered one of the best mud runners in the country. "Taby Tosa," a gray horse that had shown very good form on a dry track, could not run in the mud. This was a well known fact. The Cella gang had fixed the race so that "Little Scout" was to win.

W. W. Finn had a horse by the name of "Flint-rock" entered in the same race, and he sold this horse to the Hughes Brothers the morning of the race. He was in on the "frame-up" made by the Cella combination, and he wanted to raise money to bet on "Little Scout."

The night before the contest I had a conference with a few interested in it at the Montecello Hotel, St. Louis, where I was stopping. They agreed with me to double-cross the Cella combination again, and to make "Taby Tosa" win.

Going to the track as usual about noon I found Mark Moore laying to get even with me. He asked me the price I was laying on "Little Scout." I told him seven to ten, the Cella combination's price being one to three, as it was only a four-horse race. Mark Moore bet me five thousand dollars against thirty-five hundred dollars. I took the bet and asked him it he would take five hundred dollars on "Taby Tosa." He was laying at the time seven to one against "Taby Tosa." He said, "Why sure. 'Taby Tosa' can't run a lick in the mud." I said, "All right,

Mark, I will bet you five hundred dollars more on 'Taby Tosa,' " which Mark took.

When the prices were put up for the race the Cella combination opened at one to three against "Little Scout." I immediately put up seven to ten.

The very first fish I hooked was W. W. Finn for a thousand dollars on "Little Scout," and all the other wise ones connected with the Cella combination quickly walked into my trap and left their money. The horses were off, and "Little Scout" away in the rear. "Taby Tosa" in front. Rounding into the stretch "Taby Tosa" was in front by probably five lengths, "Little Scout" was second. The Cella combination were all laughing at me, thinking they had hooked me and that "Little Scout" would win easily, as he was a great stretch runner in the mud. I, of course, was shouting and gleeful on account of "Taby Tosa" in front, not wanting to appear as though I knew what the finish would be.

"Little Scout" gained a little on "Taby Tosa," but "Taby" won the race. "Little Scout" was whipped unmercifully by Jockey Sheehan, horse and boy both doing their best on this occasion.

The Cella crowd was like the center of a volcano. Mark Moore was in bad, and so were all of the smart ones. Nearly all the members of the combination thought it was another case of Brolaski luck, but big Louis Cella wouldn't stand for the luck story. Walking past my book, he went over to Mark Moore and bawled him out, saying, "You are smart, aren't



you? You were going to hook Brolaski. Well, from now on don't you try to hook Brolaski with my money. You think Brolaski is lucky, but Brolaski will hook you ninety-nine times where you will hook him once. I know that it was not luck in the two cases that you have tried to hook him. He has an ace in the hole some place, and hereafter let him alone."

Cella, Adler and Tillis held another pow-wow and notified me not to book any more; that while some of them thought I was lucky, Cella himself didn't want my game.

#### AT NEW ORLEANS.

Finding myself broke one Saturday evening at New Orleans, and room rent due, I commenced to figure how to get some "easy money," and made up my mind to go to the Suburban race track. I went there on Sunday morning about ten o'clock, with plenty of confidence, a little piece of chalk and my check book in my pocket, with a balance in the bank of thirty cents. Sunday races were run on that track at that time.

Arriving at the track I hunted up a jockey friend, told him my condition, and asked if he was going to ride any horses that day. He said, "Yes, I think I will ride about three favorites."

I immediately made arrangements with him to split the sheet which meant that I would give him half the money I would take in on the horses that he rode, if he would pull them so as not to let them win. My jockey friend agreed to do so.

When the time came to draw in to make book I put my name down on the application slip and drew stand No. 1. When the association's secretary came around for the booking privilege I made out a check for one hundred and twenty dollars; one hundred dollars was for the booking privilege of the day, for five races, and the twenty dollars I requested the secretary to hand me in small change.

I opened up my book on the first race, in which my jockey friend did not ride, and went along rather slowly, losing to the race one hundred and sixty dollars.

Not having any money, you will wonder how I paid off my loss. I immediately put up my prices for the second race, in which my jockey friend was to ride a horse that was four to five. I quickly posted odds of eight to five, thus doubling the odds in favor of the public.

The first man to bet with me was Big Chief, Archie Zimmer, who placed fifty dollars at eight to five with me, and whispered to me confidentially that I had better cut the price as there was going to be a lot of "wise money" bet. I thanked him and cut to seven to five. Then he bet me fifty dollars more, as the other books were only laying even money.

When Zimmer left the betting ring to go to the paddock I put up two to one. In the meantime, my cashier was paying my losses on the first race out of the money I was taking in on the next race. When

I went to two to one some of the other books followed.

At post time I was laying five to one to win, two to one to place, and even money third. Big Archie Zimmer came into the ring and hollered his head off saying he was on a "dead one" and that I knew it. I said: "No, Archie, I am a millionaire and want to give my money away. Purely a gamble with me."

But with that I did not give Archie back his money.

Needless to say, after the race was run, the horse that I laid against, which my jockey friend rode, did not finish even third. I won about nine hundred dollars on the race.

In the third race my jockey friend rode the favorite, and I won about one thousand dollars. In the fourth race he rode the favorite, a one to two shot. I opened him at even money, and hooked all of the wise players before they knew that they were betting on a "dead one."

As he was going to the post in this race the judges called my jockey friend to the judges' stand and told him they wanted him to win the race. He said: "I can't." They asked, "Why can't you?" He answered: "I have made different arrangements with Brolaski."

As there were no other boys to take his place, the judges smiled and let the race go.

My jockey friend's share of that Sunday's work was about fifteen hundred dollars—all taken from

the public in one afternoon. Yet this same jockey died in December, 1909, in the County Hospital of Los Angeles, a pauper. His death was due to delirium tremens.

#### KINLOCH JOCKEY CLUB, ST. LOUIS.

About January, 1903, Joseph A. Murphy, who had been judge at the St. Louis Fair Grounds race track, and had refused to make some rulings that the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination desired him to make, came to Chicago and asked me if I would advance the money to open up the Kinloch Jockey Club, which he proposed to run in opposition to the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination in the spring of 1903.

I advanced Murphy fifteen thousand dollars. He went to St. Louis and opened the Kinloch Jockey Club race track, and ran for thirty days in opposition to the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination and made money in the fight.

My object in staking Murphy at the time was that I desired to even up old scores with the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination.

Joseph D. Lucas and Phil Chew, some time after this, returned to me the amount of money which I had advanced.

I do not know whether the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination ever realized who was really the financial backer of the Kinloch Jockey Club.

#### THE "DR. MATTHEWS" RACE.

Young Grover Baker is considered by many as one of the wisest fish that swim in the foul pool pre-

sided over by George Rose, the notorious book-maker, but once at least he failed to succeed in his attempt to rob the public.

At the Santa Anita track, Los Angeles, Baker was doing business with George Rose, and Rose had been taking money from bettors on a horse named "Dr. Matthews," which horse Baker had "pulled" in several races in order to be able to obtain a price when the time came for "Dr. Matthews" to be permitted to run. Rose knowing that "Dr. Matthews" was to be "pulled" by Baker to lose, was simply stealing money from those who bet on the horse.

Finally the day arrived when Baker concluded to let "Dr. Matthews" win a race. I had always been very friendly with Baker, and now he tried to avail himself of my friendship to promote his plans in this race.

Baker wired Ed. Alvey, then in the East, early in the morning that he would let "Dr. Matthews" win and to bet all he could on him. This telegram was in cipher. I had a copy of Baker's cipher, of which fact he was not aware. I scraped together all the money I could, which was not much, for I was virtually down and out when this information reached me.

I went to the race track unusually early that morning, and going to Baker asked him what he was going to do in the "Dr. Matthews" race. He confidentially seized me by the lapel of the coat, took me off to one side and said: "Harry, you are my friend.

I don't want to see you get in bad. If you will keep your mouth shut I will let you handle some money for me in the 'Dr. Matthews' race today," which I agreed to do. He gave me three hundred dollars, telling me to bet two hundred dollars of it, ten and twenty dollars at a time, on a mare that Early Wright had in the race, saying that he was not going to turn "Dr. Matthews" loose that day, and that he would give me another hundred dollars to lay against his horse for third, providing I could get some bookmaker to lay the money off for me.

I asked him the second time if such was his real intention for the day, and he said he positively would not cut "Dr. Matthews" loose until the following week, which I knew was a lie.

He then told me that as soon as the prices were up in this particular race to make my first bet with George Rose of twenty dollars to win on Early Wright's mare, which, as he said, was to be the cue for Rose to take all the money on "Dr. Matthews" and to bet his own money on Early Wright's mare.

This is what Baker assured me; but in fact his understanding with Rose was that when I bet Rose twenty dollars on the mare of Early Wright it meant for Rose to send his outside men to bet on "Dr. Matthews." Almost everyone at the race track knew that Baker and I were very friendly and they would believe that if I were betting on another horse then there would be nothing doing with "Dr. Matthews."

With Baker's three hundred dollars and two hundred of my own, I hunted up Abe Clopton, who was racing a string of horses, and gave him my money and also two hundred dollars that Baker had given me to bet on Early Wright's mare, and told him that the minute the prices went up on "Dr. Matthews" to slip around the ring and commence betting on him with everybody but Rose, and to bet it all straight, meaning to win, and as swiftly as he could with the different bookmakers.

When the prices were put up I, pretending to follow Baker's instructions, rushed from the paddock, after talking with Baker, with a stream of people following me to see on which horse I bet. I passed George Rose's book, went to the other end of the betting ring and attempted to bet one hundred dollars on Early Wright's mare with a bookmaker whom I knew would not accept the money. I made three pretended attempts to bet on this mare in a hurry-up manner, which was noticed by certain bettors and resulted in changing the price on her from three to one to two to one, and without betting a dollar, but it was sufficient to satisfy Baker, I had followed his instructions.

I then slipped around the betting ring, and, with the assistance of Clopton, bet all the money I had, five hundred dollars, three hundred of which Baker had given me, on "Dr. Matthews." I did not go near Rose at all.

I then went out into the paddock and told Baker that I had laid against "Dr. Matthews" for him, and had bet his money on Early Wright's mare.

After Baker had saddled "Dr. Matthews" and gone into the betting ring, I noticed the odds on the horse were quickly cut from ten to one to four to one. Going over to Rose's stand I asked him if he had bet. Rose, of course, said he had not, as he hadn't received the word or cue from Baker. Then there was a hot "confab" between the two fixers.

The horses were off. "Dr. Matthews" won the race. Clopton and I divided between us five thousand dollars, mostly Baker's money. Ed Alvey received four to one for the money he had placed on Baker's wire, which he bet in hand-books and pool-rooms. Baker received the double-cross for being too wise for once in his life and attempting to misuse a friend.

#### "KING BARLEYCORN."

I purchased "King Barleycorn," an old, sour dispositioned brute, at Harlem Race Track, in the fall of 1902, paying one hundred and seventy-five dollars for him, and turned him over to "Red" Walker to train, after shipping him to New Orleans. I gave Walker instructions to get the horse in first-class condition, to pull him several times so as to obtain a price against him, and then to cut loose for the money when he was absolutely sure of the horse's condition.

In the winter of 1902-1903, while I was operating in Chicago, Walker wired me that "King Barley-



corn" was entered in a certain race. was "fit" and to never stop betting. I took his advice and bet on "King Barleycorn" in all the hand-books and pool-rooms of Chicago and at the New Orleans race track, winning over sixty thousand dollars on the race.

#### JOCKEY JOHNNIE MOONEY.

In the good old days of sure-thing racing on the electric-light night tracks at St. Louis, one of the star jockeys was Johnnie Mooney. Johnnie certainly was a wonderful equestrian. He had a particular way of herding and influencing the other boys by persuasion, intimidation or bribing.

One of the most interesting incidents of my experience on race tracks was Johnnie's "locking" of Jockey "Red" Walker, who later became quite famous as an owner and trainer of horses. Johnnie and Walker were riding at the East St. Louis Race Track one winter, when horses were being run on ice and in snow. Walker was to ride a horse named "Cerberus." Johnnie's mount was an outsider in the betting, a twelve-to-one shot. Johnnie was broke at the time. He hunted me up the night before the day this particular race was to be run and unfolded to me a plan whereby he and I could make some sure money, telling me that Red Walker was going to ride the favorite in the race, and if I would lay against Walker's mount he would "lock" him and make a sure thing of it for us. I had done several little jobs with Johnnie and al-

ways found him on the square ; so took his word for it, and the next day had a bookmaker friend lay quite a good deal of money against "Cerberus."

When they were off Johnnie paid no attention to any other horse in the race but Walker's mount. By good jockeyship and smartness, Johnnie immediately rushed his horse to the side of Walker's mount, but did not interfere with him in any manner, only assuming a contending position, riding side by side with Walker's mount until they hit the head of the stretch, when Johnnie bore in a little bit, just enough to lock Walker's leg with his, but not enough to interfere with Walker's mount as to bumping. He held Walker in this position until two or three other horses in the race had quite a lead. When Johnnie saw that Walker's horse could not make up the lost ground, he opened up the lock and let him through, but it was too late. The race was virtually over and Walker's mount finished third.

Walker complained to the judges because of Johnnie's interference, and the latter was fined twenty-five dollars by the judges. But what did Mooney care? He and I divided eighteen hundred dollars on Walker's defeat.

Thus the public was cheated, and so was Walker ; for he had bet his money on his own mount.

A few years after this, when Mooney had become too heavy to ride, he and I were hustling around St. Louis Fair Grounds together, and we induced a fel-

low to make quite a bet on a mare named "Mamie G," belonging to Caesar Young, whom Nan Patterson was accused of killing. The running of this race meant a good deal to Mooney and me, and we landed the bet.

Our friend, after winning the bet, turned to Mooney and said: "Why didn't you let me bet all the money straight?" We had made him bet five hundred dollars for place at two to one, and five hundred dollars straight at six to one. Mooney, being sharp as a tack, quickly said: "I am sorry, but give me that place ticket," which the fellow did. Mooney put it in his pocket. I had the ticket that called for three thousand dollars to five hundred dollars cashed and received fifteen hundred dollars for our part. Mooney in the meantime took the place ticket and had it cashed, receiving fifteen hundred dollars, which gave us fifteen hundred dollars each for our afternoon's work.

There was only one bad feature to the transaction,—poor Johnnie Mooney couldn't eat for several days. Every time he touched a bite he would think of the poor victim and the place bet and almost choke with laughter.

#### "MINNIE ADAMS—TARTAN" RACE.

Fred Cook was touting, skinning suckers and hustling around race tracks with George Dahlman, alias "Squeeze," and Ed Morris, the man who initiated me into the mysteries of the racing game,

Cook later became very active and very prominent as a race-horse owner, having in his stables some of the best horses in America in his day, among them being a mare named "Minnie Adams."

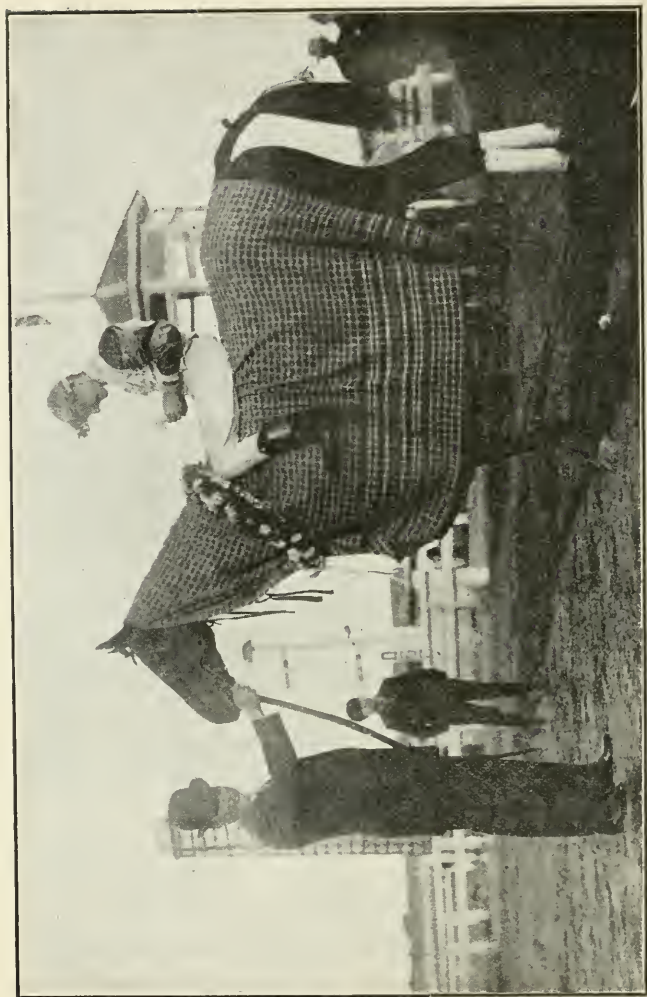
One of the keenest pleasures of my experience as a race-horse owner was in beating this mare with my grand horse "Tartan."

Cook and I were booking at the Latonia Race Track, but we had not been on friendly terms on account of him becoming lofty in manner and haughty when he had money. On the day in question "Minnie Adams'" price was one to three and "Tartan's" five to one. There is no question that "Minnie Adams" was the better racing animal of the two.

Cook thought that he would win easily with his mare. I was sailing along with a very light bank roll at the time, but made up my mind to take one grand chance in this race.

My trainer, Johnnie Powers, had engaged Jockey Austin to ride "Tartan." Jockey Aubushan was to have the mount on "Minnie Adams."

I confided to Powers that I intended to bet my bank roll on "Tartan," and Powers, being an extraordinarily conservative individual, told me that I had better bet my money for place. But, wanting the extreme satisfaction of beating Cook, and at the same time wanting to win the money, I told him I intended to bet it all straight.



"Tartan" and Trainer, John Powers, After Winning Stake Race at Ascot Park, Los Angeles.

The odds were put up on the slates. I laid one to two on "Minnie Adams." Little Pesch bet me one thousand to five hundred dollars and Fred Cook bet me fifteen hundred dollars to seven hundred and fifty dollars on "Minnie Adams" to win. I bet six hundred dollars on "Tartan" at five to one.

As they were saddling the horses to go to the post I went into the paddock and told my jockey that the flour barrel was empty and no provisions were in the house, and that I would be broke unless he brought home the bacon. I promised him two hundred dollars if he won the race. He said he would ride his best.

After my trainer had given orders to the jockey as to how "Tartan" was to be ridden, we went over to the paddock gate to watch the race.

When the horses had paraded past the grand stand and gone to the starting place they were soon off, with "Minnie Adams" in front and "Tartan" last. Around the back stretch "Tartan" had raced into second position, but about eight lengths behind "Minnie Adams." Turning into the home stretch "Minnie" was still sailing along six lengths in front, with her jockey sitting on her with all the confidence in the world that she would win.

Jockey Austin began to ride "Tartan" with whip and spur, and my horse was gradually closing up on the mare. But I had given up hope of winning.

When they passed the paddock gate, less than four hundred feet from the finish, "Minnie Adams"

was in front by a length and a half and her jockey sitting still in the saddle, thinking that he would win easily. Jockey Austin was now riding "Tartan" like a demon, using whip and spur. "Tartan" responded gamely and gradually reached the side of "Minnie Adams." At the last jump Jockey Austin virtually threw "Tartan" under the wire first, winning by a nose, and in as terrific a drive as I ever saw on a race track.

This race cost Cook thousands of dollars and won thousands for me.

I had the extreme satisfaction of saying to Cook in a sarcastic manner: "I think you will come down off your lofty perch now and be one of us again."

#### WAITING FOR THE ODDS.

Before Issy Ham—the idea of a Jew by the name of Ham—became one of the bookmakers of the country, he and Sidney Cohn were touting around the race tracks in a small way, engaged in wresting a bare living from precarious fortune.

One evening, after losing a hard bet for a victim without making a dollar for himself, Issy was taken suddenly ill. Whether it was nervous prostration caused by losing, or appendicitis, caused by a combination of heat, watermelon and an inadequate supply of gastric juices, will remain forever unknown; but the conditions seemed to call for a doctor, and Issy, supported by Sidney, groaned his way to the Flatiron Building, New York, to interview Doctor Goldberger.



The Doctor was out, but across the hall was the office of another physician, under whose name on the door was the announcement, "one to two."

Sidney's hand was on the door handle, but Issy stopped him, and pointing to Doctor Goldberger's sign, which read, "Twelve to one," said: "We will wait for Dr. Goldberger. De odds makes it vorth while to wait. Twelve to one for mine. No vun to two odds for me."

MOSE GOLDBLATT AND MONK WAYMAN.

Mose Goldblatt, not being very successful during the summer campaign at the St. Louis race tracks, shipped his stable of horses to Atlanta to race on the half-mile track there.

Among his collection of equines was a horse which was named "Monk Wayman," a sour-tempered, sulky brute, that would only run if he happened to feel like it, but when he did feel like it, he could speed like the wind.

Mose had bet all his money, and almost risked the Goldblatt family jewels on this erratic beast during the summer, and when he reached Atlanta he was in a pitiable condition of impecuniosity.

In one of the preliminary trials one morning there were a couple of boys out on the track beating tin pans for drums. When the "Monk" heard this noise, he forgot to sulk and worked extraordinarily fast.

Goldblatt, being an observing individual, concluded that he had discovered a way to give his horse speed thrills. He entered him in a race the next day, and asked me if I could find a man to bet



on "Monk Wayman," explaining his idea and scheme to make the horse win, which was to line up a lot of stable boys and stable hands on the back stretch with old tin cans filled with stones to rattle and make a noise, old wash boilers to beat on, and a couple of cow bells. I laughed and said: "Well, Mose, we can't lose. I'll find a capitalist, and we will take a crack at it."

I went to a man by the name of McBride, who had a book at the track, and was noted as a pretty heavy operator, and told him that I could fix the race that "Monk Wayman" was in, provided he would bet five hundred dollars for Goldblatt and myself. He agreed to this. I then introduced Goldblatt to McBride and the agreement was ratified.

The next day the race came off. Goldblatt had his orchestra lined up on the back stretch. McBride bet on "Monk Wayman" with the other bookmakers but held the horse out of his own book.

The race was on, "Monk Wayman" being last as usual, and lying in last position when he hit the back stretch, and then the Goldblatt band of tin cans broke loose.

"Monk" pricked up his ears. He concluded in his horse brain that an earthquake had broken loose, and he must run away from it. In about twenty strides he went from the last position in the race to a place in front of the leader and then left the leader behind, pulling up winner about eight or ten lengths ahead, with the Goldblatt band still jingling bells and beating tin pans.

## CHAPTER XV.

### RACE-TRACK TRICKS—GETTING THE MONEY.

The amateur who bets on the races flatters himself that he is placing his money upon what appears to be a sporting chance. In reality he is placing his earnings against the tricks of the bookmakers, and his inexperience against the professional tactics of shrewd scoundrels. In most instances the amateur bets with one who knows how the race will end, who takes no chances whatever, and who robs his victim as remorselessly as if he had picked his pocket of the money.

The outsider who happens, by good luck rather than good judgment, to select the winning horse, will not have his bet refused altogether, even by the bookmaker who is one of the conspirators; for that would be to give away the fraud; but only a small bet will be received from him, while the outsider who proposes to bet upon a horse that is not slated to win can plunge to his heart's content.

Sometimes the bookmaker who believes himself to be on the inside receives the "double cross," and finds himself parted from his bank roll by one of his fellow scoundrels. But as a rule the bookies stand together to rob the general public, and do not rob one another.

The methods employed by the dishonest bookmakers to obtain money from the unsuspecting public are many. A horse can be taken from his stable at night and worked so as to unfit him for the race the next day. This may be done with or without the owner's consent or knowledge.

A horse may be "filled" up before the race so that he cannot run his best, and this may also be done with or without the owner's consent.

A jockey may "pull" his horse for the bookmaker, and the owner know nothing of it.

Another way is to put a heavy shoe on one front foot of a horse and a heavy shoe on one back foot, on the opposite side, and a light shoe on one back foot and a light shoe on one front foot, on the opposite side, causing the horse to "wobble" in his strides.

Still another way is to send a horse into a race with lead boots or lead shoes.

A horse can be left at the post or held at the post by the starter or his assistant.

A horse ridden by an expert jockey can prevent the favorite or any other one from winning by interfering with him at the start and during the race.

Horses are given stimulants. One stimulant is used to make them exert themselves and run in their very best form. Another drug is used to deaden them, to make them drowsy, so that they will not extend themselves, and so will run a poor race.

Horses are very often "hopped," that is to say, given stimulants for betting purposes. A horse of a sulky nature will run four or five bad races and the owner will then "hop" him and bet on him, and he will run a good race.

Of recent years a good many horses of sulky dispositions have been awakened by the use of an electric saddle. This saddle is similar to the ordinary one, except that under the pommel pad there is a little battery. The jockey, when he wants to turn on the current, inserts a little pin in the saddle, and in that way closes the circuit and charges the horse with electricity; just enough to awaken him and make him run his hardest, but not enough to injure him, thereby stirring the horse to his greatest possible speed. The same horse, without the use of the battery, will run a very dull race.

In the summer of 1909 a thieving bookmaker, well known on the New York and Canadian circuits, embarked in the business of hiring a broken-down jockey to burglarize, after midnight, the stable where the favorite for the next day's race was stalled. He would noiselessly bring the horse out, and on the hard macadamized road he would take a five or six-mile spin on the borrowed animal at a high rate of speed. This violent exercise would render the horse unfit for the race next day, but his condition would not be observable.

