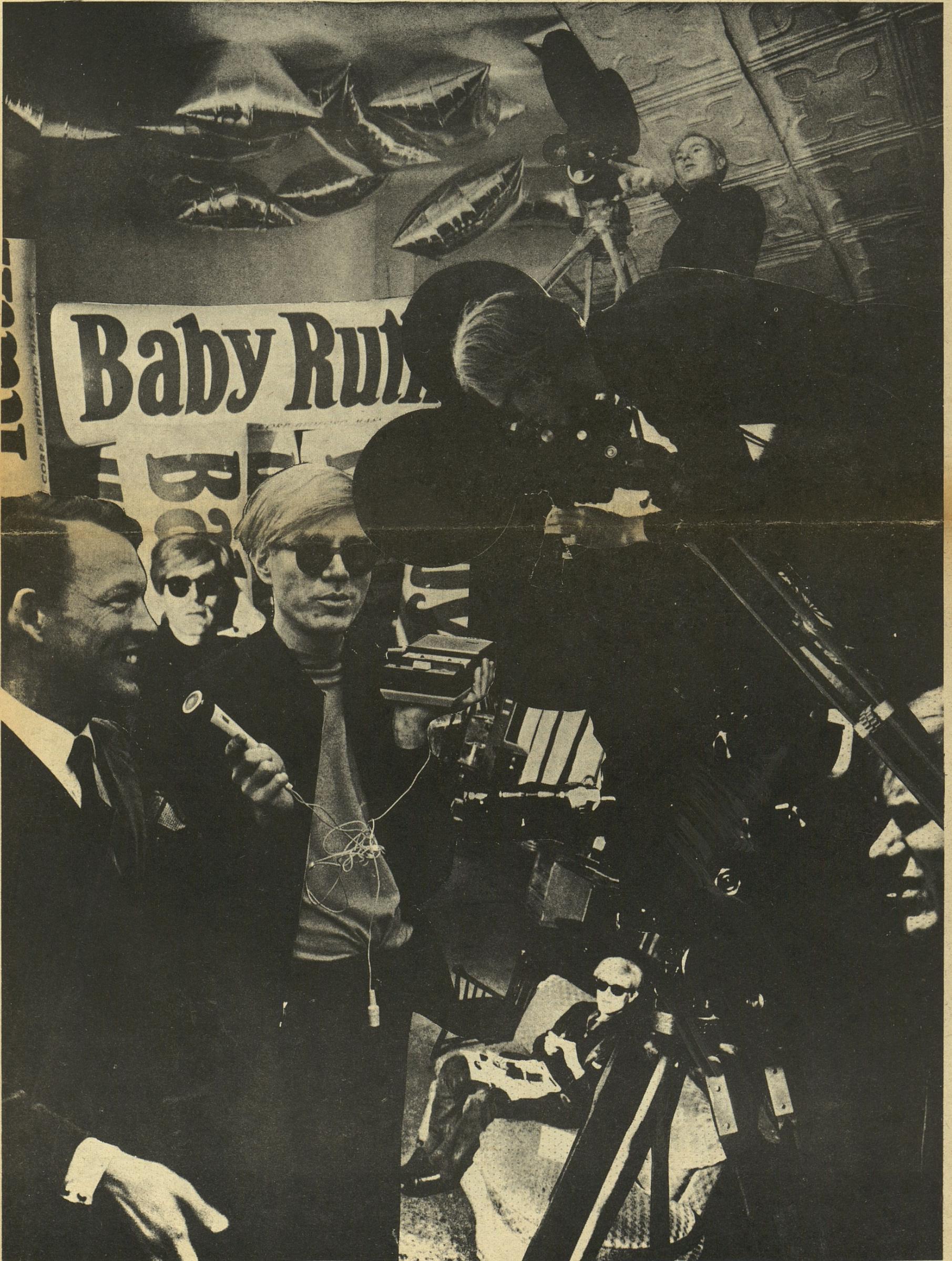
