

HOW FARO NEIL DEALT BANK:

As Recalled by the Old Cattleman and Recorded by ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"Fishes," remarked the old cattleman. "Fishes," says you? Neither you nor any other gent is competent to state whether in the future he amasses wealth or not. The question is plumb beyond the throw of his rope."

My friend's tone breathed a note of strong contradiction, while his glance was the sapient glaucous of much experience. I had said that I carried no hope of becoming rich; that the members of my tribe were born with their hands open and had such hold of money as a riddle has of water. It was this which moved him to expostulatory denial.

"Which this yer matter of wealth, that a-way," he continued, "is a mighty slight a question of luck. Sure, a gent has to have capacity to grab a chance an' savvy sufficient to get his chips down right. But this yer chance, an' whether it offers itself to any specific sport, is frequent accident; an' its coming or failure to come depends on conditions over which the party about to be worked ain't got no control. That's straight, son. You-all backrack any big fortune to its beginning, an' some'er along the trail or at the farthest end, you'll come up on the fact that it took a accident or two, what we-all darkened mortals calls 'luck,' to make good the play. It's like gaitin' shot, gettin' rich; all you has to do is to be present a whole lot at the time an' the bullets does the rest."

"You distrusts these doctrines. You shorn won't if you sets down hard an' thinks. Suppose twenty cents has made a success an' is huntin' a bar. Only one is goin' to down him. An' in his clumsy blunderin', the bar is goin' to select that executioner himself. That's a fact; the party who downs that bar, final, ain't goin' to pick the bar out. An' it's the same about wealth; one gent gets the bar an' the other nineteen-an' they're jest as cunning an' industrious as the lucky party-don't get nothing-don't even get a shot. I repeats, therefore, that you-all settin' yere this evenin', first, off aimless observations, don't know whether you'll quit rich or not."

At the close of his dissertation, my talkative companion puffed a dense cloud which seemed to hang above his venerable head in a fashion of heavy blue approval. I paused a respectful moment and as one impressed by the uttered wisdom of the old gentleman. Then I took another tack.

"Speaking of wealth," I said, "tell me concerning the largest money you ever knew to be won or lost at faro-tell me a gambling story."

"Tell you-all a gambler tale," he repeated, and then mused as if lost in retrospection. "If I hesitate it's because of a multitude of incidents from which to draw. I've beheld some mighty curious doings at the gambler tables. Once I know a party who sinks his hopeless head on the layout an' dies as he loses his last chip. This don't happen in Wolfville none. No, I don't say folks ain't cashed in at farobank in that excellent hamlet an' gone singin' to their home above, but it ain't their disease, that a-way. Usual it's guns; the same being invoked by such inadvertencies as pickin' up some other gent's bet."

"Tell you-all a story about gambler; Now I reckons the time Faro Neil rescues Cherokee Hall from ruin is when I see the most dinero changed in at one play. You-all can gamble that a thrillin' episode, when Faro Neil steps in between Cherokee an' the destroyer. It's the gossip of the camp for days, an' when Wolfville discusses anything for two days, that outfit's plumb moved."

"This yer gent who crowds Cherokee to the wall performs the feat deliberate. He organizes a sort of campaign agin' Cherokee; what you-all might term a fiscal duel. An' at the finish he has Cherokee corraled for his last peso. It's at that pint' Neil cuts in on the play an' redeems the situation a heap. It's all on the square; this invader's sport simply outlooks the bank. That an' the egregious limit Cherokee gives him is what does the trick."

"On this yer occasion, that's likewise



"You-all seems plenty aillin', pard," says Collins.

present in Wolfville-he's been infestin' round some three days-a onsettin' an' migratory miscreant who's called Ugly Collins. He's in a heap of ill repute in the territories, this Ugly Collins is; an' only he contrabutes the information when he arrives in camp that his visit is to be a heap terror. Enright would have stamned up Jack Moore to get his guns an' signed upon him a whole lot.

"At the time I'm talkin' of, as that's no one who's that abandoned as to go writin' letters to Ugly Collins, it befalls he's plenty fooliose. This lecture on the part of Ugly Collins turns out some disastrous for that felon. Not havin' no missives to read, Ugly Collins, who's a tyrrannin' covorly form of outcast, sizes him up as a easy prey. He figgers he'll have a heap of evil fun with him, Ugly Collins does. Tharupon he approaches the consumptive stranger an' observes:

of your victims before embarkin' on them skip-pollit'n enterprises of this sort. If you go agin' me, Doc Halliday; as hard a game probably as turks anywhere between the Slope an' the Big Muddy."

