

IRON NERVE AND HORSE SENSE MADE "LUCKY" BALDWIN

SAN FRANCISCO.—The death of old Lucky Baldwin has revived many stories of the man who easily ranked as the boldest speculator and gambler of California. Not that Baldwin was a plunger on the turf in the way that finally ended Riley Gramman's career or a speculator in the sense of a man who bucks the market on his general observation of the trend of prices. Baldwin nearly always carried on his big deals on the basis of secret information.

Occasionally he was misled by his enthusiasm over a horse that he fancied, but nine times out of ten his most spectacular plays were made on a sure thing. What he did have was an iron nerve and the horse sense to know when to get out of a deal with the maximum of profit.

How his lean form endured the excitement of his life for 80 years is one of the marvels which no doctor can explain. He lived hard and during 15 years that he kept the Baldwin hotel he seemed never to get any sleep.

Any one who wandered around to the barroom or the card room of the hotel in the early morning hours would be sure to see the old man circulating about or taking a hand in a game of poker. And if you visited the hotel at seven a. m., when the place seemed as dead as a mausoleum, the chances are you would find him pacing up and down the long vestibule, looking as fresh as though he had gone to bed with the birds the night before.

Fortune from the Comstock.

The Comstock silver mines made Baldwin a millionaire. Like Flood and O'Brien, he had no special education in mining. He began life in San Francisco as a hotel keeper in a humble way, and it was from a chance guess at his place that he secured his tip on the great richness of the ore in the Ophir and Sierra Nevada mines on the Comstock.

Baldwin never trusted to second-hand information. He dispatched a practical miner whom he could trust to Virginia City and had this man secure work in both mines. The man found that the ore was richer than reported. Then Baldwin lost no time in getting into action.

The first reports of rich ore had sent Ophir stock up many points, but insiders spread rumors that the ore vein had pinched out. Then there was a slump as every one tried to get out. Baldwin went in then and bought right and left, and before the insiders knew what he was about he had received enough stock to make him several times a millionaire. On a stock market that registered fluctuations of sev-

eral hundred dollars a share in a single day a speculator of Baldwin's nerve had a great chance, and he never missed an opportunity to add to his fortune.

Preceded with a Six Shooter.

One of his most spectacular coups was in Sierra Nevada. Baldwin had secured the majority of the stock, but the formal transfers of this stock had not been made on the books, so the old directors called a meeting and planned to elect on old proxies a board of directors for a year and thus keep Baldwin out of the management.

Baldwin heard of the scheme and promptly had his lawyer, Reuben H. Lloyd, prepare an injunction against the old directors forbidding them to go on with the election.

The meeting was set for Monday at nine a. m. At the last moment Lloyd rushed into Baldwin's office with the news that it was impossible to get his injunction papers signed until ten o'clock.

"Well," said Baldwin after a moment's pause, "you go up to court and as soon as you get the judge's signature come down affixing in a hack. I'll keep the directors from holding that meeting."

Baldwin sauntered jauntily over to the meeting and endured calmly the geying of those who thought he had been eunuched. He was seated in the room as a stockholder when the president of the company arose and announced the call for the annual election. Baldwin then got up and entered a formal protest, but the president ruled him out of order.

Old Lucky made only two or three strides to the president's side, and before the astonished official knew what had happened he was lying under the table and Baldwin was presiding in his place, with a six shooter in his right hand. He swore he would shoot any man who interfered or who tried to leave the room, and for half an hour he bulldozed all hands until Lloyd broke in with the injunction papers and the day was saved.

His Breach of Promise Cases.

Horses, women and music all interested Baldwin. With horses he scored a great success, but with women he certainly didn't have the same luck. He was regularly married three times, but his irregular relations were numerous. These relations, generally with young women still in their teens, brought him often into the courts and twice subjected him to pistol fire.

One woman, who pretended to be his niece, Verona Baldwin, tried to shoot at the old man in the Baldwin hotel one night and a bullet hit him in the wrist. She declared that he had promised marriage and then refused to keep his word. The case was hushed up and the woman got a pension.

A Queer Funeral.

Baldwin was as original in his funeral as in his life. He provided in his will that no religious services

character. "Game and fighting to the last," said one.

