

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 looked 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 ratskeller musicians, had opened what he was pleased to term a conservatory of music in a Michigan avenue building habited 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 Melba 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 dose bookroom fellers sick, eh?"

"That's it," replied Danny. "I've already not my bet down. You'd better hurry up before they get to 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 got down good on Rarebit. This time Danny waited with Oberman to hear the running of the race called off as its description was ticked out over the telephone 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. "Danny Roy second," continued the announcer. "Narcissus is third."

"Now what do you think of that hard luck?" was the 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 day 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 go better than get even in a day or two. As he said good-by 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 leaving 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



"I TIDN'T, I TIDN'T," MOANE D 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. 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 endorsement, and then it was explained to him that Mr. Brown, the Western Union race wire manager, could withhold the result of each race after a moment 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 by this time thoroughly bewildered Herr Oberman, when they had 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

has to attend courses of lectures, she is always accompanied by her governess, who is bound to report if anything in any shape or form bordering upon impropriety has been said. When, therefore, a French girl first goes into the world she knows very little.—London Saturday Review.

Second-Hand Buttons.

What becomes of all the old buttons? Is there a market for them? There is no accounting for pins, needles or hooks and eyes; but buttons are

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 results 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 pencilled on the back of an envelope.

"Why prolong the agony?" A moment after the wagers had been recorded the telegraph sounder began to announce 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 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, slang-song tones.

"Whipped away, or I'm a goat," muttered Danny, as he pulled the almost fainting Herr Oberman to one side.

FOR THE HOSTESS

Advice and Suggestions as to Social Etiquette and Forms of Entertainment, by Madame Merri.

Period of Mourning.

Please answer through your column of "Questions and Answers" these questions: What is the proper length of time for a person to wear mourning for a husband, father or mother, sister or child, and should a person wearing black pay social calls if the calls were made before the person went in black? Should any person's call be returned while in mourning? X. Y.

Books of etiquette prescribe two years for a parent and one year for a child. A person in deep mourning is not supposed to return calls for six months. Personally I think the question of mourning must be settled individually, not by an outside person who does not know the circumstances.

A Bride-Elect's Queries.

Should the bride and groom wear gloves at a small home wedding and how is the wedding cake served now, if at all? Also, what are the duties of the maid of honor? FRANCES H.

Gloves may or may not be worn. It is altogether a question to be settled by personal preference. The bride makes the first cut in the wedding cake; the waiter finishes and passes to the guests. The maid of honor immediately precedes the bride in the bridal procession, stands by her side, holds the bouquet, puts back the veil and arranges the glove (if one is worn) to receive the ring, the finger having been previously ripped.

Senior Entertainment.

I write you to aid me in an entertainment for the seniors of the high school. I am the wife of the superintendent and we have a small cottage. I wish to serve refreshments in two or three courses. The affair will be in the evening in the month of May—about 15 present. Can you give me some good ideas or tell me of some good books that I may get? MRS. J. H.

I heard of this scheme being carried out successfully and think would suit you. Each member of the senior class was asked to come wearing an article indicating a book studied, also an article to indicate their chosen profession in life. Guessing the books and prospective "calling" made lots of fun and there was no dullness. I assure you. Serve iced tea or lemonade with wafers and ice cream with strawberries; small cakes. I can send you the name of several books if you will send to me personally in care of the paper.

Hats at an Evening Wedding.

Will you kindly inform me whether it would be right for maid of honor and bridesmaids (six) to wear hats at an evening wedding? Would it be well to have the six bridesmaids dressed alike or differently? The colors are blue and white. Will you please give me a few suggestions for dress of maid of honor and bridesmaids? Also what style hats and what kind of flowers should be carried to carry out the color scheme? BLUE BIRD. BLUE BIRD.

Hats of lagoon with wreaths of forget-me-nots and blue tulle trimming would be lovely and perfectly proper. The maid of honor could wear blue, the maids white over blue. All

the gowns should be similar in character. White roses tied with blue gauze would be pretty for bouquets.

Entertainments for a Sunday School Social Club.

As a reader of your question box I am very much interested, and will be pleased if you will answer a few questions for me.

I am a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday school, and the class that I belong to has organized a club and has elected me president. As I have never held office before would you kindly give me a few pointers as to how I should entertain, and would it be suitable to serve cocoa and rolls, or have you a menu that is not common nor expensive?

I am 16 years of age and the girls are all younger than myself, and I am a working girl. How shall I open up and preside at the first meeting?

If you know anything more of interest for our club your advice will be appreciated. D. S.

As it is a social club I do not think you should be at all formal. You merely act as hostess, appoint the hostesses for next meeting and appoint an entertainment committee, if you think that is necessary. I should serve cocoa with a marshmallow in it, and dainty sandwiches, with chopped nuts, raisins and dates between, all mixed together with a bit of cream or syrup, so that it will spread. You can bring your fancy work, play guessing games, have charades and do all sorts of things. I think girls always have a fine time together.

