

TIMELY TOPICS CARTOONISTS HAVE FOUND AVAILABLE

HANDS UP, BOYS!



A GAME OF HOLD-UP. —From the Indianapolis News.

CLEARING THE PRESIDENTIAL WAY



SENATOR HANNA ROLLS BIG BOULDER OFF THE TRACK. —From the Indianapolis News.



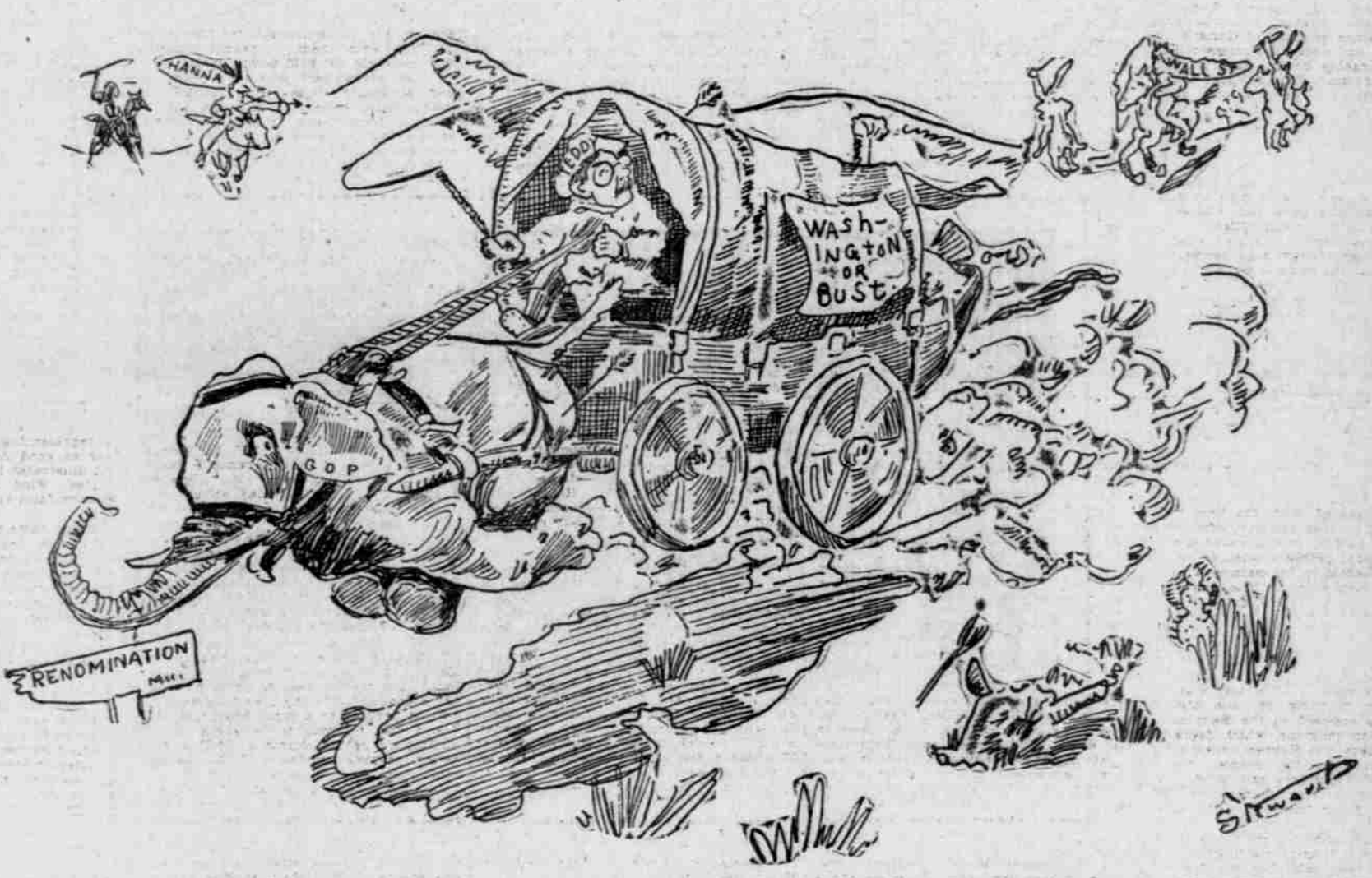
UNCLE MARK: DAT'S A MIGHTY FINE CHICKEN AND I'RE GLAD YOU GOT IT. —From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ON THE BOARDS FOR THIRTY DAYS



—From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SOMETHING OF A PIONEER HIMSELF



Across the continent came the ox-drawn, white-topped wagons bearing the pioneers, who entered into this country to possess it.—President Roosevelt's speech at Portland, Or.