"Does the Stranger do anything to this Holiday? Why, no, not much; all that does is to present him with a Colt's-44 along with the compliments of the camp."

"It's after supper when this Holiday encounters Cherokee; the two has a conference. This Holiday lays bar' his purpose. "Which I'm yere," says this Holiday, "not only for your money, but I want the camp." Then he goes forward and proposes that they plays till one is broke; an' if it's Cherokee who goes down, that he vamoes the outfit, while Holiday succeeds in his game. If the winner is to strike his defeated adversary to one thousand dollars wherewith to begin life anew," concludes this Holiday.

"Which what you states seems like mighty agreeable offers," says Cherokee, an' he smiles plenty clever an' gentlemanly. "How strong be you-all, may I ask?" "Thirty thousand dollars in thirty bills," replies the stranger; "but now may I inquire how strong you be? I also likes to know how long a trail I've got to travel."

"My roll is about forty thousand big," says Cherokee. Then he goes on: "It's all right; I'll open a game for you about second drink time, sharp."

"That's comfortin' to hear," retorts this Holiday. The chances-what with splits an' what with them ten thousand you-all takes over the game, you-all got to be a winner. If I lose, I goes back with a even thousand; if I win, you-all hits the trail while I'm owner of your roll an' bank. Does that understandin' go?"

"It goes," says Cherokee. Then he turns off for a brief powwow with Faro Neil. "But there's one thing you-all forgets," Cherokee, says Neil. "If he breaks you he's got to get an' break me. I've a roll of three thousand; he's got to get it all before the play is closed. Tell this yer Holiday party that."

"Cherokee argues agin' this; but Neil stamps 'round an' starts to weep some, an' at that, like every other true gent, he gives in plenty abject.

"That's a bet I overlooks," observes Cherokee when he resumes his talk with this Holiday; it's my partner. It's only a little matter of, say, three thousand, but the way the scheme frames itself up, after I'm down an' out, you'll have to break my partner before Wolfville's all your own."

"That's eminent satisfactory," returns this Holiday. "An' I freely adds that your partner is dead game sport to take so brief a bundle an' see all the way agin' after more'n twenty times as much. Your partner's a shore enough optimist that a-way."

"Cherokee don't make no retort. This Holiday ain't posted none that the partner Cherokee's mentionin' is Faro Neil, an' Cherokee aint he won't embosom himself on that pint' unless his hand is forced.

"When the time arrives to open the game the hole of Wolfville's public is gathered at the Red Light. The word goes 'round an' to this enterprisin' Holiday bet' out for Cherokee's entire game; an' the prospect of seein' a limit higher than a cat's back, an' a dozel to the death, proves mighty popular. The play opens to a full house, shor."

"What limit do you give me," says this Holiday, with a sort of cough, at the same time settin' in opposite to Cherokee. "Be lib'ral; I ain't more'n a year to live, an' I've got to play 'em hard an' play 'em high in order to get average action. If I'm in robust health now, with a long, useful life before me, the usual figgers would do. Consider my present health, however, I shore hopes you'll say something like the even thousand."

"Which I'll do better than that," returns Cherokee as he snaps the deck in the box. "I'll let you fix the limit to suit yourself. Make it the collin' if the spirit moves you."

"That's a gen'roun'," says Holiday. "An' to mark my appreciation thereof, I'll jest natcherally take every risk of splits, an' I'll put ten thousand in the 'Pot,' coppered ten thousand in the 'Big Squar,' an' ten thousand coppered on the high kyard."

"Son, we-all sports standin' lookin' on draws a deep breath. Thirty thousand, in three ten thousand dollar bets, an' all on the high kyard, is a grand feat. The sportsman's business life wherfrom folks can on-blishin'ly date time! That it lays, however, an' the two sharps most moved tharby to Cherokee an' that Holiday themself.

as the papers is showed forth, how do you-all reckon you'll fall? I'm a Mexican; if they don't come agin' me, this Holiday wins all along, Cherokee is out thirty thousand, and only three kyards showed How's that for perlishin' flesh an' blood?"

"I looks at Cherokee, his face is as calm as a Junco; he's too finely thered a sport to so much as let a eyelash quiver. This Holiday is equally unemotional. Cherokee shows over three yellow chips.

"Call 'em ten thousand each," says Cherokee. Then he waits for this Holiday to place his next bet.

"Sixty thousand," that sum left in your treasury, observes this Holiday, pullin' his weywar. "I reckons I'll let one of these yer yellow tokens go, coppered, on the high kyard agin'. You-all dunties or breaks right you?"

"The turn falls tres-right, Cherokee takes in that ten thousand dollar yellow chip.

