

# PASSING OF "CANFIELD"

### Interesting Personality of the "Biggest Gambler in the World"—Man Who Provided Palaces and Luxuries for Devotees of the Goddess of Chance—Like Others of Prominence, He Had His Day, and It Is Over.

New York.—Soldiers and statesmen of international fame this country has produced in numbers; artists, inventors, lawyers, athletes and—let it not be overlooked!—golf players have sprung from this country into worldwide fame with gratifying frequency. But of that class in distinction we have produced only one gambler, Richard A. Canfield. He is passing. Last week the "For Sale" sign was nailed upon his Saratoga place, and the owner has announced that he has "turned his last card."

Bearing in mind that the Monte Carlo gambling establishment is conducted by a stock company, it is permissible to say that for the past dozen

years Richard A. Canfield has been the biggest gambler in the world, says the New York Times. It was inevitable that romance should have mixed many of the colors in which Canfield has been painted; he has been pictured as a scholar of more than ordinary intellectual ability; as a judge of art who would be a valuable aid to a Paris Salon hanging committee; as a conversationalist of brilliant parts; as John Oakhurst and a Jack Hamlin, dear to readers of Bret Harte. Well, he is not all of these, but he is something of each.

**Canfield's Early Career.** Fiction has also been busy with Canfield in the matter of his early career. It may be said that he never did for study for the church, the law, or medicine; nor did he begin a promising career in banking. As a matter of fact, he was a young man when, in 1879, he opened a gambling house in Providence. This he seems to have conducted with much skill in escaping publicity for half a dozen years. But in July, 1885, Canfield was arrested in Providence and charged with being a common gambler. Possibly a loser at his game experienced a change of heart as to the wickedness of playing for gain (and losing) and complained to the authorities. Canfield pleaded guilty to the charge. He has always asserted that he entered the plea on an agreement that he would be sentenced only to pay a fine. But he was sentenced to, and served, six months' imprisonment in the Cranston jail.

After that Canfield came to New York, and within a short time the venturesome began to hear of a safe, quiet place where undivided surpluses could be invested at roulette or poker. A suave and responsible man was in charge; he preferred to play at a reasonable limit, but could be persuaded to raise the limit, or, if one came panting to part with his surplus, a private game could be arranged unhampered by any limit whatever. Along these agreeable lines the fame and fortune of "Dick" Canfield grew in Gotham.

Whistler, the famous artist, was painting the famous gambler's portrait; select upper Bohemian circles in London and Paris delighted to entertain the modern combination of John Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin.

**Entry into New York.** Also: in New York, first in the clubs, then along Broadway, stories were heard of almost fabulous sums won and lost at Canfield's games. At first there was nothing scandalous—nothing considered so, at least—in these stories. They were told and retold simply as illustrations of the way life was lived in little old New York. If a young man could afford to celebrate his twenty-first birthday by losing \$60,000 at Canfield's, why what a very rich young man he must be, and how lucky Canfield!

But some one cut the string. On the evening of Dec. 1, 1902, Police Inspector Brooks, aided and directed by District Attorney Jerome, smashed in the doors and windows, most of the other wood and glass and some of the stone and brick of the front of Canfield's place in search of evidence upon which Canfield could be convicted of being a common gambler. The outcome was, as most readers will recall, that the court said that Banker Lewisohn must be nice to Mr. Jerome, and answer his questions, and if Reginald Vanderbilt wanted ever again to enjoy the glories of New York, he, too, must submit to a conversation, not all questions, with Mr. Jerome. Then Canfield showed that he had the principles romance ascribes to the gambler of the first class; he returned to New York, placed himself within the focus of Mr. Jerome's eyeglasses and said, "Stop bothering my patrons; I'll plead guilty." And he did, and paid a fine of \$1,000 for being a common gambler.

**Transferred to Saratoga.** That was the passing of Canfield from New York city. But he was the proprietor of the Saratoga club, the greatest resort gambling place in the country. This clubhouse is a substantial building of brick and stone built in 1869 by John Morrissy, who had been a prize fighter, a member of congress, politician and gambler. The club Morrissy conducted inherited romantic traditions, for it had been founded in the early days of Saratoga's splendor. Even before Morrissy trained for his first ring fights, belles and gallants from the furthest corners of the country gathered at Saratoga to "take the waters," to drive, to promenade, to flirt a little—and bet a little.