GUILE OF A MAN WITH A MOON FACE

New York, Sun.

THE next time I play moon-face for a hanky-pank—the kind that runs to see where the fire is every time the village gong sounds—I want somebody to present me with freedom of the nut factory on a wooden platter," disgustedly remarked in his hour of relaxation—not to say of collapse—the wire-tapper who never tapped a wire.

He was screwed up in an alcove seat in one of the Upper Broadway hotel cafes, and there was a balerful light in his bendy, bloodshot eyes as he told a pair of his pals about it.

"It's getting so in this business," he went on, "that the ones that look the softest are the kind you've got to turn a sandblast on and then pound on the head with a riveter's mallet. They won't pay 40 cents for a gold dollar with a suit of clothes and a naphtha launch thrown in. But that's not the worst of it—the way these new suckers refuse to let go. They've got a sting working.

"We spiked this moon-face—Jim and me, that I started to tell you about, four days ago. He was buying his juice for himself in the bar of one of those feather and lace importers' hotels down the way below Fourteenth, and Jim and me both got the flash at his leather at the same minute. It was about as long as a bath mat, and the centurion and five hundreds and papers with 'M' in the corner were popping out of every pocket of it.

"Just look at our money," Jim whispered to me when we got the peek at that pent-up stack of saffron crackers, and I felt every bit as gay as Jim did about the moon-face and the bundle he was temporarily pecking around with him.

"He had a map on him like a Hallow'en pumpkin—a big, tallowy-haired jell, he was, and he looked so soft that Jim warned me not to poke him in the ribs in handing him an argument for fear I might punch a hole in him with my finger. He had lumps of the color of bluing in the stationary top of a Monday morning, and although he was togged all right, he just looked Chesapeake County and nothing else.

"The battie was easy. I pretended that I had a half-wad, gave him a wallop

on the back and called him Bill, and he fell to the good cheer without a contort. Then I let Jim in and it was the three of us for a cab and a knock-around up this way, me doing my share of the buying, but letting the moon-face dig for a quart now and then, just so Jim and me could enjoy the flash of our money which this stiff with the Luna mush was carrying around.

"Jim and me didn't begin to patter any horse until after we figured that the large yellow perch was in shape to give the woody eye to any kind of a hook we'd bait up, and then we began to wait him around.

"Ever play 'em?" I asked him, and then I had to stand for about 15 minutes of his reminiscence of the trotters in the 235 class that he'd seen go at the county fair—he said.

"Well, there's only one way to beat 'em—and that's to just know," I told him. "Not the one to play—nobody knows that—but know the one that has won, and then get the duff down good and hard."

"His mazzine window opened up some at this, and I thought it was the greedy glint.

"I can only get the results of the Western races 15 minutes before the poolrooms can get them; that's all—only 15 minutes," I went on then. "Maybe you perceive that that would help some—15 minutes, you know."

"He gave a gulp and a grin, and I gave Jim a kick on the leg under the table that meant, 'Ain't it a shame to take the money?'"

"Then I told him that Red Riding Hood about my pal, the chief operator down at the Western Union office, who for his cut of the yank-down passed me the names of the winners and then held off from sending 'em into the poolrooms for a quarter of an hour to give me the chance to get the stuff down, and the moon-map began to rock around in his chair, he seemed to feel so good about it.

"When can I have a talk with that man?" says he, meaning my chief operator down at the Western Union building.