"Bend that I'm still playin' on velvet," remarks this Holiday, an' his tones is steller an' languid, like he's only half interested. "I'll go twenty thousand on the high kyard, open. This trip we omits the copper."

"The first kyard to show is a deuce. It's better than ten to one Cherokee will win. That disappointin' chokes the camp; the next kyard is a ace, an' Cherokee's swapp plumb off his moccasins. The bank is broke; an' to signify as much, Cherokee turns his box on its side, counts over forty thousand dollars an' this Holiday an' gets up from the dealer's chair."

"As Cherokee rises, Faro Neil aides off the lookout's stool an' into the vacated chair. When Cherokee loses the last bet, I hears Neo's teeth come together with a click. I don't dare look towards her at the time; but now, when she turns the box back, takes out the deck, rifles an' returns to its place, I gives her a glance. Neo's as game as Cherokee. As she sits opposite this lucky invalid Holiday, her color is high an' her eyes like two evenin' stars."

"An' now you've got to break me," says Neo to this Holiday. "Also, we restores the statu quo, as Colonel Sterett says in that Coyote paper, an' the limit retreats to a hundred dollars for the limit."

"Be you-all the partner Mister Hall mentions," asks this Holiday, at the same time takin' off his sombrero an' throwin' away his weywar.

"Neil says she is."

"Miss," says this Holiday, "I feels honored to find myself across the layout from so much spirit an' beauty. A limit of one hundred, says you; an' your word is law! As a first step, then, give me three thousand dollars' worth of chips, an' make 'em fifty dollars each. I'll take the same chance with you on that question of splits I doed former, an' I wants a hundred on every kyard, middle to win agin' the ends."

"The deal begins. Neil is winner from the jump; she takes in three sets to lose one, plumb down to the turn. This Holiday calls the turn; Jack-all for the limit, an' losses.

"The kyards go into the box agin' an' a next deal ensues. So it continues; an' Neil beats Holiday hard for half an hour. Neil sees she's in luck, an' she feels that strong she concludes to crowd it some.

"The limit's five hundred," says Neo to this Holiday. "Come after me!" "Holiday bows like he's complimented. "I'm after you, an' I comes a-runnin'," he says.

NONSENSE RHYMES BY RYAN WALKER



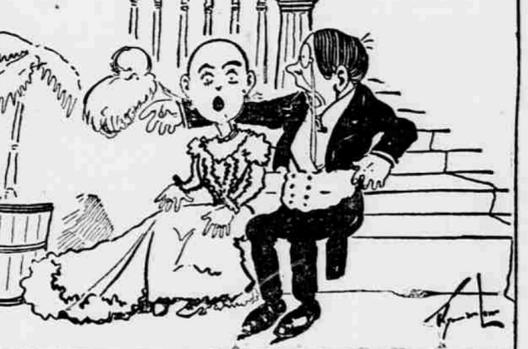
There was a young green-horn from Goshen Who attempted to sail 'er the ocean. He was in an airship. And when it did tip The young man was drowned, I've a notion.



There was a young man, so to speak, Who had an abundance of cheek; He kissed a man's daughter, When he hadn't oughter, And he hasn't aught for a week.



There was a young man from Peru, Whose bills were fast coming due; When asked if he'd pay, He replied: "In day, I'll give you my I. O. U."



There was a young lady named Claire, Who loved much to spon on the stair, But her heart it did grieve, When his naughty cot' movee Knocked off all her lovely blond hair.

DISCOVERY OF OIL HAS MADE BEAUMONT A MINIATURE METROPOLIS

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

If you would dispel an illusion, take a trip to Beaumont, the thriving Texas town that has acquired fame and added immensely to its fortune by the discovery of oil some fifteen months ago.

Doubtless, like many thousands who have made the journey, you would go expecting to find that seemingly inevitable product of sudden wealth or of the means to quickly acquire it—a mushroom city. You have pictured to yourself a miniature metropolis, if it may be so termed, that would rise in with the first drop of oil and that would as rapidly disappear the moment those wonderful fountains cease to spout, for it is assumed that you are not a believer in the permanency of the Beaumont field.

A circus city in all its wild, uncouth activity you have found Beaumont to be from the enchanting distance.