Only a little time before Jerome was moved by a great wish to inspect the inside of the house next to Delmonico's. Canfield disclosed his Saratoga plans. At that time Richard T. Wilson, Jr., had newly taken an interest in horse racing. To him and William C. Whitney Canfield suggested the revival of Saratoga in all its ancient glory. Nature had done more than her share; it remained only for art, backed by a good-natured check book to make Saratoga a second Monte Carlo plus Ascot. Mr. Canfield is a convincing talker, and he had eager listeners. Other men prominent in turf matters came into the venture; a majority of the stock of the old Saratoga Racing association was bought, the old place rejuvenated and made splendid under the fostering finances of the new "Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses."

Canfield enlarged the clubhouse, re-decorated and refurbished it; bought adjoining land until he had a park of 11 acres, where there were paths, bordered by thousands of plants, winding about fields and forests beautified by fountains and statues. There was promise of all that Monte Carlo offered. Leading off from Canfield's vast gambling salon was a magnificent dining-room patronized by those who won—to celebrate—by those who lost—for consolation. The great park was kept up at a cost of \$25,000 a year; the clubhouse was made attractive by the ministering care of an imported chef and 162 assistants and servants. Dominating all, watching, caring for, directing all, was Richard Canfield. There were a few brilliant and profitable seasons; seasons so profitable to Canfield that he did not regret the \$800,000 he had invested in the venture.

Then came the Jerome activity in New York; came questionings by the Saratoga authorities, came appeals to the state legislature; questionings,

gambled heavily were not going to Saratoga. **Its Glories Departed.** Canfield opened the clubhouse dining room this season, but it was not liberally patronized; the people who cared to dine there wanted the fun of looking through the opened doors at the gamblers. But the only gambling going on—because of the questionings—was in a retired room on an upper floor. It was all outlay, little income. Canfield could well repeat his best witticism: "I lose more money in Wall street than I can make at my legitimate business."

Canfield the gambler was passing. It was not in his nature to blink at the fact. There was something opposing him he could not fight, could not corrupt, could not call off. Did he know what it was? Possibly it was not in his nature to ask questions as to what directs fate. But one morning recently there was a black and yellow sign nailed on the Saratoga clubhouse, the last gambling place owned by Richard Canfield, and it read:

"This plot of ground and all the buildings thereon FOR SALE"

NO ROOM FOR QUESTION.

He Was Taught by a Young Lady From Massachusetts Who Knew.

The mere driving of the old stage from Hawley's Notch to Cedarville was a light matter to Hiram Locke; it was the questions and contentions of his passengers which caused him moments of anxiety, and made him draw long breaths of relief when the trip was safely over.

"When was that house built?" demanded a brisk young woman who had secured the seat beside him one day. "I mean that small yellow one over there."

"I reckon about seventeen hundred and ninety-two or three," said Hiram cautiously. "It—"

"O, no," said the young woman promptly. "It couldn't have been! that style of roof never was built on till long after that. I thought you might know."

"Yes'm," said Mr. Locke meekly, "or rather, no'm, as you say."

"Those are magnificent oaks," said the young woman, a few moments later. "I suppose you have no idea how old they are?"

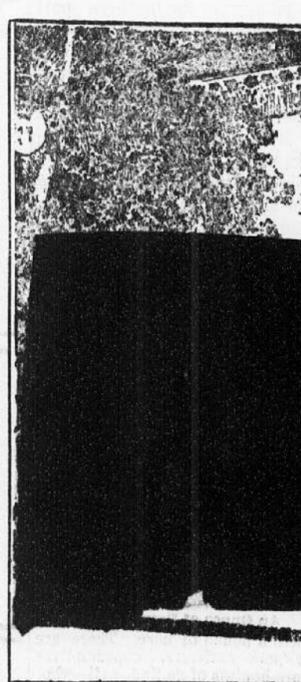
"Yes, ma'am, I have," and Mr. Locke turned a calm gaze upon her. "They are 507 years old."

