

# WHEN MEN PLAYED FOR BIG STAKES

by  
**FRANK J. ARKINS**

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AMBLING for big stakes was a common thing in the west a few years ago. In nearly all sections the evil has been suppressed by law. In the few portions where it is still followed it is carried on under cover and in constant dread of police interference.

Not so long ago, however, the cry of the roulette man and the click of the ball could be heard in the lobbies of many of the principal hotels. This was particularly true of El Paso, Cripple Creek, Leadville, Goldfield, Butte, the Coeur d'Alene, and many other sections. The practice prevailed to a greater or less extent in the larger towns. Everybody has money in the early days of a mining camp.

It was an era of speculation. The country had not "been proven," and hence a "find" in a new section resulted in a great rush to that locality. Property changed hands at fabulous prices overnight. The ragged prospector of today might be rolling in wealth tomorrow. It has happened so many times.

When there is money to throw at the birds, the gamblers, like so many vultures, assemble at the point to which it is being cast by the thoughtless and improvident possessors.

Games were played where the stakes ran into the millions. A man wealthy in the morning sometimes had to borrow money to avoid going to bed hungry at night.

A stockman in Colorado "sat into" a poker game in Denver, and by midnight had not only lost all the cash he had with him, but had exhausted a large bank balance.

He owned, on the range in Colorado, the neutral strip ("No Man's Land," now extreme western Oklahoma), and in Texas ten thousand head of cattle, worth twenty dollars a head, or a total of \$200,000.

He possessed land in three states and a handsome residence in Denver. He made a bet of a thousand dollars—worth twenty thousand dollars—and lost. He continued this until the herd of ten thousand head of stock belonged to another man. Day dawned, and he was still playing. Breakfast was sent in from a restaurant maintained at the end of the gambling hall for just such people.

"Now," he said to the men who had won his cattle, "you have the critters, but no place to keep them. I will play you my Texas ranch."

He lost that. Then followed the Colorado ranch, finally the residence in Denver, together with the furniture, his horses, his watch and chain. At eight o'clock at night—twenty-four hours later—he was penniless, and started for the Rio Grande country of Texas, where he found employment hauling logs to a sawmill. He had lost more than a quarter of a million dollars in twenty-four hours!

"Will you oblige me by taking off your shoes?" asked a road agent politely, while he held a revolver menacingly in the face of a passenger who stood up in a line with others.

The hold-up man had stopped the stage going into Leadville to "collect toll." He had just purchased the road, he said, and needed the money.

He passed down the line and, by means of a passenger whom he forced into service, gathered up all the money and jewelry, until he came to the last man in the line. Then he asked the man to take off his shoes. He found four thousand dollars under the inner soles!

Several nights later the man who had been outwitted by the hold-up man was sitting in the dealer's chair of a faro game in the "Cloud City," as Leadville is called. Before him sat a man who lost money steadily. The gambler "raked in" the money carelessly and with the utmost unconcern. The player lost something like five thousand dollars and then pushed back his chair.

"All in?" asked the gambler, arching his brows.

"Yes—you've cleaned me out."

"Then we are even for that little incident the other night, when you collected your road tax from me."

"Yes, you!"

The hold-up man knocked down half a dozen bottles in his rush to reach the door and escape. A well-known mining man, who was noted for his judgment in "knowing a hole in the ground" when he looked into it, had just made a purchase in Cripple Creek. He had money, and he was willing to spend it for anything that looked good.

After having tramped over the hills all of one day, he "sat into" a poker game in the lobby of the principal hotel that night, and engaged in a friendly game with a number of acquaintances. They were playing for twenty-five cents a corner. While the game was in progress a ragged prospector appeared and attempted to inject himself into the company. The mining man explained that it was simply a private game between friends—outsiders, and particularly strangers, were not wanted.

"I have money that has never been spent."

"We don't know you."

"Oh, that's it! Then let me introduce myself."

