

# Beating the Bookies

By JOHN IRVING DAY

In the Realm of High and Low Finance

"I tell you, Danny, it's hardly worth the candle. The police are keeping a close watch on pool rooms and are liable to nab the whole bunch before you could turn a trick." Doc Floyd, master mind of the High Rollers' club, was uttering words of wisdom to Danny Roberts, player of juvenile roles in the life drama enacted by the members of the club.

"But, old man, I've just to sell the professor a package, and there's nothing that would be so easy. He's bugs on the races. I've met him and got his confidence, and he doesn't know that I've got it in for him so hard that I'm going to make him take the high jump."

"But why have you got to resort to the old 'wire game' to land him?" questioned Floyd. "And you haven't told me what gave you your grouch against him. Tell me about it."

"Well, if you only knew him, you wouldn't need to ask why anyone wouldn't want to hand him a package," replied Danny.

Could Herr Oberman, teacher of vocal music, by any occult power have overheard and comprehended the conversation that was going on between Danny Roberts and Doc Floyd? He would have looked his questionably acquired fortune in the strong box of some safe deposit company and thrown the key away. Herr Oberman, graduate from the ranks of rathskeller musicians, had opened what he was pleased to term a conservatory of music in a Michigan avenue building habituated by others of his kind. There, in a period of a few short years, he had waxed fat in purse and person, luring into his net, by attractive advertisements, young women with ambitions to outshine the Meibas and Mary Gardens of grand opera. To all of these he promised great things, but no prima donna ever had graduated from the school of Oberman. He was only one of many who preyed on the vanity of women who believed themselves possessed of divine voices.

It was a smiling, cheerful Danny Roberts that greeted the professor in the dingy pool room the day after his conversation with Doc Floyd.

"So another good dip, we have," was the gleeful remark of Herr Professor when he had read the message which advised a good bet on Cheese Cake. "We'll make dose bootroom fellers sick, eh?"

"That's it," replied Danny. "I've already got my bet down. You'd better hurry up before they cut the price. I'll see you later. I've got to get down the street to meet a party."

Danny did not wait to see the frantic look and hear the swear words in German which were emitted by the professor when Cheese Cake failed to be heard from in the race. He hadn't lost a cent of his own money, but had faked a telegram for the express purpose of having Oberman lose.

The next day Oberman was waiting anxiously in the pool room when Danny appeared. Before the excited German could start to tell of his hard luck and how he had lost a whole hundred dollars, Danny produced another telegram explaining that Cheese Cake had been kicked and crippled at the post, which accounted for his poor race. The second message also advised that Danny got down good on Rarebit. This time Danny waited with Oberman to hear the running of the race called off as its description was ticked out over the telegraph instrument.

"They're off! Rarebit in the lead, Handy Bill second; the others bunched," and Danny shivered at the announcer's words, for he had not expected Rarebit to be heard from any more than Cheese Cake had on the previous day.

"Cashbox wins!" and Danny gave a sigh of relief which Oberman took to be one of pain accompanying his own moan of anguish. "Dandy Boy second," continued the announcer. "Narcissus is third."

"Now what do you think of that for hard luck?" was the mock moan of Danny to the professor. "There we were leading all the way and then our horse drops out of sight. I'm going to quit this game. It's impossible to beat even with what is supposed to be the very best of information."

Professor was too grieved to listen to Danny. He had troubles of his own. It was a cheaper drink than wine the two took when they adjourned to the bar room under the pool room. As they took their drink Danny once more said that he was going to quit trying to beat the pool room until he found a surer way of beating it. He hinted mysteriously that he had some such way in mind and told Herr Oberman inasmuch as he had caused him to lose by allowing him to bet on his tips he might be able to let him in on a good thing where they could do better than get even in a day or two. As he said good-by Danny told the professor not to do any more betting until he had heard from him, which might be on the morrow.

Herr Oberman was just bowing his last pupil of the day out of the Oberman school of vocal culture. It was

but three o'clock in the afternoon, but Herr Oberman had arrived at the time when he could make his choice of hours for his pupils. It was none too cordial a greeting he gave Danny Roberts, who rushed in excitedly right at his closing hour.

"I've got it!" whispered Danny, excitedly. "Is there anyone here that can hear us?"

"No. What is it?" inquired the professor, becoming interested.

"Don't ask me now. I haven't got time to explain. Get your hat and come with me. We must hurry."

