

# Putting One Past the Post

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Special Process Originated Within the Confines of the High Rollers' Club

**D**OCK FLOYD, Jack Cleland and Col. Powley of the High Rollers' club set out from Reno, Nev., for San Francisco. They became acquainted with a George Hopkins, interested in raw hide mining properties.

Doc Floyd sat in the marble-floored rotunda of San Francisco's best hotel the morning after his arrival. He had finished with his newspaper and was gazing out upon the little park across the street filled with palms and beds of bright-flowered flowers. Neither Col. Powley nor Jack Cleland had appeared, and he was rather glad when the young mining man he had met on the train came upon him, and he was roused from his self-absorption by a cheery greeting. Looking up, he saw that young Hopkins no longer wore corduroys and heavy hunting boots, but was blue-serged, green-hatted and patent-leathered, and altogether sporty looking enough to belong to his own set.

"All alone, I see," remarked Hopkins as he touched Floyd upon the shoulder. "If you've not been to breakfast, I'd like to have you join me."

"I'd be pleased to," assented Floyd, who had grown hungry waiting for his friends. "Those fellows who came with me must be taking an extra portion of sleep this morning. I'll not wait any longer for them."

Down in the grillroom a breakfast was served, the equal of which is not to be had in any other city in the United States, excepting, perhaps, New Orleans. By the time Floyd and Hopkins had lit their cigarettes they were conversing as old friends.

"Oh, look who's arrived!" burst out Tony the tout, upon catching sight of Floyd and his party. "If it isn't the big Doc, and I haven't seen him since Hamburg was a two-year-old."

"And say," whispered Tony, in confidential tones, "find out to-night what business that young man who was with you this afternoon has with old Tom Camp. They were off in a corner for a long time and if your friend ain't some wise fish he's apt to be bit."

"That night after dinner Floyd, in conversation with young Hopkins, cautiously led the talk up to Tom Camp, and then asked the flat-footed question as to whether Hopkins had entered or was about to enter into any deal."

"Well, I'm rather ashamed of it, because it does look like a crooked deal," returned Hopkins; "but I'm a lot looser on the game, first and last, and it looks like a chance to get even, so I was going to take it. If you know anything about Camp, you know he has some of the best horses on the track. He says he's been in hard luck this winter and lost several thousand dollars bucking the faro bank. His proposition is for me to put in \$5,000 to help back a book. He will put in \$5,000 of his own money, making a good strong bank roll. The books are all making money now, and besides the even break we would get in on the regular play; Camp says he can fix a race or two so we can win some sure money. He is certain that we can pull out \$25,000 each in a week."

"That all listens well," broke in Floyd.

"What's the matter with it?" questioned Hopkins. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, anyway. You might queer my game for all I know."

"No, I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Floyd. "But I'll bet you five hundred now that if I don't save you, Camp will trim you for whatever you put in. If it's such a sure thing, what does he want with a partner to share the profits? Any time a man offers you something for nothing, look up your bank roll and keep your hand on your jewelry. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, it does look that way," assented Hopkins; "but you see he needs \$10,000 to make the book safe, and he only has about \$5,000 in ready money that he can lay his hands on. That's why he wants some one to come in with the other \$5,000."

"That's just what they all say, and now I'm convinced that you are scheduled to be the goat," announced Floyd. "Did he explain to you just how he was going to pull off one of those alleged 'sure things'?"

"Yes, there's a race on the card tomorrow in which he has a horse entered that can win. He also controls the only other contender in the race. He can throw the race to whichever horse he wants to. You know that's possible, don't you?"

"Yes, I've seen such things done, and then again I've seen them fall most awfully hard. I can see now how easy it will be for him to break the book and get your \$5,000 on one race. Come on up to my rooms and I'll initiate you into the art of beating the double cross, if there's any chance to do it; and if there isn't then you'd better keep your \$5,000 in the bank, or have a trustee appointed to look after it for you. You may be all right on a racing proposition, but there are a lot of other things you've got to learn."