The bookmaker would take from the public all the money bet on the favorite, amounting usually

to many thousands of dollars. The jockey who did the night work, and who took the chance of being sent to the penitentiary or having his head beat off, would receive a few hundred dollars for his nefarious work, and the public—well the public would be skinned as closely as an ancient martyr.

The phenomenal success upon the American turf of a certain well known race track supporter can be attributed to his first successful crooked venture.

Several years ago this man and a jockey who was a successful quarter-horse rider, bushed the half-mile tracks with "Honest John," an old quarter horse now forgotten.

At Albuquerque "Estado" was added to his one-horse string, and at Los Vegas he pulled off a brazen swindle on the unsophisticated townsmen, with the aid of a lone bookmaker.

"Estado," a legitimate twenty-to-one shot, and a horse that had no chance at all in the race, was made a three to five shot by the owner's confederate, the bookmaker. The public, not knowing the condition of the horse, and that he was in no shape to run, and believing that he was a legitimate favorite, plunged on him.

This fellow was not then known to the public, and he offered to bet several hundred dollars that the field would beat "Estado." Numerous wagers amounting to several hundred dollars were bet by the public on the offer, and the money put in the hands of the bookmaker, who was the owner's confederate.

It is needless to say that "Estado" finished last, his owner and the bookmaker cleaning up the public.

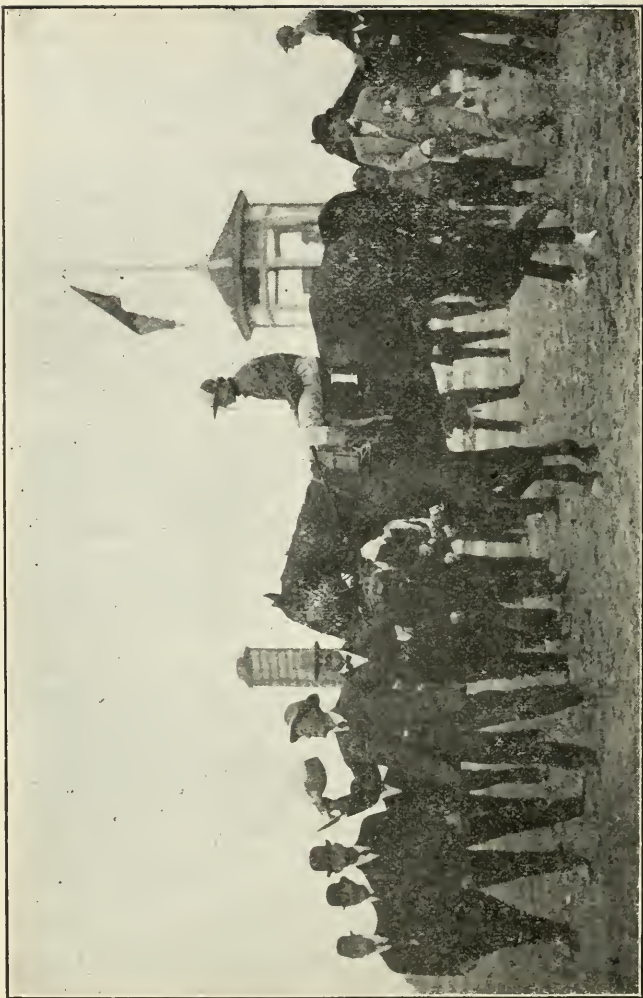
It was that same year that this race fixer became possessed of "Los Angeleno," the horse that really made him famous. This horse arrived in Denver ownerless, as his caretaker had been barred from the Denver tracks. When his owner, a colored blacksmith, arrived from "Lucky" Baldwin's Ranch, he found his horse lame, with a bill of about a hundred dollars against him.

The owner of "Estado" purchased "Los Angeleno" from the colored blacksmith for one hundred dollars cash and the promise of a payment of four hundred dollars more in installments when the horse should win. He started the horse three days later with Chief (Indian) Johnson as jockey, and won at twenty to one.

The next day a local electrician presented a bill for fifty dollars to Secretary Weaver for one dry battery ordered for the owner of "Los Angeleno." As the horse had left for Pueblo the night before, he was not identified as the man who had ordered the battery, and nothing was done.

It was afterward shown that the groom of "Los Angeleno" had ordered the battery.

While I was race track correspondent and official caller at the Kinloch race track at St. Louis, I sent away the odds for the Chicago Racing Form and the New York Telegraph; that is I took the odds



Los Angeleno.

from the betting ring to the judges and to the newspaper representatives. While I was not the direct representative of the two above mentioned papers, yet I absolutely controlled the betting prices.

In the same capacity at the same time were Eddy Noel at Windsor, Canada, and Willie Cross at Chicago.

Cross, Noel and I formed a combination to beat the hand-books. I would have some representative business man, who was willing to cheat, bet Fred Cook, Frank Carr or John Cornellus (all of whom were making hand-books at the time in St. Louis) a parley bet. I would have this party bet on one horse running at Windsor, Canada, one horse at Chicago, and one at St. Louis, so as to make things look natural. My bets would all be for the horses to run second. I would immediately wire Cross and Noel the names of the horses that I had bet on and which were running at their respective places. If the bet was first or second the prices would be raised from even money to perhaps four or five to one. If the horses would lose they would be out for the place. Of course, I would take care of the horses at my track in the same manner. When a horse was out for the place it meant that the bet didn't go; consequently I took no chance of losing my money.

We worked this deal quite a while on the hand-books and made a lot of money between the three of us and the people who placed our money for us.



In addition to this we were also doing business with the hand-bookmakers themselves on all events, excepting where we were betting them.

One case in particular: John Cornellus was making the largest hand-book in St. Louis at this time, and received a good bet from Otto Stifel, the millionaire brewer of St. Louis, on a horse named "Kitty Clyde." Cornellus sent word out to the track to me to cut the price of "Kitty Clyde," that he had received a big bet on same.

"Kitty Clyde" won, but her price should have been eight to one, three to one and three to two. I cut the price to two and one-half to one and even money, thereby cheating Otto Stifel out of five hundred and fifty dollars on each one hundred dollars that he had bet with Cornellus.

For this cheating I received five hundred dollars in this one race.

I give these facts to show the public and the hand-bookmakers what they are up against in race-track odds.

#### TWO PETES.

One of the greatest race-track scandals that was ever brought to public light was the "Little Pete Ring," operated on the race tracks around San Francisco.

Little Pete had formerly been a waiter in a restaurant and had accumulated a little money and obtained the confidence of four or five jockeys riding at San Francisco. With the use of his persuasive

powers he corrupted these boys to the extent that he framed a combination with them called the "Little Pete Ring." They framed one race each day for Little Pete.

This continued for about two years until Little Pete had accumulated one million dollars. But he did not pay the jockeys their part of it, so the matter leaked out.

Little Pete today is broke and the jockeys all stand ruled off and broke.

Pete Hamilton, known among the racing fraternity as "Blue Pete", probably because he was of a downcast disposition and sometimes very "blue", was employed at Charleston, S. C., during the race meeting there, to hang up the numbers of the winning horses. The station of the hanger is close to the wire under which the horses pass. He is supposed to await orders from the judges' stand before hanging up the numbers of the first, second and third horses which pass under the wire, but he often hung them up without awaiting orders, as he was closer to the horses than were the judges, and his opportunities of accurate observation were superior to theirs.

In my opinion Blue Pete's solemn demeanor and taciturn habits were a cover to his cheating tricks. I proposed to him on one occasion that if the finish should be close he would hang up the number of the horse on which I had bet, whether my horse won or not, and that I would divide my winnings with him.

He agreed to the proposition with cheerfulness and yet with dignity, and our scheme of honest industry was inaugurated the next day.

My horse finished second, being beaten by only a nose. But before the judges had a chance to signal Pete he put up the number of my horse as the winner, and the number of the real winner as second. The judges agreed to Pete's statement. Pete was closer to the horses than they were, and they were nice, easy-going southern gentlemen.

In five days Pete had hung up ten wrong numbers, and he and I divided many dollars. We came to grief because one of the judges had a bet on a horse that really won. Pete did not know of the interest of the judge in the race, and hung up the judge's horse as second. The result was that Pete was "fired."

"It is not honest," said Peter, "for a judge to bet on a horse and then decide for himself that his horse has won the race. It is villainous and tends to lower the standard of integrity of horse racing."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### WOMEN BETTORS.

I wonder if the fair sex ever think what they are up against in race-track betting?

The men who gamble do not want them in the betting ring. There is no law against it, but the men think that it would hurt the game; consequently our poor sisters must sit up in the grand stand like good little children and trust money they intend to wager on a contest to an official pool buyer, licensed by the racing association, or to some gentleman friend.

There is a proverb that "money handled often is bound to lose its strength and diminishes with each handling." The woman bettor has no way of knowing the odds in the betting ring, except the odds shown her by the official pool buyer, which, as a rule, are not as favorable to the bettor as the odds posted in the betting ring.

The official pool buyers pay a privilege of from five to twenty-five dollars per day to solicit and carry bets for the women in the grand stand to the betting ring. Now what do these betting agents do? As soon as the prices are posted on the bookmakers' slates in the betting ring the official grand stand pool-buying messenger, instead of writing down the prices as they are on the bookmakers' slates, which are usually strong enough, shades these prices. If

a horse is even money, the pool buyer marks it seven to ten. If a horse is two to one, the pool buyer marks it seven to five. If a horse is six to one, the pool buyer marks it four to one. The bookmakers' percentage on their slates will run from five to fifteen per cent., but the pool buyers' prices are always fifty to eighty per cent. in their favor.

A pool buyer goes up into the grand stand, shows the women bettors his prices. Say, for instance, one woman bets him one hundred dollars on a four-to-one shot, as laid by him. He writes her a ticket calling for four hundred dollars to one hundred dollars. Another woman bets him fifty dollars on a seven-to-five shot. He gives her a ticket calling for seventy dollars to fifty dollars.

If he does not care to handle this money himself he immediately goes into the betting ring and bets seventy-five dollars of the money of the woman who gave him the one hundred on the four-to-one shot, with the bookmaker at six to one, receiving a ticket calling for four hundred and fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars.

If the horse wins, or this woman wins her bet, the pool buyer wins fifty dollars without taking a chance, and if the horse loses, he wins twenty-five dollars in addition to charging the woman twenty-five cents for carrying her bet to the bookmaker.

The seven-to-five-shot, the price he laid the woman who bet him the fifty dollars, really is a two-to-one shot in the betting ring. He bets forty dol-

lars to win eighty with the bookmaker. If the woman wins her bet, he wins ten dollars, and if she loses her bet, he still wins ten dollars.

Each one of these women bettors has been cheated in the odds and this cheating is known to the race-track owners and permitted by them. They charge this pool buyer a privilege for this cheating. Consequently, it is the race-track owners who are the real cheaters of the women bettors.

Why have the women not the same right in a betting ring that a man has? They certainly would be much more orderly. They would not use profanity, nor indulge in intoxicating beverages, as do their brothers, the men gamblers, and they would prevent a good deal of rowdyism now carried on by the men.

Men are lunatics for betting on horse races, but women who do so are victims of dementia.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### PUBLIC CHOICE.

A public choice is a horse that has shown extraordinarily good form in his preliminary work, or in his previous races, and the horse that the majority of people select as the prospective winner. Such a horse is called "the favorite" in the race. The chances of beating this horse are really greater than those to beat any of the others, yet the public believes that his chances to win are better than any other horse in the race. Such is not the fact. While he may have a little bit more speed, yet the combinations against his chances of winning are great.

Every jockey riding in the race against the favorite, or public choice, is only watching one horse, and that horse is the favorite, consequently, in a race where there are six horses, five jockeys are trying their best to beat this one horse, and the chances are they will "pocket" him, interfere with him at the start and at every turn, and use every means to cross in front of him and foul him when he is about to make his run.

Again, the thieving bookmaker can take more money from the public on a favorite than on any other horse, because the public wants to bet on this one horse. Consequently, the bookmaker can afford to give the jockey, owner or trainer more money to pull or deaden a favorite than any other horse.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### JOCKEYS.

There are slaves, notwithstanding the thirteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. They are boys ranging in age from ten to eighteen years, nine-tenths of them having no education and are afforded no opportunity to secure one.

They are required to arise at half past four o'clock in the morning and to work until seven or eight at night. Their work consists in galloping, leading and working horses. After they receive three or four years of schooling as exercise boys they are then permitted to ride in races, where the chances of death are great.

There is hardly a race track in the world where there has not been from one to ten jockeys killed each year. They receive during their apprenticeship virtually nothing for their services. They are given no time for recreation, are illy fed, their faces are drawn and haggard, they do not know what the joys and pleasures of an ordinary boy are, they cannot romp and play as do the boys of freedom; they are bound out to their employer and are virtually slaves. After they become professional jockeys, about one per cent. of them are successful and accumulate some little money.

The small boys and beginners always start out honestly as a rule, but they soon fall into evil ways



under the corrupting influence of the bookmakers who fix races and require dishonest riding.

Men gamble on the ability of these children, and if by a bad ride or a mishap of some kind their bets are lost, the jockey usually receives a good whipping from the man who holds the contract on him.

#### FAMOUS JOCKEYS.

Tod Sloan was for years the premier jockey of America, and one of three brothers who were also jockeys. Tod was the most alert and quickest to perceive advantages of any jockey that ever straddled a horse. In his time he made hundreds of thousands of dollars; and until he went to Europe and ran afoul of the racing laws of that country on account of his irritable disposition, was worth a million dollars. Like most other jockeys, he has lost his money and is now broke.

Dave Nicol, who for years rode for Edward Corrigan, was the best money rider in this country for years. He was constantly in trouble with the starter; for he was looking for the best of it at the start, and took every possible advantage at the post.

J. Lee, the negro jockey, holds the world's record for winning six straight races in one day. He was one of the best whip riders in the world. J. Lee is still riding occasionally.

Jockey Notter was one of the best judges of pace and a noted hand rider. He has ridden some of the most famous horses in the country.

Charlie Koerner was, over a long distance of ground, what is called a "bear." He was a judge of



A Group of Prominent Jockeys.

pace to a nicety and understood my horse "Tartan" better than any boy that ever rode him. I never lost a bet with Koerner in the saddle—when I instructed him to win.

Jockey Rahdke was in a class by himself, but lasted only a short time on account of his disagreeable and irritable disposition. He later went to Russia with Jack Keene, but did not last there.

Fred Tarrall was rightly called the "Honest Dutchman." In my twenty-two years of race-track gambling I never heard of anything crooked in connection with Tarrall's name. He would only ride to win, and, when it came to a close finish, usually received the decision, as he never knew what it was to quit until the finish wire had been passed.

Jockeys Jerry Chorn, "Soup" Perkins and Lonny Clayton were a trio of negro jockeys of a few years past who were in a class by themselves. Jockey Tiny Williams, also a negro, was a first-class jockey but, like the other three, finally wound up broke, with his riding days over.

Tommy Burns was one of the best post riders the race track ever saw. His splendid riding made Charlie Ellison, who was the Beau Brummel of the race tracks in the Middle West for years. Tommy was a thoroughly competent rider and very popular with the public.

Monte Preston, who was suspended for one year by Judge Hamilton on account of the John Lyle-Varieties race, and who is now training race horses,

was known for his ability and nerve in going through close quarters in a big field of horses. He was a game and consistent rider.

Walter Miller was a phenomenal rider, who for two years led all American jockeys. There was no part of the game, that Miller wasn't wise to; but you never hear his name mentioned now. He is a thing of the past. An artistic rider in his day, but whose head was turned by his own popularity.

I could go back years and refer to Isaac Murphy, "Snapper" Garrison, Jimmy McCormick, McLaughlin, Patsy McDermott, and even Frank Bain. They say of Bain that he had to quit riding on account of his long legs. He was riding a favorite one time at the St. Louis Fair Grounds when his stirrup straps broke, and in straightening out his legs he dug them into the ground and tripped up the horse he was riding. Of course it was an accident and Frank told me himself in later years that he was afraid of another accident of that kind and quit riding.

Jockeys W. Shaw and W. Martin, two of the shining lights of the past in jockeydom, are never heard of these days, and are probably like the rest of the boys, merely existing.

Jockeys Musgrave and Tommy Taylor were in the employ of Phil Chinn. Tommy Taylor personally was as nice a boy and perfect a little gentleman as ever rode a horse; but Tommy had to quit the profession on account of his holding back Colonel Bob in a race at the Santa Anita race track.

Despite Tommy's efforts Colonel Bob almost won, and Tommy had a spasm, and was afraid of heart disease, so retired from the turf. Musgrave is still riding, and is a very capable jockey.

Two of our leading jockeys, W. Maher and Winnie O'Conner, left this country and went to England. There they met with phenomenal success. I believe Maher today is the best thought of jockey in the world. He fortunately saw that he could make more money honestly than in any other way, and has adhered strictly to this policy. He is now the leading jockey in England. Winnie O'Conner did not fare quite as well.

Jay Martin was developed by K. Spence, one of the shrewdest race-track trainers in the country. Jockey Martin's ability was best seen and understood in close finishes.

Jockeys Scoville, W. Walsh and A. Walsh, J. J. Walsh, Archibald, Liebert, J. McCarthy, F. Burton, D. Austin, C. Riley, R. McDaniel, Mentry, Sandy, Hildebrand, J. McIntyre and Charlie Grand were all boys of very promising ability, who were shining lights temporarily upon the turf, but faded away as did Halley's Comet, without disrupting the affairs of turfdom.

Jockey Johnny Bullman was the best rider of two-year-olds that has been before the public in the last twenty years. He could beat anybody in the world away from the post, and was the best judge of position to take in a race of any boy I have ever seen.

He was the leading jockey for a year or two, but like the rest, is only a memory of turf history.

Guy Burns was the making of an A No. 1 boy, splendid and honest jockey, but fell into the hands of a disreputable horse owner who so mistreated the boy as to dishearten and make him only a fair rider.

In recent years, Jockeys V. Powers, Schilling, Dugan, Garner and Taplin have held the front rank. Powers was a splendid rider for two years, but his honesty was questioned on several occasions by the judges, and he is now on the downward slide.

Jockey Eddie Dugan is considered the rough rider of the American turf; but he is always trying, and will be a jockey all his life, as his small frame fits him for the business.

Jockey Taplin, developed by H. G. Bidwell, was a very promising boy at one time, but has been wrongly influenced.

Jockey Garner, who is at present leading the American jockeys, has been riding for years, but is only a fairly good horseman.

Jockey Schilling is undoubtedly the best jockey ever seen in America since the days of Tod Sloan and Fred Tarrall. Schilling is in a class by himself. His disposition is the best. He is thoroughly conversant with all the tricks of the trade. He never overlooks an opportunity to get away with every advantage in a race, is an excellent judge of pace, absolutely fearless, and one of the few boys who can tell you of everything that has happened and trans-

pired in a race and of all the horses in front of him after he has dismounted. He is quick at the barrier, knows the shortest way home when the checks are down, and one of the few boys riding today who is honest with those who are honest with him.

My advice to parents, guardians or boys themselves who have the jockey bee in their bonnet, is to get somebody to kill the bee quickly.

A jockey's life is of very short duration. At the most they must work three or four years or five years as an apprentice, and then if they are successful they are given a few mounts. They become jockeys quickly if they have any ability, but the average life of the first-class jockey is limited to two years at the most, and then the toboggan slide and the downward path, and then forever after pointed out as a "has been."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### CELEBRITIES OF THE RACE TRACK.

#### "LUCKY" BALDWIN.

E. J., or, as he was familiarly named, "Lucky" Baldwin, was one of the few square racing men contributed by California to the turf magnates.

At an early day he kept a livery stable in San Francisco, and in the palmy days of the Comstock mines he acquired a fortune by fortunate speculation in buying and selling stocks. His ambition was to own a stock ranch and a racing stable; and in the spring of 1874 he proceeded to gratify it.

While en route to the Gold Mountain mine in San Bernardino county he was driven through the Rancho Santa Anita. Its scenic beauty delighted him, its possibilities of development enthused him.

"Say," he remarked; "this certainly looks like home to me. This is where I'm a-goin' to live."

He meant it. Inquiry showed the owners of the ranch to be Cohn and Newmark, purchasers from the original grantee, an American named Dalton. Cohn and Newmark were at the time overloaded with properties and the purchase of the Rancho Santa Anita seemed an easy matter.

In his usual direct manner Baldwin called upon Cohn and offered him \$150,000 cash. Cohn hemmed and hawed and asked for \$175,000.



Baldwin was not a man to haggle. He walked out of the office, but he could not dismiss the rancho from his mind. When he wanted a thing he wanted it so badly that he usually got it and was never content until he had exhausted every resource. So, after a few days he decided to pay Cohn his price. He sought the owner and said, without preliminary conversation:

"I'll take the property at your figure."

Cohn smiled a complacent smile and rubbed his hands.

"My figure," he remarked blandly, "is \$200,000."

Again Baldwin walked away, furious this time. He decided to give up all thought of the Rancho Santa Anita. But he could not. The more he decided to give it up, the more he knew that he must own this property at any cost.

So he burned his bridge behind him by giving his attorney the following instructions: "Get the Rancho Santa Anita at any price."

The lawyer went to see Cohn. The latter smiled even more blandly than before, and mentioned \$225,000.

"Done," said Baldwin's agent, poking a certified check for \$50,000 at the astonished owner. "You won't get another chance to raise me."

Thus "Lucky" Baldwin acquired the Santa Anita ranch. It then contained about 8500 acres, almost entirely improved. He made it a paradise during his tenure. Also he had his revenge. Twelve years

after he bought it from Cohn and Newmark, Baldwin was approached by Newmark with a request to sell back twenty acres. He refused at the time, but later sought out Newmark and said that he had reconsidered his decision.

"I'll sell you 100 acres at the rate at which I refused to sell you twenty," said Baldwin.

"What rate is that?" asked Newmark.

"Two thousand dollars an acre," replied Baldwin. Newmark threw up his hands.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Why, at that rate I would pay you back for 100 acres what you paid me for 8500."

"Exactly," agreed Baldwin, "and you'll make money at that." Newmark did not buy.

Soon after he acquired the Rancho Santa Anita, Baldwin purchased adjoining property amounting, with his original purchase, to 50,000 acres; so that he had an eighteen-mile drive from one end to the other of his possessions. The land was mostly splendidly fertile and Baldwin developed its agricultural possibilities until he was in receipt of a princely income therefrom.

Three years later, in 1877, Baldwin began the purchase of blooded stallions and mares; and in a few years he owned the largest and finest racing stable in America. He scoured the world for the best trainers and jockeys, and paid the jockeys as high as \$10,000 a year, and the trainers as high as \$8000 a year. He won many noted races.

As he grew older he became stingy and employed cheaper men, who played havoc with his stud and caused him serious losses; for he was a plunger by instinct and habit and would back his own horses for any amount that he could get placed on them.

He had several lawsuits with women who claimed to be his common-law wives, and their offspring are now engaged in a dispute over his estate.

He died in April, 1909, leaving property valued at twenty million dollars.

The entanglements of "Lucky" Baldwin with women is at this writing being evidenced by the trial in the Superior Court of Los Angeles, of a proceeding instituted to break his will. The suit was instituted and is being tried in behalf of Beatrice Anita Baldwin, the daughter of Mrs. Lillian Ashley Turnbull.

The contest is based on the allegation that Beatrice, who is a minor, is the daughter of "Lucky" Baldwin, and the offspring of a common-law marriage between him and the mother of the child. Eminent counsel are employed on both sides, the contest waxes warm, the millions at stake lend enthusiasm and ardor to the proceeding, and skeletons from the closet of "Lucky" Baldwin are being brought forth and rattled in public view.

When Mr. Baldwin was alive he successfully defeated an action instituted by the mother of the child in whose behalf the present litigation was instituted. Were he living at this time his indomita-

ble will and energy would doubtless weigh heavily against the contestant. He never surrendered to money demands made by men or women, if he thought they were unjust.

#### THOMAS H. WILLIAMS.

Thomas H. Williams, familiarly known as "Tom" Williams, has for years been the predominant figure in race-horse circles on the Pacific Coast. He has at all times controlled and practically owned the Emeryville, Tanforan and Ingle-side race tracks, located in the vicinity of San Francisco. Williams is the president and also controls the Pacific Jockey Club. With this position he is in undisputed power over the racing situation in California and other Pacific Coast States.

As president of the Pacific Jockey Club he is able to dictate dates for holding racing meetings at any point on the Pacific Coast, and with this power he has throttled and practically suppressed racing at the Santa Anita track, Los Angeles.

Williams had money with which to start his career as an owner of horses and race tracks, and an all-around gambler.

The fight to suppress racing in California has been a heated and long contested one. Williams and the political machine of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company made a combination that was invincible until the session of the legislature of California held in 1909.

In the election preceding that session of the legislature, an issue was squarely made in the election of members as to whether they would vote for or against a bill prohibiting betting on horse races in California. The people were aroused to the nefarious condition in the State created by the operation of race tracks in the vicinity of Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The combination between Williams and the Southern Pacific Railroad political machine was overcome, and a bill prohibiting betting on horse races in California was enacted by the legislature and promptly signed by Governor Gillette.

In this memorable fight by the people of the State in behalf of this bill special credit should be given to Mr. Arthur Letts, president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Los Angeles, and to the Los Angeles Express, which was practically the only paper in the State that fearlessly and enthusiastically denounced race-horse gambling, race-track owners and their evil influence.

