

RACING FREAKS OF FORTUNE

Mighty Long Shots that Won out and Jarred Poolrooms. T WAS JUST LIKE FINDING MONEY

Bunch of Stories Calculated to Stir Sporting Blood Told in the Lines of the Tribe.

"A friend of mine who writes plays came to me the other day and told me that he wanted me to do a little collaborating with him."

"The biggest dump that I ever saw a whole roomful of men stand for happened in a poolroom in Sausalito, across the bay from San Francisco, seven or eight years ago."

"There was a race at Louisville, in which the afterward famous Banastar, then a 2-year-old, was booked to go for the first time."

"There were about 800 men in the room when the first line came in on that race, and when Banastar was chalked up at 5 to 1 they buffeted each other to make the ticket writing counters."

"I don't believe the room took in a \$5 note on the favorite. But when post time came around the room stood to disconnect the wires, turn off the electric fans, slap up the shutters and go right into sudden and eternal liquidation in case Banastar coughed."

"And that's the way it was rigged when the key trouncer, a big man with a more leathery throat than Jack Adler owns, gave the 'They're off at Louisville' bawl."

"Banastar was sending all the way by four lengths, and when he was still four lengths in the stretch the proprietor of the room petulantly tossed a paper weight through the glass door of his private office and growled at his manager that he could be hunting for motor man's work on the morrow."

"The 800 chaps who had gone to the Banastar twist-up with all the rage and old iron and bottles with them could dig were just rolling on the floor, a lot of them, with the pure mania of the situation. The cautious ones who had to be shown were watching the mouth of the stager-out as if he'd been a judge about to dish them out their sentences."

"After Banastar led into the stretch by four lengths the key stopped working for a few seconds. Then the sounder got to trilling again."

"Winner, Banastar!" yelled the operator. "About half of the 800 started to box and wrestle and jump on each other's nates over the success of the great thing. But in the middle of all this they heard the bull voice of the operator who stood up on his platform to give his lungs a full play."

"I've seen 'em rolling out of the gate and toward home with a lot of the baby blue tint on their maps in my time, but I never saw 800 men curl up like caterpillars before a grate fire like those 800 did. It was the quickest transition from rapture to gloom that ever came under my notice, and there's good reason why the recollection of it should stick along with me, for I had gone to the Banastar tip with the kitchen stove and the bath room all cloth."

"I went over from Cincinnati to Covington once to get a bet down on Billy Oliver's horse, Warrenton. It was a long distance race on one of the New York tracks."

"Warrenton didn't look the winner on paper figures, but I had heard something and I decided to go to it with all the loose junk then on me. When I made the Covington room I found that the whole push had the Warrenton steer, but that didn't make it look any the worse, although it put a crimp in the price."

"Warrenton was a 10 to 1 whiz at the track, but the best the Covington people would scrape on the board, in view of the all-hands-around tip, was 6 to 1. I took that with all the change I knew, and figured to put the room \$200 to the worse on my own little ticket if Warrenton should connect."

"The room shut down on Warrenton bets when the sheet writers had written \$60,000 worth of the thing. The Covington room was then one of the biggest in the country."

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We Have Moved Our Entire SHOE DEPARTMENT From the Second Floor and Placed all the SHOES ON THE FIRST FLOOR

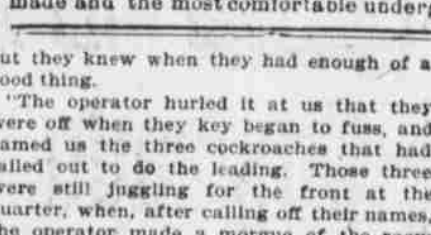
The Men's Shoes next to the clothing—The Ladies' Shoes in the next aisle—The Boys' and Girls' Shoes in the Rear. To get you quickly acquainted with the new location we offer remarkable bargains Saturday.