There was no way to get rid of him apparently. Then, like an inspiration, and in an unthoughtful manner, the operator said:

"How much money have you?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

"Sit down, and I'll show you how to play poker."

In less than fifteen minutes the prospector withdrew.

Shortly after he returned with a thousand dollars more. This was interesting. He lost it. Then he lost a diamond pin, following it with a watch and his "cayuse."

When he pushed back his chair the operator asked:

"Are you broke now?"

"I have a claim over on the hill."

"What do you value it at?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

This staggered the mining man for a moment.



day. Many of them have the faculty of losing it back over the very table where they know the odds to be against the player.

In roulette there is a distinct percentage in favor of "the house." Everybody knows that.

This dealer took a seat in front of the table and in the course of a few hours had won fifty dollars. Then he stopped. He would pass in and out a dozen times a day, play a little here and some there, but always he would bring up in front of the roulette table, and more often than otherwise left it winner. His luck was amazing. He started a bank account. He was saving his money to get into business with, he said.

He won so steadily that it made the proprietor of the place shiver every time he came in.

One day, while the ex-dealer was playing, an old man dropped in and, glancing around the room for a moment, asked:

"Who runs this place?"

"I do," answered a bewhiskered individual, who was watching his former employe rake in the cash.

"Will you do me the favor to tell me where you got that wheel?" he asked, pointing to the one that proved such a hoodoo.

"I know it's a Jonah. That fellow over there wins all the time."

"So?" said the stranger.

He walked over and watched the man lay his bets.

Returning to the proprietor, he said, as he passed out a card:

"I represent this house, which, as you see, deals in gaming devices. I take it that the man sitting at the wheel makes a 'killing' every day."

"He does, stranger, to the tune of fifty or a hundred."

"For a thousand I can tell you how to bust his luck and make him look the living picture of remorse. You would have to agree to purchase a new wheel from me, also."

"If you show me, I'm game."

"It's a bargain," said the drummer.

Walking over to the wheel, he waited until the ball dropped, stopped it, and turning to the proprietor asked:

"See anything strange with that wheel?"

"No."

"Well, see, there are two nineteens and two twenty-threes on this wheel. They are unusual numbers—so that the fellow who plays them has about the same percentage in his favor, on those numbers, that you have when a man plays on a regular wheel. We made this wheel more than thirty years ago. It was sold to a house by a couple of 'sure thing' men, who almost broke the outfit. Then we lost track of it."

The ex-dealer had noticed the double numbers, and therein was the secret of his "luck." How the numbers had escaped attention so many years is one of those mysteries of gambling that can never be explained.

When Seattle was the big noise in the Northwest gambling world, and the primeval forests were closer to her doors, some big games were played.

One night a stranger stepped into one of the principal houses and took a seat at a faro table. An hour later he had lost more than five thousand dollars. The proprietor sent him a fifty-cent cigar. A few moments afterward the stranger had a couple of hundred dollars, and within an hour had regained his five thousand. Then commenced a streak of luck that has seldom been witnessed in any gambling house. The "roof" had been raised "to the sky" and Mr. Stranger "coppered" the king and doubled a bet of five thousand. He tried it again for a repeater, with ten thousand, and drew back twenty yellow chips, worth one thousand each.

After that he made bets of a thousand each, and before he had smoked the cigar he was twenty-eight thousand to the good! Then he quit.

Who he was, where he came from, where he went, no one ever knew. His coming and going were as mysterious as his winnings were sensational.

Probably one of the greatest stakes ever hung up was raked down on a mule race in Arizona. A man owned a "hole in the ground." He was satisfied that it was worth a fortune. His friends thought he was crazy. He refused to go to other "diggings" where the prospects were better. He was more than twenty-five miles from water, which had to be carried in on the hurricane deck of a mule. He worked away, nursing his claim and sticking it out alone. Then he went to a settlement some distance away. He became excited over the performances of a mule owned by another man, and in a moment of exuberance bet his claim against one owned by a prospector from another section that his mule could outrun the other fellow's. He lost.