The excitement of Danny was contagious, and before he knew it Herr Professor was in the elevator and speeding towards the street. Once on the sidewalk, Danny rushed his fat friend down Michigan and over across Jackson boulevard to the Western Union building. There he almost

big play from the board of trade men and other big bugs. They never turn an eyelash at a \$5,000 bet. There's a telephone booth right here in the saloon where our friend Brown can call me up. We are just in time for the fifth race at Los Angeles. My friend Brown is going to call me up here as soon as he gets the result from there and then we'll hurry up-stairs and get a bet down.

"Just so we'll be certain everything will go through all right, we'll only make a hundred dollar bet to-day, and then if it is O. K. we can pick out a race to-morrow to make our killing in. After that, there's nothing to hinder us from taking in some of the other rooms and we ought to be able to clean up a hundred thousand dollars apiece without anyone getting on to our game."

No such thing as a conscientious scruple occurred to Herr Oberman as



"I TIDN'T, I TIDN'T," MOANE D OBERMAN. "I'M RUINED!"

shoved the astonished German into another elevator. At the second floor of the building a man in shirt sleeves, with pencil resting behind his ear in business fashion, got into the same car. The shirt-sleeved and hatless person got off the car at a top floor, where Danny and the professor also left it. With a warning gesture, the shirt-sleeved and hatless one motioned the other two to a distant corner of the hall. There he was introduced to the professor by Danny as an old friend who had charge of the racing wires over which the odds and results on all races were transmitted to the pool-rooms throughout the middle west.

"Is it all right?" whispered the breathless Danny.

"As right as a compass. Does your friend understand that I'm to get half of the winnings?"

"No, I haven't had time to explain to him yet. I know he's all right, though."

The flattered professor beamed at Danny's enthusiastic words of indorsement, and then it was explained to him that Mr. Brown, the Western Union race wire manager, could withhold the result of each race after it came in until he had telephoned Danny and given him time to get down a good bet in the pool room before they knew that the race was off. Danny promised to explain matters more fully to the befuddled professor on their way to the pool room. As soon as they had taken leave of the fictitious Manager Brown, the latter walked down-stairs to the second floor, where he had left a boy holding his hat and coat, and donning these he was out and away from the building five minutes behind Danny and the professor.

"And now," said Danny to the by this time thoroughly bewildered Herr Oberman, when they had reached a quiet little saloon on a side street, "I'll show you how we are going to get even with the bookmakers. We want to make a good thorough test of the scheme before we make any big bets. There's a pool room over this saloon where they don't have anything but

he glowed all over in anticipation of such wealth easily acquired from the pool room men. He thought this about the cleverest scheme he had ever heard of and so expressed himself with much show of enthusiasm. The two conspirators had just finished a drink when the telephone bell rang and, explaining to the bartender that he was expecting a call, Danny pushed into the booth before anyone else could beat him to it.

"Hello! Yes; this is me. You say it's M. M. All right, everything's O. K. here."

Danny hung up the receiver and, motioning for the professor, he mounted one flight of stairs and was admitted to a carefully guarded room in the rear of the rickety old-time building. Herr Oberman saw that the place was frequented by a much smaller though a more select crowd of patrons than the ordinary pool room. Danny whispered to him that Military Man was the horse in the fifth race, but that the odds were only even money. He tendered a hundred dollar bill to a prosperous-looking person to bet on the horse in the fifth race at Los Angeles.

The operator called off the description of the running of the race from start to finish, and Military Man was not heard from until the stretch was reached; then he was making one of his famous home-stretch runs, and as was expected by Danny and the professor, Military Man was announced as the winner.

That night Danny Roberts reported still further progress to Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland. He had parted with Herr Oberman with the understanding that they were to meet at the lunch hour on the morrow and pick out a race that gave promise of paying big odds for the winner. Accordingly the appointment was kept and the fourth race on the Los Angeles track was selected as the one giving greatest promises to the conspirators.

Danny was waiting outside the little saloon on the side street, over which was the fake pool room fitted out by

Doc Floyd and Jack Cleland, when Herr Oberman, puffing from the exertion of a brisk walk, arrived in due time at the rendezvous.

"There, you answer the phone this time, and be sure you get the result right," said Danny when the telephone bell jingled.

Still trembling with excitement, Herr Oberman grasped the receiver and was informed that Mr. Brown was talking. He wrote down the names of three horses: Wild Cat, first; Sweet Alice, second; and Romeo, third.

"All right, you bet your \$2,000 on Wild Cat, and I'll play Sweet Alice for a place," instructed Danny, when the professor had showed the names he had carefully pencilled on the back of an envelope.

