

# Beating the Bookies

By JOHN IRVING DAY

In the Realm of High and Low Finance

"I tell you, Danny, it's hardly worth the candle. The police are keeping a close watch on pool rooms and are liable to nab the whole bunch before you could turn a trick." Doc Floyd, master mind of the High Rollers' club, was uttering words of wisdom to Danny Roberts, player of juvenile roles in the life drama enacted by the members of the club.

"But, old man, I've just to sell the professor a package, and there's nothing that would be so easy. He's bugs on the races. I've met him and got his confidence, and he doesn't know that I've got it in for him so hard that I'm going to make him take the high jump."

"But why have you got to resort to the old 'wire game' to land him?" questioned Floyd. "And you haven't told me what gave you your grouch against him. Tell me about it."

"Well, if you only knew him, you wouldn't need to ask why anyone wouldn't want to hand him a package," replied Danny.

Could Herr Oberman, teacher of vocal music, by any occult power have overheard and comprehended the conversation that was going on between Danny Roberts and Doc Floyd? He would have locked his questionably acquired fortune in the strong box of some safe deposit company and thrown the key away. Herr Oberman, graduate from the ranks of rathskeller musicians, had opened what he was pleased to term a conservatory of music in a Michigan avenue building habituated by others of his kind. There, in a period of a few short years, he had waxed fat in purse and person, luring into his net, by attractive advertisements, young women with ambitions to outshine the Melbas and Mary Gardens of grand opera. To all of these he promised great things, but no prima donna ever had graduated from the school of Oberman. He was only one of many who preyed on the vanity of women who believed themselves possessed of divine voices.

It was a smiling, cheerful Danny Roberts that greeted the professor in the dingy pool room the day after his conversation with Doc Floyd.

"So another good dip, we have," was the gleeful remark of Herr Professor when he had read the message which advised a good bet on Cheese Cake. "We'll make good boozeroom fellers sick, eh?"

"That's it," replied Danny. "I've already got my bet down. You'd better hurry up before they cut the price. I'll see you later. I've got to get down the street to meet a party."

Danny did not wait to see the frantic look and hear the swear words in German which were emitted by the professor when Cheese Cake failed to be heard from in the race. He hadn't lost a cent of his own money, but had faked a telegram for the express purpose of having Oberman lose.

The next day Oberman was waiting anxiously in the pool room when Danny appeared. Before the excited German could start to tell of his hard luck and how he had lost a whole hundred dollars, Danny produced another telegram explaining that Cheese Cake had been kicked and crippled at the post, which accounted for his poor race. The second message also advised that Danny get down good on Rarebit. This time Danny waited with Oberman to hear the running of the race called off as its description was ticked over the telegraph instrument.

"They're off! Rarebit in the lead, Handy Bill second; the others bunched," and Danny shivered at the announcer's words, for he had not expected Rarebit to be heard from any more than Cheese Cake had on the previous day.

"Cashbox wins!" and Danny gave a sigh of relief which Oberman took to be one of pain accompanying his own moan of anguish. "Dandy Boy second," continued the announcer. "Narcissus is third."

"Now what do you think of that for hard luck?" was the mock moan of Danny to the professor. "There we were leading all the way and then our horse drops out of sight. I'm going to quit this game. It's impossible to beat even with what is supposed to be the very best of information."

Professor was too grieved to listen to Danny. He had troubles of his own. It was a cheaper drink than wine the two took when they adjourned to the bar room under the pool room. As they took their drink Danny once more said that he was going to quit trying to beat the pool room until he found a surer way of beating it. He hinted mysteriously that he had some such way in mind and told Herr Oberman inasmuch as he had caused him to lose by allowing him to bet on his tips he might be able to let him in on a good thing where they could do better than get even in a day or two. As he said good-bye Danny told the professor not to do any more betting until he had heard from him, which might be on the morrow.

Herr Oberman was just bowing his last pupil of the day out of the Oberman school of vocal culture. It was

but three o'clock in the afternoon, but Herr Oberman had arrived at the time when he could make his choice of hours for his pupils. It was none too cordial a greeting he gave Danny Roberts, who rushed in excitedly right at his closing hour.

"I've got it!" whispered Danny, excitedly. "Is there anyone here that can hear us?"

"No. What is it?" inquired the professor, becoming interested.

"Don't ask me now. I haven't got time to explain. Get your hat and come with me. We must hurry."

The excitement of Danny was contagious, and before he knew it Herr Professor was in the elevator and speeding towards the street. Once on the sidewalk, Danny rushed his fat friend down Michigan and over across Jackson boulevard to the Western Union building. There he almost

big play from the board of trade men and other big bugs. They never turn an eyelash at a \$5,000 bet. There's a telephone booth right here in the saloon where our friend Brown can call me up. We are just in time for the fifth race at Los Angeles. My friend Brown is going to call me up here as soon as he gets the result from there and then we'll hurry up-stairs and get a bet down.

