

Gambling in Green Goods

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Unique Method, Originated and Practiced by "Doc" Floyd

"HERE'S hoping that you get even, alderman." Doc Floyd raised a goblet of sparkling burgundy, across the brim of which he glanced and smiled at the member of the High Rollers' club who was host at a dinner he was giving in part payment of a bet that there was not a man in the country with \$5,000 who could be beaten out of that amount on the ancient "gold brick" game. The dinner end of the bet was merely a paltry side issue for the big ex-alderman had also wagered \$5,000 and lost that, too.

Doc Floyd had asserted that even in the twentieth century the time-worn "green goods game" could be worked.

"Have you got the nerve to tell me that you can put over the old green goods thing," was the amazed demand of Alderman Melantny. "I'll bet just one more bundle of \$5,000 and again a dinner for the crowd that it can't be done. Why the biggest sucker in the country would take your flash bank roll away from you if you tried to work that."

"Well, maybe he would," returned Floyd, but I'll just bet you it can be done and will let Cleland do the rough work and I'll just go along to oversee it. I may have to find the man, but I'll let Jack do the trimming."

"And I'll take half of Floyd's end of the bet that they put it over," broke in Col. Powley once more. Is it a bet?"

"It is. I'm game for another try," replied the alderman.

"How about it, Jack? Can we do it?" quired Floyd of a tall, cold-eyed dyspeptic looking person who had sat silent, sipping his wine and puffing a big cigar throughout the bantering conversation.

Jack Cleland merely grunted his assent. He was the one pessimist of the party, but always dependable and a handy man to have in any deal.

A bell clanged, a gate slammed and the conductor and a belated passenger climbed aboard the Twentieth Century Limited train which was leaving the La Salle street station, Chicago for its 18-hour spin to New York. The big engine throbbed and the long train of rolling palaces slid out of the shed without a jerk or tremor, as easily as a trim sail boat propelled by a gentle breeze. At the forward end of the train, the buffet car, a comfortable small club on wheels, already was more than half filled with passengers.

Seated on one side of the car Doc Floyd was contentedly puffing a cigarette while on the opposite side of the aisle, Jack Cleland pulled at a strong cigar, and neither man glanced at or seemed to know of the presence of the other. All was quiet save for the businesslike conversation of two showmen. The vestibule door opened and into the car came Solomon Rosenberg, wise man of the west in which section he had hubbed the air of freedom in speech and manner.

Acquaintances are almost as easily made in the smoking car of a train as on shipboard and here was Floyd not 20 miles out of Chicago drinking with a person whose natural propensities for "butting in" with strangers could not be overcome. Within ten minutes after they had met, Solomon Rosenberg was narrating the story of the most recent happenings of his life and riding to a swift and certain fall.

Oh yes, Solomon was a wise one. He knew it and was proud of it. Floyd had listened to his talk and wondered the while, whether there was a chance to take some of Solomon's easily gotten wealth and also lower his stock of conceit. He concluded that it might be well worth while to cultivate his new acquaintance. It was at least worth trying, so he ordered another bottle which further mellowed the talkative one, whose tones by this time had disturbed a commercial traveler who sat near him running over columns of figures in his sales book.

The traveling man appeared slightly annoyed as he glanced toward the wine drinkers. Suddenly he seemed to think of something and placing his memoranda in his pocket he turned to Floyd and his companion and asked if they cared to kill the time with a small game until the call came for dinner in the dining car.

"Sure," was the reply of Solomon, answering for Floyd as well as himself. "My friend and I will play if you'll dig up some one else."

A telepathic thought seemed to travel from Floyd to Jack Cleland who was looking at the party from the opposite side of the car. The others also seemed to notice his presence at the same time and it appeared a mere chance that he was invited to make the fourth man in the game.

The play was not resumed after dinner, Cleland saying that he had lost about all he could afford, but the party stuck together and when it came time to retire for the night, Solomon, Floyd and Cleland had all agreed to make their headquarters at the Hotel Astor during their stay in New York and see more of each other. The drummer had told them that his home was in the city but that he hoped to look them up during their stay.