But with your foot on the ground and your eye over it, your impression is different, and your views surprisingly distinct. You look in vain for those long rows of canvas booths that your mind had been lining the main street, or perhaps forming a commercial lattice-work in a limited area, where the entire trading population gathered to do business. You strain your eyes in vain looking for those brokers, rushing madly up and down the street, beating the oil stocks up and down too. You look everywhere for the old kinks, as they are known down that way, with their diamond headlights and their peacoat-dabbling attire. You expect to run across the spectacular and gay play of the frontier town, and to see saloons in the main street, close together than derricks on Spindletop. Certainly you ought to find the people lurching on ope in the open, eating quick lunches off moving restaurants and selling land and stocks between courses.

Oil Discovery Awakened Old Town to New Life.

None of this, though, will you encounter in the Beaumont of your own seeing, whereas you may be pleased or disappointed, for the crude city, even as the finished metropolis, has its attractions.

True, there is the excitement naturally attendant upon the finding of a fluid that

finds a ready market throughout the world, and the consequent commercial effervescence is much akin to a boom, but there is a solid foundation beneath it all. Unscrupulous men and their nefarious methods you will meet in any community that suddenly reveals vast legitimate opportunities to amass fortunes, and in this respect Beaumont is no exception to the rule.

There's oil talk on all sides, men are there from all parts of the world—women are there, also—with schemes, good and bad, to make money. The saloons do a bigger business than ever, and there are more of them than ever before had. Promoters have companies to form, land deals to negotiate and stocks to sell. Gamblers have alluring games to divorce the unwary from surplus wealth, and business generally is satisfactorily aggressive.

Gradually, however, matters are settling down to a firm, steady basis; the faker is disappearing, the broker without a meritorious stock is dropping off, and the mere fact that you have a gusher is no guarantee that you can find a public. The "boom" days are over; the mushroom has ceased to grow.

Beaumont is not altogether the creature of the oil gusher, though the latter has awakened the old town to new life, made it rich and attracted to the four quarters of the earth. The city prospered long before oil was discovered, and it should continue to prosper if the flow stopped to-morrow. The town has never been so busy as it is now, and the population is increasing at a rapid rate. There are a "downtown" to Beaumont, and there's a public square. The town is scattered over an area of several miles in each direction, rich and poorer, and there are many persons who go there are prepared for a compact, crowded little village, with one street for business and the outskirts for cheap dwellings.

Not so, for downtown you will find some very handsome business houses, with many more in course of erection. It is in this part of the city that the evidences of newly acquired wealth are strongest. Most of the buildings being done by nonresidents, who have made "strikes" in oil or out of land

that has increased in value since oil was discovered.

There have confidence in their home town and are putting their money in permanent, substantial improvements. The frame structures are rapidly giving way to the modern brick, iron and steel building for mercantile purposes, and quite a few indications of development in this line now grace the streets of Beaumont.

Half a dozen business thoroughfares in the city are crowded all day and for a greater part of the evening, but everything withal is orderly. Scarcely a crime committed, and the boisterous drunkard is noticeably lacking. Everybody appears to be busy. Around the Crosby Hotel, which is the principal resort of its kind downtown, the crowd never diminishes. A dozen brokers have offices in the lobby and in rooms leading off it; the telegraph ticker is heard three days and night, and several young lady stenographers toil away for their clients, at a price per page that no typewriter in a large city can earn.

Across the way, the Southern Pacific Railway and its connecting lines land thousands of passengers daily at their station, and just as many seem to depart. The traffic is immense, and the freight business more than can be handled. The Santa Fe and the Kansas City Southern roads have stations in Beaumont also, far removed from the center of the city, but close enough to share in the big business emanating from there. Two other roads, it is said—the Rock Island and the International and Great Northern—will build into Beaumont, and then it is proposed to erect a union station.

Complaint is made that Beaumont is unhealthful. Several hundred thousand dollars are now being expended in building sewers, streets are being paved with asphalt and other durable material, and as clean and healthy as could be reasonably expected. Ralls are down for an electric street car line, and with transportation facilities, the residence sections are certain to develop. You have your electric lights, natural gas is now being produced from Spindletop, and efforts are making to get artesian water. That's one thing about the town that is conceded to be better than the water. It is drawn from cisterns, and

with no sewerage system, it can well be imagined how dangerous such water would be for drinking purposes. In the hotels the water is distilled, but even at that it is not largely consumed. Mineral waters, whisky straight and good milk, which can be obtained, are used instead. Beer finds a ready sale, but the micro-dosed persons remark that it's not the best beverage in that climate.

The finest residence street in the city is Calder avenue, which is lined with as pretty homes as you will find in the South. All are frame, of course, but there's plenty of ground around them; the lawns are well kept, and the houses are always freshly painted. For the suburb from the oil discovery, about a mile out on this beautiful street is located the Oaks Hotel, a three-story frame structure, containing about seventy-five rooms, located on high ground, overlooking a grove of oaks. It derives its name. A more ideal site for a family hotel could be found nowhere.