Williams has at all times been a combination actor in horse-race matters. He has owned a race track, owned horses which were run on that track, ridden by jockeys under contract with him, and at the same time was interested in books which were taking bets on the races. What chance had the betting public?

Williams is a big bettor and a good loser. He is staunch to his friends, and a man of great energy and determination.

## AUGUST BELMONT.

A prominent and spectacular figure in the race-track world is August Belmont, the New York millionaire. He and James R. Keene were the wealth and brains against the long contest by the people of New York to suppress gambling on horse races in that State.

Mr. Belmont's stable of horses has been known throughout the world. He has owned some of the best. He has been interested in race-tracks, but not in bookmaking. He has been a splendid, genuine and gentlemanly sport, who loves the beautiful horse, and thrives on the excitement of the race-track.

At this writing the charges of bribery against certain members of the New York legislature are under investigation, and Mr. Belmont and other millionaires have been called to testify as to the expenditure of money by them and others supposed to be associated with them, for the purpose of defeating the recent statute enacted in New York prohibiting betting on horse races; a piece of legislation pressed to success by the valiant fight of Ex-Governor Hughes.

Betting on horse races in New York is now practically suppressed, and Mr. Belmont, Mr. Keene and other millionaire owners of race horses will have to seek foreign territory in which to indulge their pleasure in such lines.

## S. C. HILDRETH.

If an honest man is the noblest work of God, an honest race-horse owner is the scarcest. An honest owner loves his horse. You could not bribe him to unduly or inadequately exercise the animal, or over-feed or under-feed him, or to neglect him, or to dope him, if you offered him all the money of all the bookmakers on earth.

Sam Hildreth is such a man. He has probably trained and owned more winners than any other man on the American turf. He was the owner of "Fitzherbert," "Rapid Water," "Uncle" and other famous horses. He always trained and ran his horses to win. He loves to give the people who bet on them a chance for their money. The crooked bookmakers fear him as a skulking "yallar" dog fears a brindle bull terrier; for all know that his horses will be run to win.

Mr. Hildreth is not a tin horn sport. He is a square business man. He is a gambler who never loses his nerve. He is always willing to take an equal chance, and he never did a crooked thing in all his life. Were there more men of the type of Hildreth racing would be in better standing than it is today.

Mr. Hildreth was at one time the trainer for "Lucky" Baldwin.

## BARNEY SCHREIBER.

Barney Schreiber is one of the most spectacular characters in the race-horse business in the world.

Less than twenty years ago Barney was a porter in Samuel C. Davis' dry goods store at St. Louis. He later became a twenty-five and fifty-cent bettor in Pool Alley. He accumulated a little money and then went to booking on the big race tracks, and met with phenomenal success, and soon branched out as a race-horse owner.

Schreiber has owned as many good race horses as any other man on the turf. Among them was the mous "Jack Atkin." He also owned the great suburban winner, "Nealon," and the great sire "Sain."

Schreiber has owned more interests in the various race tracks throughout the United States than any other man in America, except John Condon.

The most notable feature about Barney is his ability to make book without any cash in the cashier's department. I have known him to book for days on the public's money and stand off the winning bettors from day to day, until he finally succeeded in making a winning, when he would always settle up. His credit on the turf is the best.

The present adverse laws to racing will necessarily force Schreiber to sell his Bridgeton Stock Farm and ship his horses to France or some other foreign country.

#### JOHNNIE POWERS.

Johnnie Powers is one of the foremost trainers of race horses in the world. He is a man who understands thoroughly the formation of a horse and everything pertaining to his welfare, care and train-



ing. At present he is training the great "Jack Atkin," and is the best man on the turf with a crippled horse.

Johnnie has trained for Corrigan, the most exacting owner on a race track. He has trained for the large and small stables and treated them all alike.

Powers was my trainer for several seasons. He absolutely refused to participate in cheating in any form.

Among the horses Powers trained for me were "Tartan," "Inglethrift," "Fred Hornbeck" and "Judge Nelson," all well known to patrons of the turf.

While Powers was my trainer I have had horses pulled, but wholly without his knowledge. I sincerely trust that whatever suspicion my acts may have caused to be cast on Johnnie will be removed by the sincere declaration that he refused always to be a party to a fixed race. I want to put him before the public in his proper and true light, as one of the few honest race-horse trainers in the world.

#### "PITTSBURG PHIL" SMITH.

"Pittsburg Phil" Smith was the most phenomenal man that ever operated on race tracks. Starting without any money, "Pittsburg Phil," by close attention and hard work, accumulated a little money in the pool-rooms of Chicago, and then went on the track as an outside gambler.

Through his knowledge of horses, and knowing the thieving operations of bookmakers, horse own-

ers and jockeys, he would take advantage of them and usually beat the thieves to the prize. He would never make a bet until the horses had left the paddock to go to the post, and would frequently bet on two horses in one race.

It was his individuality and his knowlegde of what was transpiring among the crooked jockeys, bookmakers and owners that enabled "Pittsburg Phil" to accumulate three or four million dollars.

He was a man greatly feared by the bookmakers and pool-room proprietors, and probably the only one that ever bested the game continually and died a wealthy man.

#### ED. CORRIGAN.

Ed. Corrigan was at one time the largest race-track proprietor and race-horse owner in the Middle West. He owned the Hawthorne Race Track at Chicago, and a few years ago was a millionaire, but is today racing a small stable of horses for a mere existence.

Corrigan was one of the characters of the turf. He always wanted to win. He was very loyal to his friends and bitter toward his enemies. He gave the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination the greatest fight of their lives, and he was the only man owning race-track interests in the Middle West that had nerve enough to fight John Condon.

Corrigan has developed some of the best jockeys and best horses of any owner in America. One thing that I must say in favor of Corrigan is, that he

would never make book and race horses. While he was a plunger, he was a plunger who did not look for the best of it continually, but would never overlook an opportunity to break at least even in his betting operations.

Corrigan began his racing career at Kansas City. He is absolutely fearless and has had many personal encounters. He abused a reporter on the Kansas City Times many years ago, when Doctor Mumford was its editor. The Times assailed Corrigan in its columns vehemently. Mumford was known to be fearless and dead game. Physically he was weak and hence was always armed. Corrigan and Mumford met in the Long building, corner of Main and Missouri avenue, coming face to face suddenly Mumford drew his pistol, but Corrigan quickly knocked him down, grabbed the pistol, and holding Mumford down, said: "You see I can kill you and ought to." Then, after hesitating, let Mumford up, handed him his pistol, and coolly turned and walked away.

#### PHIL. T. CHINN.

Phil. T. Chinn is the son of the illustrious Jack Chinn of Kentucky. Phil was raised on a race track. His father was one of the old-day starters, and Phil became a race-horse trainer as soon as he was old enough to understand what a race track was.

When Colonel Chinn retired from the activities of the turf, Phil took up the management and training of the Chinn horses.

He has just recently been ruled off the turf in Canada for supposed crooked work.

Chinn is known as a genial, jolly good fellow, and is liberal to a fault with his money. He has developed some first-class jockeys in his day. He is like ninety per cent. of the present-day horsemen, and almost compelled to be that way to make both ends meet, and is always looking for the best of it.

TIM SULLIVAN.

Big Tim Sullivan is one of the best-hearted men that ever lived. He has owned race tracks and race horses and never knowingly took advantage of any one. He found the race-horse game too crooked for him and retired, after losing an enormous sum of money as a race-horse owner.

Sullivan has, perhaps, helped and befriended more broken down race-horse owners, trainers, bookmakers and jockeys than all of the other race-track proprietors put together.

GEORGE C. BENNETT.

George C. Bennett, of Memphis, made his money as a bookmaker, pool-room proprietor, race-track owner and by racing a stable of horses.

Bennett was one of the largest owners in the New Orleans Crescent City Jockey Club; also in the Montgomery Race Track at Memphis, and had as high as five different bookmakers operating for him at one time. He is a man who is cool and calculating and has never been a plunger, but a conservative percentage bookmaker and very careful in his operations.

I never heard Mr. Bennett's name connected with anything crooked on the turf. He has retired from the race-horse game and is devoting his late years to the real-estate business in Memphis.

W. E. APPLGATE.

Colonel W. E. Applegate is one of the old-school bookmakers and race-horse owners who are gradually disappearing from the turf because of the gambling and corrupt methods of the present-day bookmaker.

In his day the Colonel has owned some very fast horses and has booked on every race track in America, in addition to owning interests in pool-rooms throughout the country.

JAMES R. KEENE.

James R. Keene, the multi-millionaire stock broker of New York, and race-track proprietor, has for years been a prominent race-horse owner in America and England. Mr. Keene's horses for years have been the feature of the eastern tracks. He has always had the very best, and holds the world's record for winning the largest sum ever won by one individual owner in one season—the season of 1908 when his horses won the enormous amount of \$379,000.

Keene has fought for the interests of race-track owners, and was probably the bitterest foe that Governor Hughes had to contend with in the latter's efforts to prohibit race-track gambling in the State of New York.

Mr. Keene, as all race-track proprietors, absolutely knows of the thieving methods of book-makers, some horse owners and jockeys, and the crooked work carried on by them.

He is a great lover of the sport, and also the almighty dollar. He will not give up the latter for the former.

#### LOUIS A. CELLA.

Louis A. Cella, of St. Louis, was the nominal head of the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination. Because of his wars against Ed. Corrigan, his corrupt way of racing horses, making book and operating race tracks, he has had more to do with the disreputable methods of race tracks than any other man.

Cella has played the dual role of owner, book-maker and race-track proprietor at one time. What chance has the poor public against such a combination?

#### TOMMY GRIFFIN.

Tommie Griffin is known as "The Man with the Halter." A shrewd judge of horseflesh he has, through the claiming process or running up other people's horses in selling races, made more enemies than any other man on the American turf. He is considered the best judge of two-year-olds in America.

Griffin has never taken a mean advantage of any poor owner, in his claiming or selling wars. It has always been against the millionaire owner.

## J. E. MADDEN.

J. E. Madden has for fifteen years been considered one of the most successful trainers of race horses in America. Madden is a hard worker and excellent judge of horses. He seldom bets, and never except when he has the best of it.

Madden is hard and harsh with jockeys.

## HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

Harry Payne Whitney is a young man who has had rather bitter experiences on the American turf. He has lost hundreds of thousands of dollars through the cheating methods of other owners and jockeys and bookmakers, and has not awakened yet. He is still giving up money left him by his famous father to the bookmakers.

## J. W. BROOKS.

J. W. Brooks, familiarly known as "Jim Brooks," is, in my opinion, one of the best handicappers and race-track secretaries. An absolutely honest, fearless race-track official, who, on account of his refusal to do as Tom Williams directed, lost his position as manager and secretary of the Los Angeles race track.

Mr. Brooks had nerve enough to defy Mr. Williams and his cheating methods, but did not have the political power to hold his position when Williams withdrew his support.

There is not a closer student of form nor a keener detective of wrong among horse owners, bookmakers and jockeys than Jim Brooks; and it

was a great loss to the honest lovers of the sport when he was forced out of his position by Tom Williams of Oakland, and the controller for years of racing in California.

#### WILLIAM WALKER.

William Walker, better known as "Red" Walker, is a man who deserves great credit for his rise in the turf world. By his own hard work he progressed his way up from a stable foreman to one of the best trainers and largest race-horse owners in America.

There is no angle of the game that "Red" doesn't know. He has had every phase of it from jockey to bookmaker and owner. His success has been in training his own horses.

He is a man much feared because he will run up the price of horses that are in selling races; but is much liked by the majority of poor owners on that account. It makes no difference to Walker whether a man is a millionaire or not; if his horse is in too cheap and wins, Walker will boost him.

#### MIKE DWYER.

Mike Dwyer is one of the famous Dwyer Bros. Beginning as a butcher, he became a millionaire as a bettor on and owner of race horses.

Dwyer was known as the nerviest gambler we have ever had. His hobby was betting on favorites or short-price horses; which eventually broke him.



## LEO MAYER.

Leo Mayer, who has just recently been indicted by the United States authorities for conspiracy on account of his bucket-shop operations, graduated into the racing game on the old night tracks at St. Louis. He went to Chicago and became quite a plunger, and for a time controlled the foreign book on the race tracks there.

## MONTE TENNIS.

Monte Tennis is one of the late day gamblers, and controls all of the hand-book business in Chicago.

Tennis at one time owned a small stable of race horses, but he did not care to take a chance with the racing game, so sold out and went back to the hand-book graft, which was surer of large and steady profits.

## BOOTS DURNELL.

Boots Durnell, one of the notorious gamblers on race tracks, was formerly a partner of Emel Herz.

Herz and Durnell owned the great race horse, "McChesney," and made many a clean-up with him.

Durnell and Herz finally went broke, and Durnell started out as a free lance with the backing of Gates, Drake and others.

Durnell's operations were too raw even for Gates, and after trimming Gates for \$50,000 he became virtually an outcast upon the race tracks, and is now among the members of the "Down and Out Club."

## JOE YEAGER.

Joe Yeager is one of the best-liked men among the plungers. His credit is above par, and he has never failed to meet an obligation.

He is in a class by himself when it comes to winning twenty-five thousand, fifty thousand or one hundred thousand dollars on a shoe string.

He has probably accomplished this feat twenty times in his life. He will stake his all on one bet, if he thinks he is right; and he is usually right.

## ROY OFFUTT.

Roy Offutt, of Kansas City, is a close student of form, a sharp manipulator, but a poor judge of horse-flesh.

Offutt, like the rest, has had his ups and downs. One notable example was at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was broke financially, but was wealthy with nerve.

He had a few diamonds which he pawned with Bohl, the pawnbroker, and, going to the race track the same day, was successful in betting on the ponies with the money.

He made probably \$200,000 in a year.

For the last year or two he has been unsuccessful.

## CHARLIE CASH.

Charlie Cash was the blackboard wiper for Leo Mayer.

Charlie, feeling indisposed one day, resigned his position and started betting with two dollars.

If I am not mistaken his first bet was made on a horse named "Senator Caldwell," which bet he won,

and he increased the two dollars to over one hundred thousand dollars the first season.

At present he is member twenty-three of the "Down and Out Club."

PAT O'DONNELL.

A noted gambling character is Pat O'Donnell, alias "Pat, the Waterboy."

Ten years ago Pat's whole stock in trade was a bucket of water, a dipper, and a smiling countenance. He was selling water to bookmakers and clerks at the St. Louis race track for five cents per drink.

Pat saved his nickels, and in a short time accumulated a bank roll, and one day startled the natives by betting Ed Fitzgerald, who was making the combination book for L. A. Cella, \$100 on a jumping race.

Fitzgerald, in heartfelt sympathy for Pat, advised him not to bet his money; but Pat would not listen to the advice and bet his \$100 against \$1000 and won: "Eva Moe" first, "Zuffalig" second, and "Very Light" third.

Needless to say Pat cashed the ticket. Fitzgerald and the Cella combination could not understand where Pat received his information; but Pat, bubbling over with enthusiasm, enlightened them by saying that he had seen Brolaski and some of the steeple-chase jockeys with their heads together framing up the race, and that he only followed Brolaski's advice.

Pat forthwith lost his position as water boy; but what did he care. He had eleven hundred simoleons, and immediately became a plunger, and then a bookmaker, and is one of the shrewdest men on the turf today.

"CHICAGO" O'BRIEN.

O'Brien, known to the racing underworld and upperworld as "Chicago" O'Brien, emerged from a condition of chronic impecuniosity by making small bets that horses ranking as favorites would run third in the race.

With his accumulations from this source he embarked in the business of bribing jockeys who were riding contending horses to so guide their steeds as to assist the horse that he was betting on to run into third position.

In this way the thrifty and shifty Irishman has accumulated half a million dollars. He takes no chance. He never makes a bet until after the horses have left the paddock and the race is all fixed. Then he plunges on the fixed race.

FRANK SHAW.

Frank Shaw was the first race-track operator who saw the possibilities of the percentage book along legitimate lines. He put it in operation at the South Side race track, St. Louis. He was successful with the venture, and made money, notwithstanding the frame-ups and fixed races that were being run. Even with the odds that the horsemen had against him in fixed races, Shaw's percentage was so strong that he made money with his books.

Cartwright of Nashville and Colonel Applegate of Cincinnati soon imitated Shaw's percentage book, and, in fact, all of the old auction-pool makers, seeing the strength of Shaw's game, followed his methods, and most of them became very wealthy.

Shaw retired some few years ago with a fortune. It is to be said in his favor that he absolutely would not listen to any proposition to cheat. His percentage was good enough without it.

He initiated the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination into the mysteries of the percentage book. With their cheating methods in addition, they became quite wealthy.

Shaw has retired and quit the gambling business. He was a credit to the turf while there.

#### JIM DAVIS.

Jim Davis was one of the best known plungers a few years ago on the American turf. At present he is proprietor of the Washington Annex, Seattle, Wash.

He is one of the few men who had nerve enough to fight Tom Williams at his own game. Williams ruled Davis off the track because Davis succeeded in separating Williams and some of his friends from their money.

#### TOM SHAW..

Tom Shaw was one of the biggest bookmakers and gamblers on the turf. He was generous to a fault, and probably gave a fortune away to broken-down gamblers and race-track hangers-on. He

never looked for the worst of it, and was always willing to take an equal break. He has often been accused of cheating, but the judges were never able to back up their accusations with any facts, and I think most of the accusations were made through jealousy.

I have known Tom Shaw to win or lose \$50,000 on one race.

**J. B. HAGGIN.**

J. B. Haggin is the largest breeder of thoroughbreds in the United States. He never bets on horses, but has bred more winners than all the other breeders combined. He is truly a lover of the horse and not a gambler. He is now compelled to ship the product from his breeding farms to South America, France and England, because of the suppression in America of horse racing.

**RILEY GRANNON.**

To show the utter impossibility of beating the race-horse game, I will recall the history of a few of the "has beens" of the American turf.

Riley Grannon, who started his career as an elevator boy in Louisville, Kentucky, commenced to play the races with moderate success for the first year, and gradually accumulated a little money by sharp methods of obtaining information.

He at one time was quoted as being worth two million dollars. He lasted for five or six years. Then he hit the toboggan slide on the downward path and died at Goldfield, Nevada, in a gambling house, broke.

There never was a pleasanter personality among race-track gamblers than this man. He had the experience of winning and losing a fortune.

STEVE L'HOMMEDIEU.

One of the picturesque gamblers of the American turf is Steve L'Hommedieu. He is a man of many ups and downs. He has won and lost thousands upon thousands, and is today one of the "has beens" of the American turf. A whole-souled, hale-and-hearty, well-met, good fellow—when he has money. A great spender, and a man who has probably given away in his life time one hundred thousand dollars. Today he is virtually broke.

CHRIS SMITH.

One of the nerviest little plungers that ever stepped upon a race track is Chris Smith. He is a man who will run a twenty-dollar bill into a million and a half, if things continue to come his way.

He owned one of the finest race-horse stables in the country, and was the owner of the great mare "Yo Tambien."

At one time Chris' name was in every sporting paper in America. Everybody around a race track was trying to find out what Chris was betting on, and for a year or two it was almost impossible for him to lose a bet. But finally he hit the toboggan with an awful thud, and in a few years was broke.

Nowadays you never hear his name. The friends of his palmy days have all left him, and he is barely

existing at the present time, and living on dreams of the past.

JOHN J. RYAN.

John J. Ryan, of get-rich-quick fame, is a man of big diamonds and fast automobiles.

Ryan started around East St. Louis and St. Louis years ago, and by his sharp operations in and about race tracks had an up-and-down career. He followed in the wake of E. J. Arnold, and opened a get-rich-quick concern at St. Louis. During the operations of this establishment Ryan was noted as one of the nerviest gamblers on the turf; but he was gambling with other people's money.

When the get-rich-quick bubble broke, Ryan, contrary to the opinion of the people who had invested with him, failed without any money.

But he had his nerve left. He went to Chicago and started betting on the horses again. He fixed up a few races and was successful.

He then went east and fixed some races on the eastern tracks, and got away with quite a lot of money.

Finally he came back to Latonia, where he was beguiled into some traps, and lost nearly all his money.

He is now operating a brokerage office in Cincinnati.

E. J. ARNOLD.

During the days of the get-rich-quick boom along race-horse lines, E. J. Arnold started the company



named after himself, "E. J. Arnold & Company of Chicago," a co-operative bookmaking and racing stable.

Arnold was driven out of Chicago by the city authorities and moved to St. Louis, and there opened up under the same name in the Benoist building, with Gill Lumpkin as his office man, and myself as manager of the racing end of it.

I remember distinctly the first few horses that I purchased for the firm, one in particular by the name of "Quaker," and another by the name of "Man." We cocked and primed them for two killings; but they killed us—that is, they killed our pocketbooks, in reality not our pocketbooks, for it was a case of other people's money again.

The first bet that we won of any size was on a horse named "Napoleon Bonaparte," which animal we purchased for five hundred dollars. I had Tom Miles at this time as a trainer and Jockey Jesse Mathews as a rider.

But things did not progress harmoniously between Arnold, Lumpkin and myself, and I quit the firm. Arnold and Lumpkin went on with their work until the spring of 1903. They were closed by a fraud order of the United States Government, and Arnold and Lumpkin both left the country. They failed without any money to speak of. It had all been squandered on the race track, paid to race-track owners for the privilege of booking, betting and racing, and for the enormous weekly percentages

they were paying on the money given them to bet by others.

#### BARNEY WELLER.

One of the most notorious gamblers on the American turf is Barney Weller, a man that would take a hundred-thousand-dollar bet and not "bat an eye."

Barney has handled millions and millions of dollars, and has paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to race-track owners for the privilege of gambling, yet he is broke today, and you never even hear his name mentioned in the turf annals.

It is the same old grind, the steady sure-thing of the race-track owners that has taken us all. It is no gambling with them. The bookmaker must pay so much per day for the privilege of booking. The bettor must pay so much per day for admission to the track. The grind, grind, grind wears like water dripping continually on a stone. It would break the Bank of England. There is no possibility of beating the race-horse game.

#### JOHN W. GATES.

One of the most picturesque gamblers in the world is John W. Gates. His advice alone would be worth millions to the young men of the present day, if they would heed it.

In an address made to the churchmen and laymen at the Gulf District Methodist Episcopal Conference in session at Port Arthur, Mr. Gates gave a few words of wholesome advice.

He said: "Never play cards or gamble. A gambler once, a gambler always. Never bet on horse races."

Mr. Gates, who has been called "Bet-You-a-Million Gates," has sometimes been a terror, but very often a blessing, to the bookmakers.

Mr. Gates, who is also famous as a player at bridge whist, said: "Never speculate, either on the stock exchange or in the wheat pit."

Without pretense to oratory, he delivered an earnest sermon, and drew, as he frankly admitted, on his own experiences and observations. He made a startling contrast between the get-rich-quick methods of the daring speculator, who springs from pauper to millionaire in a few days, and the worthy, plodding farmer or conservative merchant, who reaps small, but sure, although slow, reward.

I do not suppose there is a gambling game played that Mr. Gates is not conversant with. He, himself is an extraordinarily smart man, but he has also been up against several sure-thing games, and has been swindled many times.

It is the same old story of "come easy, go easy." The intense excitement of gambling on a horse race or a card game would make even John W. Gates lose his usual conservativeness and plunge over the limit.

I would like to have the money that Mr. Gates has lost playing the ponies.

## COLONEL BOB PATE.

Colonel Bob Pate of St. Louis was at one time a multi-millionaire, who made most of his money in keno and faro bank games around St. Louis. He lost most of it in a racing venture in Mexico, and is today struggling to fill his depleted coffers by trying to rehabilitate racing in Mexico City.

## COLONEL PAT SHEEDY.

Colonel Pat Sheedy, known as the "Square Sport," was probably the greatest wanderlust among the gamblers of the world. Sheedy has gambled in Monte Carlo, Africa, Australia, and in almost every city in the United States.

Sheedy never played the races. "It's a sucker's game," he once told the late Al Smith, who was his bosom friend; "and," said Sheedy, "it's a game that in the end breaks everybody except the race-track owners. The bookmaker gets the bettor's money, and the race-track owners and the faro bank proprietors and the poker rooms get the bookmakers' money. Now, who do you suppose gets the faro bank and poker rooms' money? Why, the pawnbroker. He is the big winner in the end."

It was Sheedy who originated betting on the weather, which has developed into quite a popular pastime among Chicago's sporting men.

