

BUSINESS BUILT ON POKER

JACKPOT TO ACES WON THE FINAL NEEDED CAPITAL.

When the Bank Wouldn't Help the Partners Turned to the Bucket Shop Man Who Got One Partner's Money—King Hit Straight the Final Hand.

"I can't exactly realize it, myself," said the gray haired, young looking man in the blue smoking room, "but I suppose it is undeniably true that I was considerably younger some years ago than I am now, and yet as a matter of personal experience I considered myself older twenty-five years ago than I really am today, and on the other hand I feel considerably younger to-day than I really was twenty-five years ago. At all events if I had felt as young at the time I speak of as I do now I might not have had the confidence to sit in at a certain game of draw poker, and on the other hand if I had actually had the experience then that I have acquired since it is altogether likely that the result of the game would have been entirely different.

"I had formed a partnership a year or so before with a man of my own age named Little. He was a big, hearty chap, whose expectations in life were based on the fact that he was the favorite nephew of an exceedingly rich man.

"He and I thought we saw an opening in a certain line of business for an enterprising firm with limited capital and unlimited nerve. The uncle after some persuasion put in the capital, and Little and I supplied the nerve, so we made the start and for a time it looked as if we might make a big success.

"The only money Little had ever had in his life had come to him without effort and it always did him more harm than good, and now with an easy start in a business that was more than fairly lucrative he developed an appetite for sudden riches that seemed likely to ruin us, for every spare dollar he got hold of was promptly invested, as he called it. That is, he was big, hearty, and the purchases of stocks that were always going up but never went until the margin went wiped out, and he spent more time in the bucket shop on the next block than he did in our office.

"As for me, I had always had to hustle for myself and while I had sporting instinct as strong as Little's I knew or thought I knew the value of money too well to risk it in a game I knew nothing about. So though I knew all about his speculations I steadily refused to join in them, and though I was living, as he was, tolerably well up toward the amount of my income I did put away some little extra money, so that I had at the end of the first year about \$1,300 saved.

"Just about that time we needed \$4,000 or \$5,000 cash for a perfectly legitimate purpose, and supposed as a matter of course that we would have no trouble in raising it. I talked it over with Little and he agreed with me that it was really necessary to put the money in.

"But," he said, "I don't know how we can do it without some help from the bank. Our account is low, as you know, and my uncle has taken one of his periodic fits of virtue. Seems he's found out somehow that I've been speculating and swears he won't give me anything more for a year. There's no use trying to move him, and I can't put up a dollar myself just now."

"Well," we tried our bank, but they refused us and Little and I had a heart to heart talk that did neither of us any good. We came near quarrelling for the first time, but as we both thought better of it before it went too far we shook hands after a time and went to our club together for dinner as usual.

"It wasn't a pleasant dinner, though we couldn't blame the club or the cook for that. We had got over our little outburst of temper and were as friendly as ever, but the shadow of our first real business anxiety was upon us, and we talked and thought more about that than was good for our digestion.

"Talk and think as we would and did, however, we could not seem to find any way out of our difficulty until I happened to see Hopkins, who was a member of the same club, come in with a friend and take a table at the other end of the room. While he was ordering their dinner I had an idea.

"Hopkins was the man who ran the bucket shop in which Little had lost his money for a year. I reckon I wouldn't be likely to belong to the same club as him now, but the prejudice against bucket shops was not so strong then and he was a companionable sort of fellow who spent his money freely and was looked upon as a desirable member. He had had a seat in the exchange and when he sold it rather than incur discipline for the infraction of rules it was generally considered that he showed rather a fine spirit of independence.

"When I saw him I said to Little, 'There's the man that's been winning your money for the last year.' He looked up and nodded a little doubtfully. 'I lost it in his place,' he said. 'Whether he won it or not I can't say, but he got a profit out of it, anyhow.'

"Well, it just occurs to me," said I, 'that it's up to us to get it back. I'm not fool enough to think we can do it by playing his game, but I believe you and I both know as much about draw poker as Hopkins does and I believe we can get him to play in a really big game. He has the name of being a sport, and I don't think he'd balk at a no limit game. We can start with a limit, and then if he gets interested propose to take it off. I think his friend is a member of the club, but if he isn't and he wants to sit in we can go to a hotel.'

"Little thought about it for a few moments and then said, 'All right. We'll try it. We won't be much worse off if we lose what we have, but you'll have to stake me if I lose. We might win.'

"We must," I said. 'It's a clear case of woodcock and no hens.'

"Accordingly we sat till Hopkins and his friend, who was as we soon learned a new member, had finished their dinner. They asked them over to join us in a bottle and proposed the game.

