

DOWN AND OUT LAND UPON VELVET

Did You Ever Go Broke in a Poolroom?—If So, This Narrative of One's Experience May Be of Interest to You.

From the Washington Post.

"Did you ever go in a pool room and then come away from there with 500 metallic men or legal tender in lieu thereof, making a crackling noise in your mannequin?"

The regular who propounded this question to his group on the intramural track did not hear any visible marks of insanity. But his bunch gazed him over as if they had their own ideas about that.

"Well, that's what I did," said the regular, who had made the mistake of sitting off with a question that, billybedding in a pool room, and then nudged out with 500 bucks, just as easy as making George Conzidine mad by telling him he's fat.

"When the gee-gees pulled out of Henning early in December six years ago, the gang that had some of the velvet left mooched along for New Orleans, or the coast, my buddy and I, after coming across for the hotel lodging and the cars, were just 15 bones strong, and nobody left in Washington to trace."

"We'd been hamstringing all the time. Benning meeting and our dope about the winter campaign down within hitting distance of Lake Ponchartrain and Bayou St. Louis looked like the ravings of a bum bathrobe when the meeting closed. Fifteen wouldn't take us anywhere—not even to New York—the way we wanted to get into New York—with the shaves and shines and the proper have-got look."

"So we decided we had to take a wallop at the St. Asaph pool room on the next day. Two men with only 15 slugs between them and a rummy who broke. That's the way we framed it. And yet things had been done in front of a big blackboard with 15.

"We got the big blackboard entries—they were running at Ingleside then—out of an evening paper and we sat up until 2 o'clock in the morning doing out a couple of couldn't losers. The pair we landed on to gather at Ingleside were Faversham and Yamen. They came back through the charts to their first races, and when we picked 'em apart and put 'em together again we went to the hay on it that they'd be the ones."

"We got over to the Virginia pool room, five or six miles from any other mac from Washington, in time to snag the house betting on our pair of pipes. Lew Hergel, the overseer of the big room, already had the California chick up when we got there. He had rated Faversham and Yamen both as 5 to 1 guns."

Played a Combination.

"That stuff looked away out of line as to both of them—our figures made Yemen and Faversham look like 2 to 1. So we swirled through the early bunch to the combination counter and bought one of those pay or play combination tickets on Faversham and Yemen, both to cop, for \$12 worth. The combination, with both of them at 5 to 1, paid \$120 to \$12, and the pink ticket was a nice thing to hold for a little while anyhow."

"We went away back to the rear of the room and nibbled stogies and waited for Ingleside to sift it along that we could go to New Orleans or any other place we had in mind. We felt like people with coin, the only horse that gets over the last jump in a steeplechase, when on the first tangle from Ingleside, Yemen was mosed in as a 4 to 5 shot—and us sitting there with 5 to 1 against her on our combination ticket."

"Presently we could toss our heads back and listen to the birdies again. Yemen was fixed in as a 2 to 5 and at post time a 1 to 2 lady, and we had a right to feel that we had that No. 1 end of the two-ended trick sewed up in a canvas bag."

"We were swarming around the counter, rubbering at the board, by that time, when we saw a big fellow in a blue coat click again we heard some funny cussing from Lew Hergel, the blackboard boss. Lew was handing it to himself for having been a couple of furions out of line on the Faversham thing, too, as he had been about Yemen."

Mixed It Up in a Barroom.

"Faversham was clicking in as an even money shot in his race, and us there—not to speak of a lot of other moonshooters all over the room—with 5 to 1, the house chalk, the big fellow, and the matinee joss. It looked pretty soft for the ticket then, and the muley and I executed some of the kidney basting stuff with the open palms and pirouetted around the room like a couple of hippodrome girls picking up new steps."

"That was all right and we had a license to feel gay and chipshish. But there was a big fellow in the turkey with the upn the size of a Second Avenue platter of liverwurst, who took exception to our chipshishness, and began to loath us about it."

"My pal is some quick on the bowstring, and he took the kidding of the big gun to heart. He eased over to the kiddier with the sauce, and asked him where he got off to pitch around slams at people who were minding their own business."

"The big one, who looked like Dunkhorst, the human freight car, for size, took a swing at my pal and the muley missed, and the lumox got an uppercut on the point of the jaw that stretched him out like something being gravied up at a barbecue. Then George Northridge, the Virginia prizefighter who policed the room, hopped in and stopped the muley. The muley picked up to his feet muttering a lot of things, but he didn't nudge back for some more of the jaw taps, although he spent the rest of the afternoon telling people around the room what he would do to the pair of us if he ever caught us in Chicago, his home, where he said he was going that night."

