

# JUST A FEW MARGINAL NOTES!

By O. O. McINTYRE

The most understanding folk in the world are those who have suffered. When cares of the world grow weighty I go to visit a night elevator operator. He has in the past year lost his wife. His little girl, the apple of his eye, is in an Adirondack tuberculosis camp. He is himself drawn and ravaged by asthma. Yet he has time to listen and be sympathetic to the woes of others. He is a sort of pale, dreaming philosopher.

We have a way of brushing aside the grief of others as something remote. We may be genuinely touched and our medium of expression sincere, yet the hurry of life often prevents us from doing our full duty. Recently a friend of mine lost his son. Mine was the usual telegraphic condolence. In a few weeks my friend, the father, followed the son to the heavenly reward. I know now I should have gone to a nearby city to see him in his hour of anguish. It would have taken very little of my time and would have been a consolation not only to him but to me. If his kindly spirit is conscious of my neglect I know he forgives me, but I cannot forgive myself.

**Good Fellowship Seldom Genuine.**  
It is invidious to compare sorrow to joy. But strikes me very few genuinely rejoice with us in our joys. One of the most successful men I know—a shrewd judge of mankind—told me he knew only five people who were honestly pleased at his success. The rest, he felt, were merely flatterers and had some idea of personal gain. Broadway expresses it with its cynical song: "A bird never flies so high he doesn't have to light." People watch for successful folk to light.

Correspondents chide me good-humoredly now and then for referring to my wife as "poor wretch" in the Pepsian diary. It is a figure of speech Old Samuel used. Any good woman who has lived for 15 years with a cantankerous creature such as I should feel wretched—even though the term "poor wretch" is facetiously bestowed.

I often wonder why happily married couples who engage in "baby



He wore that shirt on Broadway one night and the electric signs went out.

talk" in the privacy of their homes are given to the flaming blush when some of it creeps into their conversation among friends. I know a cartoonist whose wife calls him "Itty Bitty" but if she happens to do it in public he becomes a surly old bear. He calls her "Oogie."

**Another Fad of Genius.**  
The most brilliant shirt I ever saw graced the manly bosom of Joe McAuliffe, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It was a shrieking lavender with collar to match. Between a flare for colors and genius. He wore it one night walking along

Broadway and three of the highest powered electric signs blinked out in disgust. There is a kinship between a flare for colors and genius. The late Theodore Shonts was given to screaming purple socks. Isaac Marcossen wears shirts with awning stripes of terrific hue. Beerbohm Tree loved a brilliant red scarf.

Speaking of shirts, the English have a term for a person who is inclined to a puffed pate that is the most expressive I have ever heard. To such a one they say: "Don't get shirty."

My friends, Ray Long and Frazier Hunt and Tommy Watson, sign a communication from Maidenhead, outside of London, which says: "Dear Odd—We have just found out that this hotel was named in honor of your last visit to England." The stationery reveals that it is the Dumb Bell Hotel. I picture postcard my thanks from The Three Saps Inn, near Rye, N. Y.

My idea of a heavenly existence on earth was to have been a New York press agent during the recent suspension of metropolitan news papers due to the strike.

**Ziggy's Idea of News.**  
I was the press agent many years ago for a theatrical producer whose ego was sublime. When we declared war with Germany he called me up the following morning and complained: "I see we are not on the front pages today." He actually could not understand how a war could shove the story of a statue-essue show girl who had a toe amputated off the first page.

Vanity at times goes hand in hand with genius. This producer—and his name is Flo Ziegfeld—was and is a master hand in his particular line. Publicity made him purr. Yet he was the only vain person I ever knew who did not keep a scrap book. "Ziggy," by the way, is given to purple shirts with collars to match, and green fedora.

The vain person is more often than not one who has a very kind disposition. I used secretly to despise a fellow who lived in my hotel. Every evening for dinner he would dress in full evening attire—top hat, monocle and gold-headed black ebony stick. More than likely he would not be going anywhere after dinner. He was given to posing about the lobby and telling impossible stories to the newstand girls. Yet he was sure the favorite guest among the servants. He was not so favored because of his tips, but because he was considerate of them. If they made a mistake he never complained to the management. If any one of them fell ill he went to see him, carrying bonbons or flowers.