"They were both willing to play, and we started a five dollar limit in the card room without delay. I never sat in a game that meant quite so much to me as that did, and the details of it are fresh in my mind to-day. We hadn't been playing long when one of those surprises that sometimes come in draw poker roused me to a high pitch of interest. I had been suspected a crooked deal if Little hadn't dealt, and I knew, as we all did, that he was above suspicion.

"It was a jackpot and Hopkins opened under the guns, having, as we learned afterward, an ace full pat. I sat next, and finding three jacks I trailed, fearing to drive the others out if I should raise to my great joy Hopkins' friend Gray boosted it \$5. Then Little raised Gray and Hopkins with a smile of pure content made it \$5 more.

"I was good to me just then to let the others play my hand, as he had tried to throw down, but hardly strong enough to raise on against such hands as I judged must be out against it. So Little and Gray raised again. Little raised to a white and then three down to a red. He had three little cards but no confidence.

"That brought it back to the opener, and he raised again, convincing me that my only chance of winning lay in the draw, but the odds by this time were big enough to justify me in putting up \$10 more, so I did it, and Gray and Hopkins raised again.

"By this time I had made up my mind to follow that play if it took the last dollar I had, so I kept putting up and they kept raising three or four rounds. Finally Hopkins made up his mind that there

was a strong probability of fours being out and he trailed, leaving it to me to close the pot, which I did with a strong feeling of relief. There was time enough for a play if I should fill and I had put up \$100, so I cared to think about it in case I should not.

"Then Hopkins stood pat of course and I took two cards and Gray one. Of that I didn't deceive us for he wouldn't raise if he thought I did, but my incomplete hand excepting one, but when I saw my fourth jack I knew I had five chances to his three unless he had played for a straight flush and made it. Even considering that chance my jacks were good enough to back.

"Then Hopkins made a good play. He put up a white chip and after I had raised and Gray had raised he laid down, 'I'm beaten,' he said quietly, but of course he kept his hand to show as justification for opening.

"There that Gray and I seemed for a while till finally he called showing me four eights, and of course I took the pot. It was sheer luck, which I knew was liable to turn the other way at any time, but I was so sure of my hand that I did it.

"Gray, however, was greatly dissatisfied. 'That's the worst of a limit game,' he said half angrily. 'If I could have made a respectable bet when I wanted to the pot would have been mine.'

"There was no denying that of course, and as it happened that Little and I had no desire to argue with him and Hopkins was too much of a gambler by nature to object the limit was taken and the suggestion had not come from our side. Things were going our way.

"On the very next deal, however, we had a bad time. Hopkins had a jackpot on the strength of the hands just shown, and when Hopkins dealt I opened it, having a pair of kings. Gray called in Little and Little raised me \$100. At the pot had originally \$20 and I opened for the size of it that made \$150 already in, and I figured that kings were good enough to stay on against one raise. The pot had now become \$200 and so there was \$250 up before the draw, of which Little and I had put in \$150, while the only man strong enough to raise had contributed only \$75. Evidently or only hope was in the cards.

"I took three and let them lie on the table, throwing in a white chip. Little took three and after looking at the cards in Little's hand and Hopkins' hand I opened for the size of it that made \$150 already in, and I figured that kings were good enough to stay on against one raise. The pot had now become \$200 and so there was \$250 up before the draw, of which Little and I had put in \$150, while the only man strong enough to raise had contributed only \$75. Evidently or only hope was in the cards.

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LIFE STRUGGLE IN HIGH SEAS.

Two Survivors Out of Eight in Lake Steamer's Boat—One Tells the Story.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 16.—Chuck Connors, the Detroit sailor saved when the steamer George Stone's lifeboat overturned, arrived home this morning and told the first story of the trip of the boat. Five of the eight men in the lifeboat were passengers. They had rowed for about fifteen minutes and were well away from the wreck when a curling wave upset them.

All but Connors and his friend Hindle, the only two who were saved, wore life preservers and all succeeded in grasping the side of the boat. They righted it, but it was impossible to bail it out.

Peter Dalley was the first to go. Without a word he slipped beneath the surface. A few minutes later his body bobbed up and followed in the boat.

Then William Henry silently slipped away. His body too bobbed along for a while. An hour later Dick Dubois and Lucas, another passenger, were dead.

"Four were left then," said Connors. "Suddenly we were startled by a yell. Mr. Frank had become insane, tearing his hair out in chunks and chewing it. He attempted to grapple with us and we had to fight him off. Then his mouth was stilled. With a shriek he went below."

