

Putting One Past the Post

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Special Process Originated Within the Confines of the High Rollers' Club

DOCK FLOYD, Jack Cleland and Col. Powley of the High Rollers' club set out from Reno, Nev., for San Francisco. They became acquainted with a George Hopkins, interested in Raw Hide mining properties.

Doc Floyd sat in the marble-finished rotunda of San Francisco's best hotel the morning after his arrival. He had finished with his newspaper and was gazing out upon the little park across the street filled with palms and beds of bright-hued flowers. Neither Col. Powley nor Jack Cleland had appeared, and he was rather glad when the young mining man he had met on the train came upon him, and he was roused from his self-absorption by a cheery greeting. Looking up, he saw that young Hopkins no longer wore corduroys and heavy hunting boots, but was blue-serged, green-hatted and patent-leathered, and altogether sporty looking enough to belong to his own set.

"All alone, I see," remarked Hopkins as he touched Floyd upon the shoulder. "If you've not been to breakfast, I'd like to have you join me."

"I'd be pleased to," assented Floyd, who had grown hungry waiting for his friends. "Those fellows who came with me must be taking an extra portion of sleep this morning. I'll not wait any longer for them."

Down in the grillroom a breakfast was served, the equal of which is not to be had in any other city in the United States, excepting, perhaps, New Orleans. By the time Floyd and Hopkins had lit their cigarettes they were conversing as old friends.

"Oh, look who's arrived!" burst out Tony the Tont, upon catching sight of Floyd and his party. "If it isn't the Big Doctor, and I haven't seen him since Hamburg was a two-year-old."

"And say," whispered Tony, in confidential tones, "find out to-night what business that young man who was with you this afternoon has with old Tom Camp. They were off in a corner for a long time and if your friend ain't some wise fish he's apt to be bit."

That night after dinner Floyd, in conversation with young Hopkins, cautiously led the talk up to Tom Camp, and then asked the flat-footed question as to whether Hopkins had entered or was about to enter into any deal.

"Well, I'm rather ashamed of it, because it does look like a crooked deal," returned Hopkins; "but I'm a lot loser on the game, first and last, and it looks like a chance to get even, so I was going to take it. If you know anything about Camp, you know he has some of the best horses on the track. He says he's been in hard luck this winter and lost several thousand dollars backing the faro bank. His proposition is for me to put in \$5,000 to help back a book. He will put in \$5,000 of his own money, making a good strong bank roll. The books are all making money now, and besides the even break we would get in on the regular play; Camp says he can fix a race or two so we can win some sure money. He is certain that we can pull out \$25,000 each in a week."

"That all listens well," broke in Floyd.

"What's the matter with it?" questioned Hopkins. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, anyway. You might queer my game for all I know."

"No, I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Floyd. "But I'll bet you five hundred now that if I don't save you, Camp will trim you for whatever you put in. If it's such a sure thing, what does he want with a partner to share the profits? Any time a man offers you something for nothing, lock up your bank roll and keep your hand on your jewelry. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, it does look that way," assented Hopkins; "but you see he needs \$10,000 to make the book safe, and he only has about \$5,000 in ready money that I can lay his hands on. That's why he wants some one to come in with the other \$5,000."

"That's just what they all say, and now I'm convinced that you are scheduled to be the goat," announced Floyd. "Did he explain to you just how he was going to pull off one of those alleged 'sure things'?"

"Yes, there's a race on the card tomorrow in which he has a horse entered that can win. He also controls the only other contender in the race. He can throw the race to whichever horse he wants to. You know that's possible, don't you?"

"Yes, I've seen such things done, and then again I've seen them fall most awfully hard. I can see now how easy it will be for him to break the book and get your \$5,000 on one race. Come on up to my rooms and I'll initiate you into the art of beating the double cross, if there's any chance to do it; and if there isn't then you'd better keep your \$5,000 in the bank, or have a trustee appointed to look after it for you. You may be all right on a mining proposition, but there are a lot of other things you've got to learn."

Within 15 minutes Floyd, with the aid of the telephone, had located Tony the Tont, and in another half hour that wise bug of the turf had arrived at Floyd's rooms, wondering for what he was wanted, and pleased all over to be summoned into the presence of so august a personage.

To Tony Floyd told the proposition of Camp as Hopkins had told it to him, and upon hearing the proposition Tony let out a long laugh.

"Why, it's just a plain game of double cross," asserted Tony. "He'll break the book and get your \$5,000 in one race and then tell you it was all a mistake and make you believe it, and then he'll ask you to dig up another \$5,000 to get even with. Why, my kid brother wouldn't bite on that old hook."

"Yes, do you suppose I didn't know all that?" broke in Floyd with a motion for the talkative Tony to shut up. "What I want you for is to see if we can turn the tables and get Camp's end of the bank roll."

"I'm afraid not," answered Tony. "He's worked that game four or five times this season and always gets away with it. He's got a regular crew to go on and make the book and they

are agreed during the afternoon, having agreed to meet in a secluded spot on the grounds just before the race in which Camp had announced that a trick was to be turned.