He had the privilege of piloting the winner to the "mine" and saw him take more than seventy thousand dollars' worth of silver, net, out of a pocket, almost on the surface of the ground! Since then the property has produced millions. It all came about because one mule could not run so fast as another.

Licensee Voter Gets—What?

From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whisky, which retails at \$16.80. The farmer gets 45 cents, the United States government gets four dollars and forty cents, the railroad company gets eighty cents, the manufacturer gets four dollars, the drayman gets fifteen cents, the consumer gets seven dollars, the consumer gets drunk, the wife gets hungry, the children get rage, the politician gets office, the man that votes can get WHAT?

Real Apprehension.

"I am afraid, dear one, you will put his foot down on our marriage."

"I can stand that, darling, as long as he does not put his foot on."

For women, allow for the difference in the relative size of the sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman of five feet three inches in height would have had a foot ten inches long, requiring a modern shoe of the size of No. 6 as the most comfortable, or a No. 5½ as the limit of comfort.—Harper's Weekly.

As represented by the ancient sculptors, was larger than the modern one; and, in fact, the primitive foot of all peoples whereof we have any record, either of stationary or otherwise, was considerably larger than the restricted foot of later times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about 13 inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably.

The average masculine foot today is easily fitted with a No. 8½ shoe, and is therefore not above 10.7-16 inches. Now, by the old sculptural rule of proportion, a man five feet nine inches in height should have a foot 11½ inches long, or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandals he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least a No. 10½ for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort.

For women, allow for the difference

## TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

### LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS A CURSE

Federal Judge in West Virginia District Makes Scathing Arraignment of Saloonkeepers.

In a charge to the grand jury of the federal court in Wheeling, Judge Alston G. Dayton of the United States court for the northern district of West Virginia delivered a scathing arraignment of the liquor traffic. Among other things he said:

It has been my experience, in the seven years I have occupied this position on the bench, that violations of the internal revenue law are ten times as many as all the other offenses against the laws of the United States put together. Why? Because, fundamentally, the sale of intoxicating liquor is not a legitimate and honest business, and no man can be an honest man who engages in it. It isn't honest to take away the bread and butter of helpless women and children. Gentlemen, it isn't honest for any man to come into your household and take the bright, strong, vigorous son and lead him on and on until he becomes a disgrace to you, an annoyance to his fellowmen and finally lands in a drunkard's grave. And yet there isn't a single saloonkeeper's saloon in this country that does not send every year its man to a drunkard's grave, and more than that; and when dishonest men once get into a business it is the hardest thing in the world to make them stop.

I want to say that there is not a very great deal of distinction between the man, in my deliberate judgment, who stands up, and for revenue purposes, votes to license the saloon, and the man who conducts the saloon. The good Christian people who go to the polls and vote for license are the power behind the throne; they are the power behind the saloon, because if they did not vote for license the fellow could not run his saloon, I tell you in this country, gentlemen, the cry comes up, as it came up to Cain, the blood of our fellowmen cries out from the ground to God Almighty; the victims of this traffic in every cemetery and every graveyard in this country cry out to God against us, you and me, who have permitted this traffic to exist so long. See to it that in this court all violations of the revenue laws are thoroughly investigated, and that, so far as we can see, we put ourselves on the side of utter and complete and absolute condemnation of the whole business, from start to finish.

BOY'S ANSWER WAS VERY APT

Particular Brand of Whisky Was Like Bridge Because It Leads to Poorhouse and Cemetery.

A liquor dealer in the town of Ayr, in Scotland, had a particular brand of whisky, which he wished to advertise. One day the circus was coming to town, and to add interest to its performances, and to advertise his whisky, he offered a prize for the best answer to the question, "Why his particular brand of whisky resembled a certain bridge across the water of Ayr?" Just over the bridge were some public institutions.

The successful competitor proved to be a poor boy, who, perhaps, knew from experience what he was speaking of, and his answer to the question, "Why the publican's whisky was like the bridge" was "Because it leads to the poorhouse, the lunatic asylum and the cemetery."

