



"INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. NEUTRAL IN NONE."

VOL. I.

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NO. 13

THE MAYOR'S PETS

Open a New Gambling Hell on City School Property.

The Eagle's Espionage Corps Submits a Voluminous Report.

Showing the Prevalence of Gambling Under Mayor Cregier.

Graphic Description of Awful Scenes at Hankins' Dinner-Pail Game.

A Place Which Carter H. Harrison Closed Tighter Than a Clam.

Under Harrison Hankins was Twice Indicted and Convicted.

Under Cregier He is Coining Money and Bossing Political Conventions.

Every Brick in Hankins' Magnificent Michigan Avenue Residence

Purchased with Criminal Money, Earned by the Violation of Laws.

Mr. Inspector Ebersold Takes a Splendid Photograph.

But as a Suppressor of Gambling He is an Absolute and Dismal Failure.

The First Methodist Block as a Headquarters for a Portion of the Trust.

Facts for Decent People to Read, Remember, and Store Away to Use Against D. G. Cregier.

"There is no gambling allowed." Mayor Cregier to an Eagle reporter, Dec. 12.

"The Mayor's order have been carried out, and there is no public gambling going on in Chicago that has come under our observation." Inspector Ebersold to an Eagle reporter, Dec. 12.

Mayor Cregier and Inspector Ebersold affect to know so little about gambling that THE EAGLE has been at no little pains to furnish them some information upon this important subject. They will find every line of the information reliable, and should this not be sufficient to cause them to move in the matter, much more may be said upon the subject.

might be kept down he instructed his Inspector of Police, Mr. Ebersold, to arrest every gambler that was operating on the good people of Chicago. It seems, however, that Mr. Ebersold, the boss of the gambling business, has not got the right kind of men attending to the gambling work, for they have very poor success in finding the places where this peculiar kind of business is carried on. If Mr. Ebersold will get some new men and give them each a copy of the EAGLE, with proper instructions, he will soon have his station-houses filled with "sports," chips, and gambling paraphernalia. If he does not do something Mayor Cregier had better put some one in charge of the matter who can and will attend to it, for the Mayor knows full well that the people who hired him to be Mayor did so with the express understanding that he should enforce the law against all sorts of rascality. It is not for him to say, as he well knows, whether gambling shall be tolerated or not.

The people, the sovereign people, have already said that it is unlawful to gamble; and these same people, whom Mayor Cregier is hired to serve, expect him to see that their expressed wishes are carried out. Of course the Mayor, always a busy man, can not go around to all these gambling houses and make them close, but the people have provided for that, and they allow him to appoint a man and instruct him to see that their laws are not viciously trampled under foot. If the Mayor does not get a man to attend to this matter people will begin to think that he is quite willing to sacrifice the law to his own personal wishes.

There are some laws that are to be looked at by a good Mayor with a generous eye, but the gambling law is not one of them. A very few people derive some benefit from gambling, but a whole lot of men, women, and children are made to suffer for it. Who are the people that contribute one thousand dollars a day to the Hankins house? They are hard-working men, who would be good citizens if they could use the fruits of their labor for the benefit of themselves, their wives, and their children. That they ought to know better is not sufficient apology for the existence of such places, and the apology does not keep them out of jail, nor their poor innocent families out of the poor house.

There are evils against which strong laws are made, that the innocent shall not be made to suffer. One of these evils is gambling. No good comes of it to the community at large, while the vice entails much suffering, and tends to a general increase of crime. There are no two sides to this question, and there is no reason why the sworn officers of the law should wink at the crime. Public, "wide-open gambling" can be stopped, and it is not only the moral duty of the Mayor to see that it is stopped, but it is his sworn obligation to do so.

That there will be a little sly gambling going on, under the most rigid enforcement of the law, is probably true. But what is a little gambling by the few to the present wholesale system of gambling by the many? People will steal, but that should not cause the authorities to countenance stealing. Ever since Cain slew Abel people have been committing murder, but because it cannot be wholly stamped out is no reason why it should be permitted.

If the people want public gambling let them say so, and then let their duly elected representative see that gamblers are protected; but when the people have said they do not want it and will not have it, their Mayor has no alternative but to make an honest effort to suppress it. Whenever he finds that he is not equal to the task he should give up his job.

WHO WOULDN'T OWN A GAMBLING HOUSE?

A Few Points Which Show Why the Players Are Kept Poor.

A great many people who are earnest in their denunciation of gambling get the idea that in all games the professional gambler is a cheater. This is wrong. The gambling houses that are well patronized have no need to cheat, for the percentages in their favor are so strong that it is only a question of time when they will get all the money being played for.