"Capt. Howell, Hindle and myself were left when the boat touched bottom. The undertow sent us out again and we let go the boat to fight our way to land. Capt. Howell was a little behind.

"I can't make it, Chuck," I heard him say. I looked around and he was gone. Hindle and I fell exhausted on the beach. The life saving station was in front of us, but there was no sign of life about. We crawled on our hands and knees half a mile to Capt. Grubb's home."

EUROPE'S FERRER FEVER.

Barcelona Bomb Injures Ten—Roman Mob Smashes Clubs—Paris Day of Peril.

Special Cable Despatches to This Sun. BARCELONA, Oct. 16.—Ferrer sympathizers exploded a bomb near the cathedral here yesterday. Ten persons were injured, one man receiving such hurts that he died this morning. One suspect has been arrested.

ROME, Oct. 16.—Attempts were made last night to burn three churches in the Trastevere district. The fire brigade was summoned and prevented an outbreak. All the churches in the city are still guarded.

Tuesday's meeting to protest against Ferrer's sentence showed the capabilities of both a modern Roman mob and of the Roman police. After the meeting 200 hooligans went through the Via Brittoni, which, as it is not near the Vatican or the Spanish Embassies, was left unguarded. The hooligans broke every shop window and every lamp on this street and also on the Via Duemacelli, using stones and revolvers.

The mob eventually tried to get to the Spanish Embassy, where soldiers were eight deep across the street. Their officers, having strict orders not to move their men on any account, did not make a single arrest.

The reports that were circulated last night to the effect that a mob had wrecked and set fire to the cathedral at Pisa were greatly exaggerated. The cathedral did not suffer serious damage. Only one door was burned and an arch destroyed. The fire was easily extinguished.

PARIS, Oct. 16.—Simon, the policeman who was injured in the rioting on Wednesday, will receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Several Ferrer demonstrations have been organized for to-morrow. Jaurès and Hervé have issued special editions of their newspapers inviting all members of labor syndicates to attend and to attend, but counselling that the demonstrations be as orderly as those made in London.

Special precautions have been taken by the police to guard against disorders. The manifestants will be allowed to march in procession provided no seditious cries are uttered. The Paris garrison has been placed under the orders of Prefect of Police Lepine.

DIED AFTER PRISON BEATING.

North Carolina Struck by Another Homicide in a Jail of That State.

RALPHIGH, N. C., Oct. 16.—The killing of convicts by State guards has become frequent this year and a storm of indignation is sweeping over the State. The public was aroused again to-day over the news that at the State penitentiary at Raleigh an autopsy was being held by order of the Governor of the State on the body of George Murphy, a short-term convict from Rowan county who had just been killed by a guard named Dupree.

Murphy, who was serving a term of only one year for a minor offense, died almost immediately after being assaulted by the guard in the hospital part of the prison, where Murphy was confined by illness. He got hold of some liquor and became partly drunk.

The guard with three assistants went to take the sick man to a dark cell for punishment. Although Murphy was so ill that he could not walk without crutches because he resisted the guard struck him several blows and he died within ten minutes. His term would have ended in less than one month.

GLOUCESTER HITS A TUG.

The O'Brien Brothers on the Bottom Off East 140th Street.

The gunboat Gloucester, belonging to the Second Battalion, Naval Militia, coming back last evening from the Sound ran into the tugboat O'Brien Brothers just south of North Brother Island. The tugboat was badly damaged and the Gloucester took off her captain and crew. The Health Department boat Dutchesa put the crew ashore. Another tugboat took the O'Brien Brothers on the way off 140th street, where she settled. The Gloucester was uninjured.

Policeman Stops a Bridge Suicide.

Angela Di Carlo, of 310 East Fifty-sixth street, attempted to jump off the Queensboro Bridge at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Policeman Daniel Donagan, who saw her start for the railing, was just in time to seize her and prevent her from going over.

The young woman came here from Italy two years ago. Her sweetheart, Silvio Rambol of Twelfth street and Second avenue, had sent her for, but she says he recently refused to marry her.

Registration in Albany, 25,445.

ALBANY, Oct. 16.—There is a municipal campaign on in Albany. The total registration is 25,445, a decrease of 29, compared with the last registration for a municipal election.

Chamber of Horrors for Brooklyn.

The committee of 100 will open a branch of its "Chamber of Horrors" show at 180 Montague street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday. Brooklyn conditions, and especially the crossing of the bridge by the Tammany Society, will be depended on for producing shudders.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

Benjamin Adams, for the last five years assistant to the chief of the circulation department of the New York Public Library, was elected by the board of trustees at a meeting held Wednesday to be chief of the circulation department, succeeding Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, who resigned on October 1 to become the librarian of the St. Louis Public Library.

