

# Hedging is Bad Practice

Once you get a bet down at a track, let it stick as it's jotted down by the sheet writer until the cross the line," remarked a member of the Bookmakers' Club, who drew in at Washington during the recent Bannings meeting. "Even if you know or think you've made a mistake, stay along with your original ticket. It's my experience, and the experience of a lot of other men in the business, that the hedger's system is a hallucination and a heartache."

"Down at the Bannings track the other day one of the stool men—the man who owns the Worth track near Chicago, by the way—told his wardman to get a hustle on and spraddle a couple of hundred on the chances of a lobby thing named Lithium. The commissioner happened to be in a sort of left-over fog or something that afternoon, and, instead of getting the \$200 on Lithium, he put it down on a horse in the same sprint named Directum—the 'um' in the two names got him going."

"When the commissioner returned to the bookie's stool he had a perplexed grin on his map."

"I got it all down at 20 to 1," he told his employer."

"The bookmaker instantly handed his slate over to an assistant, and jumped alongside his commissioner."

"Stop drawing on that bubble," he said. "Lithium's only 3 to 1 all over the ring, and they're hammering him at that."

"Lithium?" said the commissioner, coming out of his daze in a rush. "I thought you said Directum—that's the one I put the coin on."

"The bookmaker took a clutch at his left side lock and looked sore. It took him just eight seconds to say what he had to say to his commissioner, the finish of the same being an order to his wardman to jump around and try to get the Directum money off and take any price on or against Lithium."

"The commissioner, having the tenure of his job strongly in mind, went to the books where he had put the mistake money down and essayed to give them the sad-gazelle eye, but they only gave him the merry moan. They all told the wounded commissioner that Directum money was just like back heeling a cripple and taking his crutches away from him, and they added that they could use that dough in having their monograms gilded on their spring consignment of cigarettes."

"All the same Directum came along and won by a day and a half," the saying goes, and that bookmaker with his tidy little \$4,000 winning in his tunic was about the gladdest individual within sight of the Capitol dome, just because his dreamy runner had been unable to pull down a bunch of up-the-line bets made in a moment of that-next-day wooze."

"And I've seen it happen that way over and over again. A few years ago I had an interest in a big room in Westport, outside of Baltimore. This was when Banastar was a two-year-old. One day Banastar was in a race at Louisville in which a much-regarded two-year-old named Banished was also entered."

"A young fellow that I knew pretty well because he was often entrusted with big money by Baltimore baseball players, when the players themselves couldn't get to the room, walked up to my desk, planted \$500 in century papers, and said 'Banished,' tipping me the word that the money was going down for a famous Baltimore player who's still big in the game of ball."

"Now Banastar in that race was a 5 to 1 chance, and Banished was at 10 to 1, and I knew that my chum the baseball man habitually took the short end of it for his. I didn't want to let him have the worst of it through a mistake of his commissioner and so I said to the young fellow:

"Banastar, you mean."

"No, I don't," he replied, straight off the reel, referring to a slip of paper that he took from his waistcoat pocket. "I mean Banished."

"Well, it wasn't my last sad rites, and so I wrote the pasteboard, 'Banished,' \$3,000 to \$300, and handed it to the young fellow."

"Two minutes later I was called to the telephone, and there, at the other end of the wire, was my pal the baseball man in a panic."

"Say," he shouted at me, "has that lad of mine turned up yet, and if so which of 'em did he put the \$300 on—Banastar or Banished? I think I made a hash of it in writing the slip for him."

"Banished, three thousand, to three hundred," said I.

"Well, take it off for me, won't you, and get it right on Banastar, for I—"

"Can't do it now, Johnny. I had to say back to him, for just then the

operator began his song. 'They're off, and Banastar is in front at the quarter by three lengths. Would like to make the switch, but it would be a case of robbing my own satchel now.'

"I heard him cussing like a royal marine as I hung up the receiver, but I couldn't help it."

"Banastar in the stretch," yodled the operator, and up to that stage of it Banished hadn't got a whistle. 'Ban—er—Banastar wins,' he went on, and then he cocked his head to one side as he was checked at the other end of the wire. 'Mistake—Banished wins easy by two lengths, Banastar second,' and there was a case where a scrappy ball player would have been just \$3,000 to the worse and I \$300 to the good, had he been about a quarter of a minute earlier in his attempt to hedge or call off a mistake gambler."

"And just one more little modern instance on the topic of this hedgerino way of doing it. You remember old Logan, the horse that ran until he'd grown and lost about four sets of teeth and until he was in his second two-year-old-hood, that was just about as good an eleven-year-old as he was when he was chewing three-year-old's mashes and that won more actual races than any other horse in the history of the American turf?"

"Well, they were pretty enthusiastic out in California, where he ran a good many of his races, about the prowess of old Logan, and he never went to the post out there that they didn't back him until they stood to dine on excelsior for the rest of their lives, whether the poor old over-worked beast was known to be paddling along on a leg and a half or not."

"Well, about a week before the beginning of the last California season that old Logan figured in, a party of racing men, including a couple of California bookmakers, got to fanning about the skates in a Sacramento street cafe. One of the gang, a man who was only in the game from the outside betting end of it, waxed enthusiastic about old Logan, remarking that he considered Logan, old as he then was, the Eat-um-up-Jack of anything that was going to wear hoofs in California that season."

"Logan was at that time on his way, or just about to start on his way, to the California tracks from the east, where he had been racing continuously for months. One of the bookmakers spoke in a sort of depreciating tone of Logan, saying that the horse had never been better than a lucky plater and that kind of stuff, and this got the praise of Logan hot up around the neckband, as it were."

"All right for you," he spoke up to the bookmaker. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll bet you \$1,000 that Logan'll win the first race he starts in in California this season and I'll take the closing betting on the old horse's chance, if that suits you."