"What's the game, Floyd?" inquired Jack Cleland who had visited his friend's room in the hotel ten minutes after they had reached the big Broadway hotel.

"Well, old top, you know what we are on here for," was the reply. "You've got to sell an order of green goods to some one. You are lucky because I've already found your man for you. It must be some one, so why not our friend Solomon? He's already delivered himself."

The trio met in the lobby of the hotel a few moments later and Solomon insisted on having just one drink before they parted company for the day and then also insisted that they dine together that evening. The only disposition Cleland would indulge in that evening after dinner was the theater to which he consented to accompany Floyd and Solomon. After the theater, however, Floyd was indeed the gay man of law away from home for a good time and he put Solomon through such paces as to endear him to the heart of that boisterous person.

This journey through the tenderloin was followed by another. Solomon liked the gay life but was beginning to have a pain in his pocketbook, so that when the third evening after his arrival in Gotham, Cleland proposed another game of cards, saying that he wanted revenge for his loss on the train, there was ready consent on the

part of the westerner, who proposed to make some one else pay his expenses if he could. Cleland already had found the drummer's telephone number and invited him to dine and join them in another little friendly game.

Again Solomon won, but his winnings were small. The salesman, also, was allowed to carry away a few dollars for his evening's work. Floyd, however, made a heavy winning and Cleland lost \$2,000, playing with the feverish recklessness that comes to the average loser at cards. The game broke up when the salesman announced that he would have to quit and get a few hours' sleep before appearing at his place of business. Cleland went off to his room with a groan, refusing even to take a "night-cap" drink. Solomon, however, readily accepted Floyd's invitation to take in some of the all-night restaurants.

"I wonder if our friend has left town without saying good-by," remarked Solomon to Doc Floyd two days after the poker game in which Cleland had lost his money to Floyd. He had not appeared since that time.

"I wonder?" replied Floyd. "Let's inquire of the clerk at the desk and see if he's gone." Acting upon this suggestion they learned that Mr. "McClelland," the name under which Cleland was known to them, was still in town, and in fact was in his room at that moment.

"Let's go up and see what ails him," proposed Floyd. "Maybe he's not feeling well."

In his room the two callers found Cleland pacing the floor with a worried look on his face. It was anything but a cordial welcome which he gave them.

"Not ill, I hope," said Floyd. "We'd missed you for a couple of days and thought we'd look you up. Haven't cut us out, have you?"

"To tell you the truth, fellows, I haven't felt very cheerful since I made that losing. I'm only a salaried man, you know, and can't really afford to play that kind of a game, even if my salary is a big one. It isn't that I'm worrying about just now, though, for I've got a chance to get more than even. My conscience will hardly let me do it though, and besides I've got to have more money than I've got to put the deal through."

"Buck up, and tell us about it" broke in Solomon. "And say, kid, don't let your conscience put too much weight on you. Throw it away and get rid of the handicap, but don't do anything to get into jail. I don't mind telling you that there are two or three places in this country right now where I don't want to go for fear the jail doors would open quick to get me. Our friend here is a lawyer. Let him advise you."

"I wonder if I should tell you?" replied Cleland, brightening perceptibly, polished actor that he was.

"Yes, go ahead and out with it," returned Floyd. "You know we lawyers hear some strange stories now and then and can't afford to be too particular as to our clients."

"Well, I'll tell you on one condition," agreed Cleland. "That condition is that you come in on the deal with me. I haven't got enough capital to put it through, anyway. There's no danger in it, and it's a sure way to make a big haul."

Both Floyd and Solomon agreed to come in on any deal where they could

only have about \$7,000 to my name, so I will have to get some one to go in the deal with me. You two can come in for \$5,000 each. Are you on? And wait a minute, you needn't agree right now, but meet me at ten o'clock in the morning and go with me to the Nineteenth National and see my friend for yourself."

The two agreed to meet Cleland on the morrow and said good-night. "And what do you think of it?" inquired Floyd as they went down on the elevator. "I'm a little afraid of it."