In New York life is composed largely of externals. We judge by what we see. The celluloid collar

is a sign of youkery, and white spats indicate the city slicker. The suave confidence man is sartorially perfect, and that is why he has so many unsuspecting dupes. They trust his clothes.

**What Environment Does.**  
We have an idea that gentility goes with the refined atmosphere or environment! One of the most genteel persons of my acquaintance is Courtney Ryley Cooper, the writer, who has spent the greater part of his life knocking about with the circus. His association has been with canvas men, stake pullers, shillabers and other of perhaps the roughest crew that ever hit the grit.

A minute may change the channels of many lives. On the waiting platform of a railroad terminal I saw a man and woman engrossed in conversation. He was pleading with her. For a time she heard his entreaties with calm indifference. She appeared very much bored. Then you could see a softening of her expression. She appeared to be giving in. "All board!" shouted the conductor. She stepped quickly inside. The train thundered out. He slumped away and at the gates hugged closely to his two fair-haired children while tears streamed down his face.

At Monte Carlo there is a silver-haired old man who walks every evening along the terrace as the mists gather from the Mediterranean. Several years ago he was on his way to the Casino to find his son, who was gambling recklessly. Just outside the entrance a friend stopped him to chat for a few moments. He went on in and arrived just a minute after the son shot himself.

Across the street from me there is a man who sits at a desk. We have an unusual acquaintance. We have never met in any way nor do we even know each other by name. Yet I feel he is my friend and I would like to think he feels the same way. We wave a friendly greeting each morning and a farewell at night when he closes his desk. Sometimes he will wait at the window if I happen to be away from my desk so I will not be neglected with the farewell.  
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## Croupiers Are Born---Not Made

By Jean Desforts  
Oldest Croupier at Monte Carlo

Paris, Oct. 12.—Many tourists, as they witnessed the huge amounts causally raked up by the croupiers in the Casino and Sporting Club of Monte Carlo, have wondered about these men who seem not only to be callous to the millions they handle, but also to the romance of their occupation and the little human tragedies and comedies which abound at their tables.

Some even, perhaps, have wished that they, too, might be croupiers and be able to rake hundreds of thousands of francs from side to side of the table as though they were merely bits of paper and not money at all, and to say, with wearisome reiteration but with the implacableness of fate: "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs; vos jeux sont faites? Rein ne va plus. . ."

May you learn, therefore, that the croupiers—not only of Monte Carlo, but of all the casinos of France and Italy—are a very exceptional body of men. In their qualities they somewhat resemble metropolitan policemen, and in their esprit-de-corps there is something reminiscent of the navy.

It is said that a croupier is born, not made—just like a writer, or an artist, or a musician. It is so, messieurs. But not only must a good croupier be born thus, brought into the world with that coolness and dexterity and judgment, that swiftness of calculation, that gift of impassivity—he must also be schooled from a very early age in the tenets of the profession.

My own case may be taken as an example in point.

I was born in Nice, just across the borders of the little principality of Monaco, just 68 years ago. My father was a croupier at the casino at Monte Carlo and it was early decided that I should follow in his footsteps.

At the kindergarten and early preparatory school special attention was paid to my mathematics, for swiftness of calculation and unerring accuracy are possibly the most essential attributes of a good croupier.

Then, at the age of 11, I was sent to a special school for pupil-croupiers, which is maintained by the Association of Croupiers. It is not easy to obtain entrance to this school. One must be highly recommended.

Say what you will about the ethics or the morality of gambling, the profession of croupier is a high-

ly honorable one. I assure you, messieurs, a croupier works very hard for his tant pour cent on the tables.

Six years I spent at this school before I was permitted to enter a

real casino. At first we learned only the groundwork—good manners, deportment, the art to wear evening dress, and always the arithmetic, the training in lightning calculation.

Two years of this, and then we were moved into a class where the rules of all card games were taught—all card games, that is, which are seen in casinos.