Within 15 minutes Floyd, with the aid of the telephone, had located Tony the tout, and in another half hour that wise bug of the turf had arrived at Floyd's rooms, wondering for what he was wanted, and pleased all over to be summoned into the presence of so august a personage.

To Tony Floyd told the proposition of Camp as Hopkins had told it to him, and upon hearing the proposition Tony let out a long laugh.

"Why, it's just a plain game of double cross," asserted Tony. "He'll break the book and get your \$5,000 in one race and then tell you it was all a mistake and make you believe it, and then he'll ask you to dig up another \$5,000 to get even with. Why, my kid brother wouldn't bite on that old book."

"Yes, do you suppose I didn't know all that?" broke in Floyd with a motion for the talkative Tony to shut up. "What I want you for is to see if we can turn the tables and get Camp's end of the bank roll."

"I'm afraid not," answered Tony. "He's worked that game four or five times this season and always gets away with it. He's got a regular crew to go on and make the book and they

apart during the afternoon, having agreed to meet in a secluded spot on the grounds just before the race in which Camp had announced that a trick was to be turned.

"Are you sure of that tout?" was the anxious inquiry of Hopkins when he and Floyd finally met in consultation.

"Yes, he'd lose both legs sooner than throw me down," was the reply. "Now, what does Camp say?"

"He says he has instructed the book to take in all the bets they can get on Applejack. He has arranged with the owner of that one to lose and he will win with his own horse, Lemon Squeezer. He explains that it might be suspicious to the judges if he didn't win this race."

"That means," explained Floyd, "that he intends that Applejack is to win and his horse will be beaten out. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

"Oh, about \$200."

"Well, go in the ring and make five \$100 bets on Lemon Squeezer, but don't bet it in our book. Camp has given instructions to his bookmakers to give a shade the best price on the other fellow's horse. He will have commissions there to get his own money down quick and bet enough to win out the bank roll on that one race. That's the way he's got it fixed to win our \$5,000."

The two separated and entered the betting ring from different ends of that enclosure. Floyd noticed that true to