Take, for example, the game of roulette. There are thirty-six numbers, a single 0, and a double 0 on the table. The man who guesses the number in



MICHIGAN BOULEVARD HANKINS. Having swallowed "Old Whiskers," he now rules the roost.—A chromo for Captain Marsh, with The Eagle's compliments.

the box when the ball stops, gets thirty-five for one. The house, it will be seen at once, has two in thirty-seven, the advantage. When several people are playing at a table guesses will be made on all the numbers. After paying the losing number the house has the profit of two bets. Or, in other words, if a man guesses thirty-seven times he will be out two bets. A great many men play the red or black. The percentage against them in this is two in thirty-eight, for thirty-six numbers are either red or black, and the single and double 0 are green. Let a man bet one dollar at a time thirty-eight times, and with even luck he loses two dollars—one dollar in nineteen, or over five per cent. against him. A man betting the moderate sum of one dollar at each turn of the ball makes upwards of one hundred bets in an hour, for which privilege he pays something over \$5. If he loses \$20 in an evening of less than four hours' play, he has no need to curse his luck, for he has been quite as lucky as the house, and has only given the game its percentage.

This is the very best a person can expect when playing against a game where he has nothing but the percentage to try to beat, but when he tackles a cheater he will have less sport for his money.

Hazard, or chuck-a-luck, is about the same as roulette, for the player. He bets that three dice shaken out of a box will show under ten or over eleven. It must come high or low, but the house calls any set of threes a "grand raffle," and they pay neither the high nor the low on the raffles. This is a big percentage every player bets against who tackles the game. It is the best he can get, but it is by no means the worst. Experts can toss the dice into the box so dexterously that the chances of high or low are largely under their control. Then again, "loaded" dice are used, so that a man betting continuously on one side, and playing a system of progression, will be amazed to see, the other side continue to win until his last chip is gone. In that kind of a game it is just a question with the man who handles the dice, how long he will let the victim play with his money.

Faro is regarded by a great many as a game in which the percentage against the player is very small. There is, however, such a strong percentage that a man must be exceeding lucky to beat it. The "splits" in the game amount to something less than two in each deal. That means the house will take half of the money that happens to be on a card that splits. There may be one dollar or there may be one hundred dollars on the card. This goes on constantly, and by the time the day's work is ended the profit from this percentage will have reached a snug little sum. Then there is the odds against a man with small capital outgunning the bank with a large amount of money to risk. The player with a few dollars must make small bets. If he wins, it is only a small amount; but as his winnings increase he enlarges his bets, and when it comes his turn, according to the odds of chance, to lose, he loses as much, probably, in ten bets as he won in twenty. If the player tries to beat a horse game, or a special shuffle, he will find his money going into the dealer's drawer at an astonishing rate.

At stud poker, the house takes no further interest in the play than to deal the cards and rake off a good lot of chips out of each pot. The players try to beat each other, but when the day's play is over the biggest share of the money which has come to the board to be played for has found its way into the dealer's drawer. A good stud-poker game will rake off two hundred dollars per day. About ten men play at a time, and if two sets of ten men sit at one table for a day, with twenty dollars each in front of them, and their luck is equal, they will each lose ten dollars, which will be the price the house has charged them for playing. Every stud-poker player pays this rate for the privilege of playing, and he must win ten dollars before he is even. No one can play the game well enough to pay this price for playing. A man may, by a streak of good luck, and by reason of the very bad luck of the other players, make an occasional winning, but if he continues to play he will find in the long run that he is a big loser.

ON CITY SCHOOL PROPERTY.

A Gambling-House Opened Up on the School Section.

Nothing illustrates the boldness of gamblers under the present administration so well as the ease with which new gambling-houses are opened up.

Joe Ulman, of St. Louis, and E. O'Brien, of Detroit, have just opened a gambling-house at No. 2 Theater court, adjoining McVicker's Theater.

This is on school property! Just think of running a gambling-house on school property!

How is that for cheek? But anything is possible while Cregier is Mayor.

HANKINS AND WIGHTMAN.

The Dinner-Pail Game Thoroughly Shown Up.

Chicago is famous the world over for the magnitude of her enterprises. Her citizens enjoy this fame when it touches her reputable institutions, but the notoriety she gets for magnificent vice is not to the liking of her good people. One of her notorious and undesirable institutions is the grand gambling hell of Hankins and Wightman, at 131 Clark street.