The warm season lasts about five months, from June to October. Even during that time it is quite cool, and the weather of the year living in Beaumont, but at that time it is claimed that Beaumont is an ideal place to live in or the climate the best on earth.

The mosquito is no slight annoyance down there in the warm weather. Especially is the pesky insect troublesome at Port Arthur, the beautiful winter resort on Lake Sabine, eighteen miles out of Beaumont, and about twenty miles from the sea. They say you get used to it after a while, but a period of probation is a rather painful purgatory. The mosquito travels in large company; he grows to great dimensions; he never loses his activity while the sun shines, and at night, if you happen to have a light in your room, he'll stay awake just to tease you. He's very fond of the water and of everybody and everything near it. He gets into your Pullman sleeper coming in and going out of the town and he stays with you until you have traveled across the State of Texas, through Louisiana, into Arkansas. If the weather is propitious, he'll travel into Mississippi, Missouri, if our sun shines with its usual vigor.

All in all, the mosquito is an important summer factor in Texas, but if you choose

your room, keep your sleeping room dark at night and otherwise exercise a desire to become acclimated, it has been calculated that you can survive the business.

The Spindletop oil field, an area of some four or five hundred acres, is about three or four miles south of Beaumont, within walking distance of the water. It is good and you are fond of exercise. Most of the visitors drive over, paying two or three dollars for the trip, which is regarded as the oldest oil concern in the world, at Port Arthur. Several million dollars have already been invested in this enterprise, and the work is only started.

Oil Is Being Marketed at Port Arthur.

On a fine day it is an excellent road from Beaumont to Spindletop—the hill is an elevation, rather than a low as we usually conceive it. It is a high plain, to which the road leads in gradual, easy ascents. You can get there in from half an hour to forty minutes, and stay there forever if you have the time for you certainly will be interested.

You'll hear about the gushers of the hill; of the gigantic tanks that have been constructed to store the oil; of the huge earthen reservoirs, each of a capacity equaling about one-third that of the Compton Hill reservoir in St. Louis, for instance. You have read about the refinery built by the J. M. Guffey Petroleum Company, one of the oldest oil concerns in the world, at Port Arthur. Several million dollars have already been invested in this enterprise, and the work is only started.

Beaumont, also, has started a movement for deep water and her citizens are confident that the Government will see the importance of establishing there a shipping point that will afford facilities for the cheap transportation of the products of that section.

The Beaumont business man is enterprising, but not reckless. The banker is pushing his business, but he doesn't overlook any details at that.

Here's an instance of quick business. A "check" in the afternoon the Beaumont First National, American National and Citizens, the latter organized less than a year ago, with \$100,000 capital and now carrying deposits of \$1,000,000—are doing business, and the Gulf National, has just obtained a charter.

"How much do you want for the place?" they asked the proprietor, who wasn't satisfied with the hotel because it netted him only \$2,500 a month.

"I want \$5,000," was the response. "All right," said the proprietor, and that night they slept in their own hotel. The formal transfer was made the next day and everybody was satisfied with the bargain.

The banks don't lend money on oil stock in Beaumont, not because much of it is not readily marketable, but because the oil and the precedent would be worse. You've got to have gilt-edged security to make a loan, but because a great deal of it is held in large quantities by the wise operators, who confidently look for a healthy advance. At Port Arthur much of it is held in large quantities by the wise operators, who confidently look for a healthy advance. At Port Arthur much of it is held in large quantities by the wise operators, who confidently look for a healthy advance.

for deep water and her citizens are confident that the Government will see the importance of establishing there a shipping point that will afford facilities for the cheap transportation of the products of that section.

The Beaumont business man is enterprising, but not reckless. The banker is pushing his business, but he doesn't overlook any details at that.

Here's an instance of quick business. A "check" in the afternoon the Beaumont First National, American National and Citizens, the latter organized less than a year ago, with \$100,000 capital and now carrying deposits of \$1,000,000—are doing business, and the Gulf National, has just obtained a charter.

"How much do you want for the place?" they asked the proprietor, who wasn't satisfied with the hotel because it netted him only \$2,500 a month.

"I want \$5,000," was the response. "All right," said the proprietor, and that night they slept in their own hotel. The formal transfer was made the next day and everybody was satisfied with the bargain.

tained prices for property tributary to Spindletop Hill, building actively on all sides, and transportation plans under way, projects for the utilization of the by-products of oil, including an immense asphalt plant—all these and hundreds of others are the convincing facts that will impress you.

D. J. M.