"Well, let's look into it, anyway," returned Solomon. "If there's a chance to pick up some easy money, I want it."

On the following morning they were convinced that the deal was a good one when they went to the Nineteenth National with Cleland, and visiting the safety vault section of the bank, met Danny Roberts as that young man came out of a small compartment in his shirt sleeves with a package of papers in his hands and a pencil behind his ear. Danny looked the part of a busy clerk and they heard him whisper nervously to Cleland that "it was all right." He added that he would be at the appointed place at precisely 12 o'clock.

The appointed place was a small dingy office of a dilapidated building on New street. Cleland explained that it was the office of a friend who dealt in curb stocks and was seldom in, but allowed him free use of the place. The trio were waiting when Danny Roberts, carrying a suit case, entered. He immediately took from the case two packages, exactly alike in appearance and as to outer signs and seals. Quickly cutting one of them open, he disclosed large bundles of money. It took a half hour to count this out and ascertain that there was \$30,000 in the lot. Fifteen thousand dollars in large bills were placed in the hands of Danny, who hurried away. In five minutes the old bills of perfectly good money

were divided into three packages of equal amounts and tied up into neat paper-bound parcels on the roll-top desk.

Just at that moment there was a knock on the locked door of the office and Cleland slammed down the top of the desk and kicked the waste paper underneath before he went to answer the summons.

"It was only a customer looking for my friend," he remarked, as he returned and raised the top of the desk, disclosing the three neatly tied parcels. "You fellows had better take your bundles and separate. We will all meet at the hotel for dinner."

Solomon and Floyd, acting like two conspirators, agreed to take separate conveyances uptown to their hotel and to meet there later and drink to their good luck.

Two hours later, when Floyd had not put in appearance, Solomon began to feel nervous. He was afraid something had happened to Floyd and Cleland, but for another half hour he did not suspicion anything further, and then he suddenly decided to go to his room and investigate his newly acquired wealth.

"Stung!" yelled Solomon when he undid the parcel and found a tightly bound package of tissue paper with a dollar bill on each outer side. "And I never once thought of the old green goods game!"

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"IT TOOK HALF AN HOUR TO COUNT THIS."

see a sure and quick profit, and asked for particulars.

"It's perfectly simple," explained Cleland. "I once did a young fellow a good turn and kept him out of a lot of trouble. He's the trusted messenger in the Nineteenth National bank here now. This bank is the clearing house for a lot of smaller banks and also gets the biggest part of the city's deposits. They get thousands of dollars in old and dirty money every week which they turn in to the subtreasury on Wall street, getting new bills in return. This young friend of mine has been the messenger and made the exchanges. He says they never even open the sealed packages of bills that he takes to them and which have been certified to by the officers of the bank. The subtreasury simply O K's the amount on the back of the package and forwards it with a lot of similar bundles to Washington, where the old and dirty money is never counted, but just ground up and destroyed. He has thought the whole plan out and says he can substitute a phony package for the one with the old bills in it. He has to have some one in the deal with him, for he would never dare to try to get rid of the old money. I saw him this afternoon and to-morrow he will have to make his regular weekly trip, and the package already is made up with \$30,000 in good money in it. All he wants is half for his share and I can give him \$15,000 in \$100 and \$500 clean bills and take the package. I

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ABDUL RECONCILED

Now Thinks Rather of Food Than of His Wives.

Former Ruler of Turkey Growing Accustomed to Surroundings at Salonika—Greatly Interested in Passing Events.

Salonika.—Abdul Hamid, the ex-sultan of Turkey, is slowly becoming more accustomed to his surroundings and reconciled to his captivity. He has cast off his morose demeanor, no longer gives way to outbursts of anger, and conducts himself in a quiet and retired manner.

Repeatedly he expresses his satisfaction at being kept at Salonika, requests that he be allowed to remain at the Villa Allatini, and prays that he may be permitted to live there and end his days "like a good old man." For whatever may be the opinion of his former subjects, the ex-Sultan's confidence in his own virtues remains undiminished.

