

IF YOU MUST BET, DON'T HEDGE

A RACEGOER'S MAXIM PROVES TRUE AT BENNING.

Bargain Sale by a Fat Man at the Track—Bookmakers in Fear of Black Horses—Women Discover a Sure Method of Winning—Effect of a "Dutch Book."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—A good many diverting incidents occurred at the Benning track. The Washington people are now out on the racing ground as they are in New York and other cities where the running of the thoroughbreds is a more continuous sport, so that they make some amusing breaks.

Few of them have learned the wisdom, which has been almost framed into an axiom by the metropolitan talent, never to hedge a bet, no matter how poor the bet may look upon reflection—the experienced conviction of the talent being that first impressions invariably prove best.

On the day that the mare Alpaca won her race after being played down from 50 to 1 to 30 to 1, a fat man named Tom McFonzo, a mope in the grand stand as the large field of horses paraded to the post.

"Look at her, just look at her!" he complained, excitedly, pointing a fat finger at Alpaca as she passed the stand.

The mare looked listless, tucked up and generally out of the crowd in the neighborhood of the fat man laughed.

"I seen a fellow with a sweater on down in the paddock what give me a tip on Alpaca and I almost breaks both me arms brushin' people aside in the bettin' ring to get \$20 down on her—and look at her! Why, she ought to be hanged to a night line by the looks of her, she's a lunch-wagon horse. I don't s'pose there's no chucklehead 'round here that 'ud be willin' to give me \$5 for my bet on her—I got 50 to 1 on her."

"I'll go you, pardner," said a rough-looking individual in one of the next lower tier of seats. "What book did you get the fiver down with?"

The fat man named the bookmaker and eagerly accepted the five-dollar note which the rough-looking man passed up to him. Then the two men exchanged ladders, so that in case the Alpaca bet should win the man who had purchased the equity could get the cashing, and then the barrier was sprung from the seven-furlong distance and the horses got away in a line. Alpaca led all the way and won by a nose on the wire.

It was too much for the fat man. When he saw Alpaca's number flash past the judges' stand he just fell, his eyes closed, his huge head jacked forward and he lay on the track as if he were dead.

But he wasn't. He was simply borne down with the weight of a speechless misery. He sat and gazed dully for ten minutes. In the meantime the rough-looking chap who had bought the \$100 note for \$5 had scrambled into the ring and ousted. He returned to the stand as soon as he got the bundle and touched the still-moaning fat man on the shoulder.

"I ain't no hog, pal," he said generously, stripping a \$100 note and forcing it over to the fat man, and so here the latter scrambled into the ring and ousted. He returned to the stand as soon as he got the bundle and touched the still-moaning fat man on the shoulder.

"I ain't no hog, pal," he said generously, stripping a \$100 note and forcing it over to the fat man, and so here the latter scrambled into the ring and ousted. He returned to the stand as soon as he got the bundle and touched the still-moaning fat man on the shoulder.

When the old horse romped past the wire the black sport, who had a front seat, suddenly stood up and fell. He was a mystified sort of way, and then he climbed up on his seat, facing the crowd, and solemnly intoned, "I see a doctah 'round here!"

"Is there a doctah 'round here?" he asked. "I see a doctah 'round here!" he asked. "I see a doctah 'round here!" he asked.

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QUEER FOLKS YOU READ ABOUT

MEN OF MARK IN THE BYWAYS OF THIS BIG CITY.

The Mayors of Avenue A, Poverty Hollow, Tenth Avenue and the Bowery—How Johnny Meehan Divides the Profits With His Uncle Dolan—Senator Bill.

How many Mayors are there in New York, not counting the Mayor of Chicago and the Mayors of other cities who come here as often as they conveniently can get away from their own dominions? Well, there's Mayor Low, whom almost every one knows, but there are others quite as interesting in their way among the cosmopolitan folks of the town.

There's the Mayor of Avenue A, for instance. His name is Steinigt, and he's a little man who has a real estate office over on the East Side where he settles all sorts of disputes between husbands and wives, gives counsel in the purchase of stores, advises parents as to the best vocation for their sons and daughters to adopt, gets jobs for men and women out of employment, unites the separated, and, in fact, does anything that promises a legitimate dollar.

And then there is the Mayor of Poverty Hollow, the Hon. Patrick Connelly, who owns a saloon and settles the disputes of the neighborhood before the city tower. His office is in a small room on the East River bridge in Delancey street.

The Mayor of Tenth Avenue, or DeVerly, calls it, Double Fifth Avenue, is Little Johnny Daly. He has an election of his office every year, and is a power on the upper West Side.