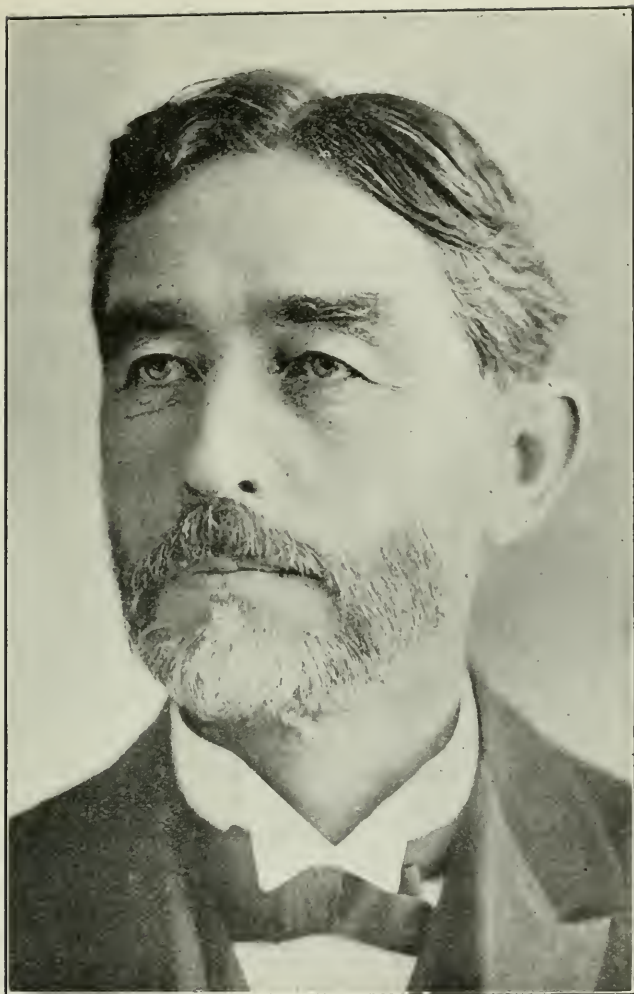
## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FIGHT AGAINST RACE TRACKS.

The first effective agitation against race-track gambling in the East was by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Supt. of the International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C. In March, 1903, the gamblers were endeavoring to have a bill passed in Pennsylvania to permit gambling on race tracks. They had their bill before the Legislature, and the House had already passed favorably upon it, when Dr. Crafts took up the fight. He succeeded in having Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the State's most influential citizen in commerce, society and politics, withdraw his name and support from the gambler's bill.

Dr. Crafts succeeded on March 27th, 1903, in enlisting the services of the North American, the only Philadelphia paper publishing the protest in full. Dr. Crafts made a personal visit to Gov. S. W. Pennypacker and succeeded in having the Governor state that he would veto the bill if passed. The Hon. Thomas B. Cooper took up the fight for Dr. Crafts in the Pennsylvania Legislature. April 15th, 1903, the bill was re-committed, dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

But the first exposure of race-track methods and the first fight among gamblers was at Chicago.



Rev. Wilbur F. Grafts, Superintendent International Reform Bureau and  
Head of the Anti-Gambling Fight.

Louis Cella, Sam Adler and Cap. Tillis of St. Louis established a race track, pool-room and a Monte Carlo on a small scale at Madison, Ill., opposite St. Louis.

Shortly after the establishment of this track, pool-room and gambling house, John Condon of Chicago, Charles Social Smith and Harry Perry and a few other gamblers of Chicago took offense at the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination going over into Illinois and operating a race track. Condon sent his political henchmen to Springfield, Ill., and brought enough pressure to bear on the powers to succeed in having the Madison race track, pool-room and gambling house put out of business. This was done by the issuance of the writ of injunction which was secured by an attorney connected with the office of the Attorney-General of Illinois, though it was not supposed that office had anything to do with it.

Cella, Adler and Tillis were enraged, and at once tried to persuade the same attorney at Springfield to close by injunction a race track operated in Illinois by Condon; but the St. Louis crowd did not have the necessary political pull in Illinois and were turned down.

Madder than ever and bent on revenge, they then sought to secure the services of Fred Rowe, a lawyer who was then Gov. Yates' private secretary, and arrange with him to petition for an injunction, if he could find some attorney to do the fighting.

Mr. Rowe selected and named Col. W. D. Washburn, a prominent lawyer of Chicago, and then a member of the Governor's staff, as the attorney needed.

Up to that time, the spring of 1901, no official in Illinois had ever apparently thought of enforcing the laws against race-track gambling.

Cella, Adler and Tillis had interviews with Col. Washburn, paid him the agreed retainer and gave him instructions to close up every track in Chicago and Cook county and vicinity. The retainer was accepted on the condition that Cella and his associates might refuse to pay further fee if they wished, but that the attorney should have the right to fight to a finish. This condition, which was strongly opposed by the clients, but stubbornly insisted upon by Col. Washburn, was finally accepted, and it proved the death knell of race-track gambling, not only in Illinois, but in the United States; for the fight soon spread.

The attorney petitioned for and secured the writ of injunction from the fearless Judge Holdom, and it created such a shake-up as Chicago had never before seen. The officials who had been protecting the gamblers through graft saw that these outlaws living outside of Illinois could come into that State and, by employing a competent and fearless lawyer, could cause the enforcement of the law which the officials had sworn to enforce and were paid to enforce, which oath they deliberately violated.



Such is the influence on officials of money and its equivalent, a political pull.

The anti-racing laws of Illinois have been enforced ever since in that State.

The Harlem race track of John Condon which was closed by Col. Washburn was then making its owner ten thousand dollars a day, but it is now about to be converted into golf links.

Here is an example of publicity for you.

Thus Cella, Adler and Tillis had reckoned without their man this time, as their lawyer was honest and determined. Condon and his associates appreciating that they had been outgeneraled, began to make peace with the Cella gang, and soon negotiated a deal by which all were to work together, and attempted to stem the tide that threatened the racing business. The combined forces raised one hundred thousand dollars to stop the fatal fight. Twenty thousand dollars of this was taken to Col. Washburn's office in the Chicago Title and Trust building, and offered him if he would stop the fight. The reply came that a toss to the ground from the tenth-story window might hurt, and the fellow left.

Governor Yates was then, through some bad counsel, induced to go to Chicago and order the fight stopped. Mr. Rowe obeyed the order. Col. Washburn's answer was his resignation from the Governor's staff and his declaration to lend his energies to secure the enforcement of the law against race-horse gambling.



Rev. A. S. Gregg, of Cleveland, Ohio, Corresponding Secretary of the  
International Reform Bureau.

Fortunately for the brotherhood of man, Col. Washburn refused to stop; it was a fight for righteousness, and he did not care to see the good work undone.

Great consideration should be given to Col. Washburn, as he fought against the wishes of the then prosecuting attorney, Mr. Deneen, and stopped racing in Illinois.

John Condon, seeing the bad position that he had put himself in by starting a fight against the Cella combination, and the Cella combination seeing that they had employed a man who would not stop, were "up a tree." But thieves soon get together in a case of this kind. John Condon and associates, Louis Cella and associates kissed and made up, and ever since have been pals—in the race-track business.

The next race-track fight, the hottest one up to this time, was inaugurated by Gov. Jos. W. Folk of Missouri. This fight started when the Cella-Adler-Tillis combination fought Gov. Folk's nomination for the Governorship of Missouri.

Governor Folk had been prosecuting attorney of the City of St. Louis and had made a wonderful record as a fearless, uncorruptible prosecuting attorney, and had sent to the penitentiary eight or ten grafting councilmen and members of the St. Louis House of Delegates. The race-track interests knowing this, and knowing that Folk was thoroughly acquainted with their thieving operations, combined to prevent his nomination, if possible. Their lead-

horse in the fight was Harry Hawes. Backed by a hundred thousand dollars and the tin-horn gambling fraternity, Hawes made a bitter fight for the nomination. Folk played strictly clean politics, went out into the country districts of Missouri and won his battle, was nominated, and then the real fight against Folk commenced.

Cella and the race-track interests spent over three hundred thousand dollars to defeat Mr. Folk for Governor. Little Mark Gumberts, Harry Hawes, and the brewery interests were doing the fighting in the limelight, with Cella and Adler furnishing the money. Mr. Folk was elected.

Shortly after the Legislature convened, a bill was introduced prohibiting gambling in any form on race tracks in Missouri. Again a lot of money was spent by the race-track interests to defeat this bill, but it passed and became a law. Even then the gamblers refused to quit, and attempted to operate race tracks in defiance of the law, and did for a few days, when Governor Folk sent the militia out to the St. Louis track and closed it up. He also had the Attorney-General of the State file a suit asking for the forfeiture of the charter of the Delmar Jockey Club, and confiscation of its property on account of its gambling against the law, and this suit was won by the State of Missouri. Gov. Folk's life was threatened, bribes were offered him, but he never for a moment stopped or hesitated in the good



Rev. G. L. Tufts, of Berkeley, California.

work, and deserves everlasting public gratitude for his vigorous fight in behalf of decency.

The fight in New York was probably the longest in the history of turfdom. When Mr. Hughes was elected Governor of that State he was flooded with letters, telegrams and petitions to stop race-track gambling. He looked into the situation thoroughly, became convinced of the great injury being done to the public and the thieving methods of the people running the game, and took up the fight in behalf of the people. He had laws passed prohibiting book making; but the bookmakers and race-track owners then sprung the oral betting system, and were sustained by the Court of Appeals of the State, which held that it was not a felony for two individuals to make a wager upon a contest of man or beast providing they were not professional gamblers, and did not make a business of laying wagers.

The race-track interests continued to run under the order of the court, but Governor Hughes, nothing daunted, at the last session of the Legislature, in the spring of 1910, had a law passed prohibiting betting in any form, oral or otherwise. This law became effective Sept. 1st, 1910, and was the death-knell of racing in New York State.

A man of less determination than Gov. Hughes would have lost this great battle. Great assistance was rendered him by Revs. A. S. Gregg and O. R. Miller.

Louisiana fell into line shortly after Missouri, and prohibited race-track gambling. The business men of New Orleans set up a great howl at the time, saying that it would kill the city; but I dare say that now they would say that it was the best thing that ever happened for the State of Louisiana and the City of New Orleans.

The gamblers there, as elsewhere, had secured control of the race tracks, and were not satisfied with one track, but ran two at the same time; and the gamblers' war, of which no one received any benefit except the race-track proprietors, was the wind-up of betting in New Orleans.

The State of Washington was next to prohibit race-track gambling, which killed the race track at Seattle.

Texas was the next in line, and then California. The Supreme Court of California, following the precedent established by the New York Court of Appeals, upheld oral betting and Thos. H. Williams of Emeryville ran his race track the winter of 1909 and 1910 under the oral-betting system.

Indiana in the meantime had fallen in line. There are at this writing only seven states where race-track gambling is not prohibited.

When the anti-racing law was passed in Texas the American gamblers immediately moved to Mexico and there have established a race track at Juarez, one and one-quarter miles from the international boundary line, opposite El Paso.



Rev. O. R. Muller, of New York, Who Has Done Effective Work  
Against Gambling.



Betting on horse racing is not prohibited in the States of Maryland, Oklahoma, Montana, Florida, Kentucky, Virginia and Utah.

During the season just past a track was operated in Baltimore and one in Malboro, a country place just outside of the boundary of the District of Columbia.

Oklahoma has had the note of being disgraced by the operation of three tracks within its boundaries: one at Tulsa, one at Guthrie and one at Oklahoma City.

Montana has restricted race meetings to thirty days. The only track operated in that State is located at Butte.

In Florida betting is permitted until January 1st, 1911, when an anti-race-track law becomes effective. A track has been operated at Tampa, one in Pensacola and one at Jacksonville.

Betting on horse races is not prohibited in Kentucky, but bookmaking is. That State has not reached the high plane of morality which justifies it in prohibiting gambling on horse racing entirely, but permitting it to be done through Paris mutual machines, a machine described in detail in another part of this book.

There are three tracks in operation in Kentucky: one at Louisville, one at Lexington and one at Latonia, opposite Cincinnati.

In Virginia a race track is still operated at Jamestown.

In Utah they have not reached the stage of prohibition of race tracks, but in the city of Salt Lake betting on horse races is prohibited.

Under the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of California, which favors oral betting, Thomas H. Williams has been and is now operating a track at Emeryville. The prospects are that the Legislature of California, which convenes in January, 1911, will adopt the law against oral betting recently enacted in New York.

There is one track in operation in Mexico, which is so situated that it is practically a United States institution. Reference is made to the track established a year ago at Juarez, across the line from El Paso. This track is controlled and operated by citizens of the United States, and shows the desperation of gamblers who are determined to continue in their nefarious business.

The evil results of the race track at Juarez, as well as those at other places just beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, is felt in the transmission of reports of the races to pool-rooms in the United States.

There are two tracks in operation in Canada, one at Fort Erie and one at Windsor. While the Canadian law prohibits transmission of gambling news over telegraph or telephone wires, yet these tracks assist in supporting numerous pool-rooms in the United States, because the law mentioned is violated.



U. S. Senator E. J. Burkett of Nebraska, Author of the Burkett Anti-Gambling Bill to Prohibit International or Interstate Transmission of Racing News.

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The enactment by Congress of the "Interstate Race Gambling Bill," known as the Burkett Bill, now pending, which prohibits the transmission of race-track news, would mean the suppression of further operation of these bordering race tracks.

More men, such as ex-Gov. Folk of Missouri, ex-Gov. Hughes of New York, Gov. Marshall of Indiana, Gov. Sanders of Louisiana and Col. Washburn of Chicago are needed in official positions. These gentlemen have killed gambling in their respective states by simply having the law enforced. It is the corrupt bargains between gamblers and politicians that permit gambling to exist. Stop the cause and you will stop the effect.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### PLAGUE SPOTS IN AMERICAN CITIES.

#### NEW YORK.

One of the most infamous places in the world is the Union Cafe on Broadway, between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets, New York City, conducted by a man from Chicago, who is known among the fraternity as the "Chicago Rat." He was around Chicago broke about nine or ten years ago, and because of his notorious and unsavory reputation was forced to leave there.

He went to New York, and in some manner became quite strong politically, opening a place on Thirty-fourth street, across from the Waldorf-Astoria. There he inaugurated a pool-room and gambling house combined. Faro bank and roulette wheel, both crooked, were played to rob the public. He had many steerers out working for him, and divided large sums of money with the powers that be in the political line.

Finally he double-crossed one of the Tammany politicians and was forced to give up his Thirty-fourth-street place. He then opened the Union Cafe.

His trouble with the Tammany politician was his refusal to divide a large sum of money taken from a well-known actor by the use of a roulette wheel so

equipped with electricity as to be under the control of the operator.

"Chicago Rat" has been running a pool-room, hand-book, roulette wheel and poker game in the Union Cafe for two years past—crooked and operated under political protection.

He has been the cause of the ruin of many young girls by permitting them to become intoxicated in his place, and thus starting them on their downward path.

His life does not illustrate the proverb that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Nine years ago he was scratching around Chicago borrowing enough to purchase a ham sandwich and lunching at bar-room lunch tables. Today he has champagne for breakfast and champagne baths. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and may be some day the devil will gather in his own.

Another infamous establishment in New York City is the "Casino Cafe," located at Thirty-ninth street and Broadway.

The lines of conduct of this cafe may have been changed under the management of the new proprietor who took charge in the summer of 1910; and the remarks here made concerning it apply only to the time when it was owned and operated by the former owner.

Under the old management there were operated in the Casino Cafe a pool-room, hand-book and "fence;" by which is meant a place where stolen

goods are received with the knowledge of their theft.

After the enactment of the law prohibiting the transmission of race-track news over the telegraph wires in New York the telephone was used secretly for such purpose. A long-distance telephone wire connected the Casino Cafe with the headquarters of the Race Information Bureau.

I have been a witness of scenes in the Casino Cafe, and I know of an arrangement made with the chief operator of the Race Information Bureau by which the news of the results of races were held back and a confederate was given the news over another telephone. This party, being near by, rushed to the iron grating that was over the sidewalk, the pool-room being in the basement of the building, dropped a numbered card through the grating, which card was received by a watcher below, who quickly entered the pool-room and bet on the winning horse, as indicated by the number on the card, and then awaited the report of the race over the official telephone wire. In this way the proprietor was trimmed at his own game to the extent of several hundred dollars. The scheme was not played long ere his sagacity was aroused, when he discovered the trick and politely invited all connected with it to move farther up the street.

There is a notorious character in New York City known as the "Bleeker Street Pool-room King." He is now operating probably twenty pool-rooms and

hand-books in New York City. His operations are done under political protection and with half an effort the authorities could locate and suppress his places of business.

The results of races are posted on the New York Herald bulletin board, at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, and there betting is carried on openly. There are mingled amongst the watchers of the bulletin "Sidewalk Jack" and seven or eight hand-book makers, who will take your bet on anything at any price.

Bets can also be placed in New York City at most of the hotels and cigar stands. Any hotel porter can give you information as to where to place your bet. In "The Tenderloin", on "The Bowery", in "The Bronx", on the east side and the west side, one can place bets on horse races.

There are over one hundred thousand race-horse gamblers in New York City and ex-Police Commissioner Baker claimed not to have known of such fact.

There has recently come into the limelight Clement C. Driscoll, recently appointed Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City. The appointment of Mr. Driscoll to the position named is a most fortunate one for the people, and will be, I predict, a ruinous one to the gamblers. Mr. Driscoll has had opportunity in the past to ascertain and knows the ways and locations of the New York gamblers and cut-throats, and will play havoc with their business,



unless some political power ties his hands and suppresses his efforts.

I was in New York the middle of November, 1910, and was sufficiently in touch with the old gang to receive substantial evidence that the gamblers were after Mr. Driscoll, and, as one of them told me, they were "going to get him." Mr. Driscoll was cautiously wise in carrying a revolver when actively taking part in a raid in December, 1910; and it is not likely that he will be unprepared for any emergency that may arise when the representatives of the gamblers try to "get him" and earn the fifteen thousand dollar fund which the Harlem gamblers have raised for such purpose.

#### CHICAGO.

Charles, familiarly known as "Social Smith", has for years been the proprietor of notorious dives in Chicago. He was the proprietor of "The Social", one of the most infamous hell-holes on State street.

In "The Social" gambling was conducted downstairs in all its forms, including crap games, poker games, faro and roulette. On the main floor there was a saloon and pool-room. In the rear of the saloon was a reception room where lewd women, of the lowest type, pannel workers and infamous characters of all kinds congregated and mingled, and where intoxication reigned supreme. On the floors above a hotel was conducted, which was an assignation dive of the worst sort.

Smith accumulated a fortune from the proceeds of this nefarious place and then opened the "Empire", a first-class saloon and gambling house, on the same street. The "Empire" did not prove a successful investment, and was destroyed by fire, under suspicious circumstances.

Smith is now at the head of a Chicago syndicate which conducts over two hundred hand-books in that city. He operates the big-wheel and dice games, and other kinds of gambling, at country fairs and race meetings. He has been permitted to operate in Chicago without molestation.

Smith is the financial backer of the race track at Pensacola, Florida. He absolutely controls the betting ring on that race track and controls the betting prices to favor his Chicago hand-books.

Hand-books in Chicago are being operated by Mont Tennis, Jim O'Leary, Tom McGinnis, John Condon and Horace Argo.

Mont Tennis controls the wire service in Chicago in the transmission of race-track betting odds.

Race-track gambling is assisted in Chicago by the publication of the "Chicago Daily Race Form", which is the official paper for the races.

In the recent throwing of bombs and the destruction of gambling houses in Chicago it is to be noted that the gambling quarters of Tom McGinnis have never been disturbed. It will be remembered that during the last two years there have been thirty-four gambling places destroyed by the explosion of

bombs and a number of people injured. The motive of such desperate action has been publicly declared to be to destroy opposition, so that one set of gamblers could have a monopoly of the business in Chicago.

Chicago is very little less infected by nefarious gambling dens than New York City. Public officials could easily ascertain where the law is being violated by conducting dens of infamy, if they cared to do so.

In Chicago, as in New York City, you can place bets on horse races at most any cigar stand, and employees of hotels can tell you where to go if you desire to engage in such pastime.

#### HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

Hot Springs, Arkansas, has been noted for years as the "Monte Carlo" of the Middle West, where you could gamble at slot machines, faro bank, roulette, bridge whist, penochle, cribbage, stud and draw poker, seven and one-half, craps, Klondyke, and last but not least, the dear old race-horse game.

There have been as many as fifteen "clubs" in operation at one time in Hot Springs, in open defiance of the state laws. Officials were corrupted by giving them money stolen from the public. Every one of these "clubs" operated gambling games of all kinds, which were played and fixed to cheat the public. There was not a club run on the square.

The business and hotel men of Hot Springs set up a mighty howl when gambling was stopped, or supposed to be stopped, saying that it would bankrupt the city. It did not do so. Hot Springs is just as prosperous today as it was during the heydays of gambling, and a great deal more respectable and safer. Still gambling is carried on openly there.

The "Ohio Club" has been running for some years at Hot Springs. It pays for protection to the proper officials to operate.

The "Southern Club", "Illinois Club", "Arkansas Club", "Missouri Club", and several others open during the winter season.

Opposite the Arlington Hotel, at the cigar store, you can find the Daily Racing Form charts, tips on the horses, and can place bets.

Any amount of money can be wagered in this place on any horse at any track in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

Pool-rooms have not been run wide open in Hot Springs for about two years.

The foregoing statements concerning Hot Springs are not correct as to gambling conditions there since November, 1910. That month Judge Woods was elected district or prosecuting attorney, and he promptly and efficiently enforced the anti-gambling laws of Arkansas. Even the private poker games, so long a feature of the Arlington Hotel, are played no more.

## NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

"Sitting Bull" Bush has been for years the dominating figure in race-track graft at New Orleans. In his early life he was a sure-thing confidence man and three-card-monte player on the Mississippi river. His conduct of the Crescent City Jockey Club was so infamous that it moved the citizens of New Orleans to demand and obtain the closing of the race track.

Just a few years ago Bush had a gambling house and pool-room in full blast, but they, too, were closed by the police.

The only way to bet at the present time on the horses in New Orleans is through the hand-books, of which there are at least ten in operation.

You can also find plenty of poker games in New Orleans, and can purchase a lottery ticket at any cigar stand or saloon.

## FRENCH LICK SPRINGS.

The nearest approach in the United States to the famous Monte Carlo is French Lick Springs, which is the plague spot on the fair name of Indiana. There is a companion town, one and one-half miles distant, called West Baden, almost as bad.

The continuous operation for years of the famous French Lick Springs resort, and the flagrant disregard there of law and morals, evidences the influence of powerful politics.

The proprietor is Tom Taggart, in himself a clean and splendid gentleman, who for years has been a

prominent figure in national and Indiana politics. He was chairman of the Democratic National Committee during one of William J. Bryan's campaigns. While he is the proprietor of but one, he is the protector of both the Indiana resorts.

French Lick Springs was first advertised as a health resort, and the virtues of the water there have been loudly and long proclaimed; but whatever may have been the medicinal qualities of the water, they could never be such as to cure the moral disease that takes hold of the people who go there and yield to the temptation of the numerous gambling games, which are conducted to relieve the visitor of his wealth.

In the gambling casino at the famous French Lick Springs I have seen women and children gambling away their last penny; I have witnessed men give up their last dollar to the crooked games there conducted; I have known women to steal money from their husbands to play the fixed slot machines operated there. Faro bank, Klondyke and crap games are operated there. A pool-room and hand-books afford the visitor every opportunity to bet on the races.

The games at this place are different from those at the real Monte Carlo in that those at French Lick Springs are not on the square and the gambling devices are fixed to cheat the player. Slot machines are geared so as to win eighty per cent. of the plays for the proprietor. Loaded dice are used. The

Klondyke game is played in connection with a secret electric battery, the dice having magnets, and the wires are manipulated in such manner that the player has no chance of winning. Marked cards and professional poker players await you as their victim, and a faro bank with an electric "snake" in it will take the last dollar you possess.

Every possible effort has been made by the State officials, and particularly by Governor Marshall, to suppress this infamous place, but without avail; because the county authorities are in power. It would seem that the only way to effectually destroy the gambling feature of this Monte Carlo would be to wipe off the map the county in which it is located.

It is to be noted that through Mr. Taggart's political power and influence gambling in other parts of Indiana is practically suppressed, so his resort has a monopoly on the nefarious business.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia has been noted as being "slow" in many ways, but in gambling lines it has been very rapid. Hand-books have for years flourished in that city and are operated there to a considerable extent at this time.

John Wynn, formerly of St. Louis, known as the "Crap Game King" of the United States, has been operating that game and hand-books in Philadelphia for a long time.

As a result of my statement before the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate in Decem-

ber, 1909, concerning gambling in the United States, in which I named places in Philadelphia where pool-rooms and hand-books were being conducted, the police raided over ten pool-rooms and closed them. Since then it is more difficult to locate a pool-room or hand-book in that city.

#### ST. LOUIS.

Charlie Cella and Mark Gumberts are making hand-books at the rendezvous just outside of St. Louis called the "Chicken Farm." Every bettor is treated without cost to one-half of a fried chicken.

Cella has been interested in race-track propositions, and the backer of several hand-books and pool-rooms and gambling houses in the vicinity of St. Louis.

Mark Gumberts was a partner of mine on the steamer "Corwin H. Spencer" during the World's Fair season, and he was interested with me in all the grafting games on the river.

Tom Getz, known as "Dago Tom", is making hand-book at St. Louis and East St. Louis.

Other notorious hand-book proprietors now operating at St. Louis and East St. Louis are Frank Carr, George Ehrlich, alias "Bugs", Shelby Oliver, the "bonfire bookmaker", Cafferatta, Lee Wagner, "Billy" Hageman, the Beau Brummel of St. Louis sports, and Kid Becker, known as the "Welching Kid."



## LOS ANGELES.

There has recently been an enforcement of all anti-gambling laws, both State and municipal, in Los Angeles. The enforcement of the recent State enactment against betting on horse races has prevented the operation of the Santa Anita race track, and hence has helped to clean Los Angeles of gamblers.

The city legislative body has enacted a stringent ordinance against the publication or disseminating in any way information concerning races. Proprietors of hand-books have been arrested and prosecuted successfully, and Los Angeles is cleaner in gambling lines than any city of its size in the United States.

Yet those who are desirous of doing so can find opportunity, by careful inquiry, to place their bets on horse races. A number of cigar-stand proprietors conduct hand-books.