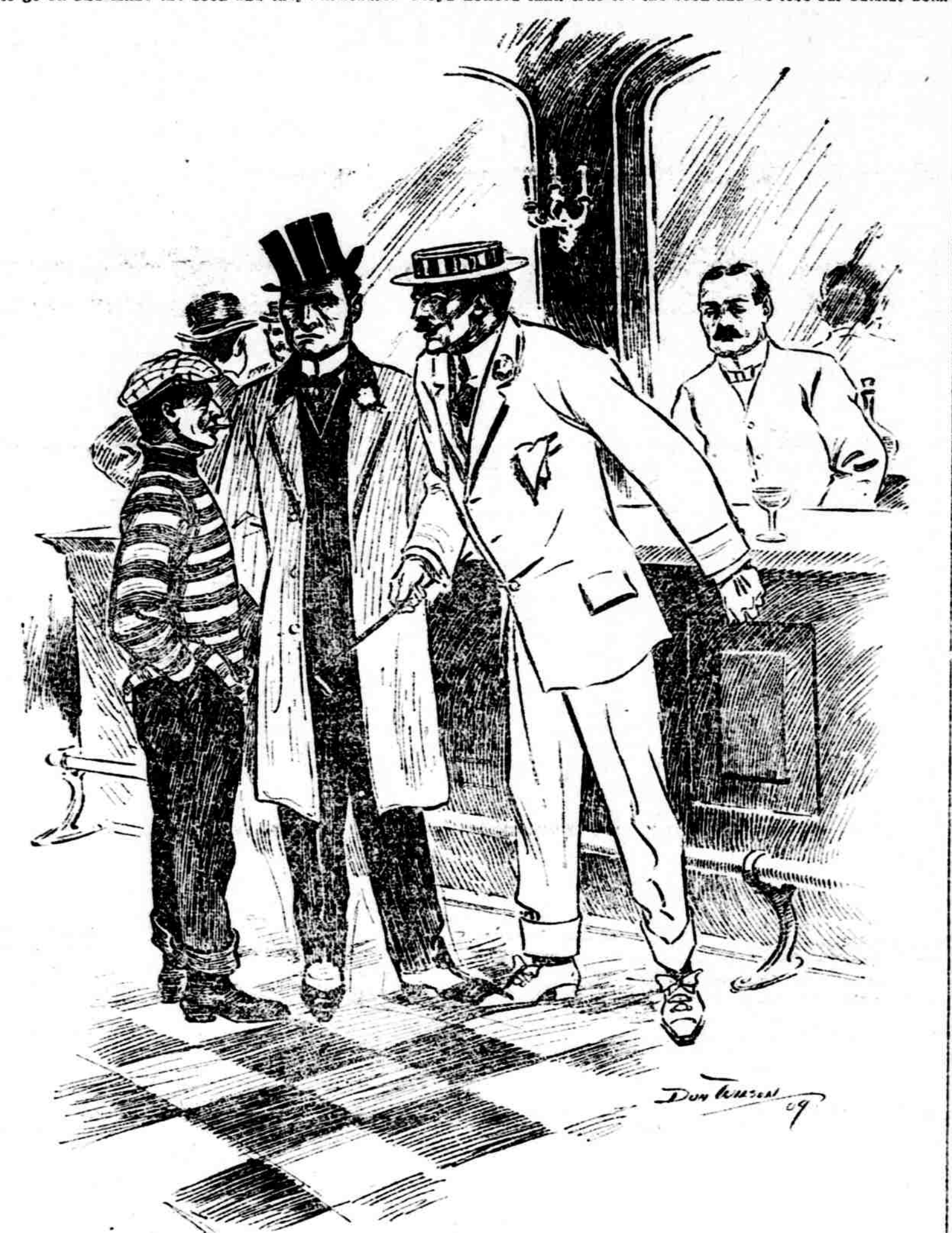
front, while next in order and close behind came Lemon Squeezer, both horses running easily. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance it could be seen that the race was between the first two horses, and the others were strung out in single file. In the stretch came Applejack, running without effort, with Lemon Squeezer within safe call. A smile of contentment rested upon the face of Tom Camp, down at the end of the grandstand, while Floyd's countenance wore a worried look and young Hopkins was shivering in the excitement of lost hope.

"There, and I listened to you and your tout," he said to Floyd as he saw Applejack winning easily.

"Why, it's nothing more than a procession," muttered Floyd. "And I would have staked my right eye on Tony. Why, that boy on Applejack is racing him to death to win and the other fellow don't seem to be trying."

"Applejack wins!" shouted the crowd as the blue and white stripes passed under the wire a good length in front of Lemon Squeezer.

"That's one time that I'm the goat," muttered Doc Floyd to Hopkins. "I'm sorry I steered you wrong, and will get you even. Although I guess I'm in a few thousand deeper than you are, I know I gave you the wrong steer and am sorrier for that than losing my own money. We are whipsawed for fair. Camp wins out the bank roll in the book and we lose our outside bets.



"AIN'T YOU WISE TO WHAT'S HAPPENED?"

all stand in with the play. I suppose he's told Mr. Hopkins that he can put a man in the box to look out for his interests."

"Yes, he said I could do that," assented the young mining man. "Let's look over that race he said he could fix for tomorrow." The sudden suggestion of Tony as he produced a paper in which was a list of the entries for the next day's races. "Oh, I've got the old badger!" was the sudden, gleeful outburst. "He was right about there being just two horses in the race with a chance to win. Go on and put in the \$5,000 with him and I'll attend to the rest when I see you at the track tomorrow. Just put a wise one in the box to see that no one runs away with the bank roll, and after that race we'll have old Camp ready to take the high dive from the top of the ferry boat."