Harry Thompson, who has been acting on the Bowery for almost half a century, has been known as the Mayor of the Bowery for many years. He is a unique character and attracts Reuben when Reuben comes to town.

Ab Skidmore, the Mayor of Barren Island, is well known. He has often acted as guide to Long Islanders who want to see the sights of a great city. Ab has been a constable, a deputy sheriff, a New York policeman, a fisherman, a clam digger, a boat captain and a saloonkeeper.

So much for the Mayors of the lowly. How about the phantasmagorists? Devery is not the only free-handed rich man among the city's phantasmagorists.

Tom, the Mayor of Barren Island, is well known. He has often acted as guide to Long Islanders who want to see the sights of a great city. Ab has been a constable, a deputy sheriff, a New York policeman, a fisherman, a clam digger, a boat captain and a saloonkeeper.

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THE TRAFFIC IN TITLES.

AN INDUSTRY WELL KNOWN BEFORE THE PRESENT SCANDALS.

Some Cases in Which the Girl's Fortune Did Not Come Up to the Expectation of the Title-Vender—The Society Matchmakers of Paris and London.

The anxiety of foreign noblemen to sell their titles to American girls of wealth is well known to persons who had been in Europe long enough to become acquainted with social conditions there before the recent revelations on the subject. There is nothing surprising to them in the fact that men with very old names have been quite willing to negotiate with marriage brokers. Nor are they able to understand why the American girls should be so anxious to acquire titles.

As a matter of fact, Germans have a high admiration and respect for American women. They have every reason to be surprised at some of the specimens they meet, notably in such a city as Munich which is not far from the Rhine. But the quality of our women are well enough known abroad for Germans to recognize as an exception all of those who are not a credit to their country.

One instance of a German marriage that failed for his heroine a young New York girl of less talent than she was supposed to possess. She went to Stuttgart to study because she had friends there who had made their home in the city. Her devotion to painting was solely due to a desire to cultivate her talent, and she was not dependent on it for her livelihood.

She met a young officer in the army, who seemed to be a very nice character, and the family in which she made her home. He seemed to be very much in love and probably he was in his own way. The girl who had at first taken little interest in him, began to reciprocate his apparent devotion and was in love with him herself before she realized it.

There was no announcement of the fact, although after six months they were engaged. In their talks over money, it was agreed that the wife should pay the sum that the officer could marry. In his case this amounted to \$20,000.

She was an American sweetheart by this time so much in sympathy with the social ideas of her country that she was quite content to do this. She neglected to tell her husband that it would take half her fortune. He learned that after a while, however, and did not fail to express his surprise that the girl who had been so devoted to him should have been so imprudent.

He told her that his dear mother and father, whom she had already met, were also surprised that she had not before told him how much smaller her fortune was than they had believed.

She tried to end the girl was as happy as the Baron to break the engagement. Throughout the time of their relations, after he had learned the amount of her fortune, he had been the victim of a heartless plot to get possession of his title without paying for it.

Several classes of German marriages include the unions of titled officers with the daughters of German-Americans who have made their fortunes here. These marriages are in a majority of cases happy, and they are often accomplished through some other instrumentality than the casual meetings of ordinary social life.

Several women in Paris have made most of the matches between Frenchmen and American women, that have taken place in the past few years. He has never been any intimation that this was done for financial reward. The American end of the match was arranged by an amateur bureau, as looked after by an American woman who has long been a conspicuous member of the American colony in Paris.

It is needless to say that they have lived long enough already to have acquired the European viewpoint in regard to such matters. There attitude was plainly shown several years ago, when a pretty woman in a Western city went to stay in Paris for several months. She lived in good style and made the acquaintance of a number of the best-known members of the American colony in Paris.

She was certain to have a good position and her competitors were most enthusiastic in their approval of the match. But last week, when the field trials were being held, they used to sit in the reading room in the evenings and talk dog. One evening a German entered the hotel having with him two fine jack rabbits which he had shot.

The beagle men looked at the jacks and then the owner of the dog started to say: "Where did you shoot them?" "On der Plains," was the reply. "Where's your dog?" asked the beagle man, who was the dearest companion of the owner of the dog.

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NOMES ONLY DRESS SEIT.

At First Looked Upon With Disfavor, It Came to Be Regarded as a Mascot.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

In those first days of the lurch at Nome acquaintances of a day were reckoned as friends. Men met men on the street, and they were as friendly as ever. They were all there for the same reason, and they were all there for the same reason.

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