

PITTSBURG PHIL'S BETS

The Turf Plunger's Methods of Placing Them.

A GENIUS AT HANDICAPPING.

Samples of His Races to Outwit the Bookmakers, Who Were Always on the Lookout For Him—Never Made a Sign When He Lost—How He Signaled His Betting Commissioners.

The late George E. Smith, "Pittsburg Phil," the famous turf plunger, was the genius of his generation in betting on the races of running horses, says the New York Herald. It may be said that he was the genius of all generations to date, and in all likelihood he will never have a successor.

As a handicapper he had few equals. His genius first appeared in that. Without education, yet his mind could store up every situation in every race, and this he would never forget. Where men would spend hours in poring over "past performances" Smith had them at call, and this power never diminished. To the end his memory was unimpaired.

It was not long after "Pittsburg Phil" had made his eastern debut at Monmouth Park, at Monmouth, N. J., that the bookmakers received several severe shocks in their bank accounts, and they began to be wary. Nobody takes alarm quicker than a losing bookmaker, and it was to lure them into a false sense of security that Smith began a system of betting by commissioners that continued while his turf career lasted.

One time toward the closing days of Monmouth Park a group of men truly rural appeared in the betting ring and began to bet on a horse the odds of which were 40 to 1. They were betting only \$15 and \$20 at a time. At the same time it became known through the "runners" that "Pittsburg Phil" had bet on the favorite. That 40 to 1 chance won, and those rural looking men spent an hour collecting their wagers. It was not known for years, until Fred Cowan told it, that the farmers had been hired by "Pittsburg Phil" for the purpose of making a "killing" on that particular horse. How many thousands of dollars he won is not known.

"Pittsburg Phil" had nerves, but nobody ever knew it at the race track. No matter how much money he might have wagered, he did not show the slightest sign of excitement, even if he lost thousands by an eyelash. John O'Neill, a western bookmaker, came east and, being unfortunate, finally went to Smith to help him out. Smith agreed to furnish the money for a fresh start, receiving 50 per cent of the profits. Everybody knew about this, for news of all kinds travels fast in the betting ring, and naturally everybody began to look at O'Neill's book, arguing that if "Pittsburg Phil" fancied a horse in any race the reduced odds would show it.

There came a race at Sheephead Bay one day in which a certain horse opened in the betting of O'Neill's book at eight to one. O'Neill knew his partner had inside information on the horse, and when he put up the betting odds he showed his slate to his partner, who only gazed at it impassively. A moment later there came a \$100 bet, and O'Neill ostentatiously called out, "Eight hundred dollars to \$100," again turning to Smith; no sign. Another \$100, and still another, and then O'Neill, who all the time was keeping one fearful eye on his partner, reduced the odds to six. More money came in, and still no sign. The book stood to lose \$4,400 on that one horse, when the "runner" came up breathless. "Six to one," he fairly screamed. "Why, it's two and three only all over the ring. Somebody's betting it by the shovelful on the horse."

O'Neill promptly rubbed the horse's name and the odds off his slate, and the horse won. "We lose \$2,200 apiece on that race," said O'Neill ruefully. "That's all right," was the answer, "that was my money going on out there."

Smith did not bet, of course, on every race, and in late years he always declared that any man who accepted less than even money on a wager was crazy or a millionaire. From five to seven to one was his favorite price, and when anything was propitious he would bet the ring to a "standstill," as they say.

George Considine gave an illustration of his betting methods the other day. It was at Sheephead Bay. Smith had not been betting during the meet. One day he stopped in front of Considine's stand. "Oh, it's getting harder to beat them every day," he said casually. "I declare the only bet to make now are on sentiment. It's no use, it's getting us too hard! Let me see: five to one on that one. I ought to have something on the race. Will you take \$500 at that price?" Mr. Considine said he would, and the price, \$2,500 to \$500, was duly recorded. Smith turned and took off his hat. "It's very warm," he said, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. A moment later there was a stir of more than usual excitement as men gatted that five to one all over the

ring. They were Smith's betting commissioners, a new lot. It was not known until afterward that the careless application of the handkerchief was the signal to his men watching at every corner of the betting ring to go to work. The horse won.

Naturally Smith was feared wherever men laid wagers on running horses. One of his last experiences in a pool room of New York city will illustrate perhaps the subtle way in which he would outwit them.

Smith, accompanied by Keyes and several other friends, went into Eole Pearsall's room one afternoon last winter. Three races had been run on a western track, and Smith stood gazing idly at the odds or conversing on general subjects. He didn't know anything about horses, he said; he was taking no interest in them then. He could not beat them. It came to the last race. Suddenly, as if in surprise, his eye lighted on a horse against which the comfortable odds of seven to one, two and a half to one and six to five were posted to win, to run second and third respectively.

"Why, he might win. How is his 'dope'?" "Dope" is the technical title for description of past performances. Smith immediately procured some and began to study it with a great flourish. "I believe he might win," he said. "I will bet you \$25 across the board," he said and again resumed his study. "Now, he might," he announced again. "Will you take \$50 across the board?" he asked. It was taken.