"Are you sure of that tout?" was the anxious inquiry of Hopkins when he and Floyd finally met in consultation.

"Yes, he'd lose both legs sooner than throw me down," was the reply. "Now, what does Camp say?"

"He says he has instructed the book to take in all the bets they can get on Applejack. He has arranged with the owner of that one to lose and he will win with his own horse, Lemon Squeezer. He explains that it might be suspicious to the judges if he didn't win this race."

"That means," explained Floyd, "that he intends that Applejack is to win and his horse will be beaten out. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

"Oh, about \$500."

"Well, go in the ring and make five \$100 bets on Lemon Squeezer, but don't bet it in our book. Camp has given instructions to his bookmakers to give a shade the best price on the other fellow's horse. He will have commissioners there to get his own money down quick and bet enough to win out the bank roll on that one race. That's the way he's got it fixed to win our \$5,000."

The two separated and entered the betting ring from different ends of that inclosure. Floyd noticed that, true to front, while next in order and close behind came Lemon Squeezer, both horses running easily. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance it could be seen that the race was between the first two horses, and the others were strung out in single file. In the stretch came Applejack, running without effort, with Lemon Squeezer within safe call. A smile of contentment rested upon the face of Tom Camp, down at the end of the grandstand, while Floyd's countenance wore a worried look and young Hopkins was shivering in the excitement of lost hope.

"There, and I listened to you and your tout," he said to Floyd as he saw Applejack winning easily.

"Why, it's nothing more than a procession," muttered Floyd. "And I would have staked my right eye on Tony. Why, that boy on Applejack is racing him to death to win and the 'her fellow don't seem to be trying.'"

"Applejack wins!" shouted the crowd as the blue and white stripes passed under the wire a good length in front of Lemon Squeezer.

"That's one time that I'm the goat," muttered Doc Floyd to Hopkins. "I'm sorry I steered you wrong, and will get you even. Although I guess I'm in a few thousand deeper than you are, I know I gave you the wrong steer and am sorrier for that than losing my own money. We are whipped around for fair. Camp wins out the bank roll in the book and we lose our outside bets."

Come on and let's get a bottle of wine. No use crying over spilt milk now." The two men, drinking large glasses of wine at the bar, paid slight attention to a sudden cheering and commotion on the outside.

"I guess we put over a good one that time, didn't we?" Floyd looked around upon the smiling face of Tony.

"Why, you young hound, I ought to break your head with this bottle," he said in low but dangerously threatening tones.

"What's the matter, pal? Ain't you wise to what's happened?"

"No, what is it?" broke in young Hopkins, anxiously.

"Why, Applejack was disqualified for not having up enough weight. Somehow or other Hank Harlin was careless in putting his lead pads to make the extra weight along with the saddle, and the jockey lost ten pounds of lead while he was at the post. Careless of Hank, wasn't it? He's been looking for a chance to double cross Camp and fell for my little scheme when I told him how much money we would bet for him on the other horse."

Thomas Camp, besides getting all the money to be had in his own book, also had wagered hundreds on Applejack in other books about the ring, and was surprised to note when he returned from the paddock, where he had just saddled his horse and given final instructions to the jockey, that the price against Lemon Squeezer, his own horse, had not gone up in the betting. He was unaware that a large amount of money bet by Floyd had forced the price down. He had no time to investigate, however, as the horses already were at the post, and he hurried to a point of vantage from which he could view the race.

Across the track in the infield Tony the Tont and Hank Harlin, owner of Applejack, stood talking together. Doc Floyd, watching the pair through his fieldglasses from the grandstand, saw Tony pass a small package of bookmakers' tickets to Harlin.

"They're off!" came the buzzing cry of the crowd in chorus as the barrier over at the three-quarter pole whizzed up and a field of eight horses leaped forward. The blue and white striped jacket and cap of Applejack showed in

front, while next in order and close behind came Lemon Squeezer, both horses running easily. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance it could be seen that the race was between the first two horses, and the others were strung out in single file. In the stretch came Applejack, running without effort, with Lemon Squeezer within safe call. A smile of contentment rested upon the face of Tom Camp, down at the end of the grandstand, while Floyd's countenance wore a worried look and young Hopkins was shivering in the excitement of lost hope.

"There, and I listened to you and your tout," he said to Floyd as he saw Applejack winning easily.

"Why, it's nothing more than a procession," muttered Floyd. "And I would have staked my right eye on Tony. Why, that boy on Applejack is racing him to death to win and the 'her fellow don't seem to be trying.'"

"Applejack wins!" shouted the crowd as the blue and white stripes passed under the wire a good length in front of Lemon Squeezer.

"That's one time that I'm the goat," muttered Doc Floyd to Hopkins. "I'm sorry I steered you wrong, and will get you even. Although I guess I'm in a few thousand deeper than you are, I know I gave you the wrong steer and am sorrier for that than losing my own money. We are whipped around for fair. Camp wins out the bank roll in the book and we lose our outside bets."