WRIGHT FLIES THREE TIMES

DECLINES TO RACE WITH A B. & O. FAST TRAIN.

Railroad Engineer Extends the Invitation, but Wilbur Doesn't Respond—Army Officer Up With Him—Falls to Go Up Without a Starting Derriek.

COLLEGE PARK, Md., Oct. 16.—Wilbur Wright, who at Pau, or Paris, or at some other French village smiled and said nothing when Alfonso, King of Spain, suggested that his equerry might go up respectfully declined an invitation extended him by one of the leading engineers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which runs close by this Maryland hamlet. The invitation from the leading engineer was to a race between one of the railroad's limited trains, which don't take any more notice of College Park than does a politician of a voter after an election, and the \$30,000 biplane which Prof. Wilbur thinks can do fifty miles an hour—some hours.

All that happened just as the sun went down. Mr. Wright had made two flights early in the morning, taking a slice of 27 minutes long from the 24 hours. He began slicing at 6:30, taking Lieut. Frederick Humphreys of the Army Engineer Corps with him during the first operation. He was up more than 13 minutes. The second flight, begun at 7:10, lasted just about the same length of time. An attempt at a third flight resulted in a slight accident to one of the braces which connect the rudder planes with the main body of the machine.

At 5:1 o'clock Mr. Wright tried to go up for the first time since he transposed one of the elevating planes without using the weights and the starting derriek. He did go up, but skidded along the field for 100 feet.

At 5:40:30 he launched the good biplane once more. It was just as the sun went down. All nature, except the boys from the Maryland Agricultural College on the hill, was hushed. The sun tinged the fleeing clouds with rosy red. Wright went sailing up into that picture. He circled once about the field. He circled again. Far down the shining stretch or stretches of steel, for the Baltimore and Ohio has two tracks, sounded the toot of a coming flyer. The engine with eight heavy cars behind came into view making its fifty miles an hour. The leading engineer sent his salutation bellowing across the stubble to Wright.

Just about that time the biplane made a turn. Instead of continuing west by the side of the railroad tracks it turned south. Then, apparently under the guidance of the aviator, it made a remarkably short circle and resumed its course. Possibly Mr. Wright wanted to show what he could do in circling, possibly he liked the sunset which was just occurring, possibly the flyer was catching the biplane, as some of the aeronautic critics averred.

Mr. Wright flew for four and a half minutes and then retired until Monday morning at 6 o'clock, when he probably will begin work.

Bank Robbers in Kansas and Minnesota.

SCOTTSDALE, Kan., Oct. 16.—Robbers here early to-day dynamited the State Bank and escaped with \$2,900. Posses with bloodhounds took up the pursuit in motor cars.

AVON, Minn., Oct. 16.—Three robbers blew open the safe of the Bank of Avon early to-day and escaped with \$1,700.

Nashville Bank Closes for Liquidation.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 16.—The City Bank and Trust Company of this city closed its doors this morning for the purpose of liquidation. The bank's deposits at the time of the last report were \$420,000. The capital is \$100,000.

HARMON CAMPAIGN BEGINS.

Governor of Ohio Speaks in Texas on His Hunt for Presidential Honors.

DALLAS, Tex., Oct. 16.—Gov. Harmon of Ohio, accompanied by his wife, reached Dallas at 7:30 o'clock this morning and a splendid reception was given him. Large numbers of Democratic leaders and laymen from all over the State were present.

Gov. Harmon delivered an address this afternoon on Democratic day at the Texas State Fair in the presence of many thousands of Texans, which is regarded as the opening gun in his campaign for the Presidential nomination in 1912. He said in part:

For many years the organization of the Republican party, and through it the national Government, have been controlled by interests which thrive by the artful use of the taxing power as a means of private gain. They would not have dared to attempt this through direct taxes, but the established policy of raising revenues chiefly by taxes on imports gave the chance and furnished the disguise for accomplishing their design by making these higher than was needful for purposes of revenue.

The people grew restless as the cost of everything they had to buy kept rapidly increasing, but they were coolly told they ought to be contented if they were out of debt and had enough to eat. Meanwhile the trusts waxed and multiplied and the favored classes grew so enormously rich that President Roosevelt and many others became alarmed and set about devising measures of safety.

The plan was carried out. It succeeded. The President called Congress in special session to redeem the promise.

But what was the promise? Senator Aldrich said it was not to lower the tariff charges but to look them over carefully with a view to raise them when found too low, and he would, as always, serve the people. His allies agreed with him, and they proved to be a majority.

The Democracy has stood from the beginning against granting by law any special