Infants' fancy white, pink and blue kid top patent leather vamps, soft sole shoes... 50c. BRANDEIS "BOSTON STORE" & SONS. \$3, \$4 & \$5 Slippers at \$1. Ladies' Sample Slippers—size 4 \$1 B—worth up to five dollars—a pair.....

Men's \$3.50 and \$4.00 Ename Box Calf and Vici Kid Welt Sole Shoes \$2.25 Ladies' Turn and Welt Kid and Patent Colt Lace Shoes UP TO FIVE DOLLARS \$3.00 and \$3.50 Special Values in Ladies' Shoes at \$1.98 and Very Good Snaps in Girls' and Boys' Shoes at \$1.25, \$1.39 and \$1.50.

Men's Underwear Sale Men's Hats Boys' \$1.50 and \$2 Sweaters at 49c

Special Purchase Made by Our New York Buyer. Our resident buyer in New York made a fortunate purchase securing the entire overstock of an underwear mill—he bought thousands of men's winter undershirts and drawers at considerably less than it cost to manufacture them. We place on sale Saturday all these good, warm, well made underclothes at less than you were ever able to buy such garments for heretofore—derby ribbed, silk fleece, plush back, etc.—all sizes, worth as high as \$1.00 garment, at— 35c-45c-50c. Brandeis Special Hats. The best and most stylish hats that can be worn—they have all that smart up-to-date style that young men like, and they will wear well and retain their stylish appearance—the Brandeis hat is the only \$2 hat that looks like a \$5 hat and gives more than your moneys worth... \$2. John B. Stetson—latest winter style hats—everybody knows them... \$3.49 Boys' 50c Cloth Winter Caps—plain and fancy, your choice at each... 19c. Boys' \$1.50 and \$2 Sweaters at 49c. Every boy wants a sweater—they have a hundred advantages that every boy knows of and every mother realizes in time—we offer Saturday hundreds of fancy wool sweaters, all colors—not one worth less than \$1.00—at, each..... 49c. Men's 50c Silk Neckwear at 15c—Here are the new winter style neckties—made in the latest style of silk material—buy your winter neckwear at a third the price you usually pay, tomorrow, each 15c. Men's new styles in negligee shirts at 49c and 75c—Good new negligee shirts—every one a late and pretty pattern, all sizes, will give good wear, worth up to 1.50, at 49c-75c. Men's highest grade winter shirts—Stiff bosom winter shirts in the latest patterns for well dressed men—attached or detached cuffs—worth up to \$3—at 98c to \$2.



Men's Winter Underwear—Broken lots of good grade underwear, fleece lined and ribbed—BASEMENT at 25c. Also wool government shirts at... 25c. Men's High Grade Underwear—Cooper's, Winstead and Root's Tivola Underwear—All sizes of these popular brands of form fitting underwear—at, garment... 98c to 2.50. Munsing Union Underwear for Men—The highest class underwear made and the most comfortable undergarments ever worn—at, suit... 1.50 to 4.50.

but they knew when they had enough of a good thing. "The operator hurred it at us that they were off when they key began to ruse, and named the three cockroaches that had sailed out to do the leading. Those three were still juggling for the front at the quarter, when, after calling off their names, the operator made a murgue of the room and a slab-stuff of me particularly, by howling."

"Warrenton was left at the post!" "The knee cracks that those Popokopla players let out of their systems over that announcement didn't get me out of my stupor. I was walking toward the poolroom door, babbling to myself about shoemaker starters and barrier bulldozers and things like that, when, with my hand on the knob to go out, I decided that I might as well wait a few seconds to find out the name of the winner, anyway."

"I'll let you fix up your own mental postcard of the kind of a mob there was in that Covington room when the operator, with a look of astonishment on his chart and a mouth all drawn sideways, called out: "Warrenton wins, easy, by four lengths!" "It was the high kite, instantly, for every man in the room, but yet it seemed unbelievable. The operator himself didn't look as if he believed it."