Then one after another of his friends put down similar bets, Smith all of the time "leading" over the past performances as if making the most careful study. "Take \$100 across the board more?" he suggested. This was taken, and the plunger laid down his book. "Another hundred?" he questioned. But by this time Pearsall had begun to grow suspicious, and he said "No," but he would try to get it on by telephone at some other room. It was bet just as the telegraph wire ticked, "They're off." The horse Smith bet on was not mentioned in the first three. At the quarter it was the same way. "I guess I found a bad one," he said aloud. "It looks as if he is a bad horse." Some of the other men in the room began to laugh and make humorous remarks.

"Wire's in trouble," announced the operator. "So are the bettors," said Smith. "Well, I guess I had better be going. No; I'll wait." There was the usual moment of indecision until the operator's monotone announced, "Result." Smith's horse had won by four lengths.

"Say, I don't mind that losing," said Pearsall wrathfully, "but, Mr. Smith, I wish you wouldn't have gone to the trouble to do all that acting with the 'dope.'" Smith hadn't read a line of the printed matter. He knew all about the horse before he went to the room. To his mother Smith was always most devoted. He once bought for her an \$80,000 house in New York and laughed when she said she would rather go back to Allegheny and live. He bought her two houses there and surrounded her with every comfort that money could buy.

**Peculiar Disappearance.** J. D. Ryan, of Butlerville, O., laid the peculiar disappearance of his painful symptoms, of indigestion and biliousness to Dr. King's New Life Pills. He says: "They are a perfect remedy for dizziness, sour stomach, headache, constipation, etc." Guaranteed at Red Cross Pharmacy; price 25c.

**A Crouch.** There's the man who has always a cure for your cold. I wish he would get off of the earth. The fellow who's telling the joke that is old. I wish he would get off of the earth. The chap who laughs loud at my enemy's joke. The fellow who hands out a bum brand to smoke. The other who always is going dead broke. I wish they would get off of the earth.

It makes no difference how many medicines have failed to cure you, if you are troubled with headache, constipation, kidney or liver troubles, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. Ask your druggist.

**Feature of Don Quixote Centenary.** By way of celebrating the centenary of Don Quixote next May the Marquesa de Squillacca will arrange a great festival in Madrid, at which all of the guests as well as the servants will appear in the costumes of the time when that knight is supposed to have lived.

**The Sunshine of Spring.** The salve that cures without a scar DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Cuts, burns, boils, bruises and piles disappear before the use of this salve as soon as the sunshine of spring. Miss H. M. Middleton, Thibodaux, La., says: "I was seriously afflicted with a fever sore that was very painful. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in less than a week." Get the genuine. Sold by Red Cross Pharmacy, Titusville, Fla.; Graine Pharmacy, Eastville.

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**Flendish Suffering** Is often caused by sores, ulcers and cancers that eat away your skin. Wm. Bedell, of Flat Rock, Mich., says: "I have used Bucklen's Arnica Salve for ulcers, sores and cancers. It is the best healing dressing I ever found." Sothes and heals cuts, burns and scalds. 25c at Red Cross Pharmacy; guaranteed.

**The Kaiser's Pet Child.** The kaiser is intensely happy over the recovery of Prince Eitel Fritz, his favorite son, says a special cable dispatch from Berlin to the New York World. Eitel closely resembles his father in ideas, temperament and character. He has inherited even his father's indifferent constitution, easily catching chills, and is a bad subject for illness. He is the only member of the family who is perfectly unconstipated in his father's presence, and the parental severity so easily incurred by his brothers never falls on him. The kaiser, who rather despises the irresponsible, philandering ways of the crown prince, says Eitel is everything he could wish the elder brother to be, but is not.

**Public is Aroused.** The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic, Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 546 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep and my stomach was so weak from useless doctor's drugs that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters I obtained relief and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed by Red Cross Pharmacy; price 50c.

**No Handicap.** "What makes Jenkins so good humor'd?" "He has a new baby and he is delighted that he did not have him christened Alton."

**Weak and Low-Spirited.** "I can strongly recommend Herbine as a medicine of remarkable efficacy for indigestion, loss of appetite, sour taste in the mouth, palpitation, headache, drowsiness after meals with distressing mental depression and low spirits. Herbine must be a unique preparation for such cases as mine, for a few doses entirely removed my complaint. I wonder at people going on suffering or spending their money on worthless things when Herbine is procurable and so cheap." See a bottle at Red Cross Pharmacy.

**Has to Do It.** "Why is Jones smoking that horrible smelling cesset these days?" "Well, the weather has turned cold you know, and his wife has had his winter fannels packed in moth balls all summer."

**Perfect Influence.** Where there used to be a feeling of uneasiness and worry in the household when a child showed symptoms of croup there is now perfect confidence. This is owing to the uniform success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the treatment of that disease. Mrs. M. I. Basford, of Paoli, Mo., in speaking of her experience in the use of that remedy says: "I have a world of confidence in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for I have used it with perfect success. My child has not been subject to severe attacks of croup and it always gives him prompt relief." For sale by Red Cross Pharmacy.

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