"Not until 11 o'clock tomorrow morning, seeing that it's after midnight now," I said, and then he began to ask me a whole plenty of questions about the

scheme—I was sure to get the winners in time to get the coin down, was the chief operator a man to be depended upon, wasn't he afraid of losing his place, and how could he afford to take such chances, how Big a bet on a race would the poolrooms take, what would happen if the winner was disqualified after the money went down, what part of the rake-off would Jim and I expect, and how much did the chief operator on my staff ask for his part of the frame-up—And so on, until Jim had to stoop over and pretend to peek up something from the floor so's he could hide his blushes, it looked so much like the goods already crated and shipped.

"When the moon-face, after all of these enlunge and alfalfa questions, remarked that he had a little matter of \$2000 lying around loose that he wouldn't mind turning over—that's the way he said it, 'turning over'—Jim just couldn't stand it any longer. He had to go out and take the air.

"I arranged with the walking gelatinous mass to meet him at 10 o'clock on the next morning and take him down to the Western Union office to meet the chief operator, and then I saw him to the feather and lace importers' hotel down the line and tucked him away. Jim was with me.

"I can't do it," said Jim to me, crushing my hat over my eyes, after he had put the moon-face away. "It's a shame. It's a sin. It's scandalous. Damn it, I couldn't spend the money after getting it so easy; and Jim wallowed around and hugged himself over the idea of it. It's like pinching a little girl's sidecombs on her way to school. It's like swiping an orange off Blind Mary's stand. It's like standing Tony up for a shine. I'll have to donate my bit of the dough to the missionary society for a sure thing—it 'ud hurt me too much to spend such childish mazzines."

"And, as a matter of fact, it did look every bit as good as Jim put it. We couldn't go to bed for spending the sick-throated yellow to that moon-map's pick-off Gladstone.

"We excavated him from his little white bunkette in the morning, and took him right down to see the chief operator. I'd

tipped Big Ned off to do that stall for me.

"He just happened to be going through the corridor on the operating floor, in his shirt-sleeves and with a pen behind his ear, and looking too busy to scratch his nose, when Jim and me and the moon-face got there. Big Ned put up the portly and haughty bluff about his being his busy minute.

"This gentleman is all right," I passed to him in the regular stage whisper, while the moon-face looked happy and self-conscious, and then Big Ned said that he would have to see us around the corner in about half an hour.

"We went to the place around the corner, and within 15 minutes Big Ned—he'd given a kid a dime to hold his coat for him at one end of the hall, seat-around and joined us. He threw it pretty curvy about the chances he was taking with his bluff—that the superintendent acted like he was next, and all that, and the big fell gaped at him open-mouthed.

"This isn't working for a bank roll," Jim whispered to me. "This is just coming off on a lawn under the apple blossoms and letting your best doll light your cigarettes for you."

"Are you going to get a bunch down today?" inquired Big Ned, my chief operator, rising in his businesslike way as if preparing to go back to his duties in the Western Union building.

"That's what," butted in our come-on, and then Big Ned nodded to me, as much as to say that he'd have the winners ready for me and keep back the results until I notified him that I had the kitchen planted in the poolroom.

"We'll be up soon," I told him, and you'd better call me up on the phone and give me the winners the minute they come in."

"Sure thing," said Big Ned, and then he drilled.

"Well, we brought the moon-mush right up here and planted him in a corner, and his lanterns were sticking out with anticipation of the dust he was going to see out of the tundra before the afternoon was over—we thought.

"How much can we win today?" he asked me, without any a wrinkle on his

chart, and then Jim had to pretend to fool with the free-lunch cat, and I thought for a sure thing that his chuckle would put the come-on next.

"That," I replied, "depends upon how much you are willing to put up."

"Oh," he said, eagerly, "I'll put up a thousand dollars the first time, and if you show me that the thing is all right, why, I'll put up the rest of my five thousand—I've got five thousand with me, you know—on the next five races. That will be all right, won't it?"

"Well, they'll be fair bets," said I, and then Jim had to pretend that he was missing a dog fight or a runaway out in front or something so that he could bust out of the room.

"A little before 3 o'clock, when the first race at Memphis was due, I put on that busy look.