"What is it you're going to do?" was the suspicious inquiry of Hopkins.

"Never mind what I'm going to do; the big Doc will stand for what I say, won't you, Doc?"

"Yes, I don't know what it is, but if you are sure you can put it through I'll take all, or half, of Hopkins' end of the \$5,000. I'll give Hopkins \$2,500 in the morning for a half of his interest and he needn't let Camp know there is any one else in on the deal. Jack Cleland can be the man in the box as lookout."

When Floyd arrived at the race track on the day following his talk with Hopkins and Tony he saw a new bookmaker's stand in the line under the shed of the betting ring. In this stand was seated Jack Cleland, who was supposed to be there as an assistant to the cashier, but no glance of recognition passed between the two. Floyd and Hopkins also kept

his prediction, the new partnership book had put up 2 to 1 on Applejack while the other books were laying a shade less than that price. A moment afterwards he noticed that the partnership bookmaker rubbed out the price against Applejack, announcing that he had all he wanted of it. Floyd knew by this sign that Camp had bet enough of his own money to win out the money that was in the book. Walking quietly through the ring, he stopped long enough before a number of books to make several good-sized wagers on Lemon Squeezer. He already had given Tony \$1,000 to wager on the same horse.

Thomas Camp, besides getting all the money to be had in his own book, also had wagered hundreds on Applejack in other books about the ring, and was surprised to note when he returned from the paddock, where he had just saddled his horse and given final instructions to the jockey, that the price against Lemon Squeezer, his own horse, had not gone up in the betting. He was unaware that a large amount of money bet by Floyd had forced the price down. He had no time to investigate, however, as the horses already were at the post, and he hurried to a point of vantage from which he could view the race.

Across the track in the infield Tony the tout and Hank Harlin, owner of Applejack, stood talking together. Doc Floyd, watching the pair through his fieldglasses from the grandstand, saw Tony pass a small package of bookmaker's tickets to Harlin.

"They're off!" came the buzzing cry of the crowd in chorus as the barrier over at the three-quarter pole whizzed over and a field of eight horses leaped forward. The blue and white striped jacket and cap of Applejack shined in

Come on and let's get a bottle of wine. No use crying over spilled milk now."

The two men, drinking large glasses of wine at the bar, paid slight attention to a sudden cheering and commotion on the outside.

"I guess we put over a good one that time, didn't we?"

Floyd looked around upon the smiling face of Tony.

"Why, you young bound, I ought to break your head with this bottle," he said in low but dangerously threatening tones.

"What's the matter, pal? Ain't you wise to what's happened?"

"No, what is it?" broke in young Hopkins, anxiously.

"Why, Applejack was disqualified for not having up enough weight. Somehow or other Hank Harlin was careless in putting his lead pads to make the extra weight along with the saddle, and the jockey lost ten pounds of lead while he was at the post. Careless of Hank, wasn't it? He's been looking for a chance to double cross Camp and fell for my little scheme when I told him how much money we would bet for him on the other horse."

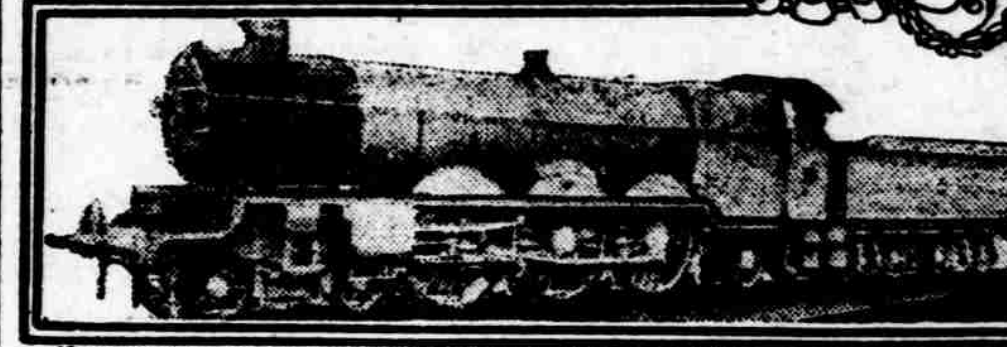
"And then we've won in the book besides the outside bets?" exclaimed young Hopkins, suddenly realizing that Tony the tout had made good.