"Dear me!" and his passenger looked at him with undisguised amazement. "How do you know so accurately?"

"Because there was a young woman of about your left and general get-up rode beside me seven years ago," said Mr. Locke, "and she was chock-full of knowledge. And after she'd set me right on a number o' p'int, we come along to these trees, and she mentioned, without any ifs, or buts, that she knew by the signs they were 500 years old. That's seven years ago and I'm capable of adding a simple sum like that even if I haven't much book knowledge."

"She was from Massachusetts, so I reckon there ain't much use trying to go back o' what she stated. And now if you'll excuse me, I've got to tend strictly to business going down this hill."—Youth's Companion.

**Inches of Time.** Beware of losing or wasting inches of time—they are the little foxes that run away with many days. So much



Canfield's Establishment at Saratoga.

uneasiness—and a dropping off of profits. Something was affecting Canfield's business, though the fountains in his park murmured and sparkled, the moon shone soft on the curves of sculptured marble, music wafted dreamily over the gambling and dining salon—but there was an oppressive something hurting Canfield's business.

Possibly, being a gambler, he called this something "bad luck." There was bad luck elsewhere. Canfield had made a fortune in Wall street as a member of the so-called Reading pool, but late operations in the street had been unsuccessful. The men who

can be done in them, and with them—often the very things for which we sigh hopelessly. Fill them, every one. Keep something handy—something that fits the interval. Remember a famous law book was written because a lord chancellor chose not to be idle throughout the 15 minutes his wife made him wait each day for dinner. Recall, too, all the men, noble and eminent, who have climbed to the heights by saving inches of time. All of us cannot hope to become likewise eminent—but we can reasonably and easily make ourselves happy with things wrought in the fragmentary moments which we might untriflingly leave vacant.—The Delineator

# LOUISIANA NEWS.

**Brown to Visit Lighthouses.** New Orleans, La.—Commander Guy W. Brown, in charge of the Eighth Lighthouse district, will leave Tuesday on a tour of inspection of lighthouses and buoys in Lake Chicot, Grand Lake and Berwick Bay from Morgan City.

**Timber Land Purchase.** Crowley, La.: On Saturday another big sale of timber land was closed here, a partnership consisting of F. M. Joplin and Miss Sallie Thomas having bought through W. W. Dason & Bro. 1000 acres of timber land lying about two miles west from Iota, along the Bayou Des Cannes. The price paid is said to have been close to \$20,000, and the land was bought as a speculation, the purchasers realizing that the rapid advance in the price of timber lands and the increase in demand for this class of property would make valuable holdings.

**Everybody Voted for School Tax.** Millett, La Salle Co., Texas: The election held here Saturday passed off quietly. The result was unanimous in favor of the school tax—not a vote to the contrary.

We expect to put up a \$5000 or \$6000 school building at an early date. Our school board is composed of wide-awake business men, who will put forth every effort to make this building enterprise a success.

**Prof. Webster Accepts.** Shreveport, La.: Dr. F. R. Hill, pastor of the First Methodist church, announced today the election of Prof. W. L. Webster of Emory college, Oxford, Ga., to the office of secretary of the college which will be formally opened here in the fall of 1908. Prof. Webster's acceptance of the commission of office was received today.

**WEIGHT OF LUMBER CARS.** Louisiana Commission Came to Far- Reaching Decision. Baton Rouge, La.: A batch of important decisions by the Louisiana railroad commission. One of them, that of the Industrial Lumber Co. et al vs. the railroads, affects the entire lumber industry of the state and of all the railroads of Louisiana. This case was heard in New Orleans on Jan. 3 and 4 of this year and was attended by all the railroads and representatives of the different lumber interests of the state. The decision provides the estimates for the Southwestern Traffic Association for the weighing of lumber cars and provides further that the cars must be weighed by the carriers on the first scale tracks over which the cars pass and for the second weighing the consignee must pay \$2.50 per car.