## ATLANTIC CITY.

Gambling games and hand-books are being conducted at Atlantic City, N. J., in such an open and flagrant way as to indicate that they are being run under "protection." It would be shocking to know the excessive indulgence in gambling games there by the "society people" who frequent that resort.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco has for years been infested by gamblers of all kinds and descriptions. It has been well

named as the "New York" of the Pacific Coast. Up to the time of breaking up the Abe Ruef ring of politicians and gamblers San Francisco probably furnished more sport and thrilling incidents along gambling lines than New York or Chicago. It is the home of the players and patrons of Tom Williams' race tracks at Emeryville, Tanforan and Ingleside.

There is not a gambling game known that is not being played in that city openly under the regime of Mayor McCarthy.

Abe Ruef and his political and gambling combine have been temporarily suppressed. Abe is headed for the penitentiary under a sentence of fourteen years, the appellate court having recently affirmed the decision of the trial court, in which this notorious and infamous character was convicted.

Ex-Mayor Schmidt was ignominiously removed from office. He was succeeded by a clean and splendid gentleman, who wrought many changes in the life of the San Francisco underworld. When Mr. W. J. Heney, the fearless and valiant prosecutor of criminals, was in the courtroom prosecuting Abe Ruef and was shot, the present Governor-elect, Hiram Johnson, took up the work of Mr. Heney and became hated by Ruef and his gang.

After all the effort made by Heney, Johnson, Spreckels and other valiant citizens, San Francisco is again an open and loose town under the administration of the present mayor, "Pinhead" McCarthy, who made the plea in Washington for the holding

of the Panama Canal celebration in San Francisco because it was the "Paris of America." The serious feature of this declaration is that it is largely the truth.

San Francisco now offers opportunity to those who desire to play any gambling game or bet on a horse race at any track.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### GAMBLING INCLINATION OF NATIONS.

The hardest people in the world to swindle are the Irish. They will "outcon" you. Their natural quick wit has caused many a poor grafter to come to grief.

I remember one experience which a gang of us had with an Irishman. He promised to bet ten thousand dollars on a horse, we having convinced him that we were all right. He showed us the money. We let him win five hundred dollars as a "feeler."

The next day, when the Irishman was to have bet his ten thousand dollars, he appeared on the scene, game to the core, and said: "Well boys, Oi am here. Oi wants to thank yez for that foive hundred that yez let me have yisterday. Shure, and 'tis foine interest on me capital over night, and Oi think Oi will keep the whole works;" and with a laugh he left us.

The Jew, or Hebrew, to which nationality it has been often said I belong, probably on account of the "ski" in my name, is next to the Irishman the hardest man to beat. His natural conversative disposition makes him a hard customer. He will investigate all propositions offered him. If you get the best of him in a financial transaction you must have his confidence, which is very hard to gain on

short acquaintance. He may appear to have confidence in you, but it is only the outer crust of appearance.

The German is naturally slow, and has not the greed for money along the get-rich-quick or get-it-any-way lines, as have the two nationalities heretofore mentioned. But once you secure the German's confidence, you can't lose him, and after you break him it is often the high bridge jump for him, as a German seldom recovers, once he is ruined.

The Italian is not easy to deceive, unless you have one of his own countrymen in the game with you, in which case he is an easy mark.

The Spaniard, or Mexican, is very excitable and easily "trimmed," providing you have one of his own nationality to play the game with you and double-cross him.

The Frenchman as a rule is very soft, but you must use very polished methods with him. He will not bite at anything unless it is guaranteed, double-dyed and assured.

The Englishman, our dear cousin across the pond, is an easy victim. He will bet on a race horse, on the stock market or at a faro bank, particularly if you show him that there is no possible chance to lose. But you must be very cunning and conniving when playing for an Englishman and be sure and not make a false move, as he is always on the alert.

But of all the easy victims on earth our dear brother Americans are the prey of the gambler.

The old saying, "a sucker is born every minute," I think should be changed to "a sucker is born every second" in the United States. The quality that makes the American so susceptible to the wiles of the grafter and gambler is his insatiable greed for money, more money. He eats with it, sleeps with it, dreams of it and lives with it. He is always striving and struggling for money. It is money, money all the time with the American. Go to him with any proposition that has the least bit of plausibility and he will rush to it with the ardor of a boy coasting down hill on the snow.

Americans never stop and think until after they are fleeced, and then they run to the policeman and the policeman runs to the gambler, and the gambler divides with the policeman, and the victim gets what he is entitled to—the experience.

The Chinese are the most willing and enthusiastic gamblers in the world but they are hard to beat at the game. Gustave Schwaab and his multi-millionaire associates, with their ten thousand dollar bluffs on bob-tail-flushes, are the veriest "pikers," compared with Chinese gamblers. Ah Sen will bet not only his money and jewelry on his fan-tan game, but will risk his clothing also.

It is said of the Chinese that they will bet their fingers, one after another, against a sum of money, and that such bets are made between enemies, the winner chopping off the loser's fingers and then furnishing a concoction in which to dip the stumps to prevent the victim from bleeding to death.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### SELLING TIPS.

Selling tips is extensively followed in large cities. The "Telegraph" in New York and the "Racing Form" in Chicago are filled with columns of advertisements of tip sellers.

If races were fair, but they are not; if the best horse always won, and he does not, it would be possible to forecast to some extent the outcome of a race.

Ten horses, for instance, are entered for a race. If you are provided with an accurate history of the previous performances of each horse, if you are advised as to the health and general condition of each horse, if you know the reputation for honesty, or the reverse, of the owner of each horse and of the jockey who is to ride him, you may be able to estimate which animal is most likely to win, and which are likely to be second or third, and which have no chance at all.

But all these calculations will be valueless, because two or three of the owners, or two or three of the jockeys, will have agreed as to the winner, and only the conspirators know which is to be the winner.

The professional tip sellers are guessers and nothing else, and the "tips" which they vend are as

# DAN HART

429 Sixth Ave. (Fidelity Building) N.Y. City. Rooms 44-45-46-47. Taxp. evasions

**\$1,000 FORFEIT**  
I will forfeit FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00) if I sell or give more than ONE HORSE on any day.  
FIVE HUNDRED (\$500.00) additional if my message mentions any other horse whatsoever.

DAN HART.

TO-DAY'S CODE HORSE

**REUEEN 35-9-50**

JACKSONVILLE

Yesterday's Code Horse  
**WAS SCRATCHED**

am not going to tell you all who it was, but for good and sufficient reasons it was withdrawn, and my citizens do not mind that because they know that they can have Free of Charge, on additional day, and all I ask is return to for them to "send their tips" in as "Keep a secret."

SATURDAY'S CODE HORSE

**CAMEL, - 6-1, WON**

Was the one and only horse sent out Saturday to all my customers. Therefore, Friday and Saturday I advertised that I would Guarantee Saturday's Horse, and you can see by the above how good my information was. I know every detail as I told you all.

**LAST WEEK'S CODE HORSES**

Remember the only six horses sent out last week, and every one advised by a heavy price to win.

Mon., POCOMOKE . . . 6-1, WON  
Tues., BALLOT BOX . . . 4-1, WON  
Wed., TOP NOTE . . . 13-10, WON  
Thurs., FRANK PURCELL . . 10-1, WON  
Fri., ROBIN GREY . . . 8-5, WON  
Sat., CAMEL . . . . . 6-1, WON

For a safe, sure and steady method of beating the race, nothing compares with my Famous Code Horser. They win big money every week. If you play the race, why not get the best information available? The one horse that stands out as the surest betting proposition on the track each day.

**No Other Horses Sent Out**

When you look over the above record I want you all to bent to mind that the above were positively the only horses sent out. Each and every one was given as the only one play of the day and each and every one was published in code to my advertisement.

**Just a Few Words  
About To-day's Horse**

The horse whose number appears on top of this advertisement has been specially "steered up" for to-day's one "killing," and his owner expects to win enough money on him to retire from the turf.  
Not one little detail has been overlooked, and when you bet your good money on this one you are betting on as sure a thing as ever came off.

**My Advice Will Be  
Bet Back All Winnings**

The surest bet the "Word" is strong on a horse as I have on this advertised Code Horse to-day, so you can afford to loosen up the purse strings and put down the biggest bet of your life on it.  
Subscribe for a week's code to-day and you'll see how it feels to win a good bit right off the wheel.

Subscribe for a week's code, and I'll guarantee you'll be a steady client all winter.  
If out of town, use Western Union or Postal Telegraph Co., or any express company. I am the oldest established concern in this business. Have advertised week in and week out during the past three seasons.

NO SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL.

Out-of-town Orders will be sent immediately.

**Regular Terms, \$10 Weekly**

**A Tip Seller Advertisement,**



valueless as one of the predictions to be found in old-fashioned almanacs concerning what the weather will be six months thereafter.

Uncle Sam has tried to protect the unwary against these wolves by forbidding the use of the United States mails to newspapers containing such advertisements, but they thrive nevertheless.

One who bets on a race is fool enough without increasing his asininity by paying for an idle guess as to the winners.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### STATEMENT BEFORE UNITED STATES SENATE, JUDICIARY COMMITTEE— RACE-TRACK FACTS AND FIG- URES — INTERNATIONAL REFORM BUREAU.

In December, 1909, there was, and is now, pending before the United States Senate, bill "S. 225," to prevent the nullification of state anti-gambling laws by international or interstate transmission of race-gambling bets or of race-odds. This bill was referred to the judiciary committee of the Senate and by it committed to a sub-committee composed of Senators Dillingham of Vermont, Nelson of Minnesota, Sutherland of Utah, Clarke of Arkansas, and Paynter of Kentucky.

The purpose of the bill is to prohibit by transmission over telegraph or telephone wires, from one state to another the results of racing bets or odds.

The International Reform Bureau is an association, having its headquarters at Washington, D. C., which has for its purpose the suppression of vice, and has for some time, and is now, making a special effort to suppress race-track gambling games. The President of the Bureau is Honorable Henry W. Blair, Ex-United States Senator. The Superintendent and Treasurer is Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. Other

active leaders of the Bureau are Rev. G. L. Tufts of Berkeley, Rev. O. R. Miller of New York, Rev. A. S. Gregg of Cleveland, and other ministers and many laymen of the different states.

My work with the Bureau has been directed mainly toward the suppression of race-track gambling, and gambling in all forms, and on such lines I am working and purpose to work on.

I was requested to appear before the sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee and address it upon the subject of race-track gambling. My statement before the sub-committee has been published as a part of the proceedings before the sub-committee, as well as in various publications throughout the United States. I purpose here to quote from it such facts and figures as will lend interest and give information upon the subject of race-track gambling.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: In answer to the inquiry of Senator Nelson, I will state in a moment what bookmaking is. I will preface my remarks by stating that \* \* \* I have booked in St. Louis, Chicago, Worth, Roby, Atlanta, Charleston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Latonia, Louisville, and Benning.

“Judging by twenty-one years of experience as a gambler, I must state that the greatest evil existing today is the hand-book and pool-room business now being carried on in this country.



Ex-U. S. Senator Henry W. Blair, President of International Reform Bureau.

"A bookmaker is a man who goes to the race track and pays \$100 a day for the privilege of gambling against the horses for five races. There are six races run every day, and sometimes on Saturdays seven. The bookmakers must pro-rate and pay for the one or two extra races. The racing association does not pay for more than five races. In addition to the \$100 a day and the pro-rating of the purses of the extra races, we pay a sheet writer \$10 a day, meaning a man that records the bets; a ticket writer \$10 a day, a man that puts the amount of the bet on a ticket; a cashier \$15 a day; an 'outside' man \$10 a day, a man that watches the other bookmakers and keeps the bookmaker in line with his prices; and the money taker \$15 a day. The bookmaker does not himself receive any pay, except when he is working with borrowed capital or some other person's money; then he receives \$15 per day and 10 per cent. on the net winnings of the book.

"Senator Nelson: What do you mean by 'prices'?"

"Mr. Brolaski: The prices against the horses.

"Senator Nelson: How do the bookmakers get their money?"

"Mr. Brolaski: In various ways. The bookmaker makes the prices according to the 'form' of the horses, according to the merit the horses have shown in their preliminary trials, and according to the character of the boys that ride the horses, everything not being honest on a race track. They arrive at these figures on the trials, the preliminary gal-

lops. We size up the situation and make our prices accordingly. If there are three horses in a race, we make the shortest price on the horse that we think will win. Say we make the price on the favorite even money (\$1 to \$1), that would be fifty per cent. in our favor. The next horse we would probably make 2 to 1; that would be 33 per cent. in our favor; the other horse, 3 to 1, would mean 25 per cent. in our favor. We would have then an 8 per cent. book. If three men came and gambled with me, I being the bookmaker, I would retain \$8 of every hundred dollars bet. Bookmakers gamble with the public at times. They, of course, have the inside knowledge and all the tricks of the trade, with which the public is not acquainted.

"In addition to that, after the race is run, and the book is made up as to what they will win or lose, they go on in the same way for six races a day. I have lost as much as \$40,000 in two days in San Francisco, and, on the other hand, won \$60,000 on one race at New Orleans. I give you these figures to show you the ups and downs of a bookmaker.

"I have started booking and making hand books with a capital of \$5, knowing that I would not have to pay the bets I was taking if things went right. If they went wrong, I would have to skirmish around and get the money. But they seldom went wrong.

"Senator Nelson: You might state to the committee what a pool-room is.

"Mr. Brolaski: A pool-room is not unlike this room. This room could be made into a very good pool-room if we had a ticker, telegraph instrument, telephone and a blackboard.

"In a pool-room we have on the wall a list of the horses, the jockeys, the weights the horses are to carry, and the odds, as telegraphed from the race track. But when the odds come from the race track the man who sends the information cuts the odds in two, so as to help the pool-room owner. I know that to be a fact, because I spent two seasons at the Kinloch race track near St. Louis as official caller of races and sending prices to papers. I not only received my pay from the Kinloch Racing Association, but also from the different newspapers and from the people who sent the news.

"As to the pool-room odds, if the price against a horse is 6 to 1 at the track, when sent to the pool-rooms it is made 3 to 1. The pool-room percentage will run from 25 to 150 per cent. against the player in every race.

"Senator Nelson: You might tell us a little more fully what a pool-room is.

"Mr. Brolaski: A pool-room is a place where 20 or 30 or more people congregate in an afternoon to bet on horse races run on race tracks at a distance, the news being sent from the tracks to the pool-rooms by telegraph.

"The pool-room service is handled by an information bureau known as the Interstate News Company

in the East, which leases wires from the Western Union Telegraph Company. Over these wires they send the names of the jockeys and scratches( meaning horses not to start this day), and then the betting and the official description of the race. The pool-rooms allow from twenty to thirty minutes between races for their patrons to gamble."

\* \* \* \* \*

"First the entries are sent (meaning the condition of the race, names of horses, weights they are to carry, names of jockeys that are to ride, and condition of track), then comes the first betting, the first odds. Then, in about ten minutes, the second betting comes. Then they call 'post,' 'time.' Then they close the betting on that race. Then the horses start. The description of the race is next given; the winner is called off, and in about five minutes the jockeys are weighed out properly at the track and the bets are paid off in the pool-room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Senator Burkett: Tell us something of the profit in the race-track business, and how, in your judgment, the 'outside' gambling—that is, gambling done at a distance from the race track—compares with the amount done at the race track. In short, what is the relative importance of pool-room gambling as compared with that done at the race track, or what might be called 'race-track gambling proper?'



"Mr. Brolaski: In the State of New York the race tracks have been trying for some time to prevent the sending out of information, as they have not derived any benefit from the information that has gone out. Their object was to bring everybody to the race track. But New York is the only place in the United States where that would work. Juarez, Mexico, has a population of 6,000. Of that number there are perhaps 50 who know how to play the races.

"I assisted in the management of the race track in Mexico City on the Fourth of July this year, 1909. We had 5,000 people at the race track. Of that number there were probably 2,000 Mexicans, and of those there were probably 20 who made a bet. They do not know the American custom of bookmaking.

"The Juarez race track can not live without the pool-room service. It will receive a revenue from this source of from \$2,500 to \$4,000 a day, according to the activity displayed in closing up other race tracks throughout the country.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Senator Nelson: There is one thing that is not very clear to me—that is, about these bookmakers. Assuming, Mr. Brolaski, that I am a bookmaker and I want to bet, now what is the *modus operandi*?

"Mr. Brolaski: You pick out the horse you want to bet on.

"Senator Nelson: Yes.

"Mr. Brolaski: You hand me the money you want to bet. And suppose there are five horses in the race.

"Senator Nelson: And you and I two bettors—I betting against you and you against me, and we pick our horse?

"Mr. Brolaski: You pick your horse. I do not. I have the whole field running for me except the horse you desire to bet on.

"Senator Nelson: Suppose there are six horses, and you are a bookmaker; I pick one horse, and you accept my bet?

"Mr. Brolaski: Yes.

"Senator Nelson: Now, how do you work it to beat me on that bet? [Laughter.]

"Mr. Brolaski: A hundred different ways. If you wanted to bet on, say, 'Lady Irma,' and the odds were 2 to 1, I would give you a ticket which said '10 to 5 on Lady Irma' to win.

"Senator Nelson: What does that mean?

"Mr. Brolaski: That means that if she wins, you get the winnings—\$10 and your \$5 that you bet—making you receive \$15.

"Senator Nelson: But suppose I lose, what then?

"Mr. Brolaski: Then all you have is the ticket as a souvenir." [Laughter.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XXV.

### GAMBLING ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Since the early days of steamboating on the Mississippi river a lurid feature of that traffic has been gambling. The gentlemanly planter of the South indulged almost exclusively in the game of poker. In modern days other games have been introduced on steamboats.

A few years ago there were put into commission exclusively for gambling purposes two large Mississippi river steamboats. One was the "City of Providence" and the other the "Corwin H. Spencer."

For years, during the months of traffic on the Mississippi, these big steamers could be seen lying at the wharf on the St. Louis levee.

I controlled both of the steamers named, and was the moving spirit and promoter in carrying on the awful and nefarious gambling stunts that were pulled off on these boats for several seasons.

In referring to and relating my Mississippi river experiences in gambling I do so to caution the unwary, and to further evidence how futile it is for anyone to hope to beat any gambling game.

What was done on my steamboats is no more than has always been done and is now being done on land. No gambling house was ever run on the square, excepting Monte Carlo. The odds in a gambling game are sufficiently against the player even

where honesty prevails ; but when there is added to these odds trickery and fraud, practiced to beat the player, he is a dead-sure loser. Let the reader take my word for this.

The summer of the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904, was the occasion for securing loads of people on my boats, who were lured there by cheap excursion rates, a trip on the river and opportunity for gambling at any game.

The boats were equipped with every known device. There were slot machines so geared as to win eighty per cent. of the money of the players ; cologne joints, bird cage, squeeze spindle, eight-dice cloth, shell game, count down, crap game, faro bank, roulette wheel, keno and poker games ; every one conducted dishonestly and fixed to rob the players.

My boats were run under the semblance of excursion trips, but the real purpose of their operation was to pack them with men, women and children, and then entice them to play in the various gambling games that were presented to them. Under the guise of pleasure outings, the excursion trips of these boats were turned into gambling orgies. Daily, including Sundays, and nightly people were lured to the boats by fares that would scarcely pay for the cost of printing the tickets. That everyone might be privileged to bet, sums were accepted as low as ten cents.

The municipal authorities of St. Louis, the state authorities and the United States officers attempted

on various occasions to stop the gambling games on my boats, but without avail. I successfully defied the whole combination

During the summer of the St. Louis World's Fair, a river steamer, called the "Mark Twain," in honor of Missouri's distinguished son, was equipped with a battery and sent out to arrest the operators of the gambling games on my boats, and to stop the games. On the day this intended effort was to be made by the authorities, members of the Grand Jury, Chief of Police Kiely, and Harbor Commissioner Whyte had a conference. But in vain. My boats went out as usual, and gambling was carried on without molestation.

One of the tactics tried by the public authorities was to put a number of police officers on one of my boats in disguise. After having steamed out into the river, and the gambling games were in full blast, these officers attempted to make arrests. Being out of the jurisdiction of the State of Missouri, I had the officers seized, ran my boat ashore, and threw them off into the mud. In order to evade the seizure of the gambling paraphernalia, all the devices were taken off the boat before landing at the wharf, put on a tug, and carried to the Illinois shore, and there kept until the next excursion, and again put on the boat while in mid-stream.

Alas for this awful life! It had its tragic end. The summer of 1905 had passed. The "Corwin H. Spencer" lay at the St. Louis levee, and was being

thoroughly renovated preparatory to taking her to New Orleans, and there running gambling excursions on the river.

It was October 12th, 1905, at four o'clock in the afternoon. A number of men were working in the hold. I was there superintending the last touches of the work.

Suddenly there was a cry of fire, and flames burst forth from the deck-room, amid ship. A quantity of varnish and paint were there, which gave speed to the devouring flames.

The alarm was given to the men working in the hold. It seemed for the instant that they would be destroyed by the rapidly spreading flames. I stood by directing and assisting their escape. As the last man came out the upper part of the steamer gave way, and while attempting to escape I was caught beneath the timbers. It seemed that my end had come. The weight held me fast, and the heat was singeing my clothes, when the boat's watchman, Fred Hemmerley, and a negro deck-hand, known as "Dutch Frank," sprang to my rescue, tore away the timbers that bore me down, and carried me safe to shore.

In less than a half-hour my beautiful boat had burned to the water's edge, a total loss.

The summer of 1907 was the last that I operated either of my boats in the gambling business. During the winter of 1909-10 the "City of Providence" was laid up at the St. Louis levee. In March, 1910,

when the river broke, this boat was totally destroyed by the crushing ice.

The two steamers, the "City of Providence" and the "Corwin H. Spencer," were really the successors in passenger traffic on the Mississippi River, between New Orleans and St. Louis, of the famous steamers, the "Natchez" and the "Robert E. Lee." My boats were larger, more modern and cost more, and were the last of the palatial steamers engaged in the passenger traffic on the Lower Mississippi.

During the years I was engaged in running my boats in the gambling business I made one memorable trip with the "Corwin H. Spencer." When John Hay was Secretary of State he visited St. Louis during the World's Fair held there. He and my father, Captain H. W. Brolaski, were old friends. Mr. Hay expressed a desire to take a trip on the Mississippi, and especially to have the experience of passing under the Merchants' Bridge, which he had never seen before. He had not been on the Mississippi since the days when he had the experience that gave him the inspiration to write "Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle," a poem descriptive of the burning of a river steamer and a tribute to the heroism of a pilot.

"Jim Bludso," the pilot of the "Prairie Belle," had turned her to shore while she was wrapped in flames stood at his post until all had escaped, and then was lost in the burning craft.

Mr. Hay described the climax thus:

"Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'  
boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed he would keep his word.  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smokestacks fell,—  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle."

I told Mr. Hay that I had about two inches between the smokestacks and the trestle of the Merchants' Bridge, but that I would take him under if the stacks went down. I prepared for the emergency, which came. The steamer passed under the bridge, but the smokestacks were wrecked.

I ran the boat up the river a mile, turned back and went to Jefferson Barracks, and then returned to the foot of Olive Street.

During this river ride a lunch was served. Among those at the table were Secretary Hay, Marshall Field, Corwin H. Spencer and my father, Captain H. W. Brolaski. I remember that my father offered to wager with the other three that he would outlive all of them, he then being the oldest of them. The prompting of the wager was a prophecy; the three have passed away. My father is still living and in good health.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

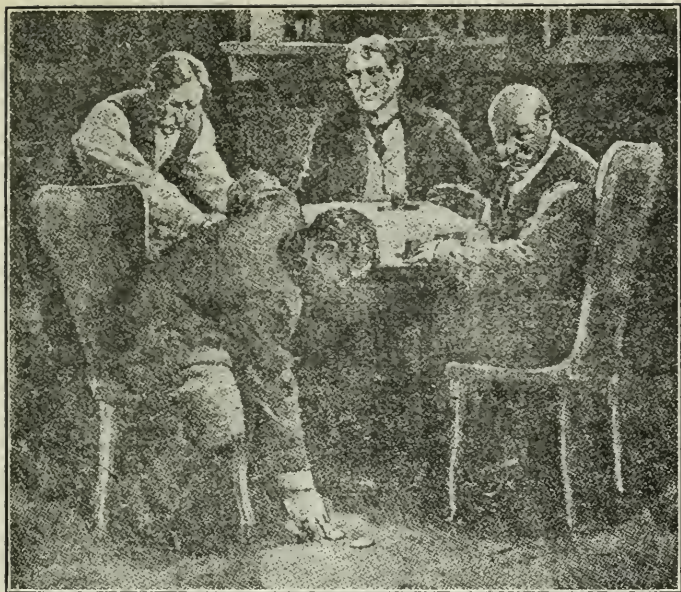
### GAMBLING GAMES AND DEVICES.