"You should have told us how you were going to pull it off," drawled Floyd. "We nearly had heart failure, and you can't blame us for doubting you, can you?"

"Well, I've showed you that I could put one over, anyway," returned Tony. "And now, so far as I'm concerned, they can turn all the race tracks in the country into golf links. I'm going into a decent respectable saloon business back home."

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# MODERN RAILWAY TRANSIT



"GREAT BEAR," HEAVIEST ENGINE IN ENGLAND

The development of train service is often not fully realized until our attention is called to the number of trains running between our chief towns. Taking the summer time table of 1908, for example, there were 22 down and 29 up trains between London and Glasgow; between London and Edinburgh there were 30 down and 28 up; while between the metropolis and Leeds there were 46 down and 50 up, and between London and Manchester no less than 58 down and 53 up, that is, on an average, a 26-minute service. It must be borne in mind, however, that different routes are taken by many of these trains and consequently different towns are connected up by trains running between the same points.

Although comfort and frequency of service are two important features in railway improvements, the increase in speed and in the number of long non-stop runs daily being performed on many of our main lines emphasizes perhaps more than anything else the high degree of efficiency our railways have attained. During the past summer the time tables of our chief lines showed a total of over 155 runs of more than 100 miles without a stop. Of these the fastest running is done by two expresses on the Great Western railway, which cover the 118½ miles between Paddington and Bristol in two hours, giving a start to stop average speed of 59.8 miles per hour. Next to these comes a run on the Great Northern railway from Grantham to King's Cross, 165½ miles, at an average speed of 57.7 miles per hour.

To maintain such high speeds for so many miles demonstrates what vast improvements have taken place in the steam locomotive, for in 1870 the quickest average speed in this country was only 42 miles per hour. It is only by the aid of water-troughs that these long non-stop runs can be made; the troughs, which are about 500 yards in length, are placed between the rails and are automatically kept full. Water can thus be picked up while running by a scoop under the tender, which is lowered into the trough by the engine-men, the speed of the train forcing the water up the scoop into the tender tank.

In the development of train working nothing has played a more important part than the locomotive, for, as the traffic and the demand for rapid transit have increased, so has the locomotive been brought up to the necessary state of efficiency, not only as regards speed, but in economical working, without which it would have been an impossibility to give the public what they desired. The modern locomotive is an evolutionary product, and although the main principles remain much the same as in the early engine, it would be hard for the layman to recognize any of the old in the new. The invention of the locomotive is nowadays absolutely indispensable to our daily existence. In its earliest days it has been likened in appearance to a medieval engine of war and was originally used only on colliery lines because it could pull a few more trucks than could a horse. The idea of speed never seemed to enter into the minds of its promoters, and at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington railway in 1825, when the locomotive made its first appearance in the interests of the public, considerable surprise was caused by the speed it attained of some 12 miles per hour. It is recorded that the horseman who preceded it with a flag "was obliged to clear out of the way to the wonderment of the assembled crowd. At first it met with a considerable amount of opposition and many strange objections were taken to it; but as soon as it began to be recognized what commercial prosperity was

wrapped up in its development all these objections disappeared. It was not, however, until the famous locomotive contest at Rainhill in 1825 that the hitherto doubtful question of its practical success was settled once and for all. On that occasion the Rocket, designed by Stephenson, astonished the spectators by running 25 miles in one hour 45 minutes and attaining a speed of nearly 30 miles per hour pulling a load of 13 tons.