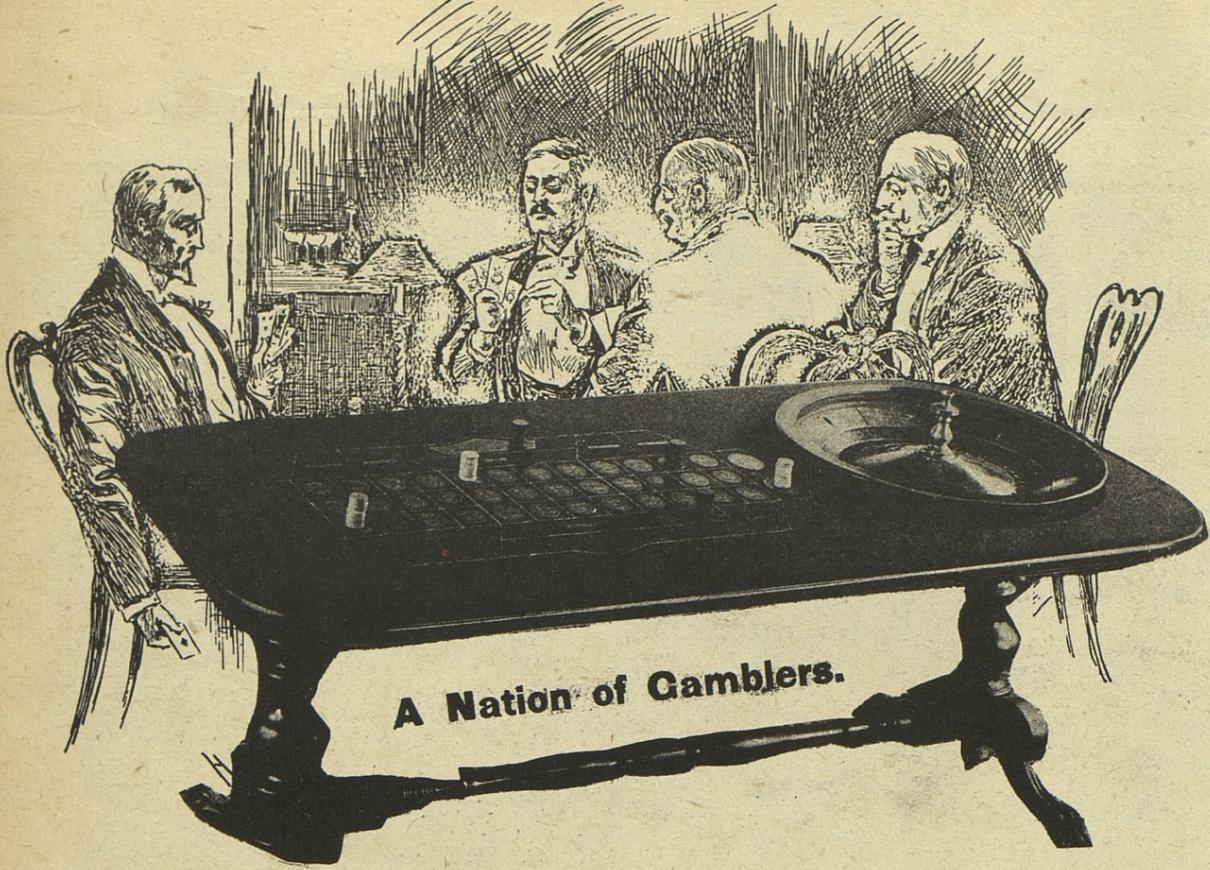


