

Public Gambling Killed by Sentiment—Play Over at Canfield's Saratoga Club; French Lick Casino Shut



Phil Daly's Pennsylvania Club the First to Go



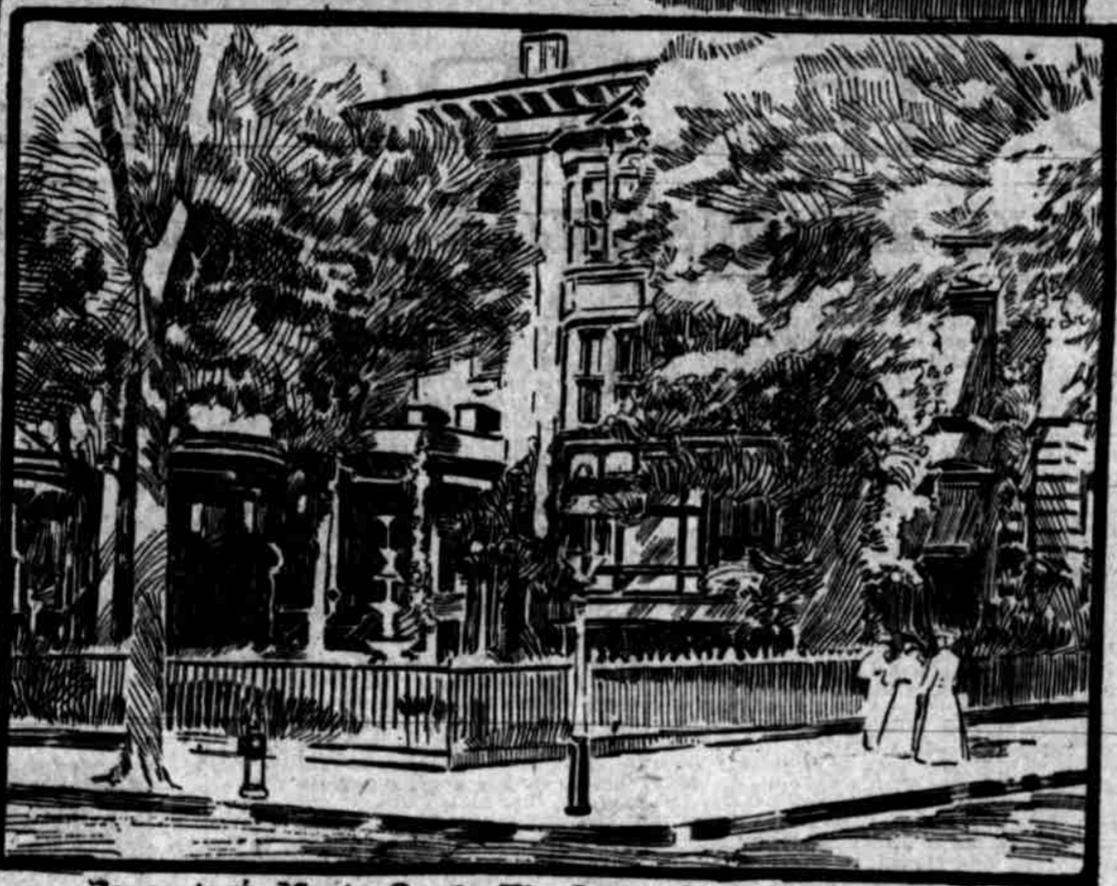
Thomas Taggart whose Casino was Closed by Gov Hanly of Indiana



Richard Garfield who has Gone Out of Business at Saratoga



The Casino at French Lick Springs, Owned by Thomas Taggart



America's Monte Carlo, The Saratoga Club, Just Closed

AT LAST the Saratoga Club, the most luxurious public gambling resort, the real Monte Carlo of America, where fortunes have been won and lost by the single whirl of a wheel, where scores of men and women, once rich, have been turned out penniless, where at least one life has paid the forfeit of recklessness, is closed—gone, it is believed, to join the almost equally famous Pennsylvania Club, of Long Branch, in oblivion.

And about the same time comes the news that the Casino at French Lick Springs, Indiana, where the wheel whirled with equal ferocity, and where the stakes were only one degree less high than at the Saratoga Club, is also closed.