This historic engine weighed in working order 4½ tons and was carried on four wheels; its tender fully loaded weighed 3½ tons. The driving wheels, which were the foremost of the pair, were four feet ¾ inches in diameter, and the cylinders, placed outside on the sides of the firebox, were eight inches in diameter with a stroke of 16½ inches. But the chief feature which undoubtedly contributed more than anything else to the success of this crude-looking machine was the tubular boiler with which it was fitted. These tubes greatly increased the evaporating power of the boiler and enabled the engine to run at higher speeds without getting short of steam. The Rocket is now to be seen in the South Kensington museum, having, however, undergone several alterations from its original state. Some idea of the size of this engine compared with one of our modern giants can be obtained when we find that the total weight of the Rocket was not half as much as is carried on one of the driving wheels of the Great Bear.

The natural outcome of Stephenson's success was the appearance of many other engines of various designs and embodying some queer ideas. As, however, the railways began to spread over the country and the great trunk lines to be formed, so the work of the locomotive grew heavier and development became essential to cope with the increasing traffic and to meet the demand for faster trains.

The latest development of locomotive building on our railways is shown in the illustration of the Great Bear. This engine, which was constructed last year at the Swindon works of the Great Western railway to the designs of Mr. G. J. Churchward, is the biggest running in the kingdom. It weighs in working order 87 tons, and with its tender 142 tons; it has four cylinders, all 15 inches by 25 inches, and driving wheels six feet eight inches in diameter. On account of the great size of its boiler it is carried on 12 wheels, so that the extra weight is spread out over a longer wheel-base and the strains on the permanent way and bridges are not increased. When we compare this monster with its predecessors of 70 or 80 years ago some idea of the vast change and development that has taken place in the steam locomotive can be realized. The iron horse has indeed revolutionized the social and commercial life of the world and in its present form represents perhaps the greatest of the many triumphs of steam.—J. R. Bazin.

## New Idea for Long Life.

A novel method of attaining longevity was practiced by Mrs. Yetta Schulman, who died recently in New York at the advanced age of 105 years. Mrs. Schulman paid no particular attention to points of diet, exercise, sleep, etc., which usually figure largely in rules laid down for those growing old. She believed that the lives of aged persons could be prolonged if they associated constantly or nearly so with young people, and she apparently verified her theory, for she spent the greater part of her time in company with children, even taking part in their sports with lively interest.—Leslie's Weekly.

## The Guest's Penalty.

It was at an Italian table d'hôte, and the girl in the yellow hat was taking some account of her neighbors. At the next table a man was leaning back, enjoying his cigar and most evidently the sense of his own importance and attentiveness. Across the empty wine glasses he was saying to the women with him: "I understand your character perfectly—perfectly." The girl in the yellow hat looked at her companion.

"If ever you understand my character perfectly, don't dare tell me so, for I won't like it, not a little bit. Neither does the woman at the next table, but she has to stand for it, because he's paying the bill."

This would be a fine old world to live in if a man could swap half a dozen of his air castles for a three room cottage on a few square feet of real estate.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—G. D. Boardman.

## MONARCH AND HEIR AT WAR.

Prince Albert, Belgium's Crown Prince, is Leopold's Dearest Political Enemy.

London.—No band played, no royal salute was fired, no kingly message was sent when Albert of Belgium, heir presumptive to the Belgian throne, started last spring on his long voyage through the Congo. The band will play loudly when he returns, but there will be discord in its sound.

King Leopold allowed his nephew to start without a friendly message for the most sufficient of reasons. He had no friendly message to send him.



Prince Albert of Belgium.