#### POKER.

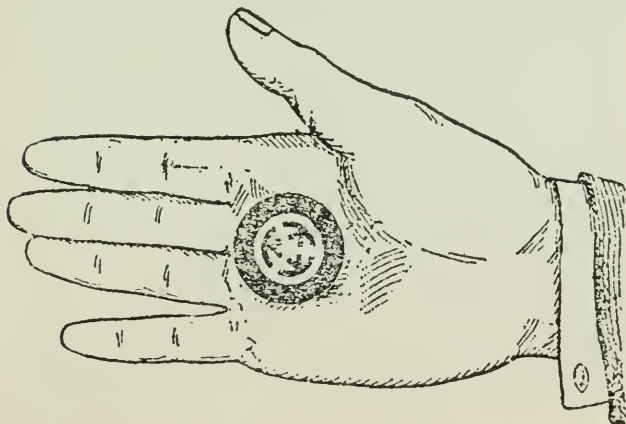
Draw poker, as it was played many years ago, was more a game of men than a game of cards, yet as a game of cards it was and is yet, when fairly played, more scientific than bridge whist. In whist you are largely at the mercy of your partner, and if he or she prove inattentive, or lack memory or intelligence, you will lose, however wise you may be at the game. Bulwer, in one of his novels tells of a gentleman and his wife who made many shekels by a simple code of signals. If either wanted the other to lead a low club the signal would be, "come love, we are waiting for you." If a high club, it would be, "come hurry." If a high diamond, it would be "hasten, dear." If a low diamond, it would be, "love, do play," and so on.

In poker the commercial value of the hands changes constantly. The value of a hand diminishes as the number of players increases. A pair of aces is a good hand with two players "in," while it is worthless with five players "in."

But poker is a game which as originally played gave scope for the faculties of memory, observation, rapid reasoning, accurate calculation, judgment of men, and command of countenance. Those who



Cheating by Knocking One's Checks Off Table.  
As he picks them up the man to the left "comes in" with a cold deck.



Copping Checks.

cannot or who do not exercise the latter quality have no business in the game. Those who can themselves preserve the stolidity of a graven image, the while they notice and remember the peculiarity of their fellows, have a decided advantage.

I remember a poker game in which one of the players would, whenever he had a good hand, turn his head and spit. Another would exhibit a white streak in the middle of his nose, and a third would announce his bet in a loud voice if he was bluffing, while if he had a good hand he would silently shove his chips to the center.

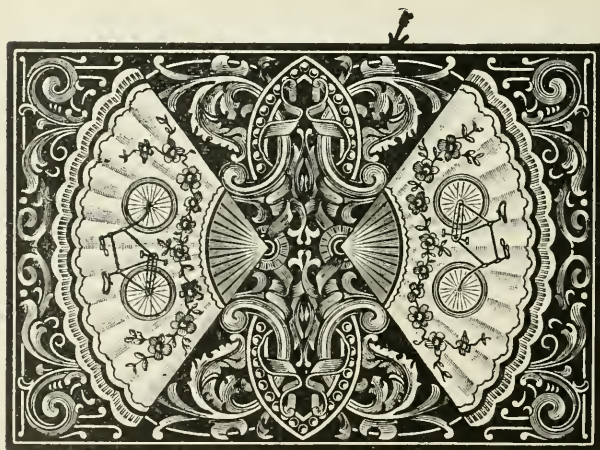
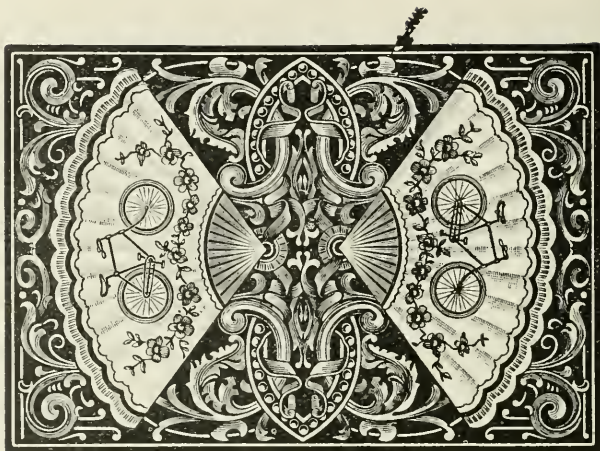
In old days poker was played without a limit, other than the amount in front of the player. Now each bet is limited usually to a sum equal to five times the amount of the ante. In the public games in New York City and elsewhere each player antes one dollar and the limit of each bet is five dollars. With seven players and seven dollars in the pot what is the use of trying to bluff with a five-dollar bet? Somebody will be sure to call you, whereas if you could bet twenty dollars then, that somebody would be apt to let you get away with the bluff. On the other hand if you bet five dollars and one raised you five dollars you would not call, if you are wise, unless you have a very good hand.

A pair of eights is an average hand; sevens are worthless, and nines are of small value. Even where jack-pots are not played a poker expert will not, unless he is last or next to the last in, bet on

less than jacks. If a jack-pot is played and somebody else opens it, he will not come in on less than queens, for it is certain that the opener has jacks or better. He has you bettered to begin with and his chances of improving his hand are equal to your chances of improving yours. If you have a four-flush or a straight-four, you have about one chance in five of improving your hand, and unless there is on the table five times as much as you bet you will stay out.

In the so-called fair games in the city only jack-pots are played and the house takes twenty-five cents out of each pot. Twenty hands an hour are played on an average for twelve hours in each twenty-four hours, and each table averages sixty dollars a day to the house. If you are one of five players, you contribute a dollar an hour to the "kitty." Not a great sum certainly, but the aggregate of it amounts to a considerable amount.

Each house has a staff of "players for the house." These gentlemen sit in to make up a game at any table which lacks the requisite number of players from the outside. They receive for their services their meals, drinks and cigars and ten per cent. of their winnings in each game; the other ninety per cent. going to the house. If they lose they contribute nothing toward the loss, but they don't lose very often; for if they fail to win, or at least "break even," the house will retire them.



Marked Cards. Notice the difference in cards where arrow points.

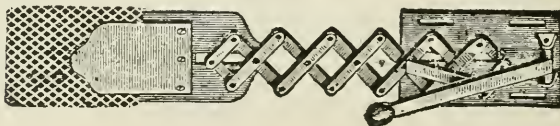
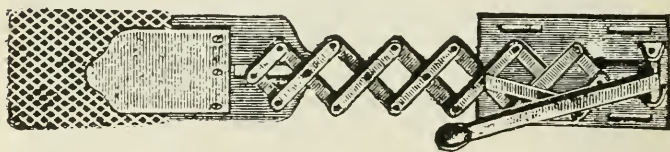
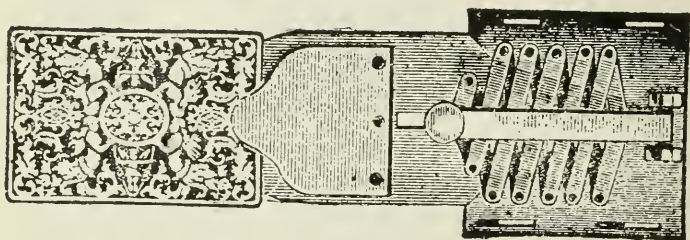
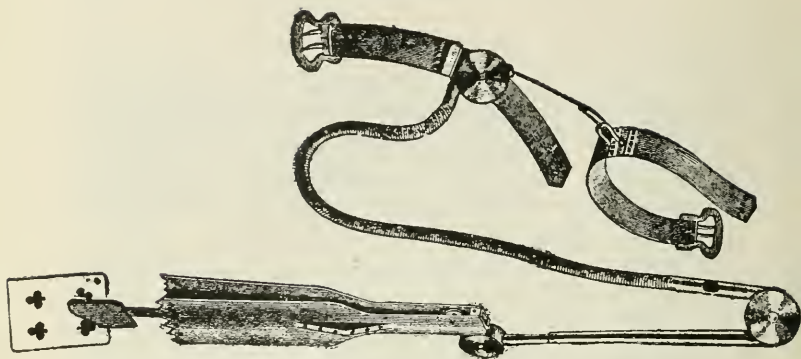


They do not cheat. They play fairly, except that they play into each other's hands. They seldom open a pot. When the pot is opened by a player, both keep out, or if one stays in, then the other stays out. Sometimes, not often, they cross-fire a player who sits between them, and raise and re-raise him until he retires with the best hand.

Such is the playing in the "fair" houses. How about that which is not fair? Dealing from the bottom, marked cards, hold-outs by means of "snapping Andy's," and divers other modes of cheating are resorted to to relieve the stranger of his bank roll.

Unfair games are seldom played in the regular poker houses. Such practices are more common in private "snaps." I call to mind the case of a prominent Californian who was invited by an old acquaintance to take part in an old-fashioned unlimited game at the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis. Two affable, "puffect gentlemen," completed the quartette. The game had proceeded about fifteen minutes. The Californian had neither lost nor won anything of consequence when his turn came to deal.

In a jocose spirit he said: "Boys, I am going to kiss the queen of diamonds for luck." He ran through the pack, but the queen of diamonds was not there, neither was the queen of hearts, nor yet the queen of clubs; only the queen of spades remained. There was a solemn silence around the



Various Card Holdouts.

festive board. One of the party faintly remarked: "The deck appears to be short." "Yes," said the Californian, dryly, "the queens are like the roast-turkey on the dinner menu, they are 'all out,' and they have stepped out so recently and so suddenly. Why, only last hand you had a queen full, don't you remember? Gentlemen, I fear that my wife is sick; I must go and see her. I have in front of me exactly the amount of my stake; please cash it, Mr. Banker. Oh, thank you, my share of the jack-pot is three dollars, I believe. You can give that to the holder of the missing queens. Good evening, gentlemen."

Down stairs an hour later the Californian met the friend who had introduced him to the game. "I am awful sorry for what happened," said he, "and Johnny was sorrier than I. He said that he had acted like a damned fool in holding those three queens out so early in the game. He said that he could have trimmed you out of your bank roll anyhow, without cheating."

"I accept your apology," said the Californian.

You can be cheated at draw or stud poker by bottom dealing, the spread, marked cards, hold outs, strippers, reflectors, shiners, ring-coat spider, bug, and a hundred other ways

Odds against holding hands before the draw in poker:

One pair .....	1¼ to 1
Two pairs .....	20 to 1
Three of a kind.....	45 to 1



Straight .....	254 to 1
Flush .....	508 to 1
Full Hand .....	693 to 1
Four of a kind.....	4,164 to 1
Straight Flush .....	64,973 to 1
Royal Flush .....	649,739 to 1

When playing draw poker the chances against helping hands in the draw are as follows:

Drawing to	The odds against.
Ace .....	Chance against
a pair .....	4 to 1
Ace and King.....	Chance against
a pair of either.....	3 to 1
One pair .....	Chance against
improving .....	2½ to 1
Two pairs .....	Chance against
full hand .....	11 to 1
Threes .....	Chance against
improvement .....	7 to 1
Open-end straight .....	Chance against
filling .....	5 to 1
Interior straight .....	Chance against
filling .....	11 to 1
Bobtail flush .....	Chance against
filling .....	4½ to 1
Four-straight flush .....	Chance against
improvement .....	4 to 1
Four-straight flush .....	Chance against
filling .....	24 to 1

Interior straight flush.....Chance against improvement .....	4 to 1
Interior straight flush.....Chance against filling .....	46 to 1
Three-card straight .....	Chance against filling .....
	24 to 1
Three-card straight flush..Chance against straight or flush.....	12 to 1

Stud poker is played by two or more individuals, usually in a gambling house where they have marked cards in which the first card is laid face down on the table. The gambling-house keeper always has a capper or booster sitting in the game, who knows the marked cards thoroughly and can tell what the other players' down card is. The second card dealt off is turned face up, and so on until there have been five cards dealt off.

There are very few square stud poker games in the country. Even if the game is run on the square and without any cheating, the house, or dealer, takes from ten to twenty-five cents out of each pot in a fair-sized game. The take-off will average fourteen dollars per hour. This is called the "kitty." You can imagine how long it would take to fatten the lone and forlorn "kitty" at the opening by allowing a ten-hour sitting. "Kitty" would be pretty fat and sweet—one hundred and forty dollars. Perhaps there would be one or two winners at the table; the other four or five would be losers. But you don't win anything from the house

in case you are lucky. The house gets its rake-off, and it is just as sure of this as death or taxes. Any sane man who will stop and figure up the percentage against him in an absolutely square game will quit playing stud poker.

#### FARO.

Faro is played with a deck of cards placed faces up in a little nickel plated box, open on the top and side. A spring in the bottom of the box holds in place the plate on which the cards are placed. The dealer pulls from the box two cards, one at a time; the first card appearing under the pulled card loses, and the next one wins.

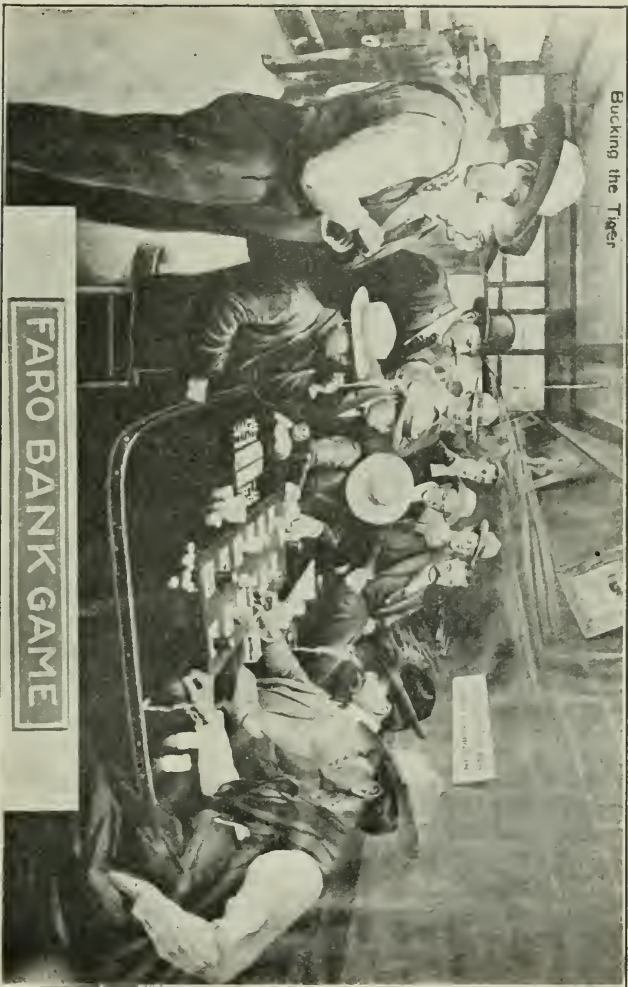
On a layout on the top of a table in front of the dealer are painted thirteen cards, beginning with the ace and running thence through the other twelve cards of a suit, ending with the king.

All bets are even, except that on the last turn the player will be paid four for one if he "calls" the cards in the order in which they appear.

The legitimate percentage of the game is in the "splits;" that is, where two cards of the same denomination come out together the dealer takes one-half of the bet on that card.

After three cards have been pulled of the same denomination, the remaining card of that denomination is called a "case," and as it cannot be "split," the player who bets upon it has an absolutely even chance to win. That is he would have an even chance to win if the game was played fairly, which

Bucking the Tiger

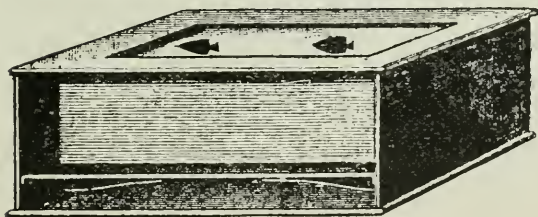
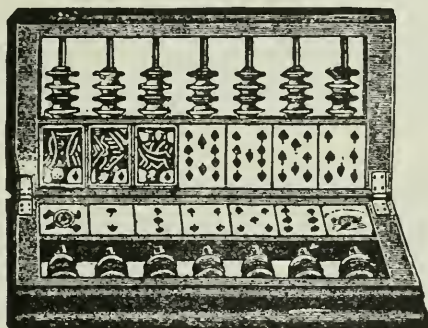


FARO BANK GAME

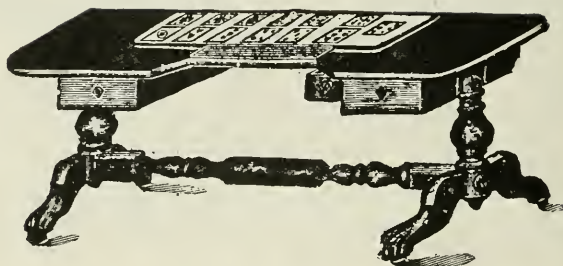
is not always the case. Even in games which are ordinarily fairly played there is a reserved potentiality of cheating which can be invoked and often is invoked to relieve a drunken or inexperienced player of his bank roll.

The cards in a faro deck are sometimes nicked on their sides so that the dealer can with his finger tell what cards will next be pulled. If the pulling of them in their order will cause the player to win, then a skillful dealer can and will pull two cards instead of one; and by collusion with the case keeper, the turn will be so recorded that the trick will not be known.

A favorite swindle of faro men is perpetrated by one of their members making the acquaintance of an available stranger whose antecedents have been previously ascertained. The stranger is informed that his new acquaintance is a faro dealer who has been injured by the proprietor of the gambling house in which he is employed. The stranger is told that if he will come to that house and gamble the dealer will throw off the game and they will divide the winnings. An adjournment is taken to the stranger's room where the gambler produces a pack of cards and a faro box, and illustrates to the satisfaction of the stranger the manner in which he can "throw off" the house. An appointment is made for that or the next evening when the stranger is to visit the gambling house and the scheme is to be carried out.



Two Bank Layouts, Case Keeper and Box Controlled by Dealer.

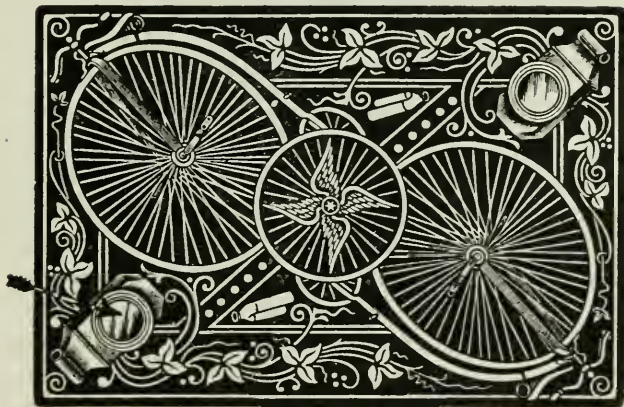
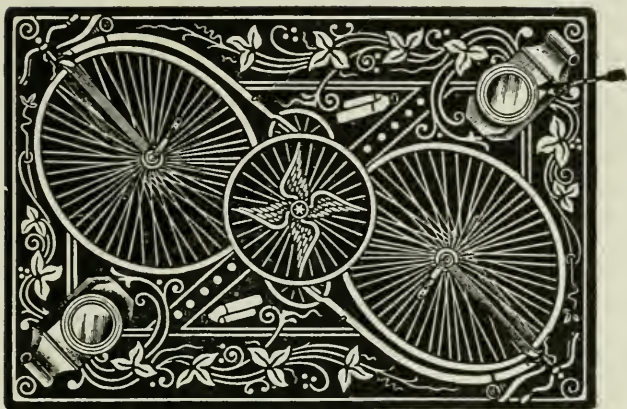


Faro Bank Table.

"The limit at the house is one hundred dollars, and in order to make big money," says the gambler, "you want to bet the limit every time. You want to lose a bet occasionally, or the proprietor will suspect us, and you had better take several hundred dollars or even as much as a thousand dollars with you and exhibit it so that the proprietor can see you are no 'piker.'"

To this the victim readily agrees, and the next night he makes his appearance in front of the faro table, and, tossing a roll of five hundred dollars to the dealer, exclaims in a careless tone, "give me a stack of checks." The victim proceeds to bet a hundred dollars a time. He loses four bets of a hundred dollars each in succession, on tips from the dealer, which he supposed were all right but which proved all wrong. Then with undiminished confidence he places his last hundred on the ace, which card the dealer had indicated he would pull to win. And then, alas for the defeat of his high-raised ex-





Marked Cards. Notice difference in cards where arrow points.



pectations, the proprietor says to the dealer: "Here, Billy, give me your seat; I will deal for a little while."

The proprietor assumes the dealer's seat, and the next time out of the box the remaining one hundred of the victim finds its four brethren in the dealer's cash drawer, and the victim rises and departs, and returns to his hotel as Roderigo proposed to return to Venice, "with less money and more wit."

#### WHIST.

Whist or bridge whist is one of the popular gambling games of the world, and has been the cause of breaking up more homes than any other form of gambling.

The ways of cheating in a whist game are so numerous that it would require a volume to describe them.

Suppose that hearts were trumps, and that you held in your hand the ace, king, queen, jack, ten and nine of hearts, the ace, king and queen of diamonds, the ace and king of clubs and the queen and jack of spades. You would almost, Mr. Lamb, be willing to wager your existence that you would take the odd trick with this hand. Well, you would not, for the simple reason that if a hand of this kind were passed to you in a framed-up game, one of your opponents would have the eight, seven, six, five, four, three and deuce of hearts, and the ace, king, ten, nine, eight and seven of spades. He, having one more heart than you, gets in at any time, picks up

your spades, makes all of his good and makes the odd trick, no matter what hands you and your opponent's partner may hold.

### THREE CARD MONTE.

Three card monte is one of the most deceiving of card games, and is played for the sole purpose of



robbing the innocent. It has been played to such an extent that it would not seem possible to find anyone so densely ignorant as to make a wager on it.

Three card monte and the shell game, elsewhere described, are played in the same way and for the same purpose. Three cards or three shells are used. When played with three cards, two of the cards are the same on the face, the third being of a different color or figure. The player holds two cards in one hand and one in the other, showing you the face of the odd card and offering to bet you that you cannot select it after he throws it on the table.

If anyone ever tries to induce you to make such a bet don't hesitate, but walk away; for you will lose your money as sure as you breathe.

#### THIRTY-ONE.

There is a game that can be played with or without dice, called "Thirty-One." The bet is made on the assertion that the dealer can count thirty-one first by calling numbers, no one to be greater than six, which is the highest dice mark.

The dealer will name the first number, or permit you to do so. To illustrate: If you have the privilege of naming the first number, say that you call four. The dealer will call six, which, added to four, makes a total of ten. You call another number, say five, which, added to ten, makes fifteen. The dealer will then call two, making the total seventeen. If your next number be three, the total will be twenty.

The dealer will call four, making the total twenty-four. It is your turn to call next, and, as you cannot call a number greater than six, we will assume that you call the number two. This will make the total twenty-six. It is the dealer's call next, and he will, of course, call five, which makes the total thirty-one.

This innocent looking little game has often been used by sharks to relieve the unwary of their money. Its secret is that the winner must call such numbers as to make them, when he calls, added to those already called, equal three, ten, seventeen and twenty-four. If the numbers you call, added to the previous numbers, will make this combination, then you will be able to count thirty-one before your opponent.

#### DICE SHAKING OR CRAP GAME.

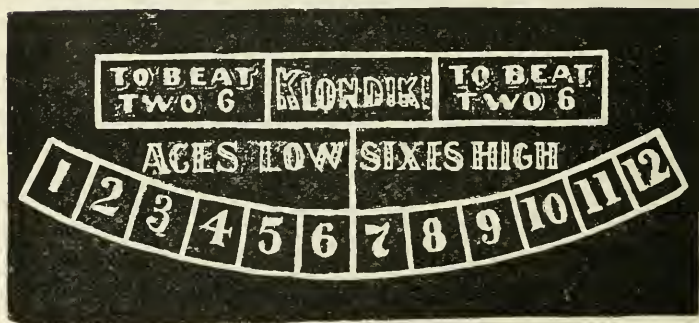
Dice shaking for cigars and for drinks in cigar stands and saloons is a common practice throughout the principal cities of the United States.

Little do the outsiders realize that eighty-five per cent. of all dice are either loaded or controlled by an electric battery under the counter, and that therefore the house will win eighty-five per cent. of the games.

If smokers and drinkers must indulge themselves, they had better pay the legitimate price asked for the liquor and cigars, and not try to win them, or allow their greed to trap them into trying to obtain something for nothing, because that is what they do.

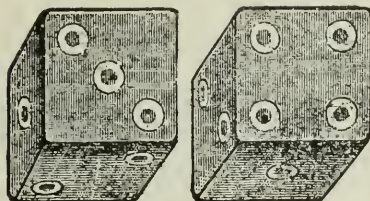


Crap Game Layout.



Klondike Layout.

Does it never occur to them that the cigar-stand keepers and the saloon men cannot pay their rent and electric light and other bills, and give their customers an equal chance? You don't pay any rent.



Loaded Dice.

You are under no expense. Don't you see how much the worst of it you have in dice shaking for drinks and cigars?

There is not a strictly fair crap game played anywhere today. The chance is always with the dealer, the percentage is always with him and you are up against a brace game, either with loaded dice, or a battery, or tops or house players.