# OTHER SCENES

**I don't paint any more, I gave it up about a year ago and just do movies now. I could do two things at the same time but movies are more exciting.**



This book was published on the occasion of the Andy Warhol exhibition at Moderna Museet in Stockholm February-March 1968.



TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The passion for gambling is one of the most curious instances of human vanity and conceit.

It springs from an unreasoning belief in self, from an idea that you, the gambler, are wiser, more skillful, luckier than your neighbor, that you are a special pet of Providence, that fortune smiles upon you—and the basis of this belief is of course that you deserve all these good things. No man ever imagined that he was rewarded beyond his deserts.

The belief in his own luck is inherent in every man, as is the belief that he has been dowered with all other good things as a proper recognition of his importance in the social system. Mr. Cleveland, it is said, looks upon himself as a Man of Destiny, and the most convincing evidence cannot prove to Mr. Blaine that he was not foreordained to the Presidency. The man who says he was born unlucky or that fortune is not on his side, and who means it, is an exceptional individual. He is either mock-modest, craving the sympathy which to morbid minds seems a sort of praise, or else he is a poor wreck who has been buffeted and beaten by stress of fortune until the conceit has all been knocked out of him. But the conceit was once there, and possibly it still survives in some poor little glimmer of hope.



It is safe to say that every one who makes a wager or lays money on a horse, or takes a hand at poker or roulette, has this conceited belief in his own good fortune. He secretly looks upon his own chances as being better than his opponent's. Nay, he carries this conceit so far that he is willing to pay large sums for the privilege of gambling, willing to give his opponent heavy odds. The professional gambler is aware of this weakness of humanity, and he fattens on it. He opens a poker-den with a "Kitty" that soon absorbs all the player's winnings. He establishes a faro-board, in which the inevitable split slowly but surely absorbs his patron's money; hazard and baccarat, at which the bank has a large percentage of chances; a roulette-wheel, whose one zero would in itself be ruin, as the more generous gambling-hells of Europe could testify, but ruin not sufficiently expeditious to suit the go-ahead American, who accordingly doubles the bank's percentage by doubling the zeros; and if these various games are not expeditious enough, he invents a new-fangled roulette game with only thirteen numbers represented by the various cards, the seven-spot among them playing the part of a zero, thus increasing the bank's percentage to one in thirteen instead of one in thirty-seven, as at the roulette-table of Monte Carlo, or two in thirty-eight (one in nineteen), as in the more unfair tables of America.

Among themselves the gamblers laugh and chortle over the sure cinch that they possess. They call these various devices for making money without earning it "suckers' games." The general public, or at least that portion of it which bucks the tiger, is elegantly spoken of as suckers. Not to its face, however. No wolf in the fable was more suave and courteous to the lamb that it wished to lure into its clutches than are the gamblers to the poor victims whom they propose to fleece. They are well-dressed and genteel in appearance, they have kind and amiable words for their patrons, they even seem to rejoice in their winnings, to sympathize with their losses. They fit up palaces for their reception, they serve lunches, drinks, and cigars free of cost, they seem to be liberality itself. And the poor, stupid pub-

lic does not stop to think that the money which enables these men to gild these palaces of sin, to serve refreshments, to pay their croupiers, touts, and waiters, to buy up a life of luxurious idleness, must and does come out of the pockets of the said public, through the zeros, the splits, the raffles, and other expedients that give the gamblers an enormous percentage in chances. Nor is this all. In a game that is conducted "on the square" the public is mathematically certain to be fleeced, just as certain as that two and two make four. But the greed of gold encourages the gamblers to go further, and to run the infinitesimal risk of detection involved in a crooked game. They cheat not only openly and above board and in the very faces of their patrons, but by underhand and stealthy ways of which the latter have not the slightest conception.

About five years ago a noteworthy scene was enacted in the stone-paved yard of the building in Mulberry Street known as Police Headquarters. The Superintendent of Police, Inspector Byrnes, Anthony Comstock, and several captains of police had gathered together to watch a number of stalwart members of the Broadway squad engaged in demolishing a vast lot of gambling furniture which had been accumulated from the raiding of the hells in the metropolis. Roulette-wheels, faro lay-outs, black-boards, poker, hazard, and baccarat tables, valued in all at some \$40,000, were ruthlessly hacked to pieces with axes and consumed in a gigantic bonfire. Since that time a fresh lot of gambling implements have been accumulating, and are stored away in rooms on the basement floor of the dingy Mulberry Street structure, awaiting their turn for demolition. According to Clerk Harriot, of the Lost Goods Department, these performances take place at such infrequent intervals because it is deemed best to wait until the amount of stuff accumulated is sufficient to give the public an impressive object-lesson and fill them with the idea that the police are really doing a good deal to suppress gambling, without, in the mean time, making any great to-do about the matter.

Now, a certain proportion of these goods so captured are apparently "square." But others reveal all sorts of hidden



frauds and chicanery on the part of their owners. Electric wires, whose presence the public never could have suspected, gave the management absolute control over the roulette tables and enabled them to determine at will the number whereon the ball could be stopped. Loaded dice decided whether a throw at hazard should be high or low. "Brace-boxes"—i.e., boxes in which the slot is wide

enough, when a spring is touched, to allow two cards at a time to be pushed through—gave the faro-dealer an immense advantage which he was not slow to avail himself of. Marked decks of cards put the tenderfoot poker-player at the mercy of his opponents. And so on, and so on. Now, all these gambling tools, honest and dishonest, together with all the outfits that are used in Saratoga, in Long Branch, and in Philadelphia, and even in the West, are manufactured within a stone's throw of the desk where Clerk Harriot sits and watches the fast-accumulating *bric-a-brac* of deviltry. One well-known firm is in Elizabeth Street, near Bleecker, occupying the two upper floors of a brick building, with a carpenter shop on the ground floor;

the other is a little further down on the same street and is more pretentious in appearance. The first firm goes by the name of F. Grundman, the latter by that of Astobel & Son. Both hide their real business under specious names, claiming on their signs to be cabinet-makers and repairers of furniture. With Grundman the name is palpably false, for if you climb up the narrow and steep wooden stairs you will discover that roulette wheels and poker tables are the only products of his skill, and the two German workmen employed there will explain to you very frankly that poker tables are far simpler in construction than roulette wheels, whose numberless pieces have to be fitted to each other with exact truth, so that the completed wheel will revolve on its nickel-plated axis with proper speed and for a desirable length of time. With the Astobels, however, the case is different. The making of gambling-tables forms only a portion of their business, and a portion which is conducted with extreme secrecy. They do not deal directly with the public, but dispose of their illegitimate goods through up-town dealers, and salesmen who drum trade through the country and carry photographs of goods with them. In New York and other large cities, not only the dealers in sporting goods, but even many houses which ostensibly devote all their energies to assisting newly married couples in furnishing flats on the installment plan, or to other innocuous branches of the furniture business, are surreptitiously engaged in handling these goods on a ten per cent. commission.