The king knows that this journey through the Congo bodes no good to him. His consent to it was asked only as a matter of form. Prince Albert, rich by inheritance from his father, endowed with a revenue by the Belgian parliament, owes little to, and knows he will get nothing from the king. When he returns from the Congo he will throw off all pretense of submitting to leading strings, follow a policy of his own, and, inevitably, will find himself at the head of a party hostile to the king.

There may be no open scandal. The prince, surrounded by the atmosphere of the German courts, will break no rule of etiquette. In public he will be deferential to his sovereign. King Leopold, most acute of men, will be in public, as loving to his nephew as ever. But war there will be, with or without scandal. Prince Albert, while holding aloof from politics, already has done and said enough to show what his policy is. It is a policy opposite in all things to that of King Leopold.

## PRESIDENT REYES STEPS OUT

Chief Executive of Colombian Republic Resigns Office—Is Now in Europe.

Washington.—According to advices received here, President Rafael Reyes of the Republic of Colombia, has resigned his office. He is now in Europe.

Gen. Reyes succeeded Senor Marroquin as president of Colombia by election in January, 1905. Although formerly identified with the conservative or clerical party, Gen. Reyes adopted some of the principles of the liberals, which aroused the bitter enmity of the conservatives. His most radical departures from the policies of his predecessors were the separation of church and state and the establishment of capital punishment for treason, which previously had been lightly dealt with.



Gen. Rafael Reyes.

Before becoming president Gen. Reyes had spent many years in the military and diplomatic branches of his country, one of his posts having been minister to France. He is a man of wealth, with large estates in the province of Cauca. Gen. Reyes rendered distinguished service for his government in the rebellions of 1885 and 1895.

Gen. Reyes quietly left Bogota some time ago for Santa Marta, on the Atlantic seaboard, where he boarded a steamer for Europe. At that time it was reported that the general had abandoned office, and it was openly asserted that his voluntary resignation was the only possible solution of Colombia's political troubles.

**Terms in Use by Old-Time Carvers.**  
At the banquets of the eighteenth century the man who carved needed to know words as well as the use of knives. Venison he "broached," the pheasant he "allayed," the rabbit and woodcock he "unliaced," and the crane he "tamed." Disemboweling a swan was "lifting" him and the crane under his knife was being "displayed." The peacock was "disfigured."

**A Living Illusion.**  
"Very few of us realize the terrible things that may result from a word hastily spoken," said the benevolent woman.

"Well, I realize it," answered the young man who sat by her on the train. "I'm a baseball umpire."

**Providential Arrangement.**  
"De man who speaks nuffin but de simple truth," said Uncle Eben, "will find so much to do in de way of investigatin' an' meditati'n' dat he ain't ginter have much time for talkin'."

## Act as Spur to Man's Pride

Love and Belief Are Powerful Agents for Reformation.

Love and belief in a man can never hurt him. It will always act as a spur to his pride, which is invariably close to a man's love, whilst it has little or nothing to do with a woman's. Even when the schoolboy falls in love with the little girl in pinafores, his first instinct is to acquit himself

in her eyes in some magnificent way—to knock out some other boy, or intimidate a foe.

This instinct remains with men until they die, just as girls from the cradle or inspired by love seek beauty to appear lovely in the eyes of their adorers.

And the masculine pride and prowess and strength are what the wise

girl will use in her desire to reform some man who is merely weak. Nagging drives such men into the streets. Every look of derision, snub, insult, sinks the iron deeper into their souls.—Kexchange.

## Rare Gases in the Air.

Samples of pure air from a height of eight and one-half miles have been collected by Telesserence de Fort, the French investigator, in his observations on the rare gases, especially argon, neon and helium. The collect-

ing apparatus—a vacuum tube drawn out to a fine point at one end—was carried up by a large sounding balloon. At the desired height an electromagnetic device operated by a barometer broke off the point admitting the air, and a few minutes later a second contact sent a battery current through a platinum wire around the broken end, melting the glass and sealing the tube. All samples thus obtained show argon and neon, no helium being found in air from above six miles.