"Just so we'll be certain everything will go through all right, we'll only make a hundred dollar bet to-day, and then if it is O. K. we can pick out a race to-morrow to make our killing in. After that, there's nothing to hinder us from taking in some of the other rooms and we ought to be able to clean up a hundred thousand dollars apiece without anyone getting on to our game."

No such thing as a conscientious scruple occurred to Herr Oberman as

Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland, when Herr Oberman, puffing from the exertion of a brisk walk, arrived in due time at the rendezvous.

"There, you answer the phone this time, and be sure you get the result right," said Danny when the telephone bell jingled.

Still trembling with excitement, Herr Oberman grasped the receiver and was informed that Mr. Brown was talking. He wrote down the names of three horses: Wild Cat, first; Sweet Alice, second, and Romeo, third.

"All right, you bet your \$2,000 on Wild Cat, and I'll play Sweet Alice for a place," instructed Danny, when the professor had showed the names he had carefully penciled on the back of an envelope.

"Why prolong the agony? A moment after the wagers had been recorded the telegraph sounder began a business-like clicking. The operator announced in low tones that the race was off. The bettors crowded close to hear the calling of the description of the race. The three horses as given Herr Oberman were all prominent in the running throughout.

And then—"Romeo wins!" "What!" shrieked the professor. "Wild Cat, second—" "Hell!" shouted Danny.

"Sweet Alice, third," continued the operator in low, singsong tones. "Whipsawed, or I'm a goat," muttered Danny, as he pulled the almost fainting Herr Oberman to one side.

GOING THE PACE.



Tortoise—What, have you started a motor car?

Snail—Yes, one must move with the times, you know.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

**Not Our Discovery.**  
The Greek, Eratosthenes, 250 B. C., taught the doctrine of the roundness of the earth, and the ideas of the sphere, its poles, axis, the equator, arctic and antarctic circles, equinoctial points and the solstices were quite generally entertained by the wise men of that time. There were plenty of men in Rome, therefore, who were prepared to talk about the earth as a sphere and to make globes illustrating their ideas.

**\$100 Reward, \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient relief by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.  
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Cleaning the Stage.**  
"We hope," said the spokesman of the committee, "to enlist your support in favor of a clean stage."  
"You have it," responded the theatrical manager, heartily. "Why, almost every one of my plays opens with a girl dusting everything in sight."

**The City of a Thousand Tongues.**  
"Why do you devote so much time to the study of the languages? Are you going to study abroad?"  
"No. I want to be equipped to carry on an intelligent conversation with any one I may happen to meet in New York."—Washington Star.

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of Defiance Starch, each package containing one-third more Starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

**Unlikely.**  
Whale—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home?  
Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

**Asthmatics, Read This.**  
If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Neb.

The habit of viewing things hopefully, and of thinking about life cheerfully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—Smiles.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to He cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It doesn't take much to satisfy most people who are self-satisfied.



"I DIDN'T, I DIDN'T," MOANED OBERMAN. "I'M RUINED!"

showed the astonished German into another elevator. At the second floor of the building a man in shirt sleeves, with pencil resting behind his ear in business fashion, got into the same car. The shirt-sleeved and hatless person got off the car at a top floor, where Danny and the professor also left it. With a warning gesture, the shirt-sleeved and hatless one motioned the other two to a distant corner of the hall. There he was introduced to the professor by Danny as an old friend who had charge of the racing wires over which the odds and results on all races were transmitted to the pool-rooms throughout the middle west.

"Is it all right?" whispered the breathless Danny.

"As right as a compass. Does your friend understand that I'm to get half of the winnings?"

"No, I haven't had time to explain to him yet. I know he's all right, though."

The flattered professor beamed at Danny's enthusiastic words of indorsement, and then it was explained to him that Mr. Brown, the Western Union race wire manager, could withhold the result of each race after it came in until he had telephoned Danny and given him time to get down a good bet in the pool room before they knew that the race was off. Danny promised to explain matters more fully to the befuddled professor on their way to the pool room. As soon as they had taken leave of the fictitious Manager Brown, the latter walked down-stairs to the second floor, where he had left a boy holding his hat and coat, and donning these he was out and away from the building five minutes behind Danny and the professor.

"And now," said Danny to the professor, "they have reached a quiet little saloon on a side street, 'I'll show you how we are going to get even with the bookmakers. We want to make a good thorough test of the scheme before we make any big bets. There's a pool room over this saloon where they don't have anything but

he glowed all over in anticipation of such wealth easily acquired from the pool room men. He thought this about the cleverest scheme he had ever heard of and so expressed himself with much show of enthusiasm. The two conspirators had just finished a drink when the telephone bell rang and, explaining to the bartender that he was expecting a call, Danny rushed into the booth before anyone else could beat him to it.

"Hello! Yes; this is me. You say it's M. M. All right, everything's O. K. here."

Danny hung up the receiver and, motioning for the professor, he mounted one flight of stairs and was admitted to a carefully guarded room in the rear of the rickety old-time building. Herr Oberman saw that the place was frequented by a much smaller though a more select crowd of patrons than the ordinary pool room. Danny whispered to him that Military Man was the horse in the fifth race, but that the odds were only even money. He tendered a hundred dollar bill to a prosperous-looking person to bet on the horse in the fifth race at Los Angeles.