"Get that again!" the proprietor of the room bellowed at the operator. "Cut out the downy and get it right!" "The operator began to hammer his key, and in a minute he had the reply. "It's all right," he sung out. "Warrenton wins. He was left at the post at that and standing still turned the wrong way, but he snags by the right thighs."

"Nobody going out of that Covington room that afternoon looked as if he had been made the Patsy except the proprietor of the plant."

Freck Mare Breaks the Bank. "In a South Chicago poolroom, five or six years ago, I saw a red-headed natural freckle take a chance and stand to haul down a large thing or to accept a haul down on a twist that was going on several hundred miles away at the old Fair Grounds track in St. Louis."

"The town had been rocking with one of those go-to-it-the-first-time-out-tips on Tulla Fonso, a mare that spent her days jogging around the St. Louis tracks, and such a crazy actor that during a great part of her career she was barred in the betting."

"There were about 1,500 men packed in the huge South Chicago room on the day the Tulla Fonso mare went after a long retirement, and when the chalk showed her to be a 60-to-1 grab they all loped for the price until the books were filled to the gun's end and the room refused to take any more of it. When the shutdown came around the room stood to get at least a \$75,000 gouge should the crazy mare connect first with the tape line."

"She connected all right, but immediately after the announcement of the result the operator gave the screech: "Foul claimed against Tulla Fonso." "The red-topped financier hadn't bet a dollar on the race. He was a noted hand-book man, and still is, out in the big mud-mug town, and a chance-taker from away back in the deep embowered."

"I saw the Tulla Fonso people shrivel and when the announcement of the kick against her at the track, and he saw some business."

"They'll hand it to Tulla where she wears the throat-latch, the bunch were saying to each other. "He's a bum and a bug at the post and in the race, and probably she's knocked eight or ten horses down. Tulla's name is glue."

NOVEL DODGES IN SMUGGLING

Coffins Often Used to Circumvent Inspectors of Customs. HOW INSPECTORS GET THEIR TIPS Part a Porous Plaster Played in Bringing in a Consignment of Diamonds—Laces a Favorite with Smugglers.

The old special agent with the grizzled mustache took his cigar out of his mouth, regarded it critically for a moment, and then said slowly: "Um, yes; I suppose they have all sorts of new tricks and are constantly devising others, and I don't doubt that they succeed in beating the customs house officers every now and then. But they don't seem to be doing anything spectacular just now—perhaps they're uncaught as yet."

"You know, these people who make a business of smuggling, and I mean the people who try to bring in thousands of dollars worth of things at a time, are as keen as a knife blade. They're not ordinary people; they've got all the daring and ingenuity of the old-time successful cracksmen, and it takes a mighty good man to get ahead of them. Sometimes the customs house people, even the special agents of the treasury, are dead up against it when it comes to dealing with this cool and clever class of crooks."

"Now, just let me give you an example of the astuteness of one of them, at least. It will show you the sort of thing we had to deal with in the past."

"One day a cablegram reached the Treasury department, signed with the name of a treasury agent in France, stating that a certain passenger on a certain steamer bound for New York had with him about \$50,000 worth of fine diamonds which he intended to smuggle into the country. A full description of the man accompanied the notification as well as a general description of the stones. The steamer and the state-room occupied by the passenger were noted, and we were warned that he might attempt to change his appearance by removing his beard, which was full and pointed at the time the steamer sailed."

"The most interesting part of the message was the statement that the passenger would probably have the gems his money-bags. We inquired and found that he had made no mention of diamonds upon the declaration before the inspector."

"Before he had a chance to get ashore one of the special agents went to him and quietly asked why he had not declared the diamonds he was bringing into the country. He jumped as if something had stung him, and then just as calmly stated that he had no diamonds, that we could go through his baggage, his pockets, anything he had. He said it was most remarkable to accuse him of such a thing, but he did not fly into a rage; he acted just as any innocent man would have acted under the circumstances. Then we knew we had to do with a good 'un."