Public sentiment—that is all. The public would no longer stand for such play, and so the will of the people, the most powerful single force in America, drove the law to act. Wealth, luxury, influence—all were without avail.

Except at Monte Carlo, the present generation, if indeed any preceding one, has not witnessed such public gambling or such luxury attendant upon gambling as was to be seen at Canfield's place in Saratoga, the Casino at French Lick Springs, and the Pennsylvania Club.

The Saratoga Club and the Pennsylvania Club were essentially alike, with their air of high stakes and exceeding luxury. At French Lick Springs the stakes were not so high, nor the luxury so great, but the spirit of gambling was run mad. Men gambled, women gambled, children gambled in the Casino; the newsboys, unable to do more, gambled with pennies. The waiters in the hotel gambled upon the approaching state of the weather. Poker games were everywhere. One would have said that the entire resort was inoculated with the bacilli of a disease that had burst beyond control. Then public sentiment forced itself upon the law.

IT IS the idleness, the tendency of time to drag at the health resort which was responsible for the growth of palaces of chance. The shrewd men who established them knew from experience how essential gambling is to watering places abroad, and knew that the same spirit is rampant in America. In each instance, some famous gambling centre of the Old World was imitated. For instance, French Lick was another Carlsbad; Saratoga was a Monte Carlo, and Long Branch was, in some respects, an American Atlantic City.

play as was common there is known in but few other places than Monaco. Other places at Saratoga were closed at the same time as that of Canfield, but, high as was the play in them, luxurious as were the furnishings, they faded in comparison.

The grounds of the Saratoga Club occupy an entire block in Union avenue. In one corner stands the ladies' restaurant, opening into the gambling casino. The grounds themselves are an open-air museum of art. The statues of Italian marble, by living artists, to be found there are hardly to be excelled.

For twenty years the Saratoga Club was run wide open. Against politicians, irate losers and individual reform waves Canfield fought successfully; but he finally encountered that public wrath against which nothing can prevail. And it all came about after the suicide of a young man who had lost \$73,000 at roulette.

From that day, in January, 1902, when Cate Mitchell killed himself at the door of Senator Brackett's office, in the Saratoga town hall, misfortune has followed Canfield and those associated with him.

One of the first rules established by Canfield when he first started to gamble in New York was to bar professionals. He wanted the patrons of the club to be the rich and the poor. A fortune soon poured in upon him as a result of this policy. How many men have gone to ruin in Canfield's place, in Forty-fourth street, New York, and at Saratoga, no one will ever know. For they were of the class which prefers to bear disgrace in quiet rather than to incur notoriety. Their number, however, is legion.

When not playing, the guests would sit on the hotel veranda discussing their losses or winnings. Poker games in the guests' rooms in the hotel were to be found at all times. Gambling was in the air. Long after they had regained their health, guests would be held there by the gambling craze; but just as many were made ill by it.

Recently the play at French Lick was witnessed by the Rev. R. Keene Ryan, pastor of the Garfield Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Chicago. He wrote of his observations:

"I saw one young man lose \$1000 in a few minutes' time playing roulette. I saw another man in the gambling resorts of West Baden win a thousand. I saw two young girls, not more than 15 years of age, lose \$20 in a few minutes trying to beat the slot machines. I saw four young boys, not one of them a day over 14, lose \$10 apiece gambling with the slot machine. I saw a handsome, refined, elegant-looking woman of middle years lose \$50 in just two hours' time playing roulette."

Even little boys and girls, the clergyman asserts, were tossing pennies; newsboys were "matching" coin, and the waiters in the hotel were betting on the change of the weather. Gambling had become as natural, and twice as attractive, as eating at French Lick Springs.

Taggart Meets Canfield's Fate. But, like the Saratoga Club, public sentiment against French Lick Springs became too great. Attorney General Miller, of Indiana, is himself pressing the suit against the French Lick Hotel Company. Pending the trial the casino has been closed.

Men of sporting instincts went to Long Branch in the summer, ostensibly for the sea air and the baths, but really to gamble. Parties of brokers would go from New York in the evening, play till morning and then return. Staid business men would steal away from their cottages down the Jersey coast for a bout with the tiger, and the moneyed youth would come in droves to be separated from their cash.