The operator called off the description of the running of the race from start to finish, and Military Man was not heard from until the stretch was reached; then he was making one of his famous home-stretch runs, and as was expected by Danny and the professor, Military Man was announced as the winner.

That night Danny Roberts reported still further progress to Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland. He had parted with Herr Oberman with the understanding that they were to meet at the lunch hour on the morrow and pick out a race that gave promise of paying big odds for the winner. Accordingly the appointment was kept and the fourth race on the Los Angeles track was selected as the one giving greatest promises to the conspirators.

Danny was waiting outside the little saloon on the side street, over which was the fake pool room fitted out by

"You must have gotten those names in the wrong order."

"I didn't, I didn't," moaned Oberman.

"I'm ruined!"

Herr Oberman wiped his perspiring brow and fat neck, too dazed to speak. He did, however, hear what Danny said, and took a bit of fresh courage. The two waited for ten minutes, after which time the operator announced that the finish of the fourth race at Los Angeles was O. K., and Danny dragged the professor down-stairs and to the bar. Before they had taken their drink Jack Cleland, alias Brown of the Western Union, hurriedly entered the bar.

"Give me my part of the money, quick!" he demanded.

"My heavens, man, what have you done?" exploded Danny. "The horses didn't finish as you gave them to the professor!" And then he explained that the horse they had played to win had run second.

"Why, you fat-headed Dutchman, I ought to break your head!" was the indignant response of Cleland as he glowered at the still dazed Oberman. "Serves me right for doing business with a fat-headed Dutch fiddler."

"But," broke in Danny, "let's buck up. We'll have another chance at it to-morrow and I'll take down the names, so there won't be such a mistake. Don't be too hard on our friend. He was probably excited."

"To-morrow, hell!" growled the pseudo Western Union man. "The people in the office heard me telephoning you and got on to me holding back the returns and I've just been fired. I'll never be able to get another Western Union job."

"Mine Gott!" groaned the professor, as he sunk into a chair beside a beer-stained table.

And there Danny Roberts and Jack Cleland left him alone in his grief. By this time there was not a soul left in the supposed pool room. Even the fake wires had been torn out and the place was deserted.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)  
(Copyright in Great Britain.)

## BROOM A RELIC OF THE PAST

Modern Housekeeping Declared to Have No Longer Use for It.

The newest household invention, found only in the buildings most recently erected, is the vacuum cleaning system, says the Delinuator. The broom is almost ready to be relegated to the glass case of a museum and labeled a tool of ancient household industry, for now we are sweeping by

electricity. All the dust and dirt is actually pumped out from a house and through pipes in the walls, carried to the sewer. A rubber hose in the room, adjusted to a connection in the pump, communicates directly with the pump in the basement. The metal tool with a narrow groove in the underside, at the other end of the hose, is easily guided by the operator as it passes over the surface of floors, walls, furni-

ture, clothing or bedding, sucking up every foreign particle.

There have recently been invented portable vacuum machines which may be operated at an expense of two cents an hour. The latest one is just on the market at a cost of only \$125.

**The Life Earned.**  
High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease and

start on some fresh march of faithful service. And, looking higher still, we find those who never wait till their moral work accumulates, and who regard resolution with no rest; with whom, therefore, the alternation is instantaneous and constant; who do the good only to see the better, and see the better only to achieve it; who are too meek for transport, too faithful for remorse, too earnest for repose; whose worship is action, and whose action ceaseless aspiration.—J. Martineau.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

*Dr. J. C. Hatcher*

In Use For Over

## Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

### There's Danger Ahead

if you've been neglecting a cold. Don't experiment with your health. Get a remedy that you know will cure—that remedy is

## DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

It's safe. In the severest cases of coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, inflammation of chest and lungs it is the most effective remedy known. It does its work quickly, removes the cause of the disease.

Sold everywhere in three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c, 25c.

### 10 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS

"LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS" AND THE FARM MAGAZINE A FULL YEAR FOR ONLY 25 CTS.

The Farm Magazine is a semi-monthly farm paper that every farmer will not only enjoy reading, but will also find an invaluable aid in his farm work.

The Farm Magazine is the connection between the farmer and the agricultural colleges and the government experimental station.

Every issue of The Farm Magazine has specially prepared articles that are of vital importance to the farmer.

The ten post cards are beautiful reproductions from nature that will be appreciated by each member of the family. Suitable for an album collection or for correspondence.

This offer will not appear again; send 15c in stamps or silver to

THE FARM MAGAZINE, OMAHA, NEB.

### Cedar Shingles

—unequaled for wear and appearance. Require no dressing every year as do prepared roofing. Last much longer and look better. The best WASHINGTON RED CEDAR SHINGLES bear this mark, remember the name.

**BAY LUMBER CO.**  
BIG LAKE, WASH.  
ASK YOUR DEALER

## WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, obtained by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially, and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy, and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)  
(Copyright in Great Britain.)