"This diversion took up the time between first race clicking and post, and when we peeked at the board after the row we saw that Faversham, our ticket finisher, had been battered down to 3 to 5. We felt sorry for the St. Asaph pool room folks then. It looked like a shame to zephyr along and do all like that to them, and snowing hard outside too."

"Away they got and it was Faversham from the first cheap light down to the stretch, when a snapper that we hadn't heard anything about up to that stage of it, a thing called Silver Bow, called a call as being second, and our legs back of our ticket winder."

"That it was all right—on, all right, yeah."

"Faversham wing" sung out the key pointer, and then the pal and I did kind of stretch the limit for madness."

Mistake at Ingleside.

"We pulled out a waltz around that big barn that must have been plagiarized by the Merry Wid people, and I knocked each other's hats off, and did the two Macs in their knockabout act, and wallowed each other between the scowled blades and did the O I ain't happy stuff proper, because there was Canal street in New Orleans right in front of us, and the big crowd of French café in Iberville street down there, and the game lounging around on the St. Charles leather and."

"Mistake" hawled the operator just then. "Mistake" said he, just like that, "These were five or six big stoves from the St. Asaph room, and it was pleasant in there. All the same, when the key thumper pulled that 'mistake' shriek on the pal and I came mighty close to freezing to death right where we stood."

"That was a mistake at Ingleside—the operator handed it to us then, right on the end of this slumbers. Silver Bow pulled that race from Faversham by a neck."

"That was all. Our combination was mosed in as a 100 billion that's landed, and we heard a big ball roar of joy right

usually stop at St. Asaph pulled up there on account of the snow, and most of the gang at the station, as many as could hang on, clambered aboard of that train.

"Among those that squeezed aboard of her was the large, globular rummy who'd patted his San Nicholas ticket against the pillar. Just a minute or so before the 8:45 trolley was due, my partner came slouching down the snow path, hotter around the neck than I'd ever seen him before."

"'What d'ye think?' he growled at me. 'They disqualified that Nigrette chess for interfering with the bunch at the start, and they've handed the race to San Nicholas that finished second. Now we're the brace of huns sure enough.'"

"I started back over the snow to the room at a center."

Lifted the Big Ticket.

"Wait for me—don't take the train," I cheeped back to my mate. "I'll be back directly" and away I shot.

"I'll bet I did the furlong to the room in Coln time. I figured there was 650 bucks hanging on my speed, for I didn't know but what some dub might pick the

he dragged out six centuries and a fifty and took my San Nicholas ticket and tore off the corner of it—and there was I all littered up with the dust, and with no more compunction about that way of getting hunk with the rummy than I would have in a pool room, and I suppose eating a couple of bushels of steamed oysters at Harvey's."

"The pal wouldn't believe that he wasn't dreaming when I trudged back to the trolley station through the snow, found him huddled up on a bench, all of the rest of the gang having taken the 8:45 train, and flashed the ochre slips on him. He told me that we were both raving over the bad break we'd been getting, and that probably when we woke up we'd find that we'd been plucked for making somebody with a piece of gaspipe."

"We had to wait two hours in the bleak, unwarmed station for another

South Chester Baptist church, where they were to be married."

"Why—what's the matter?" asked the astonished bridegroom.

"It's bad luck for a bride to ride to the church behind black horses, Lewis," declared Miss Stevenson, in a manner so positively expressed that Lewis did not attempt to dispel her notions. He ordered the cab back to the livery stable, halting a hack that has been doing regular duty since the streetcar strike was inaugurated over ten weeks ago. Plentick assisted his bride to a seat in the vehicle and they were driven to the church."

A Lover of Nature.

Post—Are you fond of nature, Miss Beatrix?

Beatrix—Oh, yes, I adore gardens—especially Italian ones.