"We wasted very little time over his baggage, although he bustled around with the keys at a great rate. One of the men finally saw to him that it was useless to waste more time, and asked him to return to his state-room for a somewhat more complete examination. At this the passenger raised a great protest, and declared it

was outrageous to submit him to such an indignity. When we reached the room we asked him kindly to remove his clothing, saying nothing, however, about the plaster. By this time our man was at white heat. He said he had only come to the state-room to avoid a scene on deck, and he refused to take off his clothing. Then he was told he would have to be taken into custody and would undoubtedly be searched."

"This further infuriated him, and he began a long rignarole about being an American citizen, with rights and all that sort of thing, and we stood around and waited until he had finished. At last he cooled down a bit, and even laughed, saying that perhaps, after all, he was best to end the farce by submitting. But he begged one thing of us, and that was patience, because, he said, he had been suffering for a long time with a severe attack of rheumatism in his back, and it was painful for him to get into and out of his clothing. He added that he had been able to obtain some relief from porous plaster, and that he never went about without one on his back."

"About ten minutes later we got down to his skin, and there was the plaster, and not at all strange to relate, it was uneven and wrinkled, and quite lumpy in places. Just at this moment, the psychological moment, if there ever was one, we acquainted him with the contents of the cablegram which had been received from the agent in France, and you should have seen the look that swept over his face. The rheumatism, apparently, doubled him up in a minute. He began to groan and protest, saying that he would refuse to have the plaster removed, but his protests did not avail him. We took off the plaster and, of course, found the gems arranged in a pretty pattern work beneath it. And I tell you, he must have suffered with his burden, because the stones were cut, and each one of them had made a hole in his back."

"And that is the story of our taking of at least \$50,000 worth of beautifully cut stones from our wily friend."

What Lay Behind. The old man paused again and again, looked at the end of his now unlighted cigar. Slowly he drew a match from his pocket and lighted it. As he puffed away, he said: "But that isn't quite all. Here's the best part of the story. We took the jewels, wrapped them carefully in a handkerchief, and went away, very proud of it as sagacity of the agent in France and of the case with which we had carried out our part of the program. We took the jewels to the custom house and—puff—and—puff—when they were examined—puff—it was found—puff—that they were—puff—glass."

"The narrator cocked his eye at us and repeated: "Yes, glass. And that wily person with the plaster had sent us the cablegram himself, and brought in a trunkful of things, because we had not looked at all carefully through his baggage. Now, what in the world could anyone do when he was up against a crook like that one?"

"Now, doesn't that give you some idea of the people with whom we have to deal? There are lots of crooks just as clever as that one, and they're lying awake nights studying out devices by which to get ahead of the customs authorities. It isn't so very long ago that we discovered a very pretty little scheme by which the government had been losing thousands of dollars of duties. It was in the importation of rare and costly laces from France, and it's somewhat unpleasant."

"A rather careful 'tab had been kept upon the lace branch of the smuggling business, but it was found that many thousands of dollars worth of valuable pieces were coming in under the very noses of the officials. And at last the method was found out by the horrible process of opening a dead body which had been shipped to this country to a small town in the west. Concealed in the body was a hermetically sealed canister, and inside this were found pieces of lace worth its cost \$15,000. You see, the smuggler, as we afterwards discovered, had several times purchased the bodies of the dead in Paris, paying 30 francs for them, and within them had placed tin canisters containing the laces. The bodies were regularly shipped with death certificates and all complete, and consigned to obscure persons in out-of-the-way places in this country, ostensibly the bodies of relatives who had passed away abroad, and were being sent home for burial in the family plot."

It was scarcely reasonable to suspect that smuggling would be attempted in such a way, and, indeed, it was a long time before the authorities got track of it.