ACE OF CLUBS



ACE OF CLUBS



NINE OF CLUBS



MARKED CARDS SOLD IN NEW YORK BY MEN WHOM THE LAW CANNOT REACH.

But they must be approached with due diplomacy. If you are a stranger, and clumsily blurt out your demand for a lay-out of any sort, you will seriously wound the feelings of these gentlemen and find it incumbent on you to beat an apologetic retreat. But if you are a well-known gambler, you will be treated with a courtesy born of your recognized position in society, and will readily obtain what you want.

Grundman, however, and Astobel & Son are comparatively honest. That is to say, they do not sink to the lowest deep of their nefarious trade. They do not manufacture cheating implements for "skin" games. This is an industry by itself. Among the leading representatives in New York City are "Harris & Co., successors to J. W. Lewis, Fourth Avenue," as their sign reads. They occupy the lower floor of a three-story dwelling-house. No intimation of their business is conveyed on the outside. You ring a bell, and ascending a carpeted pair of stairs, gain admittance to a well-furnished apartment, differing from an ordinary sitting-room only in the handsome desks littered with papers that stand in opposite corners. At one of these sits a fair-haired, modest-looking young girl, who rises timidly to her feet and comes forward to meet you. Learning that you are engaged in starting a club-room, she hands you a circular of the various goods manufactured by the house.

This circular throws a lurid light upon one feature of human depravity. Remember that Harris & Co. are only one of many firms engaged in the business; remember that their sales mount up yearly into the hundred thousands, that their agents are scattered over the length and breadth of the land, and then beware, young man, of gambling! Beware of the palatial "hells" of the city, beware of the dives, beware of the poker clubs; above all, beware of the affable strangers who invite you to a friendly game on steamboat and railroad-car. And if you gamble in private, keep an eye, too, on your friends and acquaintances.

ACE OF SPADES.

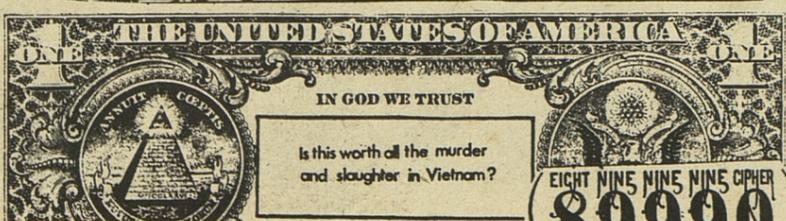


KING OF CLUBS



Of course you are very clever. Most young men are. You can read character at a glance. That is not a rare accomplishment with young men—especially very young men. You can tell a rascal from an honest man on sight. Very true. But it is just as well to remember that there are at least one million gambling devices of all sorts scattered throughout these United States at this present moment, and by that doctrine of chances which you are so fond of citing, you are more than likely to run against one or more of them during your career as a "blood."

It is not only professional gamblers who use them. We are assured on excellent authority that the quixotic prejudice which once prevailed against the use of marked cards in poker, for example, is gradually giving way before a broader and more enlightened sentiment. Many members of the genteel families have reached that point of culture where cards of this sort are as much *de rigueur* in their sporting hours as visiting-cards in their social life. Indeed, only a perfect gentleman knows how to handle them like a gentleman. A plebeian or a vulgar upstart spoils everything by being too grasping and striving to take every pot. This awakes suspicion and leads to eventual detection. Good breeding and a refined taste dictate a more artistic policy—and a safer one. But let us return to Harris & Co.'s catalogue. There are



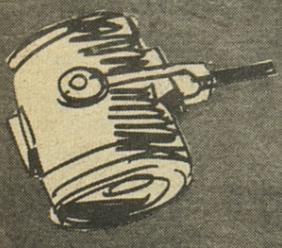
THIS TWENTIETH TICKET ENTITLES THE HOLDER THEREOF TO ONE TWENTIETH OF SUCH PRIZE AS MAY BE DRAWN IN THE WITHIN-NAMED DRAWING, OR FOR PAYMENT BEFORE THE EXPIRATION OF THREE MONTHS FROM THE DATE OF SAID DRAWING.

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