DEPRIVED OF EDUCATION.

The following figures refer to the state of Massachusetts in 1910:

Total population of all non-license cities and towns.....	1,497,722
Total number of high school pupils in all non-license cities and towns.....	34,633
Number of pupils in high schools of no-license places for each 1,000 population...	23.12
Total population of all license cities and towns.....	1,883,924
Total number of high school pupils in all license cities and towns.....	81,707
Number of pupils in high schools of license places, for each 1,000 population..	16.83
Greater number of pupils in no license places, for each 1,000 population.....	6.29
Difference in favor of no-license, 37 per cent.	

Keep the boys and girls in school by keeping out the saloon. In these days of increasing competition, your boy or girl will need the advantage that a high school training gives.

New Slavery for China.

China, which so long has suffered from the opium curse, though free from the legal clutches of that monster, is fast coming under the rule of King Alcohol. Liquor is there characterized as "new Jesus poison," "German poison," et cetera, to distinguish it from the English poison, opium. It is reported, too, that millions of cigarettes dipped in opium have been given away by Americans to try to create an appetite among the Chinese youth for the double poisons.

## In the PUBLIC EYE

### WOULD EDUCATE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW

To carry knowledge of scientific agricultural methods directly to the man between the plow handles, and thereby increase the agricultural products of this country by at least 20 per cent. Senator Hoke Smith in a speech in the senate the other day urged the passage of the Smith-Lever bill to establish agricultural extension departments in colleges of agriculture.

"The annual value of our agricultural products is, in round figures, \$9,000,000,000," Senator Smith said. "If the increase as a result of this work were only 20 per cent we would have an increased value of \$1,800,000,000, or a sufficient sum to meet the proposed appropriation for 600 years."

Senator Smith pointed to the passage of the Morrill bill for the establishment of land grant agricultural colleges in each of the states of the Union, and of the Hatch bill for the establishment of an experiment station in each state. Upon them the government is now spending about \$4,000,000 annually. Much of this money and of the \$15,000,000 appropriated each year for the exclusively agricultural work of the department of agriculture, he stated, is spent in investigating and experimenting to show how the best and greatest crops can be raised.

"There are students at those colleges who are obtaining much aid from the instruction which they receive, but there is no sufficient provision to carry to the farmers at their homes the valuable information which has been and will be obtained by the work of the colleges and experiment stations," continued the senator.

"According to the plans of the bill," he continued, "the representatives of the colleges in the various states will enlist farmers who, under the direction of the representatives of the Agricultural college, will test the value on their own land of the information brought by the representative of the college."

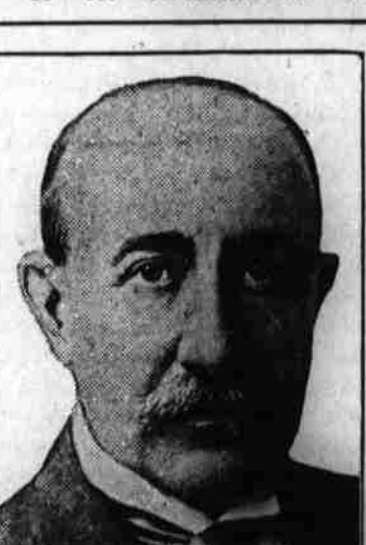


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### J. H. HAMMOND WOULD PACIFY YAQUIS



John Hays Hammond has asked the Mexican government to permit him to go, unarmed and accompanied only by an interpreter, into the mountainous stronghold of the Yaqui Indians in Sonora, to pacify that turbulent tribe. The government of Mexico has fought the Yaquis for thirty years, but today the Yaquis are unconquered.

Mr. Hammond expects that the Madero government will give him the permission which he desires. His program is based on his belief that, as a result of his life and work in Mexico, many years ago, the understanding between him and the Yaquis is so thorough as to obviate the risk of his being injured or killed. Major Burnham, the famous American and South African scout and fighter, will accompany him.

