

VALLEY OF DIAMONDS

HOW STONES REACH THE STORES OF FIFTH AVENUE AND BROADWAY. HUNDREDS OF FIRMS CUT.

THESE PAIRS OF EYES WATCH EVERY WORKMAN WHO HANDLES GEMS. RUSH OF CHRISTMAS TIME. In Dirty Rooms and Dusty Lofts Diamonds Are Prepared for the Market.

In dingy rooms and dusty lofts, where dark passages lead to doors of frosted glass, is the home of the diamonds.

The diamond market of New York, and practically of the whole country, is hemmed in by Maiden lane and Fulton and John streets.

Twenty-five large firms do most of the importing, hundreds of others cut, polish and set the bits of mineral which we call diamonds.

Suppose that we dive into one of these hallways and ascend to the shops of those who sell a collection of diamonds. I mean, here, a tumble-down building in a narrow alley which runs off from Maiden lane.

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the precious stone was forced into the top of the acorn. The wheels were smeared with a mixture of diamond dust and oil.

The hands of the workmen were smeared with oil and dust, and their faces bore the marks of their surroundings. The clatter and bang of machinery filled the place.

Looking down on Maiden lane and John street are rooms which echo all day with stamping, pounding and whirling. Here are the makers of diamond settings, the engravers, the ring makers and dozens of workmen whose interests are subsidiary to the diamond trade.

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DIDN'T KNOW POKER

THE DRUMMER'S COSTLY LESSON IN A PACIFIC COAST GAME.

SURPRISING THINGS DONE IN A REGION WHERE THE JOKER COUNTS FOR ANY OLD THING.

WHERE STRAIGHTS DON'T GO. Where Jacks Always Progress and Flushes Must Be Pat.

"Before sitting into a game of poker anywhere near tidewater out on the Pacific coast you'll always find it a pretty good scheme to make a few little preliminary inquiries of your fellow players as to the kind of poker

came at me on the double with the limit. I'd caught another kind, and had a neat-looking a full house as a man needs to have in any kind of a game.

"Five more'n you," said I, and we shuttled the limit back and forth until we each had about \$50 in the pot. Said I to myself, 'I've got you beat, my boy, for the percentage of the game is 'way against your holding fours against my full hand, especially on the first clatter out of the box, and, even if you've filled these two pairs of yours—which you probably haven't, for the percentage is plumb against you—you certainly haven't got aces on top.'

"What the dickens are you doing there?" I asked him when he raked in the pot. "Can't you see it's a misdeal? I forgot to take the joker out of the deck."

"Misdeal, nothing," he said, still smiling. "You had a good hand all right, but aces beat kings, you know, anywhere from Tucson."

"Yes," said I, "but you've only got aces up, and it's a misdeal, anyhow."

"Well, they all looked at me like they thought I ought to be in a lunatic asylum. 'Misdeal,' said my friend who had swiped the pot. 'What the dickens are you giving about, anyhow? I caught the joker on the draw, and it just filled my hand—three aces and a pair of sixes. Don't an ace-full beat a king-full in that resonant Atlantic coast region you hail from?'

"You mean you call the joker an ace?" said I, the thing beginning to dawn upon me. "The three fellows gazed at me as if they were trying to find out if I was drunk or not. 'Why, do you mean to say,' said the man I had played with, 'that you don't know that in poker the joker is any old thing you choose to make it—that, when you get it either on the deal or on the draw, you can call it anything you want to call it to take out a pair, flush, full house or anything else? Tell you what, old man, you need sleep. You've been working too hard. Turn in and have a long night of it.'

ROSA MASSO, HEROINE OF THE WAR IN CUBA.



One of the bravest of the heroines of the Cuban war is Rosa Masso, the beautiful and courageous daughter of a wealthy planter. The Spaniards burned the plantation and killed her father and brother. She

escaped and joined the insurgents, sometimes nursing the sick and at other times acting as scout. The story of her many narrow escapes has been printed in the newspapers. It was the first woman to cross Weipert's famous trench.

you're expected to mix up with," said a traveling man who had recently returned to the East after a tour on the slope. "Because I neglected to do this myself on several occasions I got into all sorts of embarrassing situations and all colors of poker-trouble all the way from Portland, Or., to San Diego, Cal., and the fellows with whom I did little stunts at draw—all good people, business men I met with through letters—put me down as the worst jay in a game of cards that ever crossed the Rocky mountains. The folks out there think we're all jays back here, anyhow, if for no other reason than that we haven't enough brains to migrate in a body to the Pacific slope, but they complacently told me that I was the worst of the species they had ever seen, simply because I couldn't seem to get the hang of the queer old game they call poker out in that country."

