

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 Meahanty. "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 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 imbued 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 forget 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 dissipation 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

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

Angel Paradise

By George Edwin Hunt

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Lonesome Linthicum and I sat in comfortable leather chairs before the open fireplace in the club rotunda. The talk had been of Paradise—Paradise, Arizona, where Lonesome had spent some years as cow-puncher and miner before he made his stake. In his hand was a letter from Big Bill Jernigan, an old comrade of those days, now known as the Hon. William Jernigan, member of congress from the sovereign state of Montana. Lonesome was reminiscent, and when Lonesome is reminiscent it behooved his friends to keep silence and give heed. I knew my cue, and this story was my reward:

The Hon. William Jernigan! Think of it! Old long-legged Big Bill Jernigan! Well, there's heaps worse at Washington. Did I ever tell you about the time Bill and I made faces at each other? No? It happened at Paradise. You remember what Saturday was at Paradise. Town full of punchers and miners, the punchers and miners full of liquor and devilment, and the bartenders full of business. Bill and I had been up all night, bucking Three Fingers Pete's faro game, and were far from well. Bill made the bets and I played look-out for us. Things broke bad, and along about ten o'clock in the morning we quit and were standing at the bar. Bill had a grouch on more than a foot thick, and at that I think mine had his beat a block. So it was just perfectly natural that nothing either of us said would suit the other. I expressed a desire for corned beef hash and red pepper for breakfast, and what Bill said about my gastronomic ideas was scandalous. Then Bill said he saw a fellow in a stock company in Denver the winter before that was a better actor than Edwin Booth. I never knew Edwin Booth, but I resented Bill's slur on his memory most deeply. Finally Bill said he could rope, throw and tie more steers in ten minutes than any man in Arizona, and that settled it.



Stood There a Moment, Calmly Surveying Things.

I retorted some acrimonious. Bill was not polite. Diplomatic relations were busted, and one of us called the other a liar. I don't remember which one it was, but that makes no difference now.

The room was full of the boys, some playing cards and some at the bar, where Three Fingers Pete and Dutch Henry were serving drinks. When Bill and I stepped back and dropped our hands to our guns, they all respected our feelings and acted according. Dutch and Pete flopped to the floor behind the bar. Seven or eight of the boys broke for the safe.

Now, make no mistake—but you won't, because you knew those boys. They wasn't afraid; you couldn't scare those fellows. But they had sense. If Bill and I had a difference of opinion, that was our business, not theirs. And if we wanted to settle it by shooting holes in each other, that also was our business. So they ducked.

I knew there wasn't any use trying to fool around and shoot Bill in the leg or arm. I'd seen Bill shoot when he thought he had to shoot, and under those circumstances Bill shot straight and quick, mind you, mighty quick. So I decided the only thing that would leave me behind to herd the elusive maverick and eat the base-born hominy and hog was to beat him to it, and I had a sneaking notion that I was just a little bit quicker on the draw and pull than he was.

We stood there maybe ten seconds—it seemed to me like an hour—looking each other in the eye, both crazy mad. Well, my nerves would have twisted up in little knots in about five seconds more, and I would have probably done something foolish and Bill would have potted me, but just before I blew up a voice at the saloon door said: "Hello!" soft and sweet, and "retardo" on the "lo."

Now, if that had been a man's voice neither of us would have paid any attention to it, or else we would have both turned in and licked the everlasting daylight out of him for interfering with two gentlemen who were trying to settle a scientific difference—according to how mad we were. But it wasn't. On the contrary, quite the reverse. I saw Bill's glance waver, and I knew Bill couldn't shoot a man that wasn't looking any more than he could wear a stiff collar; so, my curiosity being some aroused, I turned toward the door.

I almost hate to tell you, it was so lovely. There on the top step, just

inside the screen door, was the sweetest, cleanest, prettiest girl baby you ever saw. All dressed up in a white lawn suit, with a blue sash, white half-hose that showed her dimpled knees and fat little legs, white shoes, and a white bonnet with a lace frill around the front, tied under her dimpled chin with a big white ribbon. Gee! but she was the prettiest little thing that ever struck Arizona, bar none. I took one look and said: "Angel, angel!" You see, I went daffy at once.