Women and the Customs. "Smuggling is a peculiar thing," he continued, meditatively, and it appeals particularly to women. There are many ways, at least there were who used to give the customs authorities no end of trouble. They were ingenious, too, and whenever we found a woman, one we already suspected, the possessor of a small dog, our suspicions were greatly strengthened. It is a fact that these women used to make use of the dogs to bring dutiable things into the country. Diamonds and the like were not infrequently found attached to the collar of a pet, and there is a story that one woman had an extra hide on her small dog covering its back, and also many brushes and looking-glasses with false handles, even tooth brushes with the handles hollowed out, have been found."

"And there's another peculiar thing about the relationship between women and smuggling. Women who are the soul of rectitude in all other things will not hesitate to evade the duties when it comes to smuggling. For some reason or other they do not consider smuggling dishonest, but rather as an exciting sort of game to play. Every woman who goes to Europe spends hours of her preparation to return in devising means of bringing things in without paying duty. She uses absolutely nothing wrong in wrapping laces around herself, and then putting on a jacket to hide them, and as for gloves and stockings, why, she is as disappointed as can be because she can get on only three pairs of thin silk stockings and squeeze her foot into its shoe."

"Men are much more honest about the things they bring in, and not long ago I heard of a case in which a man humored this smuggling tendency in his daughter, but took good care that she should not be discovered evading the law."

"His daughter had purchased a valuable diamond necklace in London and intended her debut on the continent to bring it in without paying one penny of duty. There was no reason in the world why she should have chosen to do this, as her father was a very rich man and could have paid the duty without noting its absence from his bank account. But she wanted the excitement, and her father agreed to let her have her own way. She brought the necklace in in a small bag which her father asked her to let him hold for a moment or two, and it was not for nearly a year that she found

out her father had declared the ornament and paid the duty on it. At any rate, she had had her amusement."—New York Evening Post.

Carnegie's New Estate. Andrew Carnegie's latest purchase, Les park, in the south of England, is the place on which the late Whitaker Wright squandered millions when he was in the height of his speculative glory. It was his hobby during his years of opulence and is regarded as one of the most magnificent modern houses in the world. This may be credited when it is remembered that the purchase price to Mr. Carnegie is \$3,750,000. The house has many suites of reception rooms, a splendid palm garden and a ball room capable of accommodating several hundred persons. At the top of the house is an observatory containing one of the largest telescopes in England. The gardens cost even more money than the house and are adorned with statues, pagodas, summer houses and every device of the landscape gardener's art. It is Mr. Carnegie's intention to turn the place into a national convalescent home, for which purpose it is admirably fitted.

Annabel's Feelings. Mrs. Porter had married late in life, and married a rich man, after years of prudent scrimping and much care. "How does Annabel look?" asked one of Mrs. Porter's old neighbors of another who had been visiting the bride of a year. "Does she appear satisfied?" "Oh, yes, she's satisfied and happy and all that," said the old friend, slowly, "but you know folks can't get wanted to things all of a sudden; and so there will come times now and again when Annabel looks as if the kettle was 'boilin' over and she was tied hand and foot so she couldn't get to the stove. It's not for me to say how she feels."—Youth's Companion.

See Want Ads are the Best Business Boosters.

Sentiment Shoved Aside. For some time trolley cars have been running out from Cairo to the pyramids and we have become hardened to hearing the station agent at Joppa, shout: "All aboard for Jerusalem!" So perhaps we should receive with stoicism the news that the city council of Venice has bought several electric launches for use on the Grand canal. Did not the pope the other day remark that if he were a little younger he would buy a bicycle, and is not a London company threatening to set up stamp mills at King Solomon's mines?—New York Press.

MAKES YOU ACHE ALL OVER. Ache all over? Feverish? Chilly? Just coming down with a hard cold? Where do you suppose it will settle? In the throat? That means hoarseness, sore throat, tonsillitis. In the chest? Then bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption. Do not let your cold settle. Break it up! Drive it out! Ask your doctor the best medicine for this. If he says Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, take it at once. If he has anything better, take that. Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR—For the hair. AYER'S SERRAVALLO—For the blood. AYER'S PILLS—For constipation. AYER'S AGUE CURE—For malaria and ague.