"Never asked anything, never gave anything. Paid for everything he got, but wouldn't be held up!" That was the eulogy of the other.

Lucky Baldwin's Two Sides.

Lucky Baldwin's nature was a peculiar mixture of parsimony and open handedness; but these two traits did not crop out in him synchronously. He was what might be called a streaky individual.

For months at a stretch he would exhibit a lavishness of personal expenditure that dazzled even the top-

Baldwin at the faro bank. "Foolish bank I ever saw," the old man went on. "You jumpers from the east have as much idea of playing the bank as a mountain lion has of playing the harp. They took you, of course?"

The salesman replied that they sure had taken him, taken him bad.

"Not in any kind of a mess over it, are you, youngster?" inquired Baldwin.

Whereupon the New York salesman opened up and told Baldwin just the kind of mess he was in—fifteen hundred in bank markers to pay, no money to return to New York, no chance to ask the firm for more coin



BALDWIN HANDED SIX FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS TO THE SALESMAN

VERONA BALDWIN TRIED POT LUCK AT THE OLD MAN

notchers among the high rollers and big spenders of the coast. He would respond to every touch without a murmur.

When these prodigal fits were upon him he would gamble like a Charles James Fox, often winding up after continued days and nights of play by walloping San Francisco's leading faro banks to a standstill. Although never a deep drinker he would while thus in the spending mood stand at the far end of his famous Baldwin hotel bar and order basket after basket of champagne to be served to casual bar patrons, men he had never seen before.

From such money tossing orgies Baldwin would all of a sudden and without notice or warning become a tightwad of the first order, a closerroll from whom a dollar couldn't be extracted by any other method except the use of dynamite. It wasn't that his bundle was given out. It was simply that it was Lucky's nature to curl up completely after a high spending fiesta and suddenly to turn into a man with the mucklaginous mitt and the soldered fist.

Penurious to an Extreme.

While in this state of mind he would promptly turn his back even upon his closest friend who in temporary straits for money asked him for a small temporary lift. He'd cut out the gambling completely, let his horses run for the purses and for Sweeney, and hang on to a two-bit piece so long that the eagle on the coin would begin to moult. Then, after a period of this sort of penuriousness, presto! Lucky would get his spending habits on again all of a sudden and once more he'd proceed to make Coal Oil Johnny and Death Valley Scotty look like pikers.

A very sedate New York traveling jewelry salesman who didn't use to be so sedate tells a story to illustrate Baldwin's varying moods as to the spending end of it.

Nearly twenty years ago the jewelry salesman, then travelling for a Maiden Lane diamond house, went up against a San Francisco faro bank and got himself cleaned down beneath the pot. He was up against it. He had his tens of thousands of dollars' worth of samples, but he was too honest a man to think of hypotheating any of his firm's stuff in order to get himself out of the mess.

In addition to the cash he dropped the faro bank had his markers for \$1,500. The salesman was due to return to New York. He had overdrawn on his expense account and didn't dare to wire his firm for another dollar; but he had to go home, and he had to take up his \$1,500 in faro bank markers before leaving San Francisco.

He didn't know Lucky Baldwin except in a casual way. He always stopped at Baldwin's hotel, had been introduced to the old man, was on nodding terms with him in the lobby and that was all.

The salesman, pretty well worked up over his troubles, strolled into the bar before breakfast one morning to get a supporting snifter. Lucky sipped in about half a minute behind him. The two exchanged nods.

Called the Tenderfoot.

"Saw you playing some pretty foul bank a couple of nights ago," Baldwin remarked. The salesman hadn't seen

without giving himself dead away, and so on.

Baldwin listened with his wide sardonic grin, then dug for his roll and skinned off six \$500 bills and handed the money to the salesman.

"Take this and make good, and then get back with your snow shovellers," he said to the salesman—the old-time Slopers still call eastern folk snow shovellers in contemptuous allusion to the rigors of the east's winter climate. "Don't play any more bank until you learn something about it. Bank's a grownup man's game. You stick to mumbletypeg, son, and you won't get trampled."

