

A MESSAGE TRACED ON THE SEA BEACH

Mr. Beavers's Opportunity to Play Detective and the Use He Made of It.

Mr. Beavers, down by the sea on his vacation, walked on the sands after dinner with the calm satisfaction of a clear conscience and a sound digestion.

He looked upon life approvingly, his lines having indeed fallen in pleasant places. His partner, Judge Marcellus, had speeded him on his way with commendations of his professional zeal, and even Abe Cronkite had spoken encouragingly of the acumen with which he treated some of the more difficult matters coming before the firm.

The letter approval was especially agreeable to the young lawyer. Plain, steady, unimpassioned, advancing only by plodding his way, he desired the things he had not and could not have, and so it was his secret ambition to emulate, to surpass, the success in the explanation of mystery which rendered the detective conspicuous as a detective.

Conversations are often born of solitude. Now, further had Mr. Beavers seemed to himself from his opportunity, yet it was all at hand.

The evening was lowering, the tinge of rain in the air, and the sands were deserted. The sea, reflecting the grayness of the sky, rolled in the advancing tide, eddies, threateningly.

The atmosphere of the scene affected at length the young man's complacency so that once and again he stopped and looked about, dreading he knew not what. After all he thought, it would be more comfortable in the hotel office, with acquaintances to talk or, better yet, to listen admiringly to him.

As Mr. Beavers turned, then, from retrospection toward human confidence, his eyes caught a long, black shadow between two hummocks but a little above low-water mark. Doubtless some piece of wreckage, water-erased, water-rotted, but yet, but yet, there was something in the outlines, familiar, intimate, that demanded attention as a duty.

Could it be so lonely, so pitifully lonely, with no mourners but the wild, crying gulls, and with the sea lapping eagerly for its prey? Mr. Beavers hastened to keep ahead of his fears, and with loudly beating heart stood over the body of a man.

Yes, there could be no doubt of it; it was that kindly old gentleman, that famous Shakespearean scholar, Prof. John Dakin, in the company of whom and of his son Albert and his son's wife Bertha, he had dined so pleasantly, but two hours before. So, the swift, sure fate of apoplexy, which he himself had often heard Prof. Dakin predict, had come unsuspectingly, in solitude, in rest.

With sufficed eyes Mr. Beavers scanned the details of a scene so manifest to him. Yes, the old man had come down from the road to rest. Here were his footprints with the regular dots of his cane.

He had stopped just above, and then, seeing the natural support afforded by the hummocks, had gradually settled from a sitting to a reclining position. Resting the brain, as well as the body, no doubt, indulging idle fancies, playing like a child with the sand, so death had found him.

Mr. Beavers shook his head in grave consideration as he noticed three or four figures which the old scholar had been fastened to be his last half-unconsciously traced. He even stored them away in the creazy attic of his memory, where there was many another thing he never intended to use, whose use indeed he could not conjecture.

"1-0-0," Mr. Beavers kept repeating, as he held the sand in his hand, "1-0-0," perhaps the secret sign of some boyish society, perhaps the number of his skates or copy book, long ago. Marvellous, truly, is the mind of a man that in what appears to be trifles from the prose intellectual tot of what promised to be the most scholarly edition of Shakespeare! Oh, the pity of it, taken right at the middle of the century summation of his life work, like a thief in the night, like a thief in the night!

It was ten days later that Albert Dakin, on his way to deliver to the publishers his second and last piece of manuscript, stopped at the law offices of Judge Josiah Marcellus.

"Close critics of physiognomy might, perhaps, criticize the old man's face as weak, self-indulgent and lacking the marks of sterling character; but it bespoke a kindly nature and showed evidences of sincere grief. The old Judge greeted him heartily.

"On arranging my father's papers," explained Albert, as he delivered a letter, "I found this among the sheets. I have intended to mail it when he went out for that last time.

The Judge's somewhat casual air changed to one of grave attention as he read. He turned back the pages and read again, more deliberately, more closely, before he spoke.

"A singular, most incredible," he exclaimed. "Why, Albert, in all the investigations into your father's death by the local physician, your old family doctor, the coroner's inquest, there wasn't the faintest suspicion, was there, of other cause than apoplexy, for which he had a predisposition?"

part is absolutely essential. Sifting the chaff from the wheat, this much we both know to be true.