"We'll be getting that first winner in a few minutes," I said to the moon-face, and as the poolroom is a block and a half away, maybe you'd better be passing me the first-bet duff.

"He hauled out that big black leather and snapped open the compartment containing the five-hundred yellow boys—and I could see at a glance that he had a whole lot more than any \$5000 in that dough bag. Sort of slyly, as if to keep Jim and me from seeing how much he had, he stuffed two of the five-hundred-dollar bills out of the compartment and passed them over to me. His hand seemed to shake as he did so.

"I couldn't afford to lose all that money, you know," he said to me, while Jim blew his nose a heap.

"Then the waiter that I'd fixed came a-peppin' along and told me that I was wanted at the phone."

"There's winner number one," said I to the moon-map, and I sidled into the telephone booth and held an imaginary talk with nobody.

"Then I hustled back to where the come-on and Jim were sitting, got Jim, and cut we dashed to get the thousand down on the winner—when you have been smoking and doing your own cooking all night, that is, Jim and I went to a little plant a block or so away, and assembled our two wads. They made an even thousand.

"After the proper length of time we went a-busting back to where the moon-face sat, and the way the phosphorus showed in his lamps when we appeared was 'stany-ponny show.'

"You win," I said to him, in that real matter-of-fact way of mine when talking of big money to a sucker, 'but Glendon, the horse that copped the first at Memphis, was only an even-money shot, and I shoved him over the two thousand—his two five-hundred ochre-tinted babes and the hundreds and fifties that Jim and me had gone through ourselves and tapped ourselves to get to make the game look right to the come-on so's we could squeeze the rest of his leather-full out of him.

"By links, but that's an easily earned thousand dollars, isn't it?" said the moon-face. "I certainly am much obliged to you gentlemen for showing me how this thing is done. Now, how much shall I bet you bet for me now?"

"Up to you," says I, 'but you might as well make a tap of it—no use waiting for another day.'

"Well," said he, 'supposing I let you bet four thousand on the next winner, why, you can't bet it all in one place, can you?'

"Oh, that end of it's all right," said I. "There are two of us—Jim, here, and myself—and there are a couple of rooms in this neighborhood, and each of us could get two thousand dollars—that part of it's pie."

"By Jiminety, then, here's four thousand," he said, and I thought that Jim was going to fall down where he stood.

The moon-chart pulled his leather out again, and this time he opened wide the pocket where the septa-headed five hundred boys were kept. He tumbled out six of them, and added them to the two that he had given me in the first place and that I had brought back to him with the thousand Jim and me had made up.

"Supposing the winner is as much as 5 to 1?" he asked me, kind of haltingly and doubtfully, before he passed me the money.

"Oh, nothing, except that you win twenty thousand," said I, and then he looked like a kid with a new tooth-brush.

"Just then the waiter hopped in again with word that I was wanted at the phone. I conversed with myself again, rushed out, handed Jim four of the bills so that the moon-face could see me do it—and away we went.

"We were hiking up to the flat so as to get a place where we could stow right, Jim and me, when we met a fly cop that we knew.

"Hello, mates," said the fly cop to Jim and me. "How you cutting it now-days?"

"So-so," we told him, feeling of those cracklers in our clothes.

"See you're mixing it with the shovers these days, hey?" said the fly cop.

"Shovers?" said Jim and me, together.

"Yep," said the fly cop. "Saw you eating suids and enjoying yourself around the white light country last night with Swede Sam, the champion shover of Chicago—and the whole West, for that matter, and the fly cop passed his way."

"We were passing by a lobster joint last night—Jim and me—wondering how we could shore up a bank roll for a flash to work with, when, sitting under the lights in the main window, we saw Swede Sam and a doll—a queen. He saw us standing on the curb, said something to the doll, and they raised their glasses to us and smirked and nodded—hang him!"

Faps's Part in the Play.
Atchison Kansas Globe.

In this country it is not respectable for a man's wife and daughters to work, but the harder the old man works the more he is admired. They tell cheerful stories about the old man; his little children say "Papa is too busy to die," but that is about all he gets out of life in the way of distinction.

Disgusted Wire-Tapper Tells of an Attack Upon a Well-Filled Wallet.

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