The salesman would only take \$2,000 of the money and had some trouble in mollifying the slightly-offended Lucky when he insisted upon returning two of the \$500 bills, which he didn't need. He quit San Francisco for New York that evening, paid Baldwin the \$2,000 back in installments inside of six months and was so grateful for getting out of the mess thus easily that he hasn't made a dime bet ever since.

Bluffed Charlie Fair.

There are men now living who remember how one afternoon at the Ingleside track about sixteen years ago Lucky Baldwin made so high flying a gambler as the late Charlie Fair—killed in France in an automobile accident some years ago—draw in his horns.

Baldwin and Fair both had horses entered in a stake race to be run off at Ingleside that afternoon. There was a sort of chaffing rivalry as to their horses between Baldwin and Fair. Lucky liked the young man, who at that time was the main high roller of the sons of Senator Fair, which is saying a good deal.

Neither Baldwin nor Fair expected his horse to win in the stake race because there was a horse entered for the event that seemed to outclass the field, but Baldwin was dead sure that his horse would beat young Fair's horse, while the latter was equally confident that his nag would beat Baldwin's.

Baldwin was mooching around on the lawn half an hour before the race, when Charlie Fair, grinning, walked over to him.

"I'm not going to win, I think, but I sure am going to show that skate of yours up," said young Fair to Lucky.

Baldwin grinned in his saturnine way and bit into his unlighted cigar. "Not a chance, young fellow," he said to Fair. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Charlie. I'll bet you \$500,000 my horse beats yours."

A lot of high notch betting folks were standing around. Young Fair's jaw dropped and his smile faded.

"Bet you half a million, son, that my nag beats yours," repeated Baldwin, munching his smoke.

"Oh, behave that, pop," said young Fair, and he walked away. Baldwin had topped even his limit.

Charlie Fair must have been the sorest man from Juneau to Callao a few minutes after that. He had swallowed a bolus in front of folks. He had quit for the first time in anybody's knowledge. He had permitted the old man to chase him to the chapparal.

Young Fair's horse not only beat Baldwin's but won the race by ten lengths, pulled to a trudge.

Cinderella's Reward

By Dearborn Walters

It was only Elpie, Elpie came into the big, empty drawing-room in her usual noiseless way, and sat down on a footstool before the fire, embracing her knees with her hands. Elpie's task-mistresses were all out at some function, and Elpie was quite alone and idle for once in her poor little life.

What castles, fair and grand, did the big, brown eyes see in those glowing embers? Who can say? "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and, much as her task-mistresses might try to crush the youth and romance out of Elpie, they could not quite succeed. But presently the big eyes grew smaller, Elpie's little brown head began to nod, and she fell sound asleep.

What awakened her? Elpie did not know; but suddenly with a great start and shiver, she started up to find the fire burning very low and the room almost in complete darkness. She sat quite still, her heart throbbing so violently she was quite sure some one in the room must hear it. And there was some one in the room. A dark figure was moving in the opposite corner to her.

Wild thoughts of burglars and midnight assassins rushed through Elpie's mind; but she was a brave little creature, and she did not scream. The servants were downstairs, in the kitchen, and she was the only living being in the house besides.

It came into her mind that she must stealthily reach forward to the bell and ring; but, just as she was moving, the figure turned. He advanced swiftly toward her, and, though Elpie tried to speak out bravely and ask him what he wanted, she could not; her tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth.

"Hush!" said the man, and his voice sounded pleasant and friendly. "Don't scream, please. I'm not a burglar, though my mode of entrance may seem like that of one. The truth is, I—I came through a window downstairs and made my way up here."

Elpie could see him indistinctly. He was a young man, well dressed, and the face looking down at her was frank and friendly.

"First, tell me who you are? You can't be one of my—"

"I'm Elpie—that is, I am Elspeth Grey. Mr. Kemp was my mother's cousin, and he took me to live with him when my father died; and since Mr. Kemp died I have stayed with Mrs. Kemp and her daughters and helped them."

"Helped them? How?"

"Oh, with dresses, and—other things," faltered Elpie, frightened by the fierceness of his tone.