"As a young man your father was deeply interested in chemical investigations. He studied in Germany, in Italy, and may well have brought back with him some obscure vegetable poison.

"It seems natural to me that his mind, diseased, may have jumbled these incidents up with recurring physical pains and thus produced this nightmare of the day, this phantasy none the less real."

"No," interrupted Albert firmly. "My father's mind was never more clear. Ask his publishers, ask the guests at the hotel who delighted in his scholarly talk. The result, too, verifies his words. Don't then waste time in arguing against your better reason."

"Touching the button on his desk, the Judge summoned Abe Cronkite and detailed the situation to him.

"His suspicions had been aroused for some time; he recognized the symptoms," reflected the detective. "I should like, sir, to hear Mr. Beavers's description of finding the body."

"Those marks in the sand?" asked Cronkite, "which you say he must have made in some idle, half-conscious reverie, please tell me again what you made them out to be?"

"One, dash, naught, six," repeated the young lawyer, "mere, disconnected, vagrant figures. I don't know where you saw them?"

"Close by, looking down upon the body," "On the side of it from which you had approached?"

"Hum! Then you must have seen them up-side-down, mustn't you, or, in other words, what he really traced out was ninety, dash, one, wasn't it?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the young lawyer, and then held his peace.

"Did you ever have any memorandum book or paper or pencil with him?" asked Cronkite of Dakin.

"No," replied Albert. "He wore a rough, outdoor suit, and there was nothing in his pockets."

"Then, if recognizing the fatal stroke and the cause of it he had tried to communicate with you, he would have been reduced to some such expedient as tracing significant marks in the sand, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, oh, my God, yes! I understand, was an enthusiastic student and lover of Shakespeare, his whole being absorbed in the preparation of a new edition of the great dramatist's works. He had been busy that day almost up to that very hour, had he not, with this, his favorite pursuit?"

"Yes, then it is fair to assume that the last definite impression on his mind at his instant of agonizing suspense was that particular play of Shakespeare which he had just been carefully examining line for line, word for word. Have you this last portion of his manuscript?"

"Why, it is here," said Albert producing the package.

"Cronkite untied the string and laid aside the paper.

"What have we here?" he went on as he turned over the pages, "the last half of the play of 'Tempest,' covering eighty manuscript pages.

"Then follows the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' I turn to the nineteenth page, and I read, mark you all, the first line. It is as follows: 'Oh, heavens!' cried Albert, like another Hamlet.

HUMORS OF THE BETTING RING

TWO JOKES IN ONE AFTERNOON ON A BIG LAYER.

One Plunger's Resplendent Colored Commissioner—Money in the Air—The Ring Searchers—Humiliation of a Voluble Man—A Woman Takes a Dare.

The incidents of an afternoon in the betting ring of a metropolitan racetrack are more often amusing than otherwise. When the bookmakers' slates went up with the prices for the fourth race, a stake event, at Sheephead Bay the other afternoon, a young fellow, well known to all the layers as a nervy plunger at times, crowded his way through the dense mass of would-be bettors assembled around the stool of one of the most famous bookmakers on the line, a man who will accept a \$50,000 wager with scarcely more than a glance at the plunger or commissioner making the bet.

"What are you laying against Major Daingerfield, Joe?" the young fellow inquired, taking a stand directly in front of the bookmaker.

"Six to five, son, and for a million if you want it," replied the layer.

"Well, I'll bet you a hundred, Joe," said the young fellow, extending his right hand.

The bookmaker roared out for the hundred and the young fellow dumped a big pile of one-dollar bills on the counter. Then, amid the general laugh, he darted through the crowd.

The bookmaker looked for an instant in a dazed sort of way at the heap of coppers in his hand, plainly at a loss whether or not to join in the laugh. He ended by taking the right view of the young chap's little joke, grinned, and threw the handful of cents at the retreating humorist, who had gained the outskirts of the crowd, around the stool. The newshaws and gum-sucking lads in the ring scrambled for the morsels.