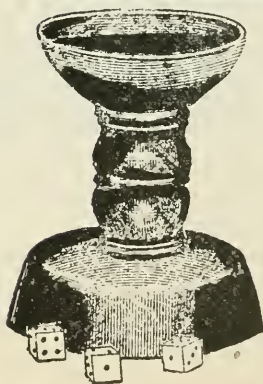
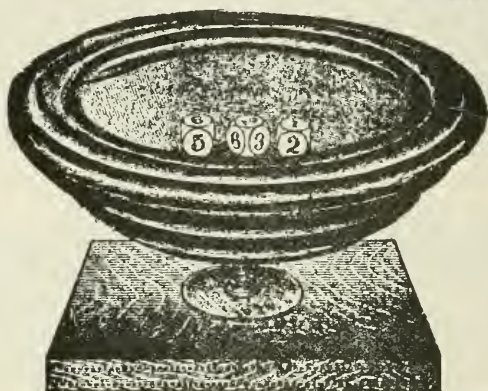
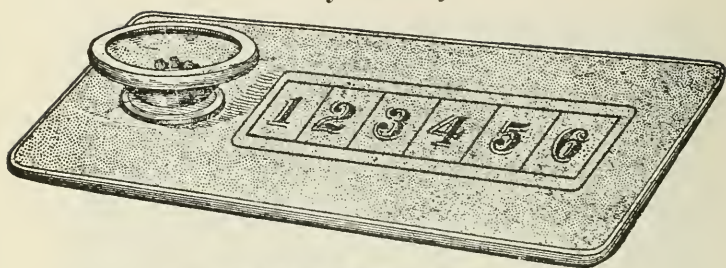
I have seen crap shooters like John Winn and Little Mark Gumberts of St. Louis take a set of dice and manipulate them so that they can put any number up for you or any combination that you might ask for.

#### HYRONEMUS OR CHUCK-A-LUCK.

There are various ways of playing the game of hyronemus or chuck-a-luck. Usually it is played with three large dice through a cup. They pay off on numbers from one to six. If the numbers come two sixes, they pay you double; three sixes you get three to one for your money.

This game is also played with three dice thrown into a wash bowl or wooden bowl, and is sometimes played with three dice in a bird cage with a leather





Hyronemus Layout,  
Bowl, Cup and Cage.

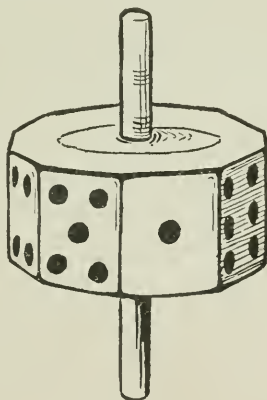
top and bottom, the bird cage being revolved, causing the dice to shake up thoroughly and settle. They pay off according to the numbers shown on top.

Any one of the various ways of playing this game affords opportunity to cheat, either by an electric battery or loaded dice.

This is quite a favorite game at country fairs. As a side-show game, it is one of the best paying games known to the gambling fraternity. The outsider who plays it has no chance on earth to beat it, because it is controlled by electric batteries or loaded dice.

#### DICE TOP.

An innocent looking little gambling device. The pin through the center is movable, if you know how to work it. In picture shown here it is set for high



Dice Top.



numbers. It is a great bar-room game for drinks, cigars and money.

#### THE EIGHT DICE CLOTH.

The eight-dice cloth is one of the most laughable games imaginable. The dealer will measure off a piece of ordinary oil cloth and paint numbers on it, running from fourteen to forty-eight, with combinations. Then he takes a dice box with eight dice in it, and boosters will be paid to run the game.

The dealer will shake the box, throw the dice out on the table and count them up. The boosters, or cappers, will play in the game and shout with counterfeit glee when the game keeper calls out a winning number that they are on.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### MONTE CARLO AND ROULETTE.

The north shore of the Mediterranean, especially that portion of it which extends from Mentone to Nice, and which is known as the Riviera, has been for more than a century the sanitarium and winter playground of Europe. Southern California is the only country in the world that, in geniality of climate, in healthful conditions and in beauty of foliage and fruitage, rivals the land that lines the north shore of the tideless sea that stretches from the Dardanelles to the Pillars of Hercules.

Between Nice and Mentone, along the Corniche road, one may drive under the shadow of giant olive trees which were planted during the reign of the first Napoleon. The rocky peninsula on which is perched the little principality of Monaco is a mass of verdure and flowers. Here is situated the village or town of Monte Carlo, where is located the greatest and probably the only absolutely fair gambling establishment in the world.

The American roulette wheel contains thirty-eight compartments, thirty-six of which are numbered from one to thirty-six inclusive, and two of which are labeled respectively 0 and 00. Whenever the ball drops into either of the 0's the bank takes all of the bets that are on the table. The odds are about

five per cent. in favor of the bank where the game is fairly conducted; for the player bets ninety-nine and three-quarter dollars against ninety-four and one-half dollars.

At Monte Carlo the roulette wheels have only a single 0 and when the balls drop into that compartment the bank takes only one-half of the bets of the players, thus reducing the percentage of the bank to about one and one-quarter per cent.; for the player bets one hundred dollars against ninety-eight dollars and seventy-five cents.

About as many people will bet on the red as on the black, or on the even as on the odd numbered compartments. The bets of one set of players pays those of the other set, and the profits of the bank occur when the ball drops into the zero. Strange as it may seem, there are few things more certain than the regularity of chance.

Records of the game kept at Monte Carlo show that in an hour, or a day, or a week's run of the wheels the ball will drop as often into one compartment as another. It follows that once in every thirty-seven times the zero will win and the bank will take one-half of all the money that is on the table. It takes about ninety seconds for each play. The tables open at 11 o'clock A.M. and close 11 o'clock P.M. The result is that each day the ball will drop into the zero eighteen times.

At Monte Carlo in a season the amount on each table at each play will average not less than five

hundred dollars, and eighteen times in each day the bank will win two hundred and fifty dollars at each table. As there are six tables the profits at Monte Carlo are \$27,000 each day or over eight hundred thousand dollars a month. This is contributed by Russians, Scandinavians, Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders, Britishers and Americans, for a period of six months, making a total of nearly five millions per annum.

Last year the earnings of this famous gambling casino were four million five hundred dollars, of which there were about two million dollars paid out in expenses, one item being four hundred thousand dollars to avoid publicity; in other words, hush money to the newspapers. The sum for the concession paid to the government was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In addition to this the Monaco government received two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a bonus. Two hundred thousand dollars were set aside for the reserve fund. The salaries to directors and high officials connected with the management of the Monte Carlo casino amounted to two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The croupiers, who in this country are called game-keepers, and their assistants were paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. For theatrical entertainments and the maintenance of an orchestra, to the tunes of which there have been numerous suicides committed, the casino expended one hundred and sixty-five

thousand dollars. For educational purposes and donations to the clergy, the insignificant sum of sixty thousand dollars was given. Education is not a leading feature of the government of Monaco.

In all the expense account at Monte Carlo aggregates two million dollars, leaving the sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars to be divided among the stockholders of the Casino.

A person who desires to enter the Casino at Monte Carlo must sign an application in which he states what is required to be stated by a witness in court in the United States—his name, age, residence and occupation. He is then given a card which he must exhibit to the doorkeeper of the gambling room before entering. His hat, coat, umbrella and cane are left at the cloak room, and he receives a check for them. Each day, on surrendering the card, he receives a new card of admission. If he has misbehaved himself in any way, or if it has been ascertained that he is a criminal character, he will not get another card. No drinking is allowed in the gambling room, and no shabbily dressed person is permitted to enter there.

If you can fulfill the necessary conditions you may have an opportunity to bet ten dollars against nine dollars and eighty-five cents, as long as your money lasts, in sums of not less than one dollar or more than twelve hundred dollars in any one bet.

No employee of the Casino and no person engaged in business as principal or employee who resides at

Mentone, Nice, or Monaco, is allowed to bet at the games there, except on one day in each year. No game of faro, monte, baccarat, or other banking game is permitted there.

The management assigns a reason for this discrimination that they will not run the risk of conducting a game the result of which is within the control of an employee. Roulette is absolutely mechanical in its operations, and no croupier can cheat or "throw off" the house.

Many years ago a California gambler by the name of Teakle won a large sum of money at Monte Carlo by watching and recording the play. His theory was that no roulette machinery is absolutely perfect, and that a very slight irregularity in the revolutions of the wheel would throw the ball more frequently into one set of compartments than another.

Armed with his statistics he plunged on the group of numbers which had "shown up" most frequently the day before. He gathered in about forty thousand dollars, when his plan was discovered, and thereafter the management changed the disks every night.

In our own land the gentlemen who are engaged in the roulette industry are not contented with an advantage of five per cent.; they assist fortune by means of electricity, and so control the wheel and ball as to beat the players.

In what is called an "advantage wheel" a fine copper wire is placed on the bottom of the wheel, under

the red compartments. Another wire is placed under the black compartments, a third under the compartments which are numbered odd, a fourth under the even numbered compartments, and a fifth, sixth and seventh, under the first, the middle and the last twelve numbers. These wires are each connected with buttons under the feet of the roulette dealer. The revolving ball is a hollow globe of iron and is highly magnetized. The dealer observes that there is more money bet by the outsiders on the red than on the black. He presses the button which sends a current of electricity into the black numbers, and the magnetized ball, obedient to the magnetic call, drops into a black compartment, and all who have bet on the red lose their money, to the great profit of the bank.

It may be asked, why do not gamblers who are posted on the trick of an "advantage" roulette wheel bet with the house and share in its profits?

If a bettor would do this several times, the keen eye and intelligence of the proprietor would detect that the bettor knew of the control of the wheel and ball with the electrical apparatus, and would find a way to suppress the bettor or get rid of him.

A gambler told me that while in Phoenix, Arizona, he visited a public gaming house and noticed that the roulette wheel was an "advantage" wheel, whereupon he proceeded to bet with the house against players. He gathered in about two hundred dollars in the course of half an hour, when he re-

ceived a tap on the shoulder and his interrupter said, "Colonel Brown wants to speak to you." He stepped aside and "Colonel Brown" said to him, "Pardner, I see that you are a wise guy. You have taken enough from the house. Now pull your freight. Keep what you have got. Don't come back, and keep your mouth shut. If you blab you will be beaten to a jelly."

The party addressed made no reply. He concluded that he would get some more easy money, and returned to the roulette table. He placed a ten dollar bet on the red, observing that a larger amount had been placed by the other players on the black. The dealer, doubtless at a signal from the proprietor, allowed the black to win, and was about to pick up the ten dollars, when the proprietor stepped forward, handed my friend his ten, and said: "Here, you sneak thief, take your money back. We don't want your game. This is no place for state prison birds. We only have gentlemen here. Haven't I told you often enough to keep away from here, you damned convict? I won't allow you to hang around looking for a chance to pick the pockets of my customers. Get."

And he got.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### GAMES AND SCHEMES OF DECEPTION.

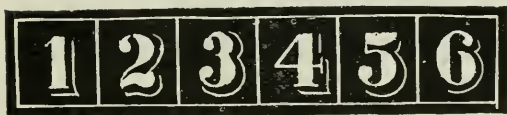
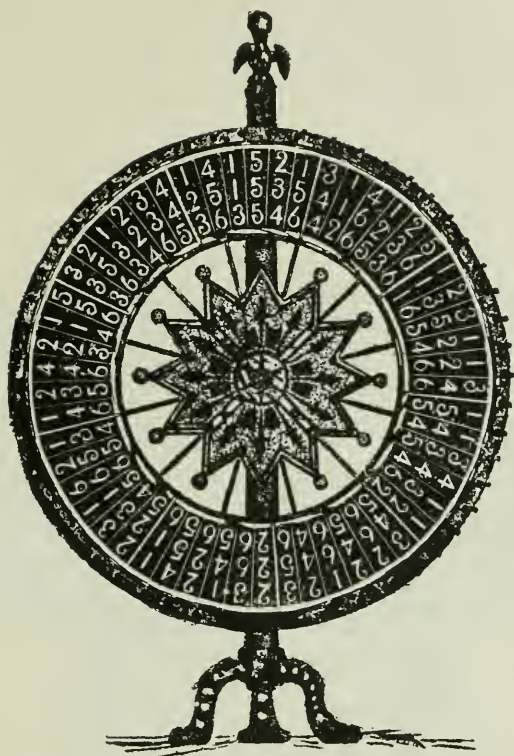
There are a number of games of chance and schemes to defraud people of their money, which are commonly used at country fairs, circuses and other places where the more ignorant class of people assemble. Such games and schemes are fixed and manipulated to rob. They are never operated fairly, but always dishonestly.

The so-called "Midway" of the beach resorts is usually lined with fake and fraudulent games and schemes.

In this chapter will be found a description and exposure of these games and grafting tricks.

The wheel of fortune, or big wheel, as it is sometimes called, is a large wheel that turns on a pivot. It is so constructed that when it stops the dial indicates a certain combination of figures, which are painted on the wheel.

The wheel contains red and black strips about two inches wide on its edge, on each of which is a combination of figures; as 1, 2, 3; 2, 1, 3; three sixes, or three fives, etc. In conducting the game the bettor is permitted to select any number from one to six, inclusive. To win, the number on which he places his money must be indicated by the dial when the wheel stops.



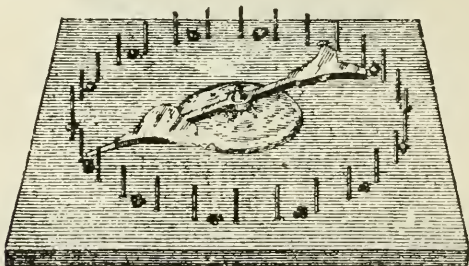
Big Wheel of Fortune Controlled by Squeeze.

If the wheel is fairly operated the chances against winning are five to one. But it is rarely the case that the game is carried on honestly. The wheel can be controlled by what is called a "squeeze," which is a secret brake working on the wheel and is manipulated by the foot or in some other unexposed way. In this manner the dealer can stop the wheel on any combination of numbers he pleases. The "squeeze" may also be operated by an electric battery.

The wheel of fortune is a favored one at country fairs, side shows and beach resorts. It is a sure way to get rid of your money.

#### RED AND BLACK SPINDLE.

The red and black spindle is a round device with upright nails or pegs. Between two pegs is the color red and between the next two pegs is the color



Red and Black Spindle.

black. There is also an arrow that revolves on a pivot. This is operated by the dealer and stops on

either red or black, but is controlled absolutely by the dealer with a foot or stomach brake or an electric brake. The bettor has absolutely no chance to win.

#### ARROW SPINDLE.

The arrow or number spindle consists of numbers ranging from one to six with combinations. It is



Arrow Spindle.

something similar to the wheel of fortune and is conducted like the red and black spindle. It is absolutely controllable by the operator, and is a fleecing game.

#### PIN GAME.

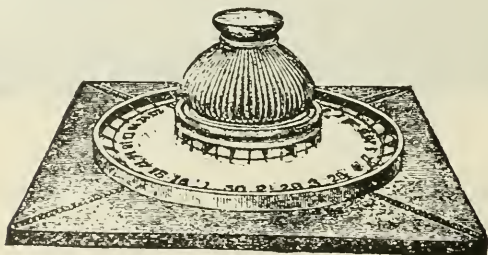
This game is played exactly like the eight-dice cloth, except that miniature bowling pins are used, but with the same results.



Pin Game.

## BEE-HIVE.

The bee-hive game and the drop-case game are played along lines similar to those of the eight-dice and pin games.



Bee-Hive.

## KNIFE RACK, SHOOTING GALLERY, AND OTHER GAMES.

Throwing small rings, and endeavoring to place them over pins, which are inserted in a tilted board at various angles, seems like an innocent pastime.

It is, if you have the money to pay for the throws. The player does not think or understand that the pins which bear the numbers of valuable prizes are placed at such an angle as to make it impossible to land the rings on them.

The same can be said of the cane rack, the canes being placed at impossible angles.

Shooting arrows and air-guns at targets for prizes is the veriest fake. All is arranged so as to defeat every effort to win anything from the proprietor.

It may be fun throwing balls at a negro's head, stuck through a stretched canvas; but never bet your money that you can hit the head. Not only can the negro dodge the balls, but the balls are so made, in weighting them more on one side than the other, that they cannot be thrown accurately.

#### BOOKMAKER'S WHEEL.

The bookmaker's wheel is similar to the roulette wheel, with this difference: it stands on a pivot, tilted a little. The wheel is in a glass frame, and has one dollar, two dollar, five dollar and ten dollar bills folded up under the glass. There is a large revolving bowl, turned by the dealer; and wherever the ball lands, if on a one, two, five or ten, it pays correspondingly. This game is also controlled by the "squeeze" or an electric brake, and can be manipulated against the player.

If operated fairly the chances against the player are seven to one.

## MATCHING OR FLIPPING COINS.

If you are ever invited to match or flip coins with two persons, whose integrity you do not know to be perfect, you may prepare to lose your money. The proposition in matching coins is that the man holding the coin with the odd face up wins.

If two players are confederates they will have signals, which will be used so that one of them will put one face of a coin up and the other the opposite face. When the third player proceeds to match or flip it makes no difference which face of his coin turns up, one of the confederates must necessarily be the holder of the coin with the odd face, and the winner.

Where the game is carried on by confederates they will permit the victim to win occasionally, by way of encouragement.

Coins are often loaded so as to make them turn up, when thrown, a certain way. A trickster carries two coins; one loaded so that heads will turn up, the other so that tails will appear. Look out for him.

A coin can so be held in the hand by an expert, with the hand placed on the table, the coin held between his fingers, so that after one calls heads or tails the player can turn the coin either way without detection.

The seemingly innocent pastime of matching or flipping coins may be a trick played by experts to rob people of their money.



SHELL GAME.

One of the oldest games used by grafters to fleece the people is the shell game, sometimes called the potato game.

Three empty halves of English walnuts are usually the device with which the manipulation is done, in connection with a pea, or some round thing about that size.

Like the three-card monte, eight-dice, and other similar games, the operator of the shell game has boosters and cappers who encourage people to make bets on the manipulation of the shells and pea.

The operator will let you see one of the shells placed over the pea and allow you to put your hand on top of the shell, under which the ball is placed—as you think. He will allow you to keep your hand on the shell while you get out your money, and you would wager your life that the little pea is under the shell which you hold. You saw it there and you put your hand on the shell. No one has moved it.

You lift the shell, but the pea is not there. The operator calmly lifts another shell and shows you the pea.

You wonder how this happened. There is no hole in the table and none in the shell. When the operator was in the act of placing the shell over the ball, as you thought, he deftly used the little finger of his right hand, at the same time talking to you and looking you straight in the eye, and shot the pea under another shell. This is done so quickly as to be beyond detection.



Remember that the fingers are quicker than the eye. You may bet that this is not so, but it is. The expert shell worker can manipulate his fingers more quickly than the eye can detect.

This is another game that you cannot possibly beat.

#### SLOT MACHINES.

Of the various kinds of slot machines that are used to take money from the public is the one that contains coins and is played for money.

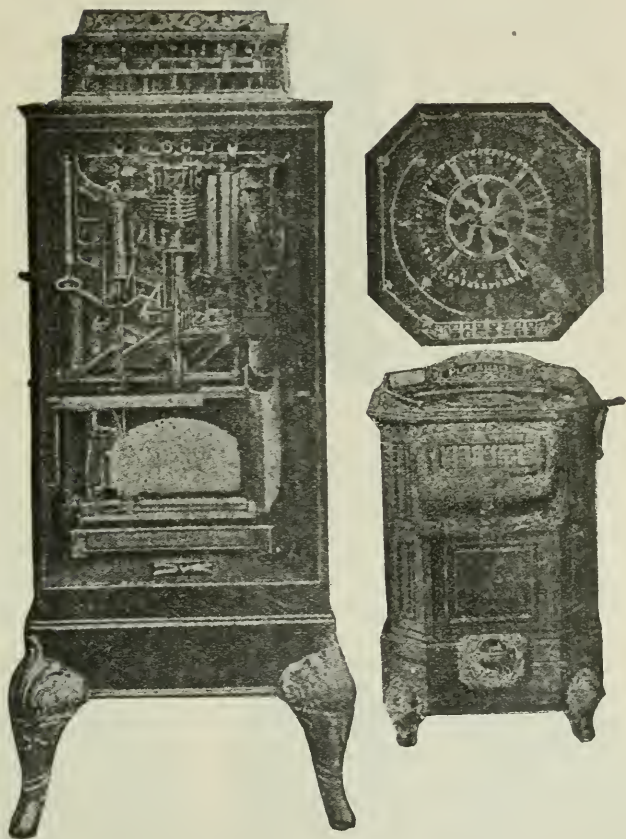
Until recently these machines were played in every state. At this time they are prohibited in many states, and in many cities where the state law does not suppress them.

These machines afford considerable amusement and entertainment to the players. The winnings are just sufficient to encourage one to keep on at the game.

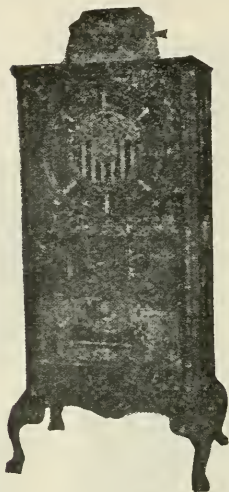
These slot machines are about four to four and a half feet tall, contain a dial and coin slots. They are made with pockets and contain nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars.

These machines can be geared to stop regularly on certain numbers, and are so set that the chances against the player are eight to one.

If one continues to play a slot machine he will lose. It is impossible to win in the end. You may play the machine once or twice and make a winning; but you may then play for an hour without repeating the performance.



Money Slot Machines.



Money Slot Machine.

There are many so-called merchandise machines which have a gambling feature attached to them. All such machines are geared and regulated on a large percentage against the player.



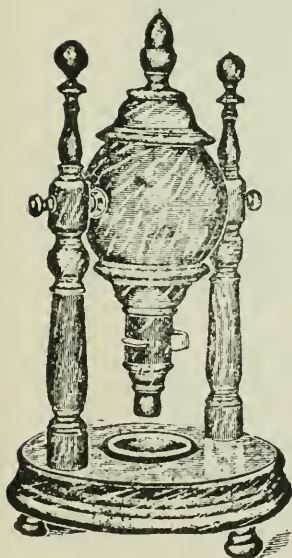
Merchandise Slot Machines.

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You can safely count that every slot machine with a gambling feature is geared and set to beat you.

### KENO.

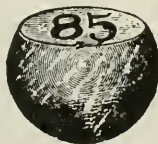
An old and popular game is keno. In this game there is a wheel that revolves, which contains numbers; and when it stops, one of the numbers is opposite an indicator. This number is called by the operator. Or, in place of a wheel, a receptacle containing numbered balls, called a "goose-neck", is used. In the latter case the receptacle is shaken, a ball rolled out and the number on it called.



Keno Goose Neck.

3	2333	6678
19	<b>131</b>	83
5	24 42	6374

Keno Card.



Keno Ball.

The players have a card containing a combination of numbers, usually three in a row ; and as the number on the wheel or ball is called the player marks the number, if it is on his card. The winner is the one who first marks all the numbers in one row on his card. He then calls "keno", and takes the pot.

This game is easily controllable by the keeper, and may be, and usually is, run dishonestly.

The game has been practically put out of business in the United States, but is played in Mexico, particularly at Juarez, opposite El Paso.

#### COCK FIGHTING.

In these days cock fighting is practically suppressed, except in Mexico.

If, however, you are ever present at such a bloody entertainment, you may be sure that cocks can be so equipped as to make one easily the victim of the other. This is done by the adjustment of spurs or knives, so that one bird is absolutely at the mercy of the other.

Where cock fights are arranged to invite the public to bet, the birds are fixed.

#### TURKEY PRIZES.

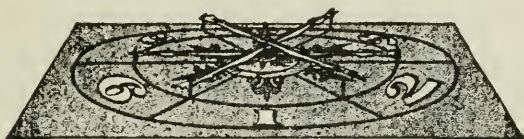
As the holidays approach the shooting galleries and raffling concerns offer turkeys as prizes. Did you ever hear of anyone winning such a turkey whom you knew was not a capper for the keeper of the place?

Whatever your score may be at the shooting gallery, or whatever your number in the raffle, you will

lose. When the time to distribute the turkeys comes, some one representing the proprietor will have a score higher than yours and the winning number in the raffle.

#### THE CIRCUS GRAFT.

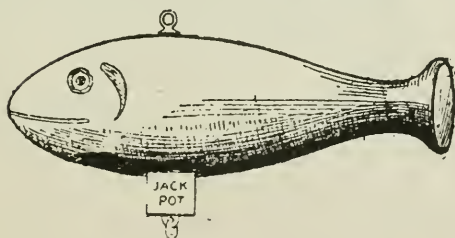
The majority of circuses traveling throughout the United States have a lot of grafters and gamblers following them who pay a privilege to the managers



Three Arrow Spindle.



Camel Back Squeeze Spindle.



The Fish in Fish Pond Game.

or proprietors of the show to work the green ones who come to town to see the circus. They work all sorts of games, such as shell games, eight-dice cloth, drop case, the count down, the spindle, etc.

These grafters could not exist if the circus proprietors were not in with the game. Beware of all games at such a place. They are mere means of robbing you.

#### THE BIRD CAGE GAME.

The bird-cage game is usually played at county fairs. There are three dice in the cage, and the player bets on the numbers from 1 to 6, same as chuck-a-luck. The cage and dice are controlled by electric currents. It is swung so as to be moved to turn the dice.

#### POLICY GAME.

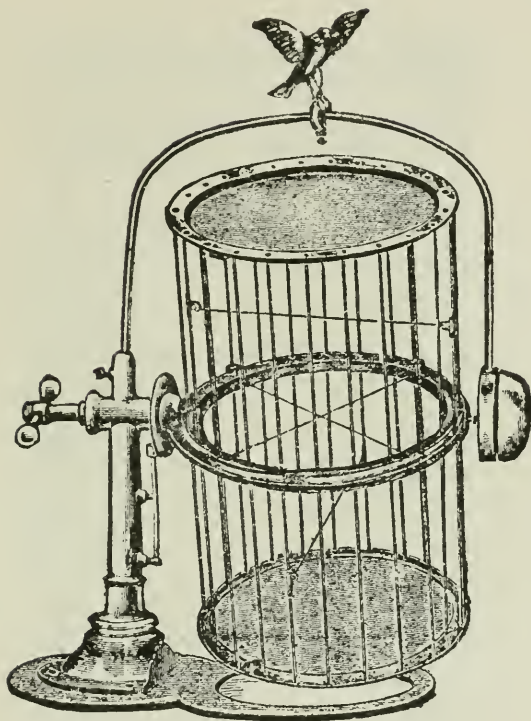
One of the lowest types of gambling known is the policy game. It is run to impose on the ignorant and illiterate. It is the popular chance game with negroes.