"That's me," promptly replied the bookmaker. "Well, on the very day that the season's racing opened old Logan got along to the Bay District track in his car, and he was entered by his owners to start in a race on that day, too. Nobody thought that the poor old nag would really be started after his long joggle over the prairies and mountains. But his owners were after the dust, and carded to start he was."

"When he was brought out on the track for his preliminary breather—it was the first exercise he'd had since boarding the freight back east—the old horse was so sore that he could hardly move, and he was teetering with the car sickness at that. All four of his legs were bunged up until they looked like old-fashioned square piano props."

"Nevertheless, he was kept in the race, and he was due to go with a pretty shifty bunch, too. Naturally enough, Logan was chalked up at a long price, and there was all of the 30 to 1 that you wanted."

"Nobody with any of the real wisdom, so called, appeared to want Logan that day, though, for he looked as if he couldn't beat a barnyard hen in a scramble for cornmeal mush after his long journey."

"Member that little bet of ours?" smilingly remarked the bookmaker who had depreciated Logan to the man who had praised the old nag."

"For a sure thing the other remembered the bet, and he was creaking inside of him about it, but he poked up his thousand and drew down his \$30,000 to \$1,000 cardboard. He couldn't see any more chance of his pet's winning him out on the ticket than he could of swimming from the Golden Gate to Honolulu, and so he laid off every cent's worth of the ticket to pikers, giving 'em as good as 50 to 1 against Logan."

"Which is an appropriate termina-

tion of my portion of the entertainment. For that little exhibition of the hedgerino panic that man hasn't got over the desire to club himself to death down to the present time."

"And I guess I ought to know," I was the individual, and Logan walked in."

"That was the beginning of the don't hedge motto with me, and now-a-days if I come to and find myself with a ticket on a Welsh rabbit to beat a kangaroo I hang on to the cheese cardboard on the off bunch chance that the kangaroo'll snap a couple of tendons before hopping to the stick at bugle-call."—New York Sun.

## \$7,500 for Small Boy.

New York, April 30.—After four trials and several appeals a verdict of \$7,500 against the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, obtained for personal injuries to George A. Gumby when he was 5 years old, was affirmed by the court. Appeals on Friday without an opinion. The boy, who is colored, was run over at Sixty avenue and Third street, while crossing the avenue in the care of an eleven-year-old, Caleb W. Eldridge. He lost an arm, and was otherwise injured.

Early in the litigation the company contended that it was negligence per se for the parent or guardian of a child of 5 years of age to allow it on the street without an escort of discretion and there were legal tangles as to whether negligence of the boy Eldridge in crossing the street was to be imputed to the lad of 5 years in his charge. The appellate division, whose decision is affirmed by the court of appeals, says:

Nothing in the record authorizes the court to say as a matter of law that there was negligence on the part of Eldridge in attempting to cross with the younger child under the circumstances."

Counsel for the defendant, by not excepting, assented to the proposition of law laid down by the judge that the elder boy was required to exercise only such judgment as could be expected of a child of his years."

## Bruin Likes Moose Steak

Quebec, April 29.—Another crime has lately been laid to the charge of the Canadian black bear. It has long been suspected that he was in no way adverse to a fresh moose steak, and testimony on the subject is at last forthcoming from Henry Braithwaite, the veteran New Brunswick guide.

He says that he has long been aware of the fact that bears often kill moose calves, and on one occasion he saw a bear in the act of killing a three-year-old moose. The bear had the moose down and was biting at its neck.

Henry wounded the bear with a rifle, but he had only one shot with him and the bear escaped. By that time the moose was beyond the aid of surgery."

In northern Ontario, where moose are now extremely plentiful, in consequence of the recent close season for a term of years, bears are also on the increase. Hence the great interest taken in their life history. Dangerous as bears are to the young of the moose that come in their way, it is fully realized that the most dangerous foes of the moose are the great herds of wolves that roam the wilds of the far north, and are increasing at even a greater rate than the moose. These ravenous brutes have no hesitation in attacking and running down a full-grown moose.

## Lives Growing Longer.

People are growing healthier and lives are becoming longer in this country, if medical statistics can be relied on. According to figures published in the last week life has been lengthened by an average of 4.1 years in the last decade.

In 1890 the average length of life in the United States was 31.1 years. In 1900 this mean average had risen to 35.2 years, chiefly by reason of the decrease in mortality among the very young.

The three diseases which have caused the most deaths in recent years are pneumonia, consumption and heart disease, in the order named. Deaths from the first cause have increased slightly and medical science has made comparatively little progress in finding a specific treatment for it.

Pneumonia is an infectious disease like tuberculosis. Although it is not so contagious as are many other diseases, the sanitation of houses, schools, shops, factories, places of business and amusement, in medical opinion, undoubtedly determines to a great extent the vulnerability of the system to it.

Neglect of the ordinary laws of health is responsible for many cases of pneumonia. Among personal measures suggested for its prevention are avoidance of undue exposure to inclement weather and of crowded gatherings; temperance in eating and drinking; daily bathing and regular exercise in the open air with special reference to complete respiration.

There is nothing better than systematic deep breathing while briskly walking out of doors.—Ex.

The following cases are on the peremptory list for trial this week, though the order in which they will come on has not as yet been arranged. Monday will be devoted to chambers and the hearing of criminal trials. On Tuesday and the following days these cases will be called:

- Townsend vs. Binet.
- Sale vs. Enlund.
- McGrade vs. McConnell.
- Davidson vs. Anderson.
- News vs. Nicolet.
- Dolan vs. Blaker.
- McLellan vs. Day.
- Norwood vs. Marshall.
- Palmer vs. Estley.
- Dumais vs. C. D. Co.

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