

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1904.

OUR WICKEDEST SUMMER RESORT.

Nellie Bly Pictures the Wildortex of Gambling and Betting by Men, Women and Children at Saratoga.

MONEY-MAD BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

The Shameful Story of Vice and Crime, Dissipation and Profligacy at This Once Most Respectable Watering-Place.

LITTLE CHILDREN WHO PLAY THE HORSES.

Reputable and Disreputable Women, Solid Merchants, Bankers, Sports, Touts, Criminals and Race-Track Riff-Raff Crazyed by the Mania for Gold.

"CALE" MITCHELL, VILLAGE PRESIDENT AND BOSS GAMBLER.

His Astonishing Admissions of Saratoga's Reckless Lawlessness— Church Member and Giver to Charity--Rise of the Racing Czar Walbaum, and Guttenburg Ideas of Night Scenes in the Gaming Sport-Rooms and Hotels.

Saratoga is the wickedest spot in the United States. Crime is holding a convention there and vice is enjoying a festival such as it never dared approach before. I was told so, I rather doubted it, and I went there to see. I arrived on a Saturday, and such was the rush that, though I telegraphed in advance for a room, I could get no choice, but had to accept one just being vacated, and considered myself lucky to get it.

The first thing I did was to drive to the races. I supposed as it was Saturday afternoon I would see a great many people there and could judge from the appearance of the crowd something of the kind of visitors in Saratoga.

The Saratoga race-course is a very pretty one, and the wide boulevard that leads to it presents a lovely sight as vehicles of all descriptions fly gaily to and from the course.

Although I had expected a crowd, I was amazed when I entered the grand stand. There was a perfect mass of people in gala attire, and everybody seemed to be having the best of times.

A GRAND-STAND GROUP. With some difficulty I found a seat. I was beside a very fat woman, who looked, with her chin buried in her bosom and her arms half-encircling her frontage, as if she sat within her flesh.

She had a daughter, not quite so fat as the mother, but promising. They occupied the end of a seat, and when I stepped past them the decidedly shaped daughter deliberately put her foot upon the bench so as to cover as much room as possible.

I managed to squeeze on the bit of an edge. I did not say anything, but I thought a heap. Especially when I immediately discovered that the two boys, two young men and three girls in the rear seat were the offspring of the bundle of flesh beside me.

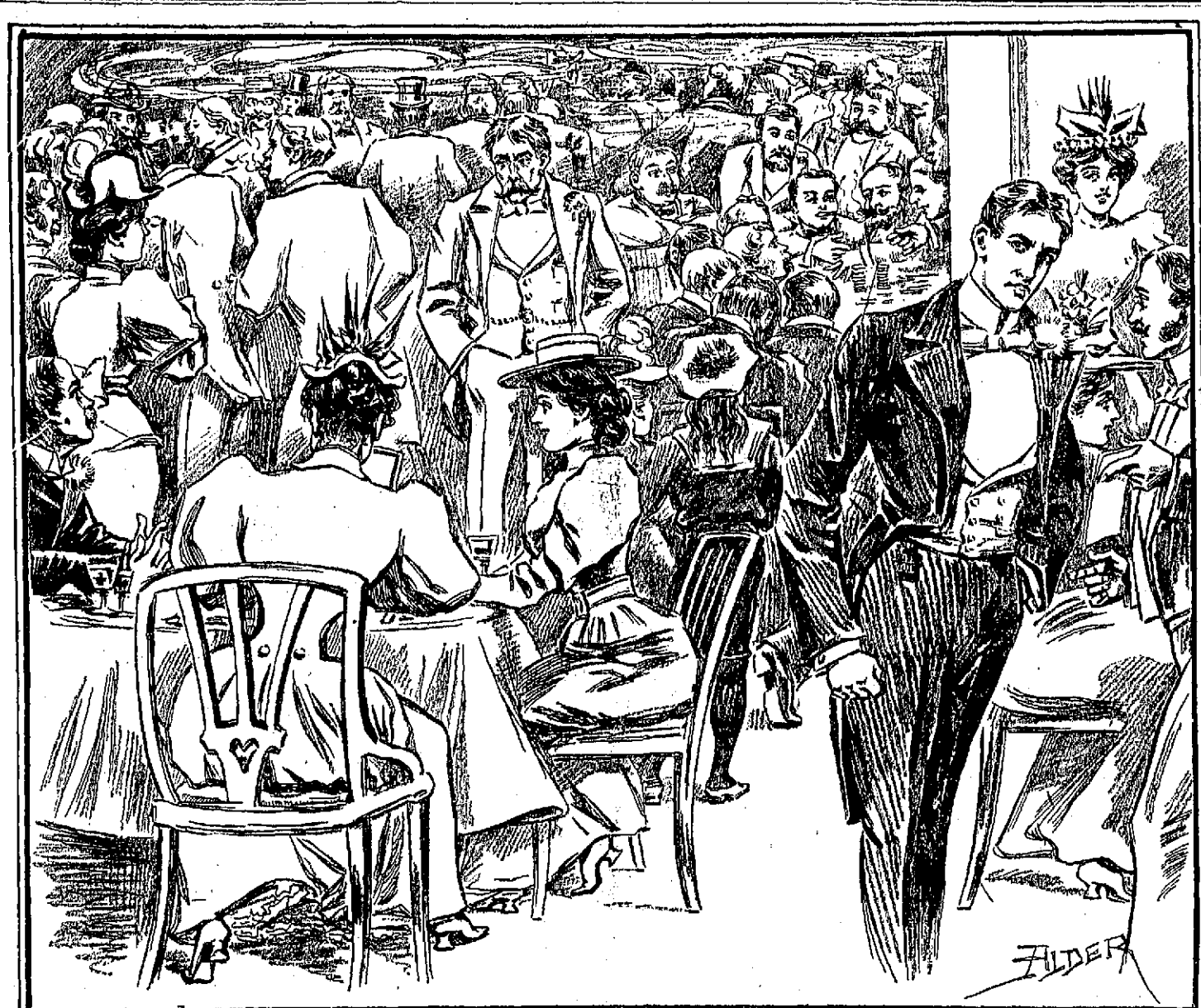
The two boys were possibly eight and ten years of age. They wore watch-chains and rings. They hung their legs over the back of our seat and said what horses they meant to "play" in the next race, and almost quarreled over the respective sums they had won and lost since their first race.

