

MEN OF NERVE FROM THE TURF

Plungers Granran and Pittsburg Phil Described Just as They Are.

MONTE CRISTO OF BOOKMAKERS

Granran Backs His Own Opinions and Wins or Loses Indifferently—Pittsburg Phil's Up and Down Career. Two Remarkable Gamblers Portrayed with a Fidelity That Shows Both Sides of the Picture in Vivid Outlines.

Such a thrill shaking boy! Riley Granran, the new plunger at horse racing, has not yet reached his twenty-fourth year. His small dark eyes seem to laugh at the awful thinness and anxiety of his face. Although he is about 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height, he cannot weigh more than 125 pounds.



As he lifts his hat for a moment he shows a fairly well balanced head, but neither his forehead nor his features generally indicate that ruggedness of character which one would look for in a man who could care success out of such a business as bookmaking.

Only five years ago this man was running an elevator in a Louisville hotel. Starting out with a capital of \$5, he is now master of a bank account that could not be bought for \$250,000.

Many of the old "bookies" say it's all "luck," but pluck and good judgment have really carried this young fellow to the top of the gambling ladder. "I've told my story so often," he said to a reporter the other day, "that it's threadbare. There's nothing left to tell. You know this business. Today you are up. Tomorrow you are down. I have won thousands on a race, on an idea, sentiment, liking for a horse's performance or whatever you like to call it. Again, I have lost thousands on what is called 'inside information.' Judgment doesn't go far, as a rule, in horse racing, yet without its exercise better 'go broke.' There you are—three points, sentiment, knowledge and judgment, and in my case the greatest of these has been sentiment."

Just then the race was started, and Granran quietly watched a pair of horse glasses and seemed to catch each horse every foot of the way. "Here's where he gets his best points," said one of his friends. "He caught \$30,000 in a single race in Morris park this spring from a previous day's watching. He caught \$12,000 at one coup at Gravesend in the same way. Here he has cashed tickets outside of his book winnings for \$60,000."

Granran first sprang into prominence two years ago in the west, where he managed to run a shoeing into \$50,000. This was the beginning of his sensational turf operations, for he at once proceeded to electrify the ring by his wild wagers and managed to part with his earnings in about as short time as it took him to gain them.

Last spring he appeared on the block at Sheepshead Bay, and at that time he was reputed to have \$100,000 behind his game. He quickly became notorious by reason of what his fellow bookmakers called his rashness at laying odds. But he prospered, and because of the advantageous figures he chalked up he won a big play.

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bat hung out by the poolrooms of the Smoky City. Fortune or good judgment favored the young speculator from the start of his meteoric career, and the luck—as it is called—followed him soon gave him the local reputation that he greatly enjoyed when the poolroom owners, having learned to respect his money, decided to bar him from their resorts.

Cast out in the world, with nothing to spend but money, Phil went to Chicago, and again he duplicated his phenomenal success and brought down on his young head the wrath of the Windy City pencilers. Phil was too big for Chicago and came to New York.

The Pittsburg Phil or George E. Smith of today is a clean cut young man, always well dressed, affable, and full of life. In the evenings he frequently drops into the cafe of the Starveant House and studies the entry card for the morning's races.

At such times he is surrounded by several friends, who carefully treasure the suggestions the young plunger makes and invariably follow his advice. Phil will sip coffee or light beer at these informal conferences, but he is not a man to drop into dissipation.

On the race track Phil flocks by himself, as the saying goes, and depends upon his own reasoning to draw conclusions. He is a frequenter of the paddock and an excellent judge of form. If he has no weakness, it is the control sentiment exercises over his reasoning faculties. This has cropped out recently in the determination he has shown to make a winning jockey out of the imported article known as Swash. His vain pursuit of gain through the paddock may have been the result of sentiment, or maybe it was a series of errors in judgment.

Phil has prospered finely and now owns a nice home in Harlem. At the close of the racing season of 1893 he was reputed to be worth \$500,000. His rapid climb to the realm wherein millionaires swarm was checked when he became the owner of a racing stable. It appeared that the possession of bang tails had a bad influence on his reasoning powers, and the result was that during the last season he was generally credited with having lost about \$200,000. This may or may not be true.

HE HAS FACED DEATH

Postmaster Hering, of Chicago, Had Five Narrow Escapes from an Untimely Tomb.

"When a boy, at the unlucky age of 13," said Postmaster Hering of Chicago, to a Tribune reporter the other day, "I had my first encounter with possible death. My mother had started to put me in school in Germany, and we took passage on the Atlantic on a sailing vessel. We were 31 days out, and when off the coast of Newfoundland suddenly found ourselves becalmed and hemmed in by icebergs. For 30 hours the ship drifted helplessly, and every moment we expected to be ground between the icebergs that we knew were towering above us, but which we could not see. Women were on their knees crying and praying, and I can distinctly recollect the feeling of relief when the fog lifted and we had an unobstructed sea before us."

"I came back from my trip to Germany in 1861 and then had a very narrow experience. My mother was again with me, and we had taken passage on the steamer Bremen. Before we were half way over we encountered a terrific storm. The lifeboats were swept away, the masts were broken and carried away, three or four sailors were washed overboard, and finally the captain announced that there was no hope of reaching harbor, and we had best prepare for the worst. We were saved by a miracle."

"The third time that I faced death was on my wedding trip. With a party of friends my wife and I had ascended Mount Vesuvius to view the crater and were descending in a carriage. The whiffletrees broke and the carriage became uncontrollable in its descent until it was miraculously arrested by a tree."

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LED THE PACE THAT EXHAUSTS

Ned Pearce, the Once Famous Athlete, is Now Parrisit Smitten.

TOO RICH, TOO POPULAR, TOO WILD

He Was a Great Friend of Marie Jansen, but the Life That He Led Has Brought Him, in Quick Fashion, to the Inevitable End of Those Who Dissipate—A Sermon in Brief.

For the Saturday Tribune.

For the last 10 years every college man has known Ned Pearce by repute. It was in the fall of 1879 that he came up to Princeton, a huge strapping youth, from one of the "prep" schools says the New York World. He had a fortune in his own right and an easy going guardian. He was handsome and strong and young. He had clear, bright eyes and a clear, healthy skin with a lot of color in it. And his hand was as steady as a rock, and he had never known what it was to be sick or out of condition in his life.

The whole class admired him before the first three months were done, and through his strength and skill on the football field he had begun to get a college reputation. Then he was so clever and good humored, his pockets were always full of money, and he was always throwing it about. By sophomore year he had the name of being a "devil of a fellow," thanks to a number

of escapades that seemed terrible to the college boys, but were really harmless enough. He had also bloomed as an athlete. He was good at everything, but at football he was superb. He had the weight for the rush line, and he had the strength and agility, and a head that was always planning shrewd strategies. By junior year there was nobody in the college like Ned Pearce.



Albert Guyon, Benjamin Morris and Charles Dunne are a clever trio of card sharps as ever manipulated a deal. For months they have been reveling in the unsophisticated city of Chicago, but the police found it extremely hard to get a case against them. They carefully picked out prominent men in business for victims, who would not care to obtain the notoriety that would attend their prosecuting the gang. By selecting such citizens as preferred losing a thousand or two to having the world know they had been robbed at poker the trio was safe, and great have been the profits. They snatched their fingers at the police, who, in the absence of a complaint, were powerless in their hands, and lived on the top shelf, and it was not until recently that they were arrested.

Morris is the steerer. He lounges about fashionable hotels and makes it a point to scrape an acquaintance with well to do men who have the appearance of liking a man like them. He tells them of an "easy game he got into the other night" and how much he pulled out of it. Then an invitation is offered the "sucker," and if he accepts he is bound to be sorry. Dunne is the dealer, and Guyon makes the fourth hand in the game. Within the last six months these rogues have made a fortune. They have taken \$2,000,000 from New York. Albert Guyon, Benjamin Morris and Charles Dunne are a clever trio of card sharps as ever manipulated a deal. For months they have been reveling in the unsophisticated city of Chicago, but the police found it extremely hard to get a case against them. They carefully picked out prominent men in business for victims, who would not care to obtain the notoriety that would attend their prosecuting the gang. By selecting such citizens as preferred losing a thousand or two to having the world know they had been robbed at poker the trio was safe, and great have been the profits. They snatched their fingers at the police, who, in the absence of a complaint, were powerless in their hands, and lived on the top shelf, and it was not until recently that they were arrested.

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QUEEN TRAIT'S OF NOTED MEN

Famous but Deluded Personages Who Yet Observe Signs and Omens.

WISE, LUCKY AND SUPERSTITIOUS

Another Reason Why C. P. Huntington Does Not Move into His \$2,000,000 Mansion—Are President Cleveland and Recorder Smythe Afraid?—Society Star Gazers.

For the Saturday Tribune.

Who is not just a bit superstitious? By this is not meant that superstitious the ideal worshiping sort, but the kind we mean when we say we are either lucky or unlucky. If you are not so, you are not in fashion.

President Cleveland's demeanor recently when traveling led to the query, "Is our president superstitious?" Many reply that he certainly must be. When he arrived at Jersey City from Washington a few days ago, on route to Gray Gables, he was met by 10 stalwart policemen, who formed a hollow square around him, while he made his way along a private passageway to the pier. His friends say that the president has developed a remarkable dread of crowds since the assassination of President Carnot. He has become morbid and suspicious and never goes out without an escort.

"President Cleveland is courting trouble," remarked a bystander when the president and his cordon of police passed by. His bodyguard of police attracted no little attention. The king of every city, it is said, goes out driving through the streets of Rome unattended and often even goes so far as to face a passing cab and jump in. At the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, in New York city, stands a royal mansion erected by Millionaire Huntington. It is unattended, although completed at a cost of \$2,000,000. Mr. Huntington, it is said, would sell this stately stone pile at a sacrifice, for his wife is afraid to move into it, as she has a morbid fear that she might die there, as some of her friends have done soon after moving into new houses.

There is a prominent politician in New York who has a strange, superstitious dread of a funeral procession passing through the street. He will go several blocks around to get out of the way, for he has a presentiment that he will some time be run over by a hearse. Many politicians are afraid of the proverbial iron wagon, but few would run away from a funeral procession—except their own.

Practical, cold headed, calm minded Recorder Smythe of New York has no superstition, but don't speak of it to him, or you may get six months. During the Carlyle Harris trial the recorder was overrun with letters and answers to every description. He read a few of them and found that they threatened him with all manner of calamities for his conduct of the case. The rest of these letters were shoved into his desk unread, where they have remained ever since. The recorder would never let them go out of his possession and continually says that he is going to take a month of some time and read them all.

John F. McIntyre, one of the assistant district attorneys in New York, is another man easily affected by his presentiments. While he was prosecuting Pallister—who, with his fellow convict, Rechi, made that famous escape from Sing Sing prison—Pallister one day grabbed up an ax, which was one of the exhibits in the case, and made a lunge at McIntyre. When he was sent up the river, Pallister threatened that as soon as he got out of Sing Sing he would come directly to this city and kill the enterprising prosecuting attorney who convicted him. McIntyre heard of this and was not a bit specially comfortable after news came of Pallister's escape from prison, when one day a witty friend sent him a postal card signed "Pallister" and warning him that he would soon carry out his bloody intention.

Actors and actresses are especially superstitious, even in little things. If two of them while passing along the street on their way to the theater become separated by a third party going between, you are sure to hear one or the other of them propose that they won't finish the season together in the same show. If any one by chance opens an umbrella or parasol in the room with an actress, 10 to 1 she will jump up, wring her hands and declare that misfortune is at hand or that one of her Johnnies is growing cold and hard hearted.

Turkmen are also quite superstitious. Many a "good thing" has been let go by the talent because of some circumstance which has aroused their superstitious ideas. Father Bill Daly, Mike Dwyer and a host of heavy puglers are more or less affected by such ideas. With many it takes the form of a marked inclination for the same seat in the grand stand. If by chance certain of the talent arrive a little late at the track and find their seats taken by strangers, they do not place a bet all day, as they believe they have been "canned." The same holds true in regard to certain books in the ring. Each regular bettor has his favorite books, while there are other books which he never places a bet with, because he has a superstitious belief that he could never win a bet there.

"Women" regulars" at the races are even more superstitious than men. They always occupy the same seats, employ the same messenger boys to place their bets in the ring, and if they cannot get one of their regular boys they will not bet at all, although their "lady friends" may be eager to help them out and make his commission.