Why prolong the agony?

A moment after the wagers had been recorded the telegraph sounder began a business-like clicking. The operator announced in low tones that the race was off. The bettors crowded close to hear the calling of the description of the race. The three horses as given Herr Oberman were all prominent in the running throughout.

And then—"Romeo wins!"

"What!" shrieked the professor.

"Wild Cat, second—"

"Hell!" shouted Danny.

"Sweet Alice, third," continued the operator in low, sing-song tones.

"Whipsawed, or I'm a goat," muttered Danny, as he palled the almost fainting Herr Oberman to one side.

## GOOD FOR DESSERT

SPECIAL DISHES WITH WHICH TO FINISH MEAL.

Tara's Nectar May Be Something New for the Hostess to Serve—Best Recipe for the Making of Bread Pudding.

Tara's Nectar.—One pint of unfermented juice of white grapes, diluted and slightly sweetened; juice of two oranges, half a cup of pale green malagas, seeded and halved; mix and chill. Serve in tall glasses with green ribbon tied in dainty bows around the stems.

Bread Pudding.—Two cups bread-crumbs, one and one-half cups granulated sugar, one-quarter cup butter, one-half cup sherry wine, one-half cup seeded raisins, one-half cup English currants, three pints sweet milk, three eggs beaten well, yolks and whites together; one-quarter teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-half teaspoon lemon extract, one-quarter teaspoon nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Mix all the ingredients together and put in a buttered pudding dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven and serve hot. This does not need any sauce; it makes its own sauce.

Whipped Cream Pudding.—To one pint whipped cream add two tablespoons sugar; beat until stiff. Dissolve one package gelatin with three-fourths cup boiling water. When cool add to whipped cream, to this add green grapes cut in half (or any fruit cut fine), and chopped walnuts. Mix all together well, and set aside for half hour to cool. This will be sufficient for six people.

Delicious Apple Pudding.—Peel, core and cut in halves four or five apples and place them in bottom of baking dish. Then rub together a tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of flour and wet this mixture with about three-quarters of a cup of cold water; then add one cup of sugar, cinnamon, and a little salt. Pour this over the apples and bake until tender. Serve with cream, and you have something good.

Brown Pudding.—One-half cup molasses, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup suet chopped fine, one-half cup raisins, good half cup of flour, one-half teaspoon soda, a little salt, spices to suit taste. Steam two hours. Hard sauce: One-half cup sugar, one-quarter cup butter. Stir to a cream; yolk of one egg and white beaten to stiff froth added.

Whipped Cream Sauce.—Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and dry, add three-fourths of a cup of powdered sugar, using egg beater to mix, and beat thoroughly. Stir in the unbeaten yolks of the eggs, one teaspoon vanilla, and one-half pint cream which has been well whipped. Be sure to use the eggbeater to mix all ingredients.

Clam Chowder.

Cut one-half pound of fat salt pork into tiny dice, and fry crisp in a large pot. Remove the bits of pork with a skimmer and fry a large onion, sliced in fat left in the bottom of pot. Have ready 12 potatoes, peeled and sliced, and a quart of canned tomatoes and, as the onion browns turn these in upon it and add two quarts of water.

Stir it together and season with a big pinch of cayenne and salt to suit taste. Tie up 12 whole allspice and 12 whole cloves in a small square cheese cloth and drop in pot. Cook slowly but steadily three and one-half hours, then add two quarts of long beans, chopped coarsely, and half a dozen pilot biscuits, broken in pieces and soaked in milk. Boil a half-hour longer, remove spice bag and pour chowder, smoking hot, into a soup tureen.

Dressing for Grape Fruit Salad.

If the grape fruit is used with white grapes, use a cream mayonnaise instead of a French dressing. A very nice sauce is made by taking the same quantities of white wine and sugar, mix well together and pour over fruit. Grape fruit on lettuce is very good served with the following boiled dressing. Beat up two eggs, add one cup vinegar, seasoning of salt, pepper and sugar and quarter cup butter. Cook in double boiler. Stir constantly till dressing has thickened. Cool and serve.

To Wash Dough Pans.

When washing crocks or pans that cake or dough has been mixed in, they can be easily and speedily cleaned up by moistening all over inside and turned upside down in dishpan or on table for a few seconds to steam, when the sticky substance can be washed off, thus saving time and doing away with so much scraping and scouring.

Peanut Candy.