These games, when I went to

## ABE MARTIN On Envy an' Discontent



We reckon ther'll allus be a liberal supply o' envy an' discontent in this country, but we believe th' ugly attitude o' th' poorly favored toward those who have hustled an' succeeded is more marked t'day than ever before. Ther used t' be a little low murmurin' by those on th' curb when a nifty phaeton rolled by, an' ther used t' be some purty sharp remarks pass back an' forth when some feller appeared in a plug hat, or some woman swept by wearin' a seal skin saque. But a few years ago th' folks in ordinary circumstances so greatly outnumbered th' rich that they found comfort in numbers an' ther wuzn' much open knockin'. A whole lot o' new people have cleaned up big in th' last few years, some honestly, some almost honestly, an' some-how. But this is a sharp, cunnin' business age when we've got t' be alert an' on th' jump when a war comes along, still we don't know that any class has had any advantage over any other class in

accumulatin' money since th' war, who have "hit it right." Flush times is jest like a p'litical land-reason we see so many strange people ridn' t' "work." I don't git us nothin' t' refer t' th' time Ike Lark slide—a lot of inferior an' underservin' people are carried in on th' wave, an' we reckon this is th' in lookin' about it seems t' us that all kinds o' people have suddenly come t' th' front, while all kinds o' people have been left at th' post. So all we've really got out o' th' world war is a brand new crop o' nabobs—folks who saw ther opportunity an' rushed in, an' some folks who were jest carried in by th' current. So we expect this is th' reason we hear so many mean comments, th' reason fer so much ugly feelin'. But it's an awful waste o'

time t' worry about an' knock those had to lay out a fine of a dollar and costs ever' time we see him hop in his limosine, an' it don't help our own condition t' be eternally harpin' about Em Moots goin' t' Europe jest because she used t' milk nine cows. In th' ole days we could watch a citizen grow rich—if we lived long enough. It wuz a slow, tedious process an' very few made th' grade. In them times opportunity wuz as slow an' uncertain about showin' up as a paperhanger, an' folks didn' know as much about business an' war as they know t'day. But we've allus been fer th' plain people, an' we don't propose t' desert a lot o' them now jest 'cause they're wearin' "knicks" an' enjoyin' 'emselves.  
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school, were four or five in number. Principally they were baccara, trente-et-quarante, ecarte and piquet. Today, however, ecarte and piquet are scarcely played in the casinos. They do not offer a sufficient margin of profit to the management and the stockholders.

The chief game to be played now is, of course, baccara, at which fabulous sums are won and lost. After maccara, in importance comes chemin-de-fer, which is a popular variation of baccara and much more rapid, as its name, "railway," indicates. Baccara and chemin-de-fer are not played in the so-called "public rooms" of the casino; one must belong to a club called the "Cercle Privee," or the Sporting Club, and pay a high admittance fee.

Trente-et-quarante is still played in the public rooms and has a very faithful public; almost as faithful as the public which hedges the roulette tables.

After we had thoroughly mastered the intricacies of baccara—the 1,204 rules of which we had to learn by heart—we were taught the game called "la boule," or "petits chevaux," which is to roulette what whist is to bridge. At "petits chevaux" 20 francs—1 lous—is maximum bet. At roulette, the which game we graduated shortly, the maximum is 60 to 75 lous.

At first glimpse roulette seems to be easier than baccara to learn, and it is—for the player. But for the croupier roulette is the hardest of games, for it calls for the quickest and most accurate computations. In baccara the odds are always even in roulette they may be as high as 36 for 1, or they may be 18 for 1, or 9 for 1, or 3 or 2 to 1, down to even money. Farobank, which is not played in France, is the only gambling game which offers more combinations than does roulette.

A croupier, among other things, should possess:

1. An exceptional memory.
  2. A master brain for figures.
  3. Enough psychology to be a good physiognomist, and
  4. Several well-cut evening suits.
- A croupier must be courteous, but firm; he must be invariably right; he must never falter in his decisions. If you think that is always easy, especially in the somewhat hysterical conditions which some times surround a gambling table—why, messieurs, you have my permission to try it for yourselves.