It is the least of those connected with this place that it is the largest gambling house in the world, and any one who will take pains to study the methods of its management will conclude that it is also one of the most vicious in its results. Baden Baden, in its palmyest days never turned out the amount of misery that the "Hankins House" does, and if the full history of the place could ever be written, every page would tell a tale of woe. Because dismissed Monaca, with its occasional sounds, attracts the attention of the world, people have some to believe that the ultimate viciousness of public gaming is reached there. But people are greatly mistaken in this. Right here in Chicago at the "Hankins House" are seen the seeds of more sorrow than was ever dreamed of at Monaca. At the latter place a famous lord, or titled nobleman, makes an occasional lodging, when, on account of plebeianity and the social position of the owner, is lavished throughout the world. The money just now flows the lower into bankruptcy, but men at that class usually have friends to keep them from absolute want. At the "Hankins House" the business of individuals are not usually very large, but the fortunes they expect and the crime they breed are not paralleled in any other place in the world. A man may lose but twenty dollars, but that money may represent his week's wages. When a man loses in a little while with the money to defray the expenses of the household, to pay school fees and for children's necessities, he will see Mayor Cregier, without asking him to endorse.

It does not stop here, for the chances are that the man who loses will

try his luck again on the following pay day, and, as before, leave his week's salary to help keep Hankins and his horde in luxury, while the man's poor family suffer for the actual necessities of life. Desperate at his losses and the suffering they have caused, such a man will go on from week to week trying to win back a portion of his losses, but always getting more and more involved. Debts accumulate on every hand. Sacrifices of all kinds are made for money with which to gamble until the sight of his ragged, starving family drives the man to the commission of some crime that lands him in jail.

People whose cozy little homes have been broken up by the mere existence of this gambling hell are so numerous that they cease to attract special attention. The poverty and crime which take root there is not an occasional matter like the sorrows of Monaca, but it is a thing of daily occurrence.

What makes the "Hankins game" particularly vicious is the fact that the proprietors cater to a class of people who can not afford to lose; young men who are just starting out in life, working for a salary, are its patrons, and these go in and out of the place in such steady streams that they have been dubbed the "Dinner-pail Brigade."

Few people except those who have been in this place have any idea of the amount of gambling that is done in the establishment. Two floors are devoted to gaming, and when the house is in full blast, upward of 150 men are trying in vain to beat the various games. During the twenty-four hours the games run each day, the players are constantly shifting, so that the actual number of men who try their luck here each day runs up into many hundreds.

Faro is the most popular of the games at this house, although the hazard, roulette, and stud-poker tables are well patronized. The faro game is what is known as "square," but the players who try to beat it find a large percentage in favor of the "house." The "limit" is small, and, as a consequence, the "splits," which constitute the percentage against the players, are frequent and large. Men inclined to bet high on "base cards," where the chances are even, are not wanted at this establishment, unless they bet freely on the "double cards," so the house can get the advantage of "splits." Men who understand faro, and by their methods of play endeavor to reduce the percentage against themselves, are coolly received, and often given to understand that their game is not wanted. The desirable player for the proprietors is the workman, whose knowledge of bricks and mortar may be good, but whose knowledge of percentages is bad.

As a mere matter of form, and as a sort of convenience as well, there is a door-keeper at this establishment. His chief duty is popularly supposed to be to look out for the police. But with the hundreds of people who pass in and out every day, dozens of policemen or detectives could gain admittance without the least bit of trouble. No one is asked his name or his business. All that is necessary is to walk through the saloon and up the back-stairway to the door leading into the lower floor of the gambling apartments. If the door is not open it will swing on its hinges in answer to the bell. It is in every sense of the word a wide-open "game."

EDMUNDSON & WEBB, 124 CLARK.

A Skin Game From Away Back. A few doors below Hankins and Wightman's, at 124 Clark street, there is another game. This place is under the management of Edmundson and Webb, and differs from its near neighbor only in point of magnitude. It catches a great deal of the overflow from "131," which, with the patronage it calls its own, seems to keep its dealers busy. The games are of the usual kind, faro, roulette, stud poker and hazard.

A short time ago some one told the police that there was a great deal of gambling going on, and although the Inspector affected not to believe it, he sent out some of his shushes to see about it. They walked right into this place, and sure enough, a whole lot of people were gambling in the most approved fashion. The officers were astonished, but they lugged the players off to the station house and locked them up until the proprietors hustled about and found bail for them. For a time after this little unpleasantness the proprietors of "124" kept a careful guard at the door, but recently they have so far relaxed their vigilance that it is no longer difficult for a stranger to enter.

ONE OF CONDON'S SIDE SHOWS.

It Is Located Near Church-Block Headquarters.

Just across the street from Edmundson & Webb's, at 119 Clark street, is the command of the old Jeff Hankins rooms, which was located at 125 Clark street. The game now is in that syndicate known as the "Condon Gambling Trust." John Condon is the head and front of the concern, with several smaller fry gamblers on the side. If Mr. Condon would like to take a look into this place, all he need do is to walk right up the stairs and ring the bell. An unaccommodating dandy will open the door for him and show him into the large, airy room, where he may bet on faro, chuck-a-luck, roulette, and stud poker. The games are going night and day, and are in a hurry.