"The game they dub poker out there isn't poker at all, in my opinion. It's a hybrid sort of affair, full of fancy moves that must have been chucked into the original game by early California vaqueros with such a taste for embellishment that they had to tack gilt fringe on to their pants and to encircle their hats with silver cable. Whatever they call it, it's not American draw poker by a damned sight. The kind of poker that I was raised on—the real thing, the article of draw that we play on this side of the Alleghenies—doesn't take any more account of the joker, for instance, than it does of the card case; but out in California they think a man's plumb can draw poker if he registers a kick over having the joker in the deck. I'd as lief play old maid or grab for cornsick cigarettes as play draw poker with the joker mixed up in it; but out there I had to take the game as it was served up, and, as between poker with a joker and no poker at all, I, of course, accepted the lesser of the two evils and played."

But I got dumped on the game for about 2,000 miles of coast line, and that, too, by people who didn't have to count themselves because they were so many at the game. The trouble was that I played the game of draw that I was brought up on and they played their cross-bred game and the result was just about as queer as it would be to see a base ball pitcher chucking up a Rugby football to a cricket batsman with a fence picket in his hands. "I'll not forget my first run-in with this poker-joker idea. This was my first visit to the slope, you know, and although I'd often heard vaguely that young 'uns, playing draw for beans or tin tags, once in a while shoved the joker into the pack for the fun of the thing, I, of course, never dreamed that rational adult human beings in any quarter of the earth could have the nerve to inflict such a dismal outrage upon the noble game of draw as to slap the joker into a poker deck. But I found out different the very first game of draw that I sat into out in San Francisco. "It was a four-handed game, and I was the only Eastern man in the bunch. The other three fellows were business men who belong to the Native Sons' organization, which accounts for the weird brand of poker they played. They played what was taught 'em in their youth out there; didn't know any better, and thought and no doubt still think, that their game is right. "I was banker, and dished up the tin tags, once in a while five cents ante and \$5 limit. I gave myself two rattling good pairs, kings up on tens. All of the other fellows stayed, and the man on my right made it a couple of dollars more to draw cards. This let two of 'em out of it, but I thought my two pairs were good enough for a \$2 raise, and so I played with the raise. He drew one card, and so, of course, did I. It was his bet, and he

draw to flushes. You've got to hold 'em Pat. "Well, that was the worst job I had yet received, but I had to stand for it, on the do-as-the-Romans-do principle. "In San Diego I got into a game with some fellows who were so warm that they wouldn't play anything but jack pots. At the start

boy," said I, thinking he was only fooling. "Pass that pile over." "For why?" said he. "Then I looked him over and saw that he was serious. "For whose? I repeated. 'Well, the 'n-structure at whose feet I sat to learn what is learnable about the game of draw poker, si-

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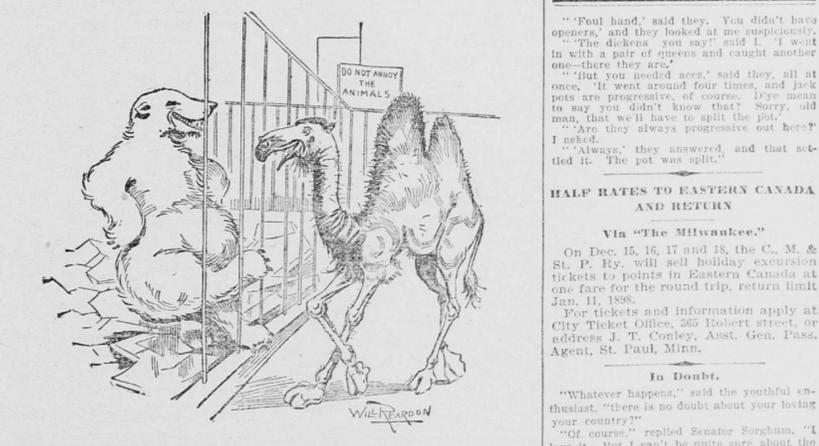
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AT THE CIRCUS.

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The Camel (to the polar bear)—Oh! I don't know, you're not so warm. The Polar Bear—Well, I don't see what you've got your back up about.

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