"Hello!" she repeated as she looked round the room. "It is a game? Oh I see. I spy!" Then she padded over to the end of the bar, pointed one fat little finger at Pap Johnson behind the ice-box, shouted gleefully: "I spy!" and ran to Bill Jernigan. She slapped old Bill on his chap-covered legs and said:

"One, two, free for you! Now you are it! All the res' is home free."

Then she threw both arms around Bill's left leg and waited for the boys to come "home." You ought to have seen Bill. He looked at me sort of dazed like, then looked down at the baby, then looked away far off somewhere, and said in a faint whisper: "Well, I'm darned!" And if he said it once he said it 20 times. Just stood there like a human hitching-post and phonograph combined and said: "Well, I'm darned!"

The boys all gathered round from their safety corners, looking as sheepish as if the teacher had caught them chewing gum, but I was too much interested in Angel to pay any attention to them then. I always was fond of dogs and children and things like that. I knelt down, so as to get some where near on a level with that little white bonnet, and asked:

"Whose little girl are you, honey?"

"Mamma's," was the prompt reply.

"I'd bet a stack of blue on that," said I. "But what's your name?"

"Anna Louise, thank you."

"You're welcome. All right, I'll believe that, even. Anna Louise goes with me, but Anna Louise what?"

"Nuffin. Jes' Anna Louise."

"And where is mamma?"

"Oh, she's right over there;" and she waved her hand vaguely around to embrace 'most three-quarters of the compass. Then she proposed breathlessly: "Let's play 'Lunnon Bridge.' It's the mos' est fun!"

We told her we would like to but that we had forgotten how.

Bill then swung her up on the bar and gravely asked her what she would have to drink. She wanted soda-water and we all took the same, although some of the boys objected.

When the drinks were all in hand I got on a chair and made an eloquent, ornate and highly popular speech, in which I said that never before had I seen the wisdom of naming our thriving municipality "Paradise," and that at times it had seemed to me the party or parties naming it must have gotten mixed on their Scripture or else have waxed sarcastic; but that now a great light, the bright white light of truth, had busted in on my alleged intellect, and illuminated the inmost recesses of an ever sluggish mind ("Hear, hear!" from the boys). An Angel had come to Paradise, I said, a sweet little angel straight from heaven, or St. Louis, or somewhere. Her given name might be Anna Louise, as she told us, but if so it was a mistake. Angel she was, and Angel she must be. And inasmuch as she had no other name, according to her own statement, a statement I presumed no gentleman present would doubt (loud cries of "No, no!" from the boys), I took the liberty of giving her the name of the fair city she had honored with her presence, and proposed a toast to "Angel Paradise."

Well, you never saw a toast excite such enthusiasm—certainly not one drunk in soda-water.

As we finished the drink, the door opened with some violence, and a chap rushed in, clad in spats, a white waistcoat, a stiff collar, a derby hat, and some other useless outer habiliments. His glance fell on Angel, and he yelled: "Me child, me child!"

Angel stood there on the bar, waving a chubby hand, and said: "Hello, pop!"

After he had calmed down, he introduced himself as Mr. Hawthorne of Boston, who was touring Arizona for his wife's health. He explained that he had stopped at the Cowboy's Retreat for a few hours' rest, and Angel had wandered away.

So Bill turned to Angel and said: "Come, sister, get on my shoulder, and it's us for mamma." Then he swung Angel up and strode out of the saloon.

Papa introduced us to mamma and explained we were friends of his that had found Angel and looked after her. They were just starting for Tucson in the hotel surry, and we were soon forced to say good-by to our little Angel Paradise. The blessed little baby patted old Bill on the cheek and said: "I love 'oo," and then, seeing I looked disappointed, which I was, she graciously said: "An' 'oo, too. An' all of 'oo," as she took us all in with a wave of the hand. And the last we saw of her she was flitting mamma's handkerchief from the back of the surry as it disappeared in the dust around the bend.

On our way back to Pete's, Bill put his arm around my shoulders and said:

"Lonesome, I'm some fond of red pepper on hash myself."

I grinned a little and he went on:

"And Lonesome, come to think it over, that fellow was a rotten bad actor, anyhow."

We had reached Pete's and were just going in when he squeezed me a little:

"Furthermore, Lonesome, when I was talkin' about ropin' steers I expected you in my mind all the time."

And we never did finish that fight.



"IT TOOK HALF AN HOUR TO COUNT THIS."

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 grouch, 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,"

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

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 suspect 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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