Policy is a game of drawing, and is much like lottery. The winner is required to have a combination of two numbers, which are on the sheets on the same line. For example: 52, 55. In order to win one must have these two numbers in combination.

The prizes for which the drawings are had are thirty per cent. of the receipts. A pretty sure business for the proprietor.

Both state and municipal laws have been enacted to prohibit and suppress this nefarious game.





Bird Cage Controlled by Electricity.

In order to avoid the law and give the semblance of legality to the announcement of the winnings, the card publishing the results of the drawings uses the name of some prominent stock in connection with the numbers, as shown in the illustration.



MCN JULY 12 09.	
International Stock Co.'s Quotations	
TO-DAYS' TRANSACTIONS	
LAST QUOTATIONS	
Sales	Percentage
13 Am. Steel .....	57
68 Am. Leather .....	19
51 Am. Rubber .....	36
60 Con. R. R. of Utah .....	26
8 Con. Wax .....	31
33 Erie Corn .....	67
41 Fulton Loco. ....	10
71 General .....	27
36 Inter. Air Brake .....	46
52 Kansas Tool Co. ....	72
47 Louis Paper Co. ....	37
23 Manhattan Tin ....	78
56 Pressed Air Co. ....	74
South. Ry. ....	
424 Twin. C. R. T. ....	454
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS	

A Deceptive Policy Drawing Announcement.

## Games and Schemes of Deception. 305

All the large cities of the United States are infested with policy games. Al Adams, many times a millionaire, was for years the policy king of this country. After serving a term in Sing Sing for conducting policy, he committed suicide.

PM	PM
13	57
68	19
51	36
60	26
8	31
33	67
41	10
71	27
36	46
52	72
47	37
23	78
56	74

Morning Announcement of  
Policy Drawings.

AM	AM
52	55
91	63
26	34
66	59
11	20
44	5
3	15
71	68
55	8
65	71
32	25
77	3

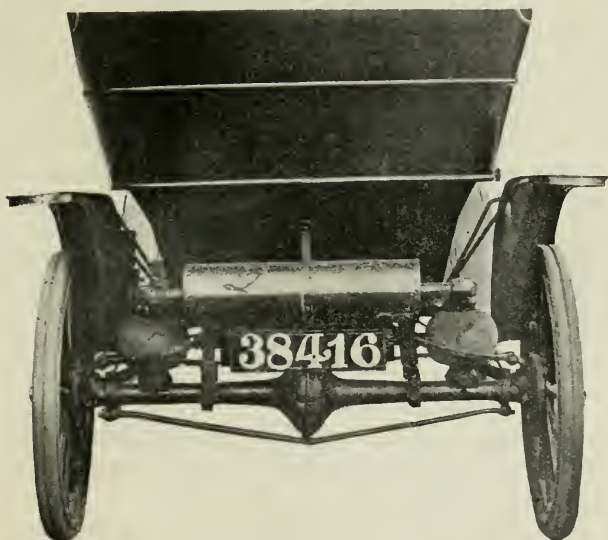
Afternoon Announcement of  
Policy Drawings.



AUTOMOBILE GAMBLING.

One of the latest and up-to-date ways of taking money from the thoughtless and unwary is betting on the numbers of automobile licenses that are attached to machines.

One who is in the business of grafting and robbing people in a seemingly fair way will manage to



Automobile Gambling.

become acquainted with moneyed men who own automobiles. The trickster will manage to take a ride with his intended victim, first knowing that the latter has an inclination to gamble.

As they ride along the faker will offer to bet his new friend that the number on the machine ahead, which is so far distant that it cannot be read, is an even one. This looks like an even chance for a break, and if the automobile owner is at all inclined to take a chance he will quickly bite on the proposition.

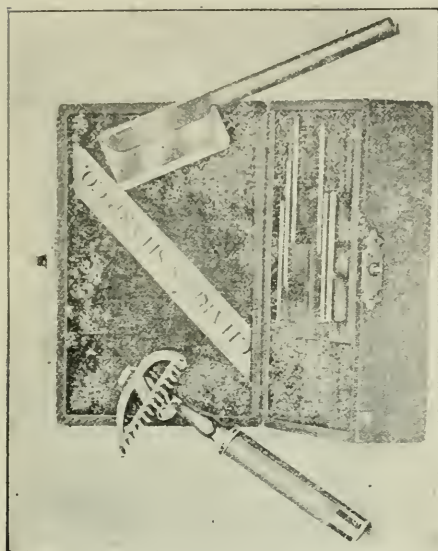
But the trickster has a confederate who is riding in the machine to which is attached the number which is the subject of the wager, and knows what the number is. Or the trickster will propose to the automobile owner with whom he is riding to bet that the number on the next machine that passes will be an even or an odd number, whichever he may select. This wager is quickly accepted, when, on a signal from the faker, his confederate, who is following behind in another machine, quickly passes, the faker winning the bet, as he knew what the number will be.

#### FAKE LOTTERIES.

There are fake lottery games carried on at many cigar stands, candy stores, barber shops and saloons, where the prizes are safety razors, fountain pens, and similar articles.

Numbers are drawn or given out in various ways. When the drawings take place some representative of the proprietor of the game wins the prize.

These lottery games are conducted for the purpose of getting money from the public, and never with the intention of giving any consideration for it.



The Razor Prize.

# **THIS SET CONSISTS OF**

**A Sharp Safety Razor**

**Six (6) Wafer Blades,**

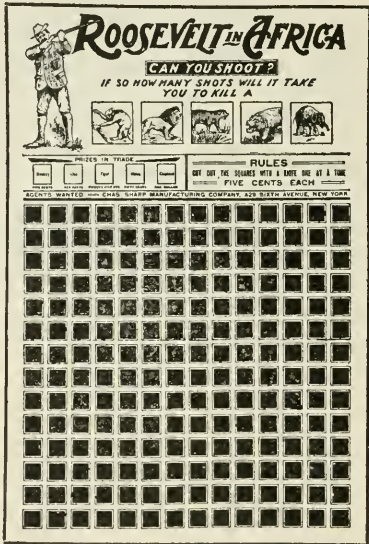
**One Blade Holder for  
stropping in velvet lined**

**case.**

The card which goes with this Full Gold  
Plated Razor is similar to above card  
and has 88 numbers which net \$7.80

In many saloons tickets bearing numbers are given out with each purchase. The ones receiving such tickets are permitted to place them in a box,

Numbers on  
back  
of every square  
making  
a substitute for  
Dice Box



**ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA**  
**CAN YOU SHOOT?**  
IF SO HOW MANY SHOTS WILL IT TAKE  
YOU TO KILL A

**PRIZES IN TRADE**

1000	500	250	100	50	25
100	50	25	10	5	2

**RULES**  
PUT OUT THE SQUARES WITH A DICE ONE AT A TIME  
FIVE CENTS EACH

SOLELY WONTER - CASE SHARP MANUFACTURING COMPANY 315 SIXTH AVENUE NEW YORK

This Card  
can be used for  
high and low  
man.  
A feature on  
no other game of  
this kind

One glance will convince you of the money making merits of this **Substitute For Slot Machines.**

The above cut illustrates the Game, which contains 196 Blocks	
at 5c. each.....	\$9.80
Amount of Prizes.....	6 30
Cash profit.....	3 50
Profit on goods given away.....	2 50
Total profit to dealer.....	6.00

A New Fake Lottery.



there to await the announced drawing for prizes. The drawing takes place, but some confederate of the proprietor is the winner. All such schemes are fraudulent and a species of robbery.

In the windows of many mercantile establishments can be seen automobiles with the announcements that tickets are given with each purchase, and that on a certain day the machine will be the prize of a drawing.

It is rarely ever the case that such a drawing is honest and in good faith. I know of one automobile being used in one prominent business house for five drawings.

The proprietors of business firms conducting such schemes are usually so prominent as to be above the suspicion of the police officers; but all such advertised schemes should be watched, and some officer should be present at the drawing to see that it is fairly and honestly made.

### MISCELLANEOUS FAKE SCHEMES.

There are many schemes practiced to fleece the public; high five, stusch, the Jewish game, seven and one-half and fan-tan. Lottery games are conducted in connection with the business of many retail houses. Like the automobile prize, there are prizes offered to induce purchasers to patronize the establishment, numbers being given out and a drawing had for the prize. Almost without exception all such schemes are for graft only, and no prize is ever drawn except by a representative of the proprietor.



## Vending Card B., with Full Gold Mount Pen No. 500

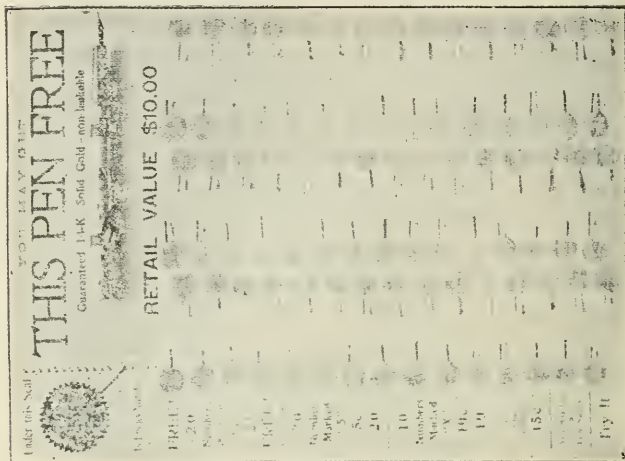
Has 90 Seals, with 20 Free Numbers

20 at 5 cents

10 at 10 cents

and the balance at 15c. net \$8.00

this is one of our best sellers.



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In every pool-room and billiard hall there are sharpers who play the games dishonestly, when they can secure a victim who is willing to bet his money.

It is evidence of great lack of morals or common sense for one to be drawn into a betting game without knowing the game and those who participate in it with him.

### PAWNSHOP GRAFT.

Among the tricks of the pawnshop-keeper is the one of using tickets on articles which are practically worthless and have an agent go out and sell such tickets on a plea of poverty and necessity, putting up the heart-rending and plausible story that he has been compelled to pawn a watch, or ring, as the case may be, and he will lose it unless it is redeemed at once.

The victim is moved to listen and to accede to the request of the agent, first, because of sympathy, second, because he thinks he will be getting a valuable article for much less than its worth. The ticket is purchased, and the purchaser proceeds to redeem the article, when he discovers it is worthless. His investment has been lost.

This is one of the ways in which pawnbrokers get rid of their worthless stock.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### SOME GAMBLING STORIES.

At a mining camp in Nevada years ago, a party of five high rollers were accustomed to meet every Saturday night, and sometimes on Sabbath afternoons, to indulge in playing the great American game. Two were lawyers, one was a physician, one a mining superintendent, and one a merchant. The game was not a large one for those days, where twenty-dollar pieces were almost as plentiful as dollars are now, yet considerable money changed hands. The meeting room was in the front office of a one-story wooden, cloth and paper-lined building, used as one of the law offices of one of the party. There was no "kitty", and the game was perfectly fair.

After the game had progressed for several weeks a Hebrew clothing merchant by the name of Goldstein managed to worm himself in as one of the party. His "luck" was so phenomenal that it excited the suspicions of the host, who watched him carefully, and finally detected him in cheating.

The lawyer was a Vermont yankee, and a clever amateur mechanic. He took a friend into his confidence, and together they constructed a poker telegraph. A hole was bored in the floor and a peg inserted. From the bottom of this peg a fine copper wire passed over rollers beyond the partition, where

it was carried through and over the ceiling to a point directly above the poker table. On some boards placed across the ceiling joists, a narrow mattress was stretched, and reposing on this mattress, the watcher, through a hole in the ceiling, could see the hands of the players; for it was before the days of "squeezers" and the cards were more exposed.

The host, having donned a pair of thin canvas slippers, seated himself where he could place a foot over the peg. When the cards were dealt the gentleman aloft would examine Goldstein's hand, and by means of the copper wire telegraph the result of his observations.

One tap of the peg meant, "can't see Goldstein's hand"; two taps, "he has one pair"; three taps, "he has two pairs"; four taps, "he has three of a kind"; five taps was signalled for a straight, six taps for a flush, seven taps for a full, and eight taps for four of a kind.

The plan worked admirably. No hand except that of Goldstein was signalled, and no attempt was made to take advantage of any other player. The lawyer kept a strict account of the winnings and losings of the other players; for his purpose, which he subsequently carried out, was to restore to each one the amount won or rather stolen from him by Goldstein.

In two sittings the Hebrew was divested of all that he had previously won, and something more. He chafed at the play. If he had a good hand his opponent would not come in. If he attempted to bluff,

he was called. Finally the operator above telegraphed that Goldstein had three aces, but the lawyer happened to have a hand full of kings, and there were raises and re-raises until the draw came. The lawyer stood pat; Goldstein drew two cards. In the draw Goldstein captured the other ace. The man above pulled the wire eight times, and, in his zeal and excitement, leaned too far off the mattress on which he had been lying. He fell on the cloth ceiling, tore it from its fastenings, and wrapped in it, came down upon the poker table with a dull, sickening thud, scattering cards and chips, upsetting the kerosene lamp, and leaving the room in darkness, under cover of which the lookout hurried into the back room.

The players, with yells of dismay, rushed for the front door. "An earthquake," said one. "A cyclone," said another. "Is the town destroyed?" said a third. But on the street all seemed quiet. The lights in the saloons were as brilliant as ever, and from a neighboring dance hall the sweet strains of music were heard.

"Whatever it was," said one, "it seems to have been confined to this building."

"It was probably," said the lawyer, "a dispensation of providence to punish Mr. Goldstein for gambling on the Jewish Sabbath."

"It was a hell of a time for providence to interfere", said Goldstein, "when I had four aces. Anyhow, I am entitled to dot pot."

"What did you do with your four aces, Mr. Goldstein?" said the lawyer softly.

"They was knocked out of my hand," said Goldstein, "but I suppose you vill take a gentleman's word for it under the circumstances."

"Certainly, Mr. Goldstein," said the lawyer. "I would no more think of doubting your word than you would of doubting mine. But I, you see, had a ten high sequence flush, which beat your four aces, so the pot belonged to me. I noticed that you had up all the chips that were in front of you, and you made a mouth bet of a hundred dollars besides, as you will remember; so all the chips on the floor are mine, and you owe me a hundred dollars besides."

"Oh, I pays no hundret dollars pesides," said Goldstein, "ant I blays no more poker in a place where the ceiling tumbles down."

"Just as you like, Mr. Goldstein. We will dispenze with your company hereafter. Gentlemen, shall we return to the office and reckon up how we stand? Good-night, Mr. Goldstein."

And when they returned to the office and gathered up the wreck, the lawyer explained the cause of the catastrophe, and after every player had been made good the amount that Goldstein had won from him, there was a small balance left for repairs, and the next Saturday the friendly poker game was resumed sans Goldstein, and with a motto on the wall which read, "Fiat Justitia ruat Ceiling."

In my career of ups and downs, I once tried to beat a poker game in Cincinnati. I landed in that city one fall with about twenty thousand dollars, and was introduced into a poker game where all the big gamblers of Cincinnati played, and if ever a victim took the bait, hook, line and sinker, and even the cork included, I did, and I suppose, if my bank roll had lasted, I would have even swallowed the pole.

My dear old friend, Mose Goldblatt, was playing in the same game, and the only consolation I had was that Goldblatt and I were the "carriage boys." They would not think of sitting in the game until they had sent a carriage for us.

It took me a week to tumble to the artistic card work and to see that I had been robbed. I left Cincinnati in about three weeks' time—broke.

Some years back, when John W. Gates was making Chicago his headquarters, he was invited to participate in a private poker party at the Wellington Hotel one evening, and he invited his friend, Ed. Wolff of St. Louis, who at that time was a rich young man with a promising business career before him, to participate in the game to which Mr. Gates had been invited.

Both gentlemen were on hand promptly at the hour arranged, and in a little while after the game had been in operation, both were heavy losers. They played along until Mr. Wolff had lost all the money he had with him, amounting to about two

thousand dollars, when he commenced to give checks. Mr. Gates in the meantime was losing correspondingly, and after Mr. Wolff had lost some five thousand dollars, and Mr. Gates was ten thousand dollars loser, Mr. Wolff quit the game, and, excusing himself, left the room, sending a bell boy for Mr. Gates. Upon the arrival of Mr. Gates, he asked him if he knew his friends. Mr. Gates said, "Yes, I guess they are all right." Mr. Wolff said, "Well, Mr. Gates, I think we have been cheated." Mr. Gates, answering, said: "I believe we have been, too, but I am going to lose a little more to find out how those fellows do it."

A few years afterward poor Ed. Wolff failed in business, lost his wealth and died a tragic and desolate death.

Gov. Tabor of Colorado was known as an expert poker player. That one may be so equipped mentally to successfully play poker against one holding better hands, but not equally shrewd, is illustrated by a poker game played by the Governor and a prominent Jew merchant of Denver.

The Governor and his Hebrew friend had left Denver on the early evening train for New York, both traveling in the same Pullman. After dinner the merchant, who was an ardent poker player, suggested to the Governor a game to pass away the time, the latter readily agreeing.

The Governor had won all the cash the merchant had with him, and the latter had staked his diamond



ring and scarf pin against an amount of the Governor's cash. The hands had been dealt. The merchant held four kings. So enthused was he because of his strong hand that he proposed to the Governor to give his check for two thousand dollars and raise the pot. The Governor, hesitatingly, said: "Well, Jake, I will do so if you will let me draw a queen."

The Hebrew was delighted, not only willingly agreeing to the Governor drawing a queen, but also increasing the size of the check to three thousand dollars.

The merchant threw down his hand showing that he held four kings and one queen. The Governor laid down his hand, showing four aces and one queen.

The merchant's heart was broken; he nearly fainted away, but gamely arose and went to another part of the car.

Gov. Tabor remained in the stateroom, where the game had been in progress, calmly smoking. An hour passed away, when the Jew entered, saying: "Governor, I like to ask you vone question; vat the hell did you want mit that queen?"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### GAMBLING.

Reader, I am not a preacher, licensed or otherwise. I do not ask you to consider the wrong done to the other man in taking his money without consideration, for it is a wrong that you won't get a chance to perpetrate very often. I do ask you to consider the wrong you will do to yourself, in giving up your hard-earned money to the other man without consideration, for that is what will happen to you most of the time.

Do you incline to the noble sport of horse racing? Go out upon a range where there is a band of wild horses, one of which is a beauty, whose magnificent proportions have excited the cupidity of half a dozen vaqueros, who, on their best mounts, with lariats coiled on saddle bows, start to capture him. There you will see a race where the prize will fall, if it fall at all, to the muscle, courage and pedigree of the best animal, and the skill of the rider.

But at the ordinary or extraordinary race track, from Long Island to New Orleans, from Vancouver to El Paso, you will venture into a maelstrom of bribed blacksmiths who will undershoe or overshoe or misshoe the horse that could win; bribed helpers who will dope him; bribed starters who will arrange to leave him at the post; a bribed jockey who will

ride him or pull him so as to let the other horse win; and a bribed judge, who, if an accidental unbribed jockey is riding his horse a nose ahead of the "fixed" horse, will count noses the wrong way. Can you win under such circumstances? Could a cat with his claws clipped catch a rat, when a fully equipped yowler was after the same rodent?

Has faro a fascination for you? Does "the call of the wild" ass in your blood incline you to buy a stack of ivories and tackle the smooth and urbane gentleman who is priest at the shrine of the Egyptian King?

You will encounter, although you know it not and your eyes see it not, a "snake" in the silver box, a pack of dressed cards, eight sensitive fingers and two trained thumbs, with more card brains in each digit than you ever had, and, in the end, every one of your ivory representatives of value will be a pilgrim to the check-rack, singing the hymn, "Farewell, Young Fool, I'm Going Home."

Does the roulette wheel tempt you? Are you an expert on electrical machinery? Can you see the foot of the gambler as it presses the button that bids the little ball drop into the red when you bet on the black, or drop into the even when your stake is on the odd, or drop into any number except the one on which your money is placed, or drop into the zero when there are a dozen players and money is piled up about equally on both colors and all numbers?

There is but one fair roulette game in the world, and you bet a dollar against ninety-eight and one-half cents, and when you win look out and resist having your money claimed by an accomplice of the dealer.

If you bet at Monte Carlo you should first buy a round-trip ticket, calling for meals and berths, and non-transferable and non-negotiable; else you may be doomed to pass some time on the north shore of the Mediterranean, picking olives for forty cents a day and "find" yourself.

Will you cut out races and devote your leisure time and surplus money to short cards? Can you turn a jack from the bottom of the pack? Can you arrange a code of signals at whist with a fellow rascal?

No? But you can play, or think you can play, the great American game. In a public game of poker the dealer can give you one hand and give himself another, and his will be apt to be the larger, and where there are four or five players, two of them may be "playing for the house," and will whip-saw you and crucify you between a brace of thieves, both of whom are impenitent.

But alas! You say there is a private game of poker, a friendly game, all gentlemen, everything fair and equal. Well it may be fair but it isn't equal.

Are you a master of mathematics, with a tenacious memory, trained habits of observation and a

quick and accurate judge of rapidly changing values? Do you know that from a bobtail flush to four aces the value of a hand is relative and depends upon the number of players and the habits of each player? Do you know that in about every private game among gentlemen, while there are three or four who are playing for sport, there is one "gentleman" with a cast-iron seat to his breeches who is playing for blood and who waits for the best hand, and never comes in under "aces up?"

Can you beat such a game at that? "Go to," as Shakespeare would say. Where Shakespeare would have you "go to" I cannot say; but I advise you to "go to" your home and hire a muscular friend to treat you with a double-gearred, triple-action spanking machine, until you shall be unable to play any game that you cannot play standing up.

If you go the rounds of slot machines, chuck-a-luck, dice throwing and other devices, which illustrate the motto that "a fool and his money are soon parted," you will in the end exclaim the same as did a rube at a county fair, where all gambling had been prohibited, and an organ grinder with his monkey was occupying a vacant chuck-a-luck table. The chimpanzee had been trained to pick up all coins bestowed upon his master, and drop them into a box. The rube, supposing that it was a chuck-a-luck game such as had been played on that table the year before, deposited one coin and then another and still another upon one of the squares of the table.

And as each was deposited, the ape swirled his prehensile, seized the coin and deposited it in the box. The disgusted rube, as he saw his last coin disappear, exclaimed, "This is the worst game I ever saw. They won't let you win a single bet."

And so I say to all of you who feel the gambling virus stirring in your veins, "Cut it out, dear boy; they won't let you win a single bet."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### AN EFFECTIVE PROHIBITION.

Gambling can be effectually suppressed. Penal statutes, however drastic, have proved more or less ineffective, for one man can hang a jury. If you want to eradicate the evil, touch the pocket nerves of those who profit by it. Enact a law as follows :

Every person who deals, plays or carries on, opens, or causes to be opened, or who conducts, either as owner or employee, whether for hire or not, any game of faro, monte, fan-tan, poker, seven-and-a-half, twenty-one, hokey pokey, or any banking or percentage game played with cards, dice, or any device, for money, checks, credit, or other representative of value; and every person who knowingly permits any of said games to be played, conducted, or dealt in any house, or in or on any premises owned or rented by any such person, in whole or in part, shall forfeit and be liable to any and every person who shall play at and lose money at any of said games a sum of money equal to three times the amount so lost by such person; and such person losing money as aforesaid shall be entitled to recover by civil action against the person who has dealt, played or carried on any of said games as owner or employee, and against the owner or lessee, or both, of the house or premises where said money was lost at such game, three times the amount lost. An attachment may issue in such cases as in other civil actions. In such action the person who dealt, played or carried on the game at which said loss was incurred, and the owner or lessee, or both, of the premises where said game was carried on, may be joined as defendants; and the burden or proof to show that such owner or lessee did not knowingly permit such games to be played, conducted or dealt, shall be upon said owner or lessee.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CONCLUSION.

I asserted in the early part of this book that I had ceased gambling forever. That determination is strengthened and made firmer by reviewing and bringing to memory the awful scenes I have witnessed and the acts which I have committed and participated in for over twenty years.

For more than a year I have been doing all in my power to aid in suppressing gambling in all forms, prohibiting betting on horse races, and to so expose the tricks and schemes of gambling grafters as to warn others of the pitfalls that surround them in every game of chance or graft.

I offered my services to the International Reform Bureau, which were accepted, and during the year of my repentance I have lectured in churches, in the halls of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in other buildings in the states of California, Oregon, New York, Maryland, District of Columbia, and Ohio. I am about to go to New York City and there aid the Civic League of that State in its work and efforts to suppress gambling, and other vices, in all forms.

I have been tempted by offers of large sums of money to desist in my efforts on moral and elevating lines. My life has been threatened and numerous



embarrassments and obstacles have been placed in my path ; but I have not faltered and shall not falter.

That my work and efforts for the balance of my life shall in some degree atone for the wrongs and errors of the past, and that some one may be made the better through me, is my fervent hope.

FINIS.