MAYOR'S EPHEMERAL EXISTENCE.

After a Short Experience He Gave Way to Tom Browne.

Shortly after the spring election he became known about that gambling as a great and open house to be in the hands of Chicago during the two years following. A great many people did not

believe it; but a great many did, and accordingly they made preparations to get into the swim at the earliest opportunity. The rumor had reached Boston, and it so impressed a noted "sport" by the name of McAvoy that he hastened West to see if he could not get a chance to "deal" for the boys. He soon found partners, and at once they proceeded to fit up a magnificent lair at 85 Clark street. Expense was not spared in the fixtures. Elegant papering, superb rugs and carpeting, with other appurtenances, adorned the place, and when all was ready the electric lights were turned on and the game began. It was to be an establishment for "high rollers" and generous business men, who would soon make the safe bulge out with large bills. But somehow or other things did not work as the management had calculated they would. It is said that the sports "pulled the tiger's tail," and kept pulling it until the dealer turned over the boys and said he had enough. The house is now closed, not by the police, but because the "bank-roll" has been "won out." As soon as they can get another "roll," and the weather gets a little cooler, it is the intention of these "sports" to resume business. Another story, which is to explain the bank's suspension, is that McAvoy and his partners did not stand in with the "trust," as it is at present constituted, and that it required but a few tips from the board of managers to close up 85 Clark street. Those who urge this say in support that a well-known Denver sport, who wished to try Chicago, was politely informed by the powers that be that his game was not wanted here, and the Rocky Mountain gambler took the "game" at its word and remained in the Colorado capital.

Tom Browne of Springfield now runs 85 Clark street with great success.

THE OLD STORE, 176 CLARK.

Winship and Perry in High Feather at The Old Store.

At 176 Clark street Charley Winship and Harry Perry reside. This used to be "The Store" game, and was managed successfully for years by the Democratic leader. It is not the game it used to be. In the olden time there was the most miscellaneous gathering of humanity there possible. Politicians, thieves and workmen elbowed each other at all hours of the night and day. Now the players are principally business men. The betting is high enough to suit almost any one, fifty dollars being the limit. Besides faro, roulette and hazard, they run a regular draw poker game, which takes the place of the stud poker played at the other open houses.

HOGAN & EDWARDS, 175 CLARK.

Living on the Crumbs Left by Hankins and Condon.

At 175 Clark street Hogan and Edwards have a small game. Faro is the chief attraction, but the usual side games are in operation. This game has been running very quietly since the "house" opened. The police sneaked in on them one night, just to stir them up. They have shown more life since, and are disposed to be a little particular about permitting strangers to enter. Still, any one who can give an excuse for going in will not be sent away.

"TOM" HINES' LAYOUT, 119 DEARBORN.

A Semi-Respectable Game for Plain Pants Aristocrats.

"Tom" Hines is the head and front of the game at 119 Dearborn street, but he does very little work in the house himself. For such detail as is thought necessary to keep the game young "Old Tom" has able assistants. No house in the city has such a brilliant lot of star performers as this one. The dealers are specialists, and well up in their peculiar lines.

For the right sort of a customer, "Charley" Wirtz is "put into the box," and if he does not give his man a lively "brace deal," and get the money, it will not be because he does not know how. Many is the "snaker" that has felt the effect of his "art," and so long as he continues to deal, his list of victims will grow.

If a man shows so much knowledge of faro that it is plain he will not "stand a brace," "Slick" Jordan gets into the dealer's chair, and proceeds to apply his speciality. He fools a great many men who aspire to be "sports," for his "work" is very innocent in appearance and difficult to detect. It is all done in the shuffle, and done so neatly that it is very apt to deceive a wary old gambler that does not know him. His particular delight is to deal for a man who plays a "system." If the victim plays "single-out," Jordan "boxes" the cards so they are apt to come "double out." If the player likes the "double-out" system, Jordan gives him a nice "single-out" deal and takes the money.

"Ted" Tyler is another one of the "artists" of this house. He is what might be called a handy, all-around man, and can "steer a snaker," "rap up a game," or give a man a "lim" deal, just as the necessity of the case demands. He is well known to the police as one of the smooth men of his profession, and it is a wonder that they permit him to continue his business of fleecing the innocent gamblers.

During the early part of August a man from the Black Yorks was steered into this place, and they made the game so interesting for him he did not quit until he had lost all the money he had with him and his check for \$1,000. The "house" had seen a sure thing the proprietors were willing to send one man down to bet against their game.

If there were solid-headed police headquarters here, that, in spite of the evil of such a thing, they could "sport" loaded to reduce "sleazy" games. The house dealers, it was said, could not take out and "back on their