**New District Attorney.** Monroe, La.: It became known yesterday that District Attorney Percy Sandel has been quietly working up cases for violating the gambling laws. Especial attention has been paid to violators of the slot machine section. A big batch of warrants was placed in the hands of Sheriff Johnston for service. The grand jury meets Monday and it is expected there will be the biggest business that ever came before that body in the history of Ouachita parish. Already over 100 witnesses have been summoned to appear. Mr. Sandel stated that at the proper time he would give out full information, together with the names of those charged with violations. Mr. Sandel was elected district attorney early this year to succeed Mr. Madison, who was elected judge in place of Judge Hall, who went to the court of appeals.

**Entertainment for School.** Mandeville, La.: The entertainment and ball given last night for the benefit of the public school was a pronounced success socially and financially. In spite of a hard rain that fell during the afternoon the hall was crowded, quite a number of visitors coming from Houltonville, Covington and Abita Springs. A short but entertaining program of music, songs and mirth provoking stunts was delightfully rendered, then the dancing began. A fine supply of refreshments was donated and the tables were well patronized. All seemed to enjoy the affair immensely and seemed loath to depart. The thanks of the community are due to the ladies and gentlemen who contributed time, labor, talent, money and refreshments so cheerfully to this worthy cause. A sufficient amount was realized to defray the expenses incurred in the revision of the census of educable children in this ward, and a neat balance will remain to be applied to some other good work. Some of the teachers have arrived and school will open at once.

**Crescent City.** New Orleans, La.: Archbishop Blenk preached the sermon at the feast of the Holy Name of Mary in Algiers. Letten's downfall was the theme of sermons in several of the city churches. Letten said in an interview that Virginia Reed followed him to his home and threatened to kill herself or him if he did not return to her.

It was too wet for baseball. The levee dispute was settled by an agreement signed by the ship agents and longshoremen at E. F. Kohnke's residence.

The new subtarget gun machines are being successfully operated by the state troops.

**New in Natural History.** Not all English children are well posted on live stock. The following "howlers" are from essays exhibited at a recent show: "The young horses have long legs, so that it might keep up to its mother when wild lions like the lion and tiger are after them to devour them." "The fowl" declares still another, "when alive is used for cock-fighting and when dead for its beautiful feathers." "The pig gets its wool coat off in summer. Then we get the wool of it. The pig is regarded as a bad creature."

**MEDICAL FAILURES.** An Authority Says Three-Fourths of Graduates Are Unfitted to Practice. That 3,000 out of the 4,000 graduates turned out by the Medical Colleges each year are wholly unfitted to practice medicine and are menaces to the communities in which they settle was stated by Dr. Chester Mayer, of the State Board of Medical Examiners of Kentucky at a meeting of the American Medical Association's Committee on Medical Education, held in Chicago not long ago. Dr. Mayer said that only 25 to 28 per cent of the graduates are qualified. Fifty-eight per cent of the graduates examined in 28 states were refused licenses. With few exceptions these failures took a second examination in a few weeks and only 50 per cent of them passed.

"This does not mean that deficiencies in their training were corrected in those few weeks," Dr. Mayer said. "It probably shows that experience showed them what the test would probably be and they 'crammed' for the examination. Dr. W. T. Gott, Secretary of the Indiana Board said: "The majority of our schools now teach their students how to pass examinations, not how to be good physicians."

At the session of the American Medical Association held in Atlantic City in June, Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medico Chirurgical College in Philadelphia said: "Many doctors turned out of the Medical Schools are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe for their patients." Dr. Henry Beas, Jr., President of the Pennsylvania State Board of Medical Examiners, after scrutinizing the papers of a class of candidates for licensure said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine."

A great many more physicians and chemists might be quoted in support of the astounding charge that 3,000 incompetents are being dumped onto an unsuspecting public each year. What the damage done amounts to can never be estimated for these incompetents enjoy the privilege of diagnosing, prescribing or dispensing drugs regarding the properties of which they know nothing and then of signing death certificates that are not passed upon by anyone unless the coroner is called in. Probably there is not a grave yard from one end of the country to the other that does not contain the buried evidences of the mistakes or criminal carelessness of incompetent physicians.

