

Gambling in Green Goods

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Unique Method, Originated and Practiced by "Doc" Floyd

"HERE'S hoping that you get even, alderman." Doc Floyd raised a goblet of sparkling burgundy, across the brim of which he smiled at the member of the High Rollers club who was host at a dinner he was giving in part payment of a bet that there was not a man in the county who could be beaten out of that amount on the ancient "gold brick" game. The dinner end of the bet was merely a party for those who were giving, but had also wagered \$5,000 and lost that, too.

Doc Floyd had asserted that even in the twentieth century the time worn "green goods game" could be worked. "Have you got the nerve to tell me that you can put over the old green goods thing," was the amazed demand of Alderman Mohan's "bet" just one more hundred of \$5,000 part payment for the crowd that it can't be done. Why the biggest sucker in the country would take you your flesh and bone from you if you try to work that?

"Well, maybe he would," returned Floyd, but I'll just bet you can't do it. You will let Cleland, the time worn work and I'll just go along to oversee it. I may have to find the man, but I'll bet that to the trimming."

"All right, take half of Floyd's end of the bet that they put over," broke in Col. Powley once more. Is it a bet?"

"It is. I'm game for another try," replied the alderman. "How about it, Jack? Can we do it?" quired Floyd. A cold, cold-eyed, dyspeptic looking fellow, with a white beard, silent, slipping his wine and puffing a big cigar throughout the bantering conversation.

Jack Cleland merely grunted his assent. He was the one pessimist of the party, but always dependable and a handy man to have in a jam. A bell clanged, a galeessenger climbed aboard the Twentieth Century Limited train which was leaving the station for Chicago for the 18-hour spin to New York. The big engine throbbed and the long train of rolling palaces slid out of the shed without a jerk or tremor, and the green goods firm sat back propelled by a gentle breeze. At the forward end of the train, the buffet car, a comfortable small club on wheels, was crowded with more than half filled with passengers. Solid looking business men were scanning the market pages of the afternoon paper. At one end of the steward was opening a large bottle of wine for two New York theatrical persons who were drinking to the success of the new play that had just produced in Chicago. They were satisfied with its initial performance and were waiting for the look after other interests.

Sitting on one side of the car Doc Floyd was contentedly puffing a cigarette while on the opposite side of the aisle, Jack Cleland pulled at the cigar, and neither man glanced at or seemed to know of the presence of the other. All was quiet and uneventful until the businesslike conversations of two showmen. The vestibule door opened and into the car came Solomon Rosenberg, wise man of the west in that section he had imbued the air of freedom in speech and manner. His appearances are almost as easily made in the smoking car as they are on shipboard and here was Floyd not 20 miles out of Chicago drinking with persons whose natural propensities for "putting in" with strangers would not be overcome. Within ten minutes after they had met, Solomon Rosenberg was narrating to Floyd the most recent happenings of his life and riding to a swift and certain fall. Doc Floyd, according to the song of Solomon, came to know that the fortune was easy of acquisition in the mining camps of Nevada. Solomon brazenly admitted that he had just cleaned up a clear profit of \$25,000 selling the stock in a worthless mining claim that had never been touched with pick or shovel to a gentleman at five cents a share. He announced that he was now on his way to New York to treat himself to a grand, good time in the city of the seven hills as a reward for his own astuteness.

"It's as easy as taking pap from a baby," Solomon told Floyd. "Why then had you not swooned in blood down the race track at Oakland?" Floyd was making book. When I heard of the good gain in Nevada. No more book for me, my friend. It's too tough a game. You stand a chance of losing there and I found an easier game." Oh, yes, Solomon was a wise one. He knew it was and was proud of it. Floyd had listened to his talk and was of the white, whether there was a chance to make some Solomon's easily got his wealth and also over his own conceit. He concluded that it might be well worth while to cultivate his new acquaintance. It was at least worth trying, so he ordered the waitress which further mollified the talkative one, whose tones by this time had disturbed a comrade who sat near him running over columns of figures in his sales book. The traveling man appeared slightly annoyed as he glanced toward the wine drinkers. Suddenly he seemed to think of something and placing his monocle in his pocket he turned to Floyd and his companion and they cared to kill the time with a small game until the call came for dinner at the dining car. "Sure," was the reply of Solomon, answering for Floyd as well as himself. "My friend and I will play it myself on some one else's bet."

A telegraphic thought seemed to travel from Floyd to Jack Cleland who was looking at the party from the op-

Again Solomon won, but his winnings were small. The salesman, also, was allowed to carry away a few dollars for his evening's work. Floyd, however, made a heavy winner and Cleland lost \$2,000, playing with the fervent recollection that comes to the average loser at cards. The game broke up when the salesman announced that he would have to quit and get a few hours' sleep before appearing at his place of business. Cleland went off to his room with a grout, refusing even to take a "night-cap" drink. Solomon, however, readily accepted Floyd's invitation to take in some of the all-night restaurant.