ALL IN THE FAMILY. I have said they were possibly eight and ten years old—they were no older. Their sisters wore a great deal of jewelry and had placed on their cheeks. They picked out people they knew in the crowd and said spiteful things about them. They were betting on every race. The three girls and the mother made pools of \$5 cents each.

The young men talked horse nearly all the time they were present, which was only while the races were being run. At other times they were "in the ring," they said.

On my right sat a young woman hand-somely dressed. Her clothes cost a lot of money and she looked every inch a girl of the name. I thought she was respectable until I overheard the conversation she was having with her escort. It was so full of the words "play" and "bet" that I could only conclude she was a gambler.

But for his mother. You bet for his mother, the mother would say proudly, and the boy



A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE IN THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT THE SARATOGA CLUB-HOUSE.

she has won to-day. She says no, and he checks row reader. The fat woman opens the fat purse she holds in her fat hands. It is bulging with crisp bank notes. The girl's eyes look at them hungrily; they glitter more than before, and the color pales in her cheeks and she breathes in her dress and becomes too tight.

ONE LITTLE GIRL. A woman, also an anti-fet, in black silk and red, with enormous diamond pins upon her breast, presses forward. She is the wife of a well-known physician. She is a woman who speaks to her and asks her if she "knows" or "feels" anything about the matter. The colored woman and fat woman both speak to her and ask her if she "knows" or "feels" anything about the matter.

DRINKS GALORE. Down before me was a sea of people in black and white. They were flapping clothes and painted their faces. Waiters passed in among them bringing drinks, which were always something strong.

THE WOMAN'S POOL-ROOM. She took me to the woman's pool-room, which is on the top landing of the grand stand. It is quite a large room, with a counter at one end. The counter is wired around with lights and is the cashiers and ticket-sellers.

TYPES OF WOMEN GAMBLERS. As one racing man said to me: "It made a bowl, but it resulted in no good." It was a democratic crowd then, one would give a democratic crowd then if woman's suffrage would produce such a thing.

WHERE WHIRLS THE WHEEL. I see a long room with several tables, around which men are dazedly packed that it is impossible to see the tables. The men are very quiet. They are sober and intoxicated in evening dress and business suits.

GAFFETY AT NIGHT. Gamblers, horse-owners, lookers, money-lenders, and clerks, mingled promiscuously. A man in a suit and bowtie was seen in the middle of the crowd, surrounded by a group of people.

SALES W. MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE VILLAGE AND PROPRIETOR OF ITS MOST NOTORIOUS GAMING ROOMS. The restaurant is a long room, very well lighted, with gorgeous palms to the ceiling. The air is warm and pleasant. The waiter in the uniform of the hotel comes in and asks if I would like to have something to eat.

At another table is another actress of a different sort. She has an expression when she looks at men that would make pure women blush. She never has a woman with her, but usually has from three to five men. She never puts up any money of her own, but men bet for her and if they win she gets half the profits.

In the ballroom it is even worse. All the women are there on the same footing. I saw a wife of a well-known physician sit beside a notorious woman. Men dance with respectable and disreputable women, turn about.

SHE NEVER LOSES. At another table is another actress of a different sort. She has an expression when she looks at men that would make pure women blush.

AFTER MIDNIGHT. They wandered out upon the streets to neighboring hotels and restaurants. A great many went to the cafe at the Grand Union, where round after round of drinks were ordered.

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Club I have described. The Boston Club he said to be the one I exposed in the Coleman House last winter, only since then women are considered dangerous and are not admitted. There is another large gambling-house kept by two book-makers, where men only are admitted.

The smallest gambling-house was two doors from the restaurant, as are the respectable restaurants in the city. He is the President of Saratoga and the power is in his hands to make the town moral or otherwise. It is decided otherwise.