When the crowd around the stool of this same bookmaker became so densely packed that it was almost impossible for even the most determined pushers to make their way up to the slate for a glance at the prices, the bookmaker broke out wrathfully.

"Break away, there, a lot of you fellows, and give the bettors a chance! Don't want any of these ten!"

Just as the bookmaker finished saying this, a stocky, perspiring individual, coatless, hatless and collarless, and wearing a colored shirt of very loud pattern, drilled his way into a position directly in front of the bookmaker. He had a small leather-covered notebook in his hand, and a pencil tucked behind his ear.

"Bet you four on Farrell's entry, Joe," he said to the bookmaker.

"You're on," said the bookmaker, turning to his sheetwriter and mentioning the name of a famous turf plunger, for whom the coatless individual was acting as commissioner.

A nervous-looking little man, rather shabbily dressed, who had been jostled out of the commissioner's path and who had watched this incident, thrust two two-dollar bills almost into the bookmaker's face directly the commissioner got out of the way.

"Gimme four on Farrell's entry, too," said the nervous-looking man.

"Say," exclaimed the bookmaker, fiercely, thrusting the pair of two-dollar bills back at the little man, "didn't you just hear me say that I didn't want nothin' 's'cept ten-dollar bets, and as few of that kind as possible?"

"What's the matter with you?" angrily retorted the shabby little man, regarding possession of his \$4. "Didn't I see you take four from that piano-mover 'w'out any cost?"

The bookmaker broke into a good-natured laugh.

"Four," said he, still laughing. "Why, you plumed that, was a four thousand bet he made, and he's one of 'Phil's' price-getters."

The nervous-looking little man, overawed by the mere mention of the name of so tremendous a turf celebrity as Pittsburg Phil, slunk through the crowd and made for the dead line at the rear of the betting ring, where four-dollar bets are not scored.

principal's horses when they see the colored commissioner making for their stool.

When he makes the rounds of the cashiers with a big alligator satchel suspended from his shoulders by a strap, a fine picture of studied carelessness as he stuffs the wads of big yellow bills into the satchel as if the tidy little fortunes handed over to him by the bookmakers' cashiers were so much waste paper.

The afternoon was gusty, with occasional catpaws of wind that made men with straw hats clutch at them to save them from going into the air. A young fellow who was counting his money on the lawn close to the betting ring dropped a ten-dollar bill without noticing the loss.

A gust of wind picked the bill up and carried it into the air. A number of newsboys and gum sellers and a few black stable hands who had been standing near the young fellow when he dropped the bill and were edging up to grab it when the loser turned his back, joined in a shout when the bill fell into the sea. The wind blew the ten-dollar note almost to the roof of the stand and then it began to descend slowly in eccentric curves.

The crowd were wildly excited to grab the bill when it came down within reaching distance. A very tall black man, elaborately rigged out, strolled up to the squirming crowd just as the money began to reach the ground, raising his hand, he annexed the fluttering bill between his index and middle fingers, and tucked it into his waistcoat pocket with a disdainful look at the crowd of disappointed ones who loomed.

"Wo'd he butt in fr de sawbuck, dat seven-foot oon?" they wailed as the black man strutted away, secure in his possession of the bill.

As it was a big afternoon, and the crowd in the betting ring between races enormous, the ring searchers made a pretty fair afternoon of it. The ring searchers are professional sellers, newsboys and hangers-on, who, when the betting ring crowd rushes out of the gambling shed to the racetrack, are not slow to employ their trained vision in looking for bills or coins accidentally dropped by struggling bettors.

A lot of money is lost in the betting ring every day, and the ring searchers are endeavoring to count their money as they force their way from one slate to another. All of this dropped money is quickly gathered up by the crafty wags who subsist on the merriment of the coming of the races to their desire to take a chance on picking up a little easy money when the betting ring is deserted during the contests on the track.

It is said that there are ring-searchers who pay their way into the tracks for no other purpose than to hunt for lost money in the betting ring on the big days.