"I wonder if my friend has left town without saying good-by," remarked Solomon to Doc Floyd two days after the poker game in which Cleland had lost his money to Floyd. He had not appeared since that time. "I wonder?" replied Floyd. "Let's inquire of the clerk at the desk and see if he's gone." Acting upon this suggestion they learned that Mr. "McClelland," the name under which Cleland was known to them, was still in town, and in fact was in his room at that moment.

"Let's go up and see what ails him," proposed Floyd. "Maybe he's not feeling well." In his room the two callers found Cleland pacing the floor with a worried look on his face. It was anything but a cordial "welcome" which he gave them. "Not ill, I hope," said Floyd. "We'd miss you for a couple of days and thought we'd look you up. Haven't you got us out here, have you?"

"To tell you the truth, fellows, I haven't felt very cheerful since I made that losing bet. I'm only a salaried man, you know, and can't really afford to play that kind of a game, even if my salary is a big one. It isn't that I'm worried about just now, though, for I've got a chance to get more than

planned that was the office of a friend who dealt in curb stocks and was seldom in, but allowed him free use of the place. The trio were waiting for the summons to appear in a suit case, entered. He immediately took from the case two packages, exactly alike in appearance and as to outer packing and size. Quickly cutting one of them open, he disclosed large bundles of money. It took a half hour to count this and ascertain that there was \$20,000 in the bills. Fifteen thousand dollars in large bills were placed in the hands of Danny, who in five minutes the good bills of perfectly good money were divided into three packages of equal amounts and tied up in neat paper-bound parcels on the rolltop desk. Just at that moment there was a knock on the locked door of the office and Cleland slammed down the top of the desk and kicked the waste paper underneath before he went to answer it. "It was only a customer looking for my friend," he remarked, as he returned and raised the top of the desk, disclosing the neatly tied packages. "You fellows had better take your bundles and separate. We will all meet at the hotel for dinner."

"Solomon and Floyd, acting like two conspirators, agreed to take separate conveyances upon to their hotel and to meet later and drink to the good luck.

Two hours later, when Floyd had not put in appearance, Solomon began to feel nervous. He was afraid something had happened to Floyd and Cleland, but for another half hour he did not suspicion anything further, and then he suddenly decided to go to his room and investigate his newly acquired wealth.

"Stung!" yelled Solomon when he undid the parcel and found a tightly bound messenger and made the dollar bill on each outer side. "And I never once thought of the old green goods game!"

(Copyright in Great Britain.)

"IT TOOK HALF AN HOUR TO COUNT THIS!"

My conscience will hardly let me do it, though, and besides I've got to have more money than I've got to put the deal through."

"I think you'd better about it," broke in Solomon. "And any suit don't let your conscience put too much weight on you. Throw it away and get rid of it handily, but don't do anything to go into jail. Don't let the telling you that there are two or three places in this country right now where I don't want to go for the jail doors would open quick to get me. Our friend here is a lawyer. Let him advise you."

"I wonder if I should tell you?" replied Cleland, brightening perceptibly polished actor that he was.

"Yes, go ahead and out with it," returned Floyd. "You know we lawyers hear some strange stories now and then and can't afford to be too particular as to our clients."

"Well, I'll tell you on one condition," agreed Cleland. "That condition is that you come in on the deal with me. I haven't got enough capital to do it, and I don't want to take any danger in it, and it's sure way to die together that evening. The only dissipation Cleland would indulge in that evening after dinner was to come in and see the show. He followed by another, to accompany Floyd and Solomon. After the theater, however, Floyd was indeed the gay man of law away from home for good time while the lights are burning brightest on the Great White Way."

The trio met in the lobby of the hotel a few moments later and Solomon insisted on having just one drink before they parted company for the day and then also insisted that they die together that evening. The only dissipation Cleland would indulge in that evening after dinner was to come in and see the show. He followed by another, to accompany Floyd and Solomon. After the theater, however, Floyd was indeed the gay man of law away from home for good time while the lights are burning brightest on the Great White Way."

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8. Elmer's house and lot 1/2 acre front and 1/2 acre back. Maple Ave. 1/2 acre. Price \$10,000.00. Can be bought for what the buildings are worth. Call on the owner or write to Real Estate Exchange, 100 Woodward Ave., Birmingham, Mich. See my list of the other houses for sale.

10. One acre on the corner of 1/2 acre front and 1/2 acre back. Maple Ave. 1/2 acre. Price \$10,000.00. Can be bought for what the buildings are worth. Call on the owner or write to Real Estate Exchange, 100 Woodward Ave., Birmingham, Mich. See my list of the other houses for sale.

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