During the last year there have been perhaps, half a dozen known cases where surgeons, after performing operations have sewed up the incisions without first removing the gauze sponges used to absorb the blood, and in some cases forceps and even surgeon's scissors have been left in the wound. How many of these cases there have been, where the patient died, there is no means of knowing and comparatively few of the cases where the discovery is made in time to save life become generally public. Reports from Sanitariums for the treatment of the Drug Habit show that members of the medical profession are more often treated in these institutions than members of any other profession, and that a majority of the patients, excluding the physicians themselves, can trace their downfall directly to a careless physician.

How many criminal operations are performed by physicians is also a matter of conjecture. Operations of this class are, unfortunately, very frequent in large cities. Some graduated and licensed physicians, many of them of supposed respectability, make an exclusive practice of criminal medical and surgical treatment. Dr. Henry G. W. Rheinhardt, Coroner's physician of Chicago, estimates the number of criminal operations, annually, in Chicago alone at 38,000. How many resulted fatally are unknown, as when death results, the real cause is disguised in the death certificate, which the physician signs, and which no one but himself and a clerk sees.

Probably not one case of malpractice in 1,000 ever becomes the subject of a law suit but in the last year approximately 150 cases wherein the plaintiff has alleged malpractice have been reported in the newspapers, and owing to the social prominence and the favored positions of many physicians not more than half the new suits stated, probably, result in any newspaper publicity, but it would probably not be an exaggeration to state that the total cases of malpractice, not involving criminal operations or criminal medical practice, would amount to 150,000 or more than one case to each physician in the country. This estimate is, of course, more or less conjecture. Untimely deaths and permanent disabilities are frequent, and occur within the knowledge of almost every one, when life could have been saved, or health restored had the physician been skillful, careful

### Blamed with Evil Eye.

Sig. Giovanni Giolitti, the Italian prime minister, suffers from a popular superstition that he has the evil eye. Recently Sig. Majorana, minister of the treasury, retired from the cabinet because he had been seized with a serious illness. He is the sixteenth statesman associated with Sig. Giolitti to have been stricken down, if not by death, at least by some serious ailment, since the premier's rise to power. In Giolitti's first cabinet four of his ministers died in office. In his second two died and four others were brought near to death's door. In his third administration one minister committed suicide, another died, and Sig. Tittoni was prostrated by cerebral congestion. In the present cabinet disease and death still pursue Giolitti's colleagues.

It is possible that the United States may yet produce many of the fruits and vegetables which it is now necessary to import. One of the latest attempts to adopt these aliens has been made in Texas, where it is sought to introduce the growing of dates. Experiments so far have been most encouraging, and a noted horticulturist declares his belief that the date will become a staple and famous product of semi-tropical Texas. The date is wholesome and nutritious and is gaining in popularity, and the American fruit is likely to rival that imported from the old world and elsewhere. We may even grow bananas.

M. Carols Duran has painted a portrait of the king of Slam, which is thus described: "The picture is practically all gold and almost blinds the eye. The king of Slam stands against a background of old gold plush. His dress is white, but the embroideries on the collar, the belt and the sleeves are of gold. His sword has a golden hilt and scabbard, his helmet is white and gold. His right hand holds a golden scepter, his breast is one mass of orders, mostly of gold, and is crossed by a golden sash. Over his shoulders hangs a cloak of cloth of gold, studded with diamonds and pearls."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who writes in the Independent that she is one of "an immense number of abandoned women no longer young, but by no means old, just women, quite permanently women, as men are men," objects to the novels that have to do with nothing but love. And she asks: "Is Cupid a convention?" He is, indeed, Charlotte, replies the Boston Herald; and he is also a caucus, a ratification meeting and an election.

It is doubtless a necessary concomitant of our unparalleled prosperity that waiters, porters and other orders of infinite receptiveness never strike, but are always on hand to absorb all the quarters which the cashier by pure inadvertence gives you in change.

More than 17 hours have just been knocked off the automobile record between Chicago and New York. People are learning to keep their children and their dogs out of the roads.