"Why do my people say and write such bad things about me and attempt to blacken my character?" he frequently demands. "Why do they revive everything that is bad and never mention all the good things I have done for my country? After all, the bad things were not due to me; they were the works of my councilors. Every man I had round me was bad—absolutely bad. I had no opportunity of choosing my advisers."

Very early in the morning Abdul repairs to a small ante-room overlooking a small portion of the main road. Here he takes up his position at the window. Almost his first occupation is to give orders to Enul Bey for his day's food. These orders are handed to an agent of the municipality, who is detailed off to do the



Abdul Hamid.

necessary marketing. The cuisine is in the hands of one of Abdul's old cooks, who was specially brought for the purpose from Yildiz.

The dethroned monarch's favorite delicacy is shrimps, which just now are in season in Salonika. He is now being accorded the greatest liberty, with pens and paper being supplied him, and he is allowed, if he so desires, to walk in the garden at will. He has, however, up to the present, taken no advantage of this extension of liberty, preferring to remain cooped up in his little ante-chamber.

He sleeps badly and often paces the floor of his bedroom the whole night through. For this reason every afternoon he retires for a brief siesta. He takes little pleasure in the society of his wives and seldom sees them, with the exception of the mother of his son Hamid Effendi, who is in almost constant attendance upon him. His sole recreation lies in the newspapers, which are liberally supplied, and are read to him by his favorite wife. He takes the greatest possible interest in passing events, both at home and abroad, but outside of this he has no occupation and passes the day with the utmost monotony. Of late, however, he has had a desire to employ himself with amateur carpentering, and in accordance with this idea a full set of joiner's tools has been ordered from a Paris factory.

Various interesting conversations have been the outcome of Abdul Hamid's newspaper reading. When he had been read the account of the investiture of his brother as sultan amid the acclamations of the populace, he was considerably agitated.

"Why is it," he demanded, "that the people like my brother when they hate me?"

"Because," he was told, "the people do not like what you like, and like what you do not."

A grunt of disapproval was the ex-sultan's only response.

How to Pack Flowers.

For packing shallow boxes should be used, as the flowers will travel much better if packed in single layers. The boxes should be just long enough to comfortably accommodate the flowers and should be lined with some soft non-absorbent material. Wood wool is the best material to use, but fresh moss will also answer the purpose. Over this place a layer of white tissue paper and then lay the flowers in position, packing them as closely as possible. Cover with another layer of tissue paper and fill in if necessary with a little more packing material and when the lid is placed in position the contents of the box are quite firm and unable to shift.—From the Garden.



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WHY, OF COURSE.



"Farmer, which of those cows of yours gives the buttermilk?" "None of 'em. The goat."

Pathos in a Fire Report.

In the annual report of the fire marshal of Kentucky the following extract is not without a suggestion of "Little Boy Blue":

"Among the odds and ends of the attic, usually are vanished furniture, rags smeared with grease to take fire themselves, painting oils liable to take fire when the sun heats on the roof, and broken toys of children who are grown and gone away, or who went to sleep long ago."

It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlin's Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.

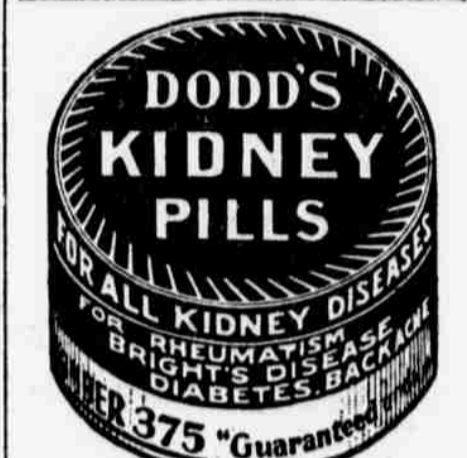
It is easy for a woman with false teeth to bite off more molasses candy than she can chew.

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Gifts to God can never make up for thefts from men.



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