The usual number of mournful looking men who had forgotten the names and locations of bookmakers with whom they had been making bets, were seen to be immediately about the ring on this afternoon, reciting their griefs to anybody who would listen to them. One of them, a huge, lumbering German who looked like a cross between a bear and a pig, went up to a bookmaker with whom he had placed a bet on a winning 12 to 1 shot. The German standing in line appeared to acutely enjoy his obnoxious sorrow.

"What was the bookie's name?" a good many of them asked him, winking at each other.

"I don't recollection, but I think he's a Irish," was the German's invariable reply to this question of his tormentors.

"Oh, an Irish fellow," said one of them. "Well, I know th' duck 'n' mean. It's Sol Lichenstein, across on th' other side."

A very voluble little man with a starchy gray mustache, was loud in combination to do him out of \$1,300. He swore to everybody that he buried into that all of the bookmaker's on the line had purloined from him, and he was obliged to pay them a bet on collecting a bet of \$500 that he had placed with one of them, getting \$105 for place on a horse, that had run into that position.

"How much did you lose?" demanded the bookmaker.

"Five dollars," almost whispered the noisy little man, who was noticeably about to whether any of those to whom he had made his complaint about the \$1,300 transaction were within sight or hearing.

"Speak up—How much?" demanded the bookmaker.

"Five dollars," whispered the little man again. "Three to two on Ordnung, the place, 'know."

"Counting out five one-dollar bills," "D'je hear the bell that pikin' cobbler was makin' 'bout losin' our thirteen dollars?"

The man smiled agreeably, pulled out his wallet and handed him a hundred-dollar bill. As Ordnung won the race, her little visit to the betting ring on a dare proved a profitable one for her.

LAND SHARKS DRIVEN OFF.

SAILORS HERE PROTECTED NOW AGAINST THE CRIMPS.

President Roosevelt Backs Up the Legal Aid Society—A Long Fight to Prevent the Robbing and Deceiving of Incoming Sailors—Merchant, Marine Benefited.

The fight that was begun two years ago for the protection of sailors at the port of New York against the crimps and crimping, scienceless boarding-house rippers, whose activities had made Jack's lot here a pretty rough one has been brought to a successful issue in the last two months through the cooperation of President Roosevelt, the Legal Aid Society and Collector Stranahan, and to-day the chances that a sailor arriving here will be robbed are considerably smaller than they have been at any time since the perilous runner system was put into operation, away back in the days when the Yankee clippers were famous, and were maned by the pick of the young men of the seaboard States.

President Roosevelt is a great admirer of the sailor men of the country, and President Arthur von Briesen of the Legal Aid Society has made it his personal business to look out for the interests of sailors when they arrived here.

Two years ago the conditions surrounding the sailors on incoming ships were such that many of them never received the pay that was due them on their arrival here. As the ships came up the bay, swarms of small craft, steam launches, catboats, rapha launches and the like, swooped down on them from the Staten Island shore, each with a full complement of runners, crimps and boarding-house keepers, all prepared to get the best of the sailor men in any way that they could.

Under the laws regulating the boarding of vessels, as they stood in 1900, the master of a ship was prohibited from allowing any one except a person having governmental authority to board his vessel, but the construction put on these laws by the Treasury Department and the courts was such that they were enforced only against passenger boats leaving the cargo schooners, steamers and similar craft open for the operations of the crimps.

This legal restriction of the field was no hardship for the crimps because the captains of the big passenger boats running on a regular schedule have to watch over their men for their own protection, and a crimp had little chance on board such vessels anyhow. So the law offered no obstacle to his work in his most profitable field.

Once aboard the ship he selected, the crimp would go at once to the forecastle and there make friends with the crew. To get their friendship was an easy matter, for he would be provided with drinks and similar articles that the sailors had been deprived of possibly for months.

Before the ship was berthed at her pier, it would be found that many of the crew had agreed to go to the crimp's boarding house, where he would elaborate entertainment that could be devised was promised them. Everyone familiar with the old Cherry Hill and Water street sailors' boarding houses, where the crimps had their headquarters, would remember that this entertainment amounted to, and it lasted just long enough to enable the proprietor of the establishment to clean out the pockets of his victims.

Then the next thing to be done by the boarding-house keeper was to get rid of the penniless sailor. Even in disposing of him the crimp made money, receiving a good price for every man he could put aboard a ship as she was sailing.