Acceptance for Card Party.

Please tell me the proper form of "acceptance" for an invitation to an afternoon card party. Should a reply always be sent to such an invitation? FAIRFAX.

A reply is imperative one way or the other for a card party. Take your visiting card, write "accepts," with day and date written. Send by post or messenger.

Party Calls Necessary.

I want to ask you a question, and would be so glad if I could have a reply soon. If I send regrets to invitation to party do I make a party call the same as if I accepted? CLARICE.

You must pay a party call just exactly the same as if you had gone to the party. Your obligation is just the same. MADAME MERRI.

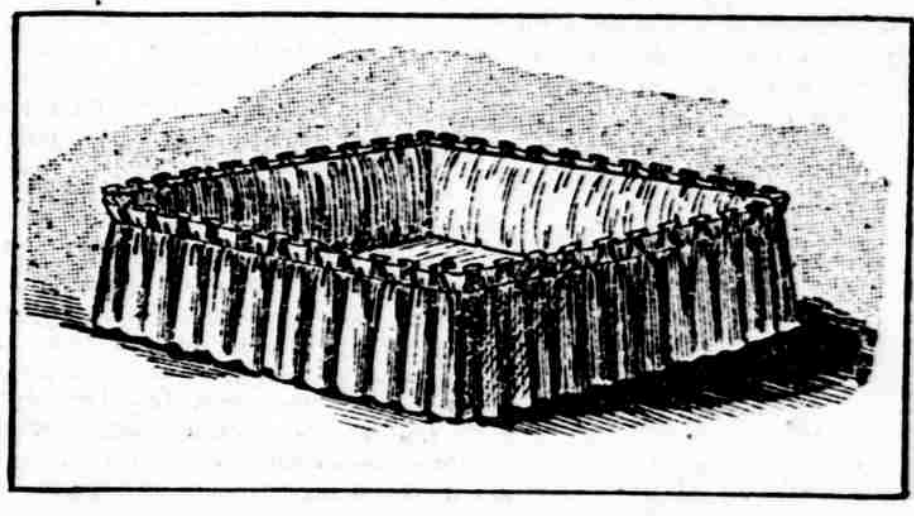
IN VOGUE

A number of men have been seen recently wearing light gray overcoats with black broadcloth collars and cuffs.

Flowers, as usual, are important in connection with spring headgear, and wigs are smart on hats of moderate size.

Just now there seems to be a race between the dyer and the dressmaker to see which can produce the most new effects.

Useful Tray



In the accompanying sketch may be seen a very useful tray that can be made in various sizes. In quite a small size for the dressing-table for pins and odds and ends, or in a larger size for the writing-table for letters, or in a still larger size for needle-work.

It is easily arranged with the aid of any flat cardboard box of suitable shape. The inside is slightly padded, with cotton wool, and then lined with whatever material may have been chosen. The little frill, gathered at the top, runs all round the exterior of the box, and is of sufficient length just to touch the ground and can be lightly tacked on in its place. The box from which our sketch was made was lined with white satin, and the frill running round the outside was of the same material in a pale shade of pink. Smart little ribbon bows may be tacked on at each corner, and will help to make the tray ornamental as well as useful. Little sets of these trays made in three sizes should command a ready sale at a bazaar, and might well be added to the list of articles to make by those kind people who set aside part of their leisure hours for work of this description.

New Wrap.

A most practical and comfortable new wrap is in gray diagonal tweed in three different shades. In length it comes almost to the ankles. The back is plain and loose, and it has large rounded hood covering the shoulders, trimmed with small gray silk tassels and several large gray buttons. This, while flat and inconspicuous, may be raised and put over the head, hat and all, and form a good shawl or dust or cold protector.

The sleeves are half cape, half coat, and hang well down over the arm, with deep slits from the shoulders down, so that this wrap may be slipped over a tailored coat and skirt costume and be perfectly comfortable.

Made up in plain dark red serge with silver or brass buttons and heavy wrap for a young girl.

Waist Line Going Down.

As was predicted by those on the inside two months ago, the waist line is almost normal. The one-piece frock remains absolute. The three-piece suit has given way to the two-piece suit, as the separate bodice is

eliminated. And on all of these the waist line has moved steadily down to within an inch of its old position.

Coats continue not to have any waist line, but to hang straight from the shoulders. This line is made more definite by moving the shoulder seams further in.

Charm of Fluffy Jabot.

There is an evasive charm about a fluffy jabot. It gives an "air" that is hard to define. One of its taking ways is its absolute daintiness. The very essence of freshly laundered crispness is the jabot, for, of course, no one ever thinks of wearing one more than once, or on rare occasions twice, without submitting the lacy trifle to the laundress. This rule must hold good with all launderable accessories if one would be well groomed.

Bilkien belts for the children have the smiling face of the god of "things as they ought to be" gleaming from the buckles.