Two cups sugar, one-half cup water. Let it boil, then add one-quarter teaspoon cream tartar dissolved in a little cold water. Cook until it is brittle in water, then add butter the size of an English walnut. Cook a few minutes. Pour over the shelled nuts and spread in a buttered dish.

Creamed Celery.

Cut into pieces two inches long ten nice large stalks of celery. Cook in boiling water until tender. Drain off the water and pour over the celery a sauce made of two tablespoons of butter, one and a half tablespoons flour, and a pint of milk. Salt and pepper to taste.

## THE SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Time of All Times Where the Expert with the Chafing Dish Can Make Good.

Probably the most sociable meal in the whole week is the Sunday night supper. It is an informal occasion for the dropping in of intimate friends, and the informality adds to its charm. In many households the servants are allowed to take a holiday on Sunday afternoons, and the members of the family bestir themselves for supper with the chafing dish, and perhaps the delicatessen shop, as assistants. It is an opportunity for experimental cooking with an indulgent company and the delicious dishes that may be concocted on these occasions are manifold. Of course, a gas stove is even better than a chafing dish for cooking things, but the shining metal dish over the alcohol flame is a very cheerful looking ornament on the supper table. While somebody mixes the salad and somebody else slices the bread, the confident culinary queen, who is generally the eldest sister, takes the chafing dish in hand.

## The Home.

Sugar should be added to turnips, beets, peas, corn, squash and pumpkin. Spareribs should be broiled rather than roasted, and served with apple sauce and mashed turnips.

It takes longer to cook sweet potatoes than the common kind and they cook more quickly in salt water.

A meat chopper may be better cleaned by running a piece of bread through the machine before washing.

Oatmeal can be used instead of barley or rice in the soup. It thickens it, and adds a flavor which is pleasant.

Place mirrors so that the direct rays of the sun do not fall upon them. It gives the glass a milky appearance which can never be entirely remedied. To remove tea, coffee, fruit and vegetable stains from white goods, heap salt on the spot, rub hard, and rinse in hot water in which considerable borax has been dissolved.

A reliable test for mushrooms, says an experienced housekeeper, is to put a bit of silver, such as a well-washed dime, into a dish in which they are cooked. If it discolors the mushrooms are unfit for food.

Keeping Bread.

For a bread box, a covered stone crock.

The bread will keep much nicer than in a tin vessel.

The crock should be placed in a cool place.

Never put the bread in it without covering it with a cloth, to exclude the air.

To keep sandwiches that have been prepared beforehand moist, wrap them in a slightly-damp cloth.

This is not practical if they are to be kept too long, as they will get musty.

Be careful that not a bit of butter gets into the bread box. It will get rancid and make the rest of the bread taste.

Receptacles should be scalded out frequently, being wiped well afterward.

The cloths used to cover the bread should also be washed often.

Prawn or Shrimp Curry.

Put four ounces of butter in a sauce pan and slice into it two small onions. Fry them until brown, then remove them into another dish. Have the prawns or shrimps picked and rub one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder over them; put them into the melted butter and stew over a slow fire until the fish becomes a light brown. Add as much stock or gravy as will cover the prawns; season with a little salt, and when the gravy has become thick add a coffee cupful of coconut milk or cream and the juice of a lemon. Mix well together and serve hot with boiled rice. A dessert-spoonful of chutney is an improvement.

Salad Dressing.

I will tell you just how I make it. I put the vinegar in a pint bowl that just fits the top of my teakettle, mix sugar, salt and mustard together, and stir into the vinegar. Cover, and let it get real boiling hot before I stir in the milk and egg, and then keep stirring till it thickens, which ought not to take over 15 minutes. If it doesn't thicken next time, wet one-fourth teaspoon of cornstarch in a very little milk and stir it in. I sometimes do when I want it extra thick.—Boston Globe.

Croquette Chicken.

Make a roux—that is, take one heaping tablespoonful of lard, put it in a kettle over the fire, and when hot add a large tablespoonful of flour and stir until brown, and do not let it burn. Add one large minced onion. Then the chicken, cut into pieces as for frying or stewing, and let it brown. Then add two large ripe tomatoes and enough water to make a nice stew. Let it cook slowly until tender, adding water as needed. Have a slow fire; stir often to prevent burning; add pepper to taste.

Lucanian Eggs.

Chop fine a large white onion and slowly fry in a tablespoonful of butter. When nicely browned add half a pint of milk and six hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters. Let heat slowly. When smoking hot add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese mixed with one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, a pinch of cinnamon and two well-beaten egg yolks. Stir over a slow fire and add a teaspoonful of lemon juice.