CALE MITCHELL. Cale Mitchell is said to have the worst gambling-house in Saratoga. It is near by opposite the United States Hotel. It is a saloon in front, and in the rear can be had any sort of gambling from roulette to craps. White and black gamble together poor and rich.

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mean to say all I can against your business," I told him, frankly. "Go ahead," he said, cheerfully. "I don't suppose the public will want to know what such a man as you are looks like." I added, "Your hair is all white, but at the side and brushed smoothly. Your eyes are blue and clear and keen and sharp; yes, very sharp, and you are—"

"Fifty-eight years old. I was born Feb. 12, 1846," he added. "You don't look so old," I said honestly. "Not by ten years. There are scarcely any lines in your face, and you have no crow's feet. Married, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, thank God," he looked at me. His eyes were no longer clear. "I have been married twice to two of the most beautiful women that ever lived. I have nine children, all living, and three grandchildren. My first daughter married Edward T. Kelly, of New York. Yes, my home life has been blessed. It has been and sharp; yes, very sharp, and you are—"

"What do you mean; that you are tired of it?" "No; that I have nothing to complain of, and that I feel at peace with Heaven." "You are not superstitious?" I asked. "No, but I am a religious man. You believe in luck?"

"No," he said. "I believe in God." "I look at him more closely. His blue eyes are filled with tears again. I don't know why, but I feel that when the call comes I'm ready to go."

"I'm sorry I've met you," I speak, thoughtlessly. "I could have said much for you if you were here. I don't believe in your business and I don't want to be true to my convictions and hold my peace in my life," he said. "I'm glad to have you here for a moment on my errand. I can tell you that I am honest. I don't mind what you say."

"As for the rest of your personal description," I referred to the old subject. "You wear a light gray suit, well-made and carefully pressed. It is better than most of those in New York," he laughs. "You are a light vest and a black and red tie and you wear an immense amethyst ring set round with diamonds. Are you fond of jewelry?"

"No; I only wear this because a friend once gave me a ring. It is a fine ring, also—holding up the little finger on the left hand, on which there was a diamond stone, and it was set with a pearl. She married me; not I, he. "You have good teeth," I said, "and you are a clean-shaven, interesting face." Mr. Mitchell laughed and winked his left eye in a highly amused manner. "I don't mind what you say."

"You might say that while I'm not good-looking I'm decidedly genteel," he said. "I'm not a gambler, but I am a gambler." Mr. Mitchell goes to church Sundays when he is not kept up too late at night by his charities. From \$200 to \$500 a year, he says he gave \$300,000. "You would not think me a very poor man, that big back?"

"I might make it back in a minute or two more," he said. "I don't mind what you say." "I heard a story the other night," he says, apropos of nothing. "It was about a man who had a drive, but every day his parents would have his horse carry him away. He did not want to go along, and he did not want him to go. He was a very good horse, and the boy returned him to them to see them go. 'Look there,' the boy said, 'this is the horse that you sold me for \$100. It is now worth two or three hundred dollars.'"

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Deutsch & Co. Fifth Avenue. Cor. 22 St.

MONDAY.

- Separate Skirts, \$6.
- Blk. & Wine Borage, \$6.
- Hats & Bonnets, \$5.
- White Suits, \$8.
- Golf Capes, \$15.
- Fall Jackets, \$15.
- Dinner Gowns, \$45.

"Do you think Saratoga is the wickedest spot?" "Well, you can't make a camp-meeting out of Saratoga," he replied, dryly. "There are great many things objectionable here. In fact, I think it is the wickedest spot in the United States."

"But don't you think the gambling and presence of gamblers bring the other evil?" "Where there's honey, there you'll find bees," he said. "I understand the laws of my Creator. It is for everybody to enjoy their own ideas. I don't think of it. I have no more right to think for you than you have for me."

"Don't you think Saratoga will continue to get worse?" "It will get worse, as it has been getting worse," he laughed merrily. "The only way to better it is to have people born different."

STORY OF THE BEAR. "I am sorry I've met you," I say again. "You are a very good horse, and the boy returned him to them to see them go. 'Look there,' the boy said, 'this is the horse that you sold me for \$100. It is now worth two or three hundred dollars.'"

SARATOGA, Aug. 17.—This town has gone mad for gambling. From the Carlisle of America, Saratoga has become its Monte Carlo—a Monte Carlo with the reckless law-breaking of Leadville combined with the vulgarity of the Bowery.

Gambling is in the atmosphere. Formerly men of wealth and social position, and dress and conduct of the aristocracy and artists gathered here to drink the waters that nature forces through a hundred fissures and enjoy the crisp, invigorating air and the picturesque scenery which have united in making Saratoga America's most famous summer resort. They came to get their health and to secure that freedom from business and domestic care that gives perfect rest and brings back bodily health and vigor.

THE GAMBLER'S PARADISE. Now the great summer population of Saratoga is largely composed of those who come here to gamble. From one of the most reputable and most exclusive of American watering places it has been transformed into the wickedest and the wildest.

UNTIL Wednesday, Aug. 29. We Will Send FREE TO ANY SUFFERER FROM HAY FEVER. Dr. CATARRH's simple package of HAKKA CREAM, the best and quickest cure known.