Pink is one of the favorite colors in Paris at the moment. Most of the gowns of this shade have a relieving note of black.

HOLY RAIL TO MECCA

Abdul Hamid Hopes It Will Bind His Empire in Asia.

Road Now Runs to Mohammed's Tomb in Medina and Will Be Completed to Mecca in 1913 at Cost of \$40,000,000.

Springfield, Mass.—On Tuesday, September 2, 1908, the holy railroad was opened from Damascus to Medina, and no avowed Christian is to be allowed to pass further than Medina-Saleh into the country of Hejaz. So there is a savor of mystery about this holy railroad, which runs near the tomb of the prophet of Medina, the present terminus of the road. It is the holy city that received Mohammed when Hejaz cast him out as a heretic, denouncing paganism and idolatry and preaching, "There is one God and Allah is his name!" It was in 622 A. D. that Medina allowed the young reformer to preach his new faith. Finally his new gospel was preached by the force of the sword, and Mohammed won the reputation of a miracle worker. He conquered Mecca and made it the center of Islam, and the Kaaba, or sacred pantheon, was made the great temple of the Moslem faith.

At Medina Mohammed died and was buried, and was laid in his mosque tomb, where the faithful for centuries have worshipped their leader. This mosque is the holiest spot of the Mohammedan world. It is said to be decorated with costly ornaments and



Map of the Holy Railway. (Complete to the Points Where the Solid Black Line Stops.)

gifts from the devotees. To-day an electric light illumines the veil that conceals the prophet's tomb—which is about as great a miracle as the hejira, or flight of the prophet to Medina. Mecca is the ultimate end of the holy railway. Into Mecca the pilgrim must enter in the seamless garment, like a penitent, and performs all the ceremonies as old as his faith.

The great Kaaba, the ancient pantheon of Arabian idolatry, must be walked round seven times. The pilgrim must stone the devil, and listen to a sermon delivered from the granite blocks of Ararat. Such are a few of the fervent devotions of "the hadis," or pilgrims at Mecca.

The Egyptian orator who spoke at the inauguration of the holy railroad said: "The prophet did not permit the railway to reach Medina until the Khalif, or sultan, had granted a constitution," which is now the cure-all for every Moslem ill.

For eight years the work on the holy railway has gone on, and it is not yet finished. The engineers say it will not be until 1913, when the trains will run through to Mecca. This huge undertaking, it is estimated, will cost \$40,000,000.

Turkey has lost one after another of her provinces in Europe, and Macedonia is but a question of time, but she hopes by means of the Damascus-Mecca railway to have more intimate contact with the Moslem world, and to bind together her empire in Asia—for beyond a doubt the time this so-called holy railway will become a political railway, and the sultan has perfectly understood the importance of it from this point of view, leaving outside its value as a means of transport for the military. Fifteen years ago, 50 or 60 miles south of Damascus, in an independent little country, one of the heads of the administration wrote to Pierre Loti: "In the name of Allah, who is all in all, and not in the name of the sultan of Stamboul, who is no one."

The sultan sought to give to the Mecca road a panislamic character—under the direction of Moslem engineers. Turks sent from Damascus— but this program has not been strictly carried out, for Germans, French and Belgians have all been called in to push on the great enterprise. Subscriptions were opened in every part of the world. The Shah of Persia was one of the first to head the list with \$200,000; the Khedive of Egypt added \$200,000; from India many hundreds of thousands of dollars have come, all from Moslem sources, but finally these subscriptions of the faithful were not sufficient, so the money of Christian investors had to be accepted with a good grace.

The sultan has even resorted to selling decorations, which are so dear to the heart of the Turk. The first class is a medal in nickel, bestowed on those who subscribe from five to ten dollars; the second class in silver, for the officials, for those who subscribe from \$10 to \$20; and the third class medal in gold, to be worn about the neck, and bestowed on those who subscribe more than \$20.

Reverence.

"Why did you lift your hat to that man? He didn't look like a preacher, and I haven't heard anything about a great statesman or a renowned philosopher living in this town."

"See, didn't you know who that was? That was old man McSweeney. He's the father of one of the greatest pitchers in this part of the country."

Life's Ups and Downs.

Blinks—You're not looking well, old man.

Jeeks—No; I'm all broken up.

Blinks—What's the trouble?

Jeeks—My health is broken down.

EDUCATION OF FRENCH GIRL

First Care is to Shield Her from All Knowledge of Evil.

Education is under the mother's constant supervision. The Bible is never put into a child's hands. Scriptural history is very much bowdlerized, and no story is told in the works reserved for the young that would imply that any of the kings of Judah had ever been guilty of the slightest

indiscretion. The expurgation of profane history is still more complete, and the average French girl grows up with no idea that any scandal ever occurred in the days of the Bourbon kings. As the "jeune fille" advances in years she may have male professors of history, Latin, dancing or music, but no carefully brought-up girl is ever left alone with a professor. If she wishes to pass examinations and