KING OF SWINDLERS NOW CHAPEL ORGANIST



He's Playing the Sunday School Organ in Sing Sing



Larry Summerfield, the Taps Wire Tapper



Got Thousands Pretending to Tap the Racing Wires for Come-ons



paradox of paradoxes—he is playing the chapel organ as accompaniment for a chorus in striped suits.



The Sick Mining Expert Swindler was his Favorite

SADNESS pervades the fraternity of unjailed "con men," and all because of the fall of Larry Summerfield. Not because the "wireless wiretapper," the king of swindlers, has been caught at last and put in a Sing Sing cell, but because—

"KING OF CROOKS" is the title which Larry Summerfield has been awarded by common consent on account of his operations extending over six years.

If he had never originated anything but the "wireless wiretapping" game, he would well merit the dub. With some variations, he worked this game perennially, and never failed to get a good income from it. But he had other games to play, and for larger stakes.

His favorite game was to approach a prosperous-looking stranger with a proposition either to get inside information on a horse race or advance tips on the stock market by tapping a wire, the victim to place his bets in the poolrooms or investments through him.

When the money had been entrusted to him, Summerfield would disappear. Time and again he was arrested, but for one reason or another, the prosecution was seldom pushed. Let the ball be ever so high—and it was placed at \$20,000 more than once—Larry was never obliged to wait a day for a bondman.

At the beginning of his career as a confidence man Summerfield devoted himself exclusively to the racing end of his "wiretapping" game. Indeed, although widely advertised, it is still worked by imitators of the master knave.

Representing himself to be an expert telegrapher, he would offer to tap a racing wire and obtain the news of the winner ahead of the poolrooms. Then, with this knowledge, he was to bet upon "sure things" with the victim's money. By shrewdly standing out for a big percentage of the winnings for himself, he discriminated between "through" and "mistake" information, the former upon which the bet was placed never won, in reality, Summerfield never laid the bet, but kept all the money for himself.

Then Summerfield went to New York and inserted an "ad" in German newspapers, offering to make large profits for any one having \$5000 to invest. Detective Fernelius was alerted.

"It is easy for me to beat the poolrooms," explained Summerfield. "I receive the names of the winners first. Thereupon I told a 'clerk' to take Fernelius to the house in Forty-fifth street.

They went to a room fitted up with telegraph instruments and racing cards. 'Operators' pretended to be busy at the keys. The whole group was arrested, but were never punished.

On one scheme alone it is believed that Summerfield received more than \$100,000 from various persons in a single year. This was the "cupper mine" scheme.

Promise was held out to the prospective victim that he could double an investment in a few days by buying supposedly valuable stock in the Horseshoe mine from a third person, a mining expert who, it was represented, was forced by illness and poverty to part with it. Of course, after the money was obtained, the stock turned out to be valueless.

George A. McClean, of Pittsburgh, is said to have been victimized out of \$25,000 by Summerfield in Philadelphia in a similar way. Another prominent man who was fleeced was George F. Ellinger, a Harlem real estate dealer.

A small boy ran out of the office building at 41 West street one day, and confided to Detective McConville, "Say, there's a queer game going on in there."

The detective found Summerfield in conversation with a fine-looking man, from Dallas, Texas, and exposed him. The Southern man, while in Boston, had read an "ad" in a New York paper offering to double \$1000 in twenty-four hours. Answering it, he had been met at Boston by Summerfield, and had come to New York to close the deal.

According to Summerfield, two prominent stock man nate from Connecticut were his companions in a scheme to beat the bookmakers of a wiretapping plan, which was frustrated by his arrest. He was guaranteed \$100,000, he said, to make the scheme go. This was the brazen story he told when E. J. Ryan caused his arrest on the charge of swindling him out of \$2500; and it secured his release because of the general shadiness of the transaction.

While in the Tombs on this occasion, Larry was plentifully supplied with money, had his own attorney, and laid before him the Horseshoe Copper Mining Company act.

One of his neatest swindles was that by which he secured \$50,000 from a wealthy New York banker. Summerfield and three confederates met the banker and laid before him the Horseshoe Copper Mining Company act.

They informed him that a sick engineer, who did not know his value, had stock in the company for sale that concerns would pay a high price. A few shares were bought for \$5 a share, and were promptly sold to the mining company for twice the cost. Thus the mining company refused to buy.