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Auction Sales Geo. Baker & Co

On Tuesday Next

At BAKER'S AUCTION HOUSE, 152 Park street, near Morrison street. We shall sell the furnishings of private residence removed from Sunnyside for convenience of sale, including Davenport in leather, suitable for the parlor or den, leather seated parlor Rockers in golden and weathered oak, center tables, lounges, Morris chair, oak bookcase, several iron beds, both full and 3/4 sizes, springs and mattresses, feather pillows, comforters, toilet ware, lace curtains, Brussels carpets, large Axminster carpet, portieres, oak dining room suite, china cabinet, gas range, linoleum, utensils, tubs, winker, etc. Also part furnishings of residence, viz: Extension table, chairs, folding bed, dressers and chiffoniers, Brussels rugs, 9x12, floor oilcloth, heaters, etc. For shippers who ship by new Axminster rug, 9x12, several small Axminster and velvet rugs and about two dozen bookcases, wardrobe, large walnut bureau, sanitary steel couch and pad, kitchen treasure and several other lots. Parties furnishing can save money by attending our sales as we usually make a clean sweep of goods listed at each sale. We need the space for next sale's goods on view tomorrow (Monday). **SALE TUESDAY at 10 a. m. sharp (terms cash).**

On Thursday Next

Chattel mortgage sale. Included in this lot we have furnishings for the bedroom, dining room and kitchen. You may inspect these goods Wednesday. **SALE THURSDAY at 10 o'clock (terms cash).** BAKER & SON, Auctioneers.

On Monday, July 13

We shall sell the complete furnishings of flat in the Nob Hill district, full particulars later. BAKER & SON, Auctioneers. Phones Main 5532 and A-2567.

AUCTION SALES

AT
Wilson's Salesrooms
173-175 Second, Corner Yamhill,
at 10 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

Extensive and extraordinary sales on Monday and Wednesday of elaborate home furnishings comprising furniture of the PERIOD. The parlor and drawing room effects were purchased by people of means. The dining room, bedroom and kitchen was not overlooked. Special attention was given to the entire home, not one home, but many. The offerings in each sale represents the expenditure of THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. The belongings that have been placed with us to distribute at auction sale are suggestive of the recent PALMY DAYS. History has repeated itself and we are in the midst of a depression which necessitates a change in the affairs of many of our lives. There is a saying, WHAT'S ONE'S LOSS IS ANOTHER'S GAIN. Economy is the password today. Be the of the economical and attend our sales. We can fit you out from dollar to gains in costly, medium or cheap furnishings. Not necessary to termize. We have everything necessary for modern housekeeping. Sales start at 10 a. m. each day.

SPECIAL SALE FRIDAY

At Salesrooms, Second and Yamhill, of Groceries and Furnishing Goods. Sale Starts at 10 a. m.

Can we interest you in this fine stock of Gents' and Boys' Silk, Lisle, Linen and Cotton Undewear—COOPER'S best "cutouts"? The best grade of Negligee Shirts, Homery, Gloves, Neckwear, Suspenders, etc. An up-to-date line of Haberdashery's wares. Also a small lot of teas, spices, extracts and housekeepers' supplies, etc.

Special attention will be given to the sale of our new Axminster rug, 9x12, several small Axminster and velvet rugs and about two dozen bookcases, wardrobe, large walnut bureau, sanitary steel couch and pad, kitchen treasure and several other lots. Parties furnishing can save money by attending our sales as we usually make a clean sweep of goods listed at each sale. We need the space for next sale's goods on view tomorrow (Monday). **SALE TUESDAY at 10 a. m. sharp (terms cash).** BAKER & SON, Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALES

BY
The Portland Auction Company
211 FIRST STREET
Tuesday, Thursday, 10 a. m.
Friday, 2 p. m.

The past week we sold enough furniture to fill up several big houses, but it's the same old story: OUR ROOMS ARE CHECK FULL AGAIN. WITH EVERYTHING IN THE FURNITURE AND HOUSEHOLD LINE that you can think of. We must have given away some awful bargains, for everybody seems satisfied and bringing their friends and neighbors in to patronize us. That's the kind of advertising we're looking for. To give some idea what you can get at 211 First street this week will state. Among our ranges you'll find "ECLIPSE" and "BUCK" "ROYAL" "UNIVERSAL" and a few cheaper makes. Also some good cook stoves, round pedestal and square extension tables (G. O.) with chairs to match. Sideboards, Buffet, Bookcases, Dressers, Writing Desks, (clear, upholstered and others), RECLINING LAWN CHAIRS, ALL KINDS OF CHIFFONNIERS, Chiffoniers, Kitchens, complete line of Metal Beds, Hair, Silk, Rose and other mattresses, in fact anything that you can think of. If you need anything for the house, visit our Portland Salesrooms, 211 First street. You'll find it, and what's more, you'll buy for YOUR PRICE IS OUR PRICE. Come and be convinced that we still BUY SURE AND SELL MORE than any other auction house in the city.

PORTLAND AUCTION CO.
211 FIRST STREET.
M. 5555, A-4121.

FORD AUCTION CO.

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