Thomas Camp, besides getting all the money to be had in his own book, also had wagered hundreds on Applejack in other books about the ring, and was surprised to note when he returned from the paddock, where he had just saddled his horse and given final instructions to the jockey, that the price against Lemon Squeezer, his own horse, had not gone up in the betting. He was unaware that a large amount of money bet by Floyd had forced the price down. He had no time to investigate, however, as the horses already were at the post, and he hurried to a point of vantage from which he could view the race.

Across the track in the infield Tony the Tont and Hank Harlin, owner of Applejack, stood talking together. Doc Floyd, watching the pair through his fieldglasses from the grandstand, saw Tony pass a small package of bookmakers' tickets to Harlin.

SHOES.

Oh, the world holds lots of troubles That can give a chap the blues. But there's none that grief redoubles Like a pair of pinching shoes. When a fellow's toes are hurting And he has to limp along. Short, bad words he may be blurting. But he'll never sing a song.

By the same sign, while we're singing These two stanzas 'bout the feet, There is naught more comfort bringing— Truth to tell, they're hard to beat— Than a pair of old mud-splashers Cut to fit a fellow's corn; Though they're hardly fit for "mashers," Soothing more than they adorn.

'TIS EVER THUS.



A fool and his automobile are soon parted.

No, You Can't. The world is wide And the way is long. But you can't make friends With a trouble song.

The Gloomy Outlook.

Trust President—Is there no way we can put this competing company out of business without getting into trouble ourselves?

Legal Adviser—I fear not, the way things seem to be going now.

T. P.—But competition will be so expensive.

L. A.—You will have to cut down your expenses.

T. P.—That's true. I say, James, you can tear up that check I told you to fill out for the African missionary work.

Silver Lining.

Wife (reading)—Here's another case of a bachelor going wrong. The cashier of a bank, aged 49, has been sent to the penitentiary for 25 years for embezzlement.

Husband—Well, he's in luck.

Wife—Why, how do you make that out?

Husband—He'll have a quiet, peaceful time of it until he gets out—then he'll be too old to marry.

Drawing the Line.

"No," said the fussy old bachelor, "I'm not an advocate of boarding house socialism. No, indeed!"

"What do you mean by boarding house socialism?" queried the shoe clerk.

"It's the kind," explained the f. o. b., "that gives everybody an equal chance at the piano."

LOVE WILL LIGHTEN THE LOAD.



Stockton Bonds—Take this basket of fruit to 444 Grosvenor square. It's not too heavy for you, is it? Messenger Boy—It won't be after a while, sir.

Scientific. I've never seen a diplococcus— Maybe never will; No doubt, most any hocus pocus Stuffed would fill the bill.

Gets Them.

Church—I hear your doctor's got three automobiles?

Gotham—That's right. He's bound to get the people coming or going.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistaken.

"Dear me!" I'm awfully tired. We've had the piano tuner here all forenoon.

"Oh, was that the tuner? I thought it was your daughter playing again."

The Real Tune.

"They say everything in life is attuned to certain keys. What keys are the slippery places in life tuned to?"

"I guess they are see sharp or be flat."

The Cost of Fretting.

More men would get along better in this world, if they weren't all the time sitting down and fretting because they aren't.

A Muddy Stream.

"I see where a man wants to give E. I. Harriman the Missouri river."

"Um—that's merely a new way of browning mud."

The Old-Fashioned Way.

"I saw our new neighbor this morning. She swept through her parlor—"

"With queenly grace?"

"No; with a broom."

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

UNSETTLED.



"Ah! And whose little girl are you?" "I don't know yet, mister. George and Jimmie is just fightin' a duel over in the lot to settle the question!"

FREE LANDS IN WYOMING.

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Send for booklet telling how to secure 320 acres of U. S. Government lands in Wyoming free of cost, and describing various irrigation projects and the most approved methods of scientific dry farming. Homeseekers' rates. Direct train service from Chicago. W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago.

No Infallible Method.

A leading mathematician of France gives another warning that there is no infallible method of doubling one's stakes after a loss. "All one can do," says he, "is to combine one's play so as to have a great chance of winning a little and a little chance of losing much, and many chances of losing little."

Willing to Try.

She—Do you think it would take you long to love a girl?

He—I don't know. How long have you got?—Yonkers Statesman.

Afterglow.

"Are you still in the blissful intoxication of love?"

"No, I've reached the headache now."—Exchange.

Lame back and Lumbago make a young man feel old. Hamlin's Wizard Oil makes an old man feel young. Absolutely nothing like it for the relief of all pain.

Undertakers also come under the head of scientific boxers.

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Noah, Ky.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my housework, and attend to the store and post-office, and feel much younger than I really am."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough."—Mrs. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Stop

aking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work—when they do this they are healthy, producing light results.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions of boxes a month.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)