Last July Mr. Hammond wrote to Senor Calero, the Mexican ambassador to this country, outlining his wishes to pacify the Yaquis and his plan for accomplishing that object. In this letter he explained that as manager of mines near Alamos, Sonora, in 1882 and 1883, he had many Yaquis working for him, that they were the best workmen he had ever had and that he held them in high regard. He wrote the ambassador of his conviction that he could render important assistance to the government in settling all disagreements and all grudges held by the Yaquis.

The Yaquis maintain in their stronghold at this time, in addition to their warriors, a force of 1,500 men armed with modern rifles. They are absolutely impregnable. Dias tried to bring them into submission, but failed.

As soon as the Mexican government assures him that it will carry out the promises of fair treatment which he will make to the Yaquis in his own behalf and on behalf of the Mexican government, Hammond will go to his property in Sonora and have natives communicate to the Yaqui chiefs that he would like to confer with them.

### MISS BOARDMAN LAUDS BOY SCOUTS

Miss Mabel T. Boardman, secretary of the American Red Cross association, has sent a message to the 400,000 Boy Scouts of America. She rejoices in the good deeds that the Boy Scouts are doing. She compares them with the knights of King Arthur of old.

"The Vision of King Arthur" is the title of Miss Boardman's article in Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine. Miss Boardman pictures the dying King Arthur, and says: "Something held his clear blue eyes—not glittering armor nor helmet with its visor down—only a boy in simple brown, who stopped to lift a little fallen child. And there! Another guided a blind man through the dangers of the noisy street, and yet another, with kindly men and friendly stroke, soothed some poor, bewildered dog, his master lost. Here one took from her trembling hands the heavy load of some old dame and bore it for her. Another darted swiftly through the town to call the doctor to the aid of some one who was ill. Not here, not there alone, but everywhere, through northern winter snows and under sunny southern skies, the king beheld these knights in brown. Bending over some injured comrade clustered an earnest group. With skillful fingers the wound was dressed; with arms that were strong yet tender the boy was carried home, and on the porch from which the aid was given, behold, a cross of red."

"This is a little story for your Boy Scouts," continues Miss Boardman. "You are the knights in brown. The bold Sir Belvedere thought the true old times were dead, but you have brought them back to life again."



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### MME. JUSSERAND BARS "FREE LUNCH"



Mme. Jusserand, wife of the French ambassador, and new doyen of the diplomatic corps at Washington, has decreed the abolition of the diplomatic "free lunch route," which is the undiplomatic designation of that indisciplinable and unscrupulous list of hostesses from whom the attaches of embassies and legations have been wont to accept lunches, dinner and dance invitations.

Henceforth there will be a rigid adherence to diplomatic and social lines by the young diplomats who have entered too much into the spirit of our democratic institutions and gone to those entertainments where the spirit of conviviality led them.

The gossip in diplomatic circles is that there has been not only a waning of discipline, but that the young bachelor set, not provided with the large expense account of the family of legations, have found in the liberal hospitality of Washington hostesses whereby they have been able to place on their meager incomes by what otherwise would be spent at hotels and restaurants for food and drink.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN FEET

No Doubt That the Prolonged Extremities of Our Ancestors Were Larger Than Are Those of Today.

Artists assure us that no Greek sculptor would have ever dreamed of putting a nine-inch foot on a five-and-one-half-foot woman. The types for the classic marble figures were taken from the most perfect forms of living persons. Unquestionably the human foot,

as represented by the ancient sculptors, was larger than the modern one; and, in fact, the primitive foot of all peoples whereof we have any record, either of stationary or otherwise, was considerably larger than the restricted foot of later times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about 13 inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably.

The average masculine foot today is easily fitted with a No. 8½ shoe, and is therefore not above 10.7-16 inches. Now, by the old sculptural rule of proportion, a man five feet nine inches in height should have a foot 11½ inches long, or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandals he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least a No. 10½ for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort.