

THE EVENING TIMES.
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AND CONTAINS A SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS, BOTH LOCAL AND FOREIGN.

Subscription Rates.
 One year by mail or carrier, if paid in advance, \$4.00
 Six months, by mail or carrier, if paid in advance, \$2.00
 If not paid in advance, per month, .40

Foreign Postage per year, \$1.00

Foreign Representatives—Carpenter-Schaefer Special Agency, Peoples Building, Chicago, Fifth Avenue Building, New York.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1913.

Hoos' Hoo Today



(By John W. Carey.)
 Who's it in Philadelphia—I-T, and then again—the greatest little fellow since the time of William Penn? Who gets more space and pictures in the Daily Pink-I-cent than if he'd been elected as our nation's president? Whose name could not recount the more from York to Jackson's Hole if he should fly across the seas or find another pole? Who's an editor of comic books' phenoms whose leading specialty is flying flags from pennant poles with rank monotonous? Who does his share each fall to put those giants to the bad? (See also Baker, Clark, et al.) That Eddie Collins land.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A poor movement set on foot may result in a lame excuse.
 More than a watch dog is needed to keep the wolf from the door.
 Your young physician very speedily acquires a wise look.
 No man succeeds unless he takes chances; neither does he fail.
 Some people act as if they had a corner on the earthly saint business.
 The good will of a business is generally appraised at more than it is worth.
 When love at first sight leads to marriage second sight is apt to lead to divorce.
 There's a lot of credit coming to a good woman in the next world that she failed to get in this.
 All the world's a stage—and some of us are acting a part to look at the play from the gallery.
 Although a woman may be afraid of a little mouse, she never forgives her husband for not being a Carnegie medal hero.
 Now that paper is being made from castles, let some genius proceed to convert yesterday's newspapers into cattle food.

Laugh With Us

A Yankee tourist spending a holiday in Dublin happened to be riding a motor bicycle on a road that leads to the town of Bray. Seeing an Irishman riding an old-fashioned horse and thinking to have a joke with him, he dismounted, and approaching Pat, exclaimed:
 "Hello, Pat. Is your motor or mine the best?"
 "I think they're just the same," said Pat.
 "Do you think this motor of mine is an ass?"
 "Yes, sir," said Pat.
 "How do you make that out?"
 "Because it's going to Bray."
 An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was reluctant.
 "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."
 "Me inimy, it is, father," responded Michael. "And it was your river-ine's self was tellin' me in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimy."
 "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest; "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"
 A group of grieving depositors stood on the sidewalk before the closed doors of a recently defunct bank. It had lost his all was trying to brace up a colored grandpa whose white wool bobbed up and down into the folds of a bandana.
 "Don't cry, uncle," he said. "Banks burst every day, you know."
 "Yes, sir, I know it, but—huh! huh! huh!—dis bank—huh! huh!—done bust right in mah face."
 Comparatively few documents are as important as the papers the villain steals in a one-two-three melodrama.

THE EVENING STORY

(Copyright, 1913, by W. Wernick.)

BOILED CLUNY.

"I'll lend you my Cluny centerpiece. It'll just fit your table. I insist," said Ella quickly as Adeline appeared to object.
 Adeline thrummed her fingers nervously on the window ledge in the shabby living room. It was nice of Ella and she wanted to make as good an impression on Harvey's sister (whom she had never met) as possible. But Adeline had a curious intuition that this was a trap. It was no matter of pride. Pride with Ella would be nonsensical. The two had grown up in adjoining weedy yards, in almost adjoining shabby cottages. Their fathers worked at the same wholesale grocery store; their mothers had borrowed yeast and loaned jelly recipes ever since their slim, pretty girl could remember. Nevertheless, Adeline hesitated. Ever since she had known Harvey Dale, the new editor of the daily newspaper of the small city, she had loved Adeline had been in love with her people. I had been love at first sight with both her and Harvey when they met at a church affair. He had just come to town and his people lived in another state. But she soon learned that they were far above her socially and financially. Not even Harvey had she learned it, but from other people who knew of them.

But she had reassured herself. As long as Harvey loved her, nothing else was vital. If he didn't care that the house needed paint and the parlor curtains needed to be thrown away, she was no one else's business. But she was glad that they lived so far away.
 And then Harvey announced casually that his sister Irene, on her way to spend the winter in California, had learned that she could stop over for three hours and meet the girl with whom her brother had fallen in love so soon after his marriage. When Harvey jubilated over the unexpected opportunity of making at least one of his family acquainted with her, Adeline was dumbfounded. How nice, she murmured. Harvey was not analytical at the moment. He did not catch the doubt that indicated the murmur.
 The three hours would be from 12 till 3 p. m. That meant luncheon. Adeline was more dismayed. Her mother found it hard to keep plenty of food on the table without buying fine napery. Adeline's own wages as bookkeeper in a small store had been of too recent birth to have aided much. Yet she was averse to pretense. Her sense of duty was at its most defiance. She never asked Harvey to love her. If his people couldn't accept her as she was—

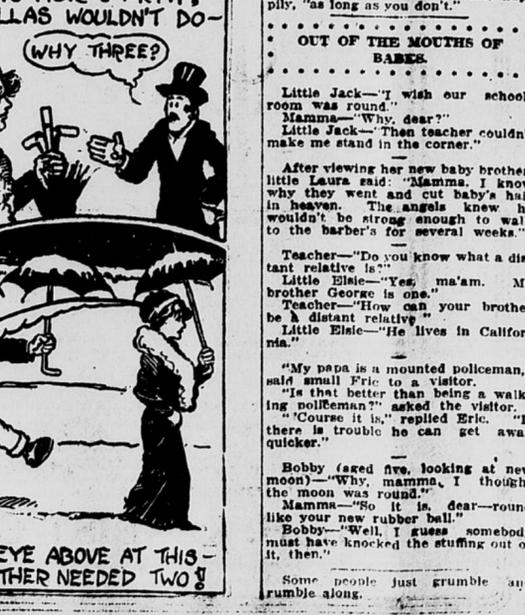
"Shush," said Ella, when Adeline, pink-cheeked and with brooding eyes, partly explained. "I'll bring it over the morning right after breakfast. And Adeline, let me fix the mayonnaise dressing. You know, with the candor of old friendship, that your tastes are old." Adeline submitted. It would have been ungracious not to do so. And Ella had a knack of table arrangement. On the elaborate Cluny cloth she flung up her chin, though. If he were a miser, she thought, she would have saluted her very well. She had lived nineteen years without him; she could live again the same way. "You needn't be so just," she said coldly at him. And then she was yawning; even though this last was unreasonable, at Ella. But she was miserable to be just. And then she looked at her watch. The day which she had promised more misery and humiliation. Across the weedy back yard came Mrs. Thorne, the laundress, scrubwoman and general aid to tired housekeepers. Mrs. Thorne sat in a position all her own, and a tongue whose clattering revelation

"I Don't Care," said Adeline.
 No one could stop. Once she had been rich and lived in the biggest house in town. But her husband, an ex-judge, drank himself to death and left her in utter destitution. Adeline, stifled at sight of her. She had come to spend the afternoon of yesterday or waited till tomorrow? Her dress was sloppy, glatterly, her hair boasted no intimacy with a comb. She came in, friendly, smiling, jabbering. As cordially as she could, Adeline introduced her. Harvey had already met her. Irene bowed coldly. "Well, for the land's sake!" said Mrs. Thorne. "If it ain't Irene! You didn't know that we were cousins, did you, Adeline? Or maybe Harvey told you. And to think that she might have missed seeing you! 'Cause I had no notion of running in to see Addy's old time, you know. You're looking old, Irene. I guess it's a good many years since you used to run in and borrow my best tablecloth because your beau was coming. And then, he never asked you to marry him."
 Ella left the room. Adeline thought that her shoulders heaved as she went. Irene's full face flushed red. Harvey and Adeline looked on. Harvey looked out the window hastily, but Adeline was sure that there was a smile on his face.
 "We used to live in the same town back east," Mrs. Thorne confided to Adeline. "That was before, a bit sadly, I came out west here. It'll be long before I shall have some of my relations in visiting distance. Did Harvey write you that I lived here, Irene? I didn't know it until last night." Harvey swung around from the window to say. His eyes were dancing. "You haven't congratulated me yet, Irene. You go back to the department store where I'll make her a good husband or not!"
 "Course he will," broke in old Mrs. Thorne. "But I'll skip you support you?"
 "Oh," cried Irene, and her tone was desperate. "I'm sure you will be happy to help me, Irene."
 "Never mind," Harvey said. "I'll take care of her. I'll make her comfortable. Irene did not like



"I'll Just Fit Your Table."
 words the stiffness of Adeline's tongue was not so noticeable. Adeline immediately led the way to the dining room, and in the bustle of serving tried not to think how easy it was to dislike an insolent-eyed woman at first glance.
 Irene was insolent eyed. There was no denying it. She was patronizing to Adeline's mother—a meek, little, faded woman—who was promptly scared into silence. She was almost rude to Ella, whose gay tongue seemed to annoy her. She was de liberately cold to Adeline. And finally Harvey himself became obviously uncomfortable. Irene did not like

The Reason Why. —By Heath.



GONDORF TAPPERS STOLE \$2,000,000 IN NEW YORK CITY IN TEN YEARS

After Long Prosperity, the World's Greatest Gang of Confidence Men is Running to District Attorney with Confessions Because all the Members are "Broke."

(By Herbert Corey.)
 New York, Dec. 6.—For ten years wire tappers have been operating in New York without interference. During that time Gondorf's gang has made the highest in the world. They have taken millions—and millions—from chumps in that period. Between three and four hundred men intentionally gained some portion of their income from the wire. Perhaps ten times that many had knowledge of its operations. Not one of the leaders has been convicted in that period. They have been indicted—but not convicted. They stayed in jail long enough to get acquainted with the turnkey.
 Now they are all confessing. Because they are all broke. Frank Tarbeaux heard graffer knocked at District Attorney Whitman's door. "Please," said he, "let me in. If you will be good to let me tell you all about the wiretapping game in New York."
 Whitman opened. As soon as the others heard of Tarbeaux's action they hurried to cover. Some wanted the safety to be sound only in confession. Some wanted revenge on the police graters they say double-crossed them. But not one would tell his story if he had had bankroll enough to afford to lose it. "The day after Tarbeaux rumbled," said an attaché of the district attorney's office. "Mr. Whitman's door sounded like a tambourine, so many graters were tapping at it."
 A penniless wiretapper is like a Marathon runner with a wooden leg. He can't get anywhere. He can neither pay counsel fees nor get bond. He is stuck in a far country, and all he can do is to stand up at a post and let a district attorney throw knives at him. Hence this recent epidemic of confession.
High Cost of Wiretapping.
 "The fact is that one of the most thoroughly competent graters in the business," wiretapping has not been economically conducted. We've needed an efficiency engineer. Our production charges have been too high and the margin of profit too low.
 "Take the case of Major Pennington of Virginia, for example. Major Pennington came to town to get on the 'ope.' The first day he bet \$5,000 and won. The next day he bet \$25,000 and lost. Major Pennington let out a courtly military roar.
 "I was your fault," said the man who had lured him. "I sold you to place your money on Brass Edge, and you bet on Brass Edge straight. If you had bet on Brass Edge a place you would have won."
 Obviously it was all his fault. So the next day he bet \$30,000 more. He lost again. The explanation was so completely good that he came back with \$50,000 to bet. But he lost the cash he had left—prepared to shoot it over on a long one. But the wiretappers are not accustomed to deal with people who have dispositions to bet on horses. So they ran away from \$1,000, which was just as good as in the pocket.
 "Now," said the old time graffer. "The wire mob had to pay one-half of that \$50,000 to the men who lured Pennington. The remaining thirty percent of the profit to the wire mob. The first bet was \$20 percent of the money taken from the major. The steerer got 30 percent.
Steerer Gets One-Half.
 "One-half of the winnings were gone before the mob got its share. One-half of the remaining thirty percent over to the police. No matter who got it, that will come out in court if the numerous confessions made to Mr. Whitman are nearly as comprehensive and accurate as they are supposed to be. That only left one-quarter of the total sum for the mob to split.
 "It costs \$100 a day to rent a 'joint' for a 'rope' tapper. That merely covers the room rent. Telegraph instruments, tables, chairs, blackboards, and the other paraphernalia of a first rate poolroom must then be moved in. Perhaps twenty or thirty movers are hired. For the most part they are old graters who have lost their nerve. They can't go through with a big part any more, and are delighted to earn a few fifteen dollar bills by just sitting around a 'joint' and acting like persons anxious to bet on horse races. They are always well-dressed, well-behaved, clean-collared old gentlemen, whose chief pleasure to know. By the time all expenses were met in the Pennington case, the principals in the mob were lucky to have \$10,000 to split among themselves. In that case it had to go seven ways."
 Charles Gondorf was the boss of the wire mob here. He had been at it for ten years. In that period the wiretappers in which mob alone have been concerned amount up \$2,000,000 or more. Granted that his share was 10 percent of the total, it will still be found that \$200,000 was little enough with which to meet the expenses incident to big casing. He has been arrested several times—and although he has not served a minute's time in that period it has cost money for bond and lawyers and officers. Maybe his confessions are irregular. "They all fall for some one else's game," said the old graffer. "Gondorf has seen a fellow without getting an itch in his fingers."
Splits on Faro and Wine.
 Faro is one of the things that is hardly being done at all any more. The new breed of gambling house keepers prefer roulette, and the profits are larger and quicker. And a man like Gondorf is entirely too wise to be "steered" to a faro game in the casino in which the man has customers steered against the wire.
 "E," explained the old graffer, "they 'frame' for him. They watch his habits. By and by they learn that he extends a smother to drop into a certain place once or twice a week. So they put up a 'map' faro game in the back room. Two or three boosters play heavy money against it. Maybe an innocent bystander takes a shot."
 Mr. Gondorf has a palate that upon occasion is as dry as a sandy road. He may go on the arid terrain of his way for months. But sooner or later a grog thing will come along. Then he is sure to visit the faro game. Or, being still as sober as a four-months calf, he may undertake a risk just a dollar on the "big square" some night in which case he is lost. Next day his agents throughout the country are being urged to renewed efforts at finding suckers. Mr. Gondorf needs the money.
 Frank Tarbeaux is one of the same breed. Tarbeaux—apart from his unacquaintance about portable property—is a very likable fellow. He is sixty

Sweeney's friend is naturally inquisitive. By and by the stranger concludes that he has some idea of the job. The details are worked out of him. He talks reluctantly. Eventually he admits that Sweeney isn't in town, and an immediate action is demanded if the easy money is to be secured upon Sweeney's friend may serve as a substitute.
 "Maybe you think that's a little raw," said the old graffer. "But it's so good that a man who has been in the sporting game all his life was tempted not long ago. You'd guess if you heard his name. Every one knows it. He isn't training wrestlers or fighters any more."
The Police "Double Cross."
 The high cost of wiretapping is obviously responsible for the pretentious "rumble" that has developed in our best swindling circles. The Gondorf would have continued as they have in the past except that the police have withdrawn from the protection racket. At the same time the police "bit" remains as large as ever. A hasty dive into the cover of confession was the only thing left for the leaders. But that has created a confusion in the wiretapping crowd which may yet be worked out in the smoke.
 "Some of the boys," explained the old graffer, "have saved their money. There's Curly Carter, for example. Carter is supposed to be the only witness of the murder of Herman Rosenthal in front of the Metropole. He was taking a particular interest in gunmen that night on his own account. Carter owns 'The Latin Quarter' on Forty-fifth street, and like a cork biter at the foot of the tree, Carter has told his story to Whitman—because he had to do it to save himself. But he's not pleased with Tarbeaux, who told first."
 There's a wide division along that line. Those who have enough money to make it possible to go away would have preferred to do so. But those who have no money worth talking about have been forced to stay and squeal. The squealing made it foolish for the well-heeled others to run, at least until they were assured that the district attorney Whitman would not listen to their stories. But if today's storm blows over the wire mob will be hard at work tomorrow. The organization will be just what it has been in the past, and the moment they get the nod to go ahead and trim suckers as in the glad days of old they will have the capital to work on.
 There are a dozen business men in New York, and the old graffer "who stand ready to furnish a bank roll up to \$100,000 for a share of the profit."
 Sweeney isn't in town that day.

LAUGH WITH US

Little Stories That Have Made Many People Smile.
 The Irishman in France had been challenged to a duel. "Shure," he cried, "we'll fight wid shillaloes."
 "That won't do," said his second. "As the challenged party, you have the right to choose the arms, but bivalvity demands that you should defend with a weapon with which 'ruchmen are familiar."
 "Is that so, indeed?" returned the "enerous Irishman. "Then we'll fight it out wid gullittines."
 Mrs. Murphy labored in the hot sun over her wash tubs, while Mr. Murphy sat on the woodpile and gazed into space. His inactivity finally bore—at least in silence. "Why don't you climb down off'n that woodpile and help me with these clothes?" she inquired in no gentle tone.
 Mr. Murphy slowly shifted his gaze and directed it upon his laboring spouse. "Why, Mary Ann, can't you see I'm busy?" he drawled.
 "Busy?" snapped Mrs. Murphy. "What doin'?"
 "Why, I'm thinking, Mary Ann," "Thinkin'?" she repeated. "What with, you old fool?"
 A well-known business man who lives in the suburbs and usually goes home by the 5:30 train met a friend the other day, and was persuaded to remain in town for the evening and attend a smoker. He was a loss for a moment how to square himself with his wife, but finally, going to the telephone office, he wired:
 "Missed the 5:30 train. Do not keep dinner waiting. Will be home late. It was a good deal later when he reached home, and his wife met him at the door.
 "Did you get my message, dear-est?" he asked quickly, hoping to forestall the trouble.
 "Yes," she replied in chilly accents, "and I would like you to explain why."
 "Well, how are you today?" said the physician cheerfully.
 "Well, doctor," she replied, "the cold I caught Tuesday is a little better, thanks to your prescription. But the one I caught Thursday is much worse. The thing I called to see you for, however, is the severe cold I caught last night."
 The doctor sat down and wrote a long line of hieroglyphics.
 "Here," he said, "is something for the one I am not. I will catch this evening with that V-neck and those skimpy skirts. Good afternoon!"
 If you are not kept awake nights by what you do, what you failed to do is likely to keep poking you in the slits.

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