"Well, they are all out to-night, aren't they? And the servants are enjoying themselves down stairs, so we needn't be frightened. I am going to tell you a tremendous secret, little one. But first, tell me, are those people kind to you? Do they treat you as one of themselves? Do they give you plenty of nice food, pretty clothing, amusements?"

"Juliana—Josephine is—is nice sometimes," faltered Elpie. She was a loyal little soul, and anxious to hide the faults of her relatives.

"And Matilda—Jane, and the rest of this well-principled household?" asked the young man, satirically.

"I can't tell you any more," cried Elpie, driven to bay, "till I know who you are."

"That's easily told, little one. I am Mr. Kemp's nephew, therefore a kind of cousin of yours." Elpie started and turned pale. "My name is Norman Kemp. My father founded Uncle John's business, and helped him to buy this house on condition that it should be left to me. When my uncle died these infamous women stepped in and took everything; and yet I know Uncle John left a will in my favor. I

have been away; that is why I have not come forward sooner. But Woods, the lawyer, drew up the will, and I have reason to suspect it is hidden somewhere in this house. I shall not leave here till I have found it. Now, are you going to show me the way to my uncle's library?"

Elpie indicated it in fear and trembling and returned to her seat. In about a quarter of an hour Norman Kemp re-entered flushed and excited.

"I have found it! There's nothing like determination, little cousin. Concealed—where do you think? In the flap of the cover of the old family Bible. Of course, Mrs. Kemp will say she knew nothing of it." He began to read it, then uttered an exclamation. "And here's mention of you, little one. 'And whereas, I have undertaken to provide for my cousin's child, Elspeth Grey, I do hereby bequeath to the said Elspeth Grey the sum of \$10,000, to be kept in trust by my wife until the aforesaid Elspeth shall reach the age of 18.' How old are you, Elpie?"

"I was 18 in July," faltered Elpie.

"Then you can claim your rights at once. I shall see after your claims as well as my own. Now I am going, little cousin, straight to the lawyers. Good-by, Elpie."

Elpie's heart thrilled strangely as her companion's black eyes looked into her face. He took her hand, then suddenly raised it to his lips.

"Forgive me; I couldn't help it. I am your cousin, you know, and you are a brave and true little girl. Good-by, Elpie; I shall soon see you again."

And this strange burglar was gone. A year later they met again. Norman Kemp was in full possession of his property, and Elpie, who had the modest income of \$600 from her well-invested inheritance, had been spending months abroad with friends.

The Kemps discovered in what had really been a fraud, had disappeared, none knew where. No one but little Elpie, who was a tender-hearted little girl, cared where they went.

She was no longer the little neglected girl he had first seen; she was more womanly and experienced. But she still blushed, and then paled a little as Norman took her hand.

"I have been making changes in my home," he said, after a little desultory conversation.

"Yes, I've heard so," Elpie answered, and somehow her head drooped, and so did her sweet childish lips.

Norman sat looking at her silently. "And have you heard, also," he asked quietly, at last, "that I wish a mistress for it?"

Elpie's heart beat very low and dully.

"Yes, I've heard that, too. Miss—Miss Grant of Washington, isn't it?" Norman started.

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, I don't know; every one thinks it."

"Then every one is wrong," said Norman; and he suddenly came very close to her and laid his hand on her little fingers. "Elpie, there's only one mistress in all the world I want for it; can't you guess who it is? The little girl I've loved since I looked down at her sleeping, a poor, little tired Cinderella, in Mrs. Kemp's magnificent drawing room; the little girl who trusted me from the beginning, though appearances were so terribly against me. Elpie, will you consent to be a burglar's wife?"

And he must have heard an answer that satisfied him, though no one else could have done so; for the next moment Elpie's little brown head rested on her burglar's breast, and then and there he bent and kissed, not her hand this time, but her lips.

A Dispute for Supremacy.

Eagle—I am the national bird.

Poosum—Huh! That's nothing. I am going to be the national dish.

LATEST SPORT IN PARIS



Paris saw a novel form of "ski-running" the other day—a form that might be called "skijoring by motor." In which the ski-runners are drawn by an automobile. Skijoring proper was introduced in Sweden and the ski-runner drives the horse that tows him.



LUCKY BALDWIN

"I'll bet \$500,000 my horse beats yours"