Among society ladies superstition numbers many devotees. They consult astrologers and have become such slaves of what is foretold them that fortune tellers, astrologers and star gazers of all descriptions are growing in numbers. Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins quite frequently has her horoscope cast, paying as high as \$10 each time to learn the mysteries of the gods. Some well favored actresses derive a handsome income from this form of buncombe. Lillian Russell is said by those who know her best to entertain many superstitious fancies, among others the old time notion that it bodes misfortune to sign a contract, begin rehearsals for a new play or start on the road on Friday.

Ages of Well Known People. From Echols' "American Celebrities" we learn the ages of certain persons, to wit: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 52; Mary Anne Munsey, 52; Susan B. Anthony, 71; Marcella Barrymore, 37; James G. Blaine, 61; Edwin Booth, 58; Robert J. Barrette, 46; Benjamin F. Butler, 73; Will Carleton, 45; George Cuyvan, 32; George W. Childs, 62; Mark Twain, 55; Rose Coghlan, 37; John Cockerill, 40; Arthur Brisbane, 46; Lotta Crabtree, 44; W. H. Crane, 45; John J. Cummins, 49; George William Curtis, 67; Walter Dromsch, 38; Charles A. Dana, 72; Fanny Davenport, 40; Chauncey M. Depew, 57; Mary Mapes Dodge, 52; Kate Field, 50; Marshall Field, 56; Dan Frohman, 40; Richard Watson Gilder, 46; Amelia Glover, 30; Pauline Hall, 32; Murray Hill, 62; Marion Harland, 66; Joel Chandler Harris, 63; Alice Harrison, 40; Frank Horton, 41; Bret Harte, 52; Julian Hawthorne, 43; John Hay, 52; Bronson Howard, 48; Julia Ward Howe, 71; W. D. Howells, 53; Agnes Huntington, 31; R. G. Ingersoll, 57; Louis Janssen, 42; Marie Jansen, 30; Herbert Keiley, 36; Beiva A. Lockwood, 17; Mary Logan, 58; Sadie Martinot, 30; Brander Matthews, 39; Joseph Medill, 67; Clara Morris, 41; Joseph Murphy, 51; Thomas Nast, 51; John C. New, 60; Bill Nye, 41; Tony Pastor, 56; Annie Pixley, 36; Joseph Pulitzer, 44; George M. Pullman, 61; Matthew S. Quay, 52; Ada Lebar, 31; James Whitcomb Riley, 38; Stewart Robson, 54; Lillian Russell, 31; Sol Smith Russell, 43; Edgar Saltus, 32; Harriet Beecher Stowe, 83; Emma Thursty, 34; George Alfred Townsend, 50; George Francis Train, 62; Charles F. Warren, 61; Henry Watterson, 50; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 36; Francis Wilson, 37.

Why Senator Hearst Believed in Luck. "The late Senator Hearst once told me," said a newspaper man, "he regarded his possession of an immense fortune nothing less than a miracle. I was forty-nine years old when he died, and in six months I made half a million dollars. That is the foundation of what I've done since. Now, why shouldn't I have turned back when he died? It would have been sensible, 'conservative' to do that. But I didn't, and because I didn't I won. If you're ever inclined to think there's no such thing as luck just think of me."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The wearing of rings by men should be a matter of careful consideration. They should be distinctly masculine in type. The deep setting should be admirably followed. The high feminine settings to show off the jewels is of course offensive.

How Three Clever Rogues Fleeced Wealthy Business Men in the World's Fair City.

Albert Guyon, Benjamin Morris and Charles Dunne are a clever trio of card sharps as ever manipulated a deal. For months they have been reveling in the unsophisticated city of Chicago, but the police found it extremely hard to get a case against them. They carefully picked out prominent men in business for victims, who would not care to obtain the notoriety that would attend their prosecuting the gang. By selecting such citizens as preferred losing a thousand or two to having the world know they had been robbed at poker the trio was safe, and great have been the profits. They snatched their fingers at the police, who, in the absence of a complaint, were powerless in their hands, and lived on the top shelf, and it was not until recently that they were arrested.

Morris is the steerer. He lounges about fashionable hotels and makes it a point to scrape an acquaintance with well to do men who have the appearance of liking a man like them. He tells them of an "easy game he got into the other night" and how much he pulled out of it. Then an invitation is offered the "sucker," and if he accepts he is bound to be sorry. Dunne is the dealer, and Guyon makes the fourth hand