In the days when the crimps were in full power able seamen were worth \$200 in the market, and for a crew of twenty men many a captain has paid \$4,000 to the crimps who contracted to provide them. A crew of ten men would be worth \$2,000 to the man who was able to put them aboard the ship,

Omega Oil

For God in Chest

First the nose is stopped up. Then you sneeze. Your eyes become red and watery. The throat gets dry and sore. You feel chilly and weak. That is the way a cold comes on. Then it goes down lower, and you say it has "settled on your chest."

In other words, the delicate mucous membrane of the breathing organs has become sore and inflamed. The trouble started in your nose, went down to the throat and then on to the lungs.

It is dangerous to have any kind of lung trouble. So you had better not neglect a cold in the chest. Rub the chest thoroughly with Omega Oil. Put more of the Oil on a flannel cloth and lay it on the chest over night. Stay in the house and take care of yourself. You cannot get at your lungs by swallowing medicines into your stomach. You must get it from the outside by rubbing Omega Oil in through the pores. This is common sense truth, and many people who have tried Omega Oil will tell you it does just what we say.



Omega Oil cured me of a bad cold in the chest. I suffered awful and thought I was going to have pneumonia. I have used it in my family for all sorts of aches and pains, and consider it as much of a household necessity as bread and meat.

Mrs. J. A. BOSTON, 215 West 127th St., N. Y. City.

Omega Oil is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for.

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BLUERRY SEASON OVER.

Good Year This, but They Are Canning Poor Stuff in These Days.

CHERRYVILLE, Me., Sept. 18. Blueberry pickers who have been on the plains since Aug. 10 are packing their tents and stealing away to the cities, where they have a chance to spend their money. The season, which ends this week, has been the most successful on record. Nearly 15,000 bushels of the fruit have been gathered and canned, and though the weather has been cold and rainy at times, the pickers have made good wages from the start.

Since the introduction of the blueberry into the market, all the men who own the canneries have been grossing well and are putting up fruit which the average family man would hesitate to take home. For the last ten days the canneries have been engaged in filling large cans holding a gallon or more, all of which are intended for the use of hotels and restaurants, where blueberry pudding is made up of the hundred-weight and blueberry sauce is turned out by the square foot. Though the fruit is clean and wholesome, it is very small and immature, consisting of the undeveloped and shriveled berries, which are turned out in the largest and most juicy berries are from the early pickings, and are put up in pint or quart cans. Later, when the fruit grows smaller and the workers are rushing to make a record, the five-quart cans are used for a week or more, and at the end of the season, which has not yet grown dry from long exposure to the sunlight, it is put in gallon cans and sent away for consumption in the hotels and boarding houses.

Note the manner in which the President of the United States attends to business. The letter from Mr. Briesen to him was sent on July 15. On July 18 Mr. Briesen received an answer from the President, telling him of the receipt of the letter, and saying that it had been referred to Collector Stranahan, who would confer with Mr. Briesen.

On July 17 there came a letter from Mr. Stranahan, saying that he would do all that he could to enforce the law, and asking him to send him a copy of the letter, and to tell him and Mr. Briesen. The meeting was held, and soon after the fleet of revenue cutters under the Collector's direction and the fleet of the collector's district were being ordered out to enforce the law.

The law is being enforced every day, and every day in the manner in which it is enforced is improving. Even the revenue cutters do not get out to the incoming ships now, and the sailor men are safe until they land, at any rate. And Mr. Briesen, backed up by the President of the United States, the Collector of Customs and the Legal Aid Society, intends that it shall be enforced.

"When you begin to treat Jack as a man," said Mr. Briesen to the President of the United States, "you will begin to help him to improve himself. In this port we lack many of the things that go to make a sailor man's life pleasant, and it is a matter that does not come within his jurisdiction to any great extent."

Mr. Briesen is particularly interested in the sailor men, and he has done a great deal to help them, and they are being enforced now. Collector Stranahan has taken the matter up and all the force of his office is helping the work along. Commissioner Dickey is also doing what he can, though this is a matter that does not come within his jurisdiction to any great extent.

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