

'CONGRESSMAN' IS JAILED HERE; ADMITS FAKING

Detectives Investigate for Possible Link in Swindle Plot.

Alleged to have misrepresented himself as Congressman Fred Vinson, Ashland, Ky., Joe Bradley, 29, of Lexington, Ky., today is held in city prison on a vagrancy charge.

Additional charges of violating the hotel guest law are to be filed against Bradley today after Detectives Ed Tuttle and Ed Rous investigated his possible connection with an alleged swindle of an Indianapolis woman last month.

Bradley was arrested Monday at the Lockport after he registered, without baggage, as "Fred Vinson, Ashland, Ky.," and announced that he was the United States congressman of that name.

Hotel attaches told Detectives Bradley made an engagement for 11 this morning with General George H. Jamerson, Ft. Harrison commandant, and was attempting to see Governor Paul V. McNutt.

"Always a First Time" Bradley explained his interest in these two dignitaries by saying he just had returned from Washington and wished to discuss details concerning the Indiana reforestation camps.

Bradley had been drinking, according to detectives, who were called when hotel attaches decided he was "four-flushing." Tuttle and Rous talked him with misrepresenting himself, but Bradley insisted he was Vinson.

"Would you dare arrest a United States congressman?" Tuttle quoted Bradley as saying. "Well, I never have, but there's always a first time and I guess this is it," Tuttle said he retorted.

Attorney, He Says A long distance phone call to Ashland yielded the information that Bradley's description tallied in no way with that on Congressman Vinson, particularly in that Bradley is only 29 and Vinson a man past 40, and Bradley was drinking, and Vinson is a teetotaler.

Bradley then admitted his impersonation when confronted with results of the long distance call, detectives said.

Bradley asserted he is a graduate of the University of Kentucky and an attorney in practice in Lexington. He would give no explanation of the impersonation.

'YOU CAN BEAT A RACE, BUT NOT THE RACES'

Average Player Finds It's Tough Racket; Only Few Prosper

George Britt, who previously has discussed the big business of racing and clockers and scratch sheets, writes in this third of his series about betting and bettors.

BY GEORGE BRITT Times Special Writer NEW YORK, June 6.—When the shell game proprietor stroked his handbar mustaches at the Main street carnival and offered odds, the yokel's choice lay simply between three shells. The pea, it seemed, was bound to be under one of them.

At the race track, on the other hand, the speculative visitor must make up his mind between six or a dozen or twenty alternatives. There are forty-three horses on the eligible list for the Belmont Stakes on June 10, and still it looks like a weak field.

But the average visitor is eager to risk money asserting that his guess will be right.

Remarkable feat of continuous selecting was rolled up in New York two weeks ago. The handicapper for a scratch sheet named and printed in advance the winner of every race at Jamaica for two days straight, twelve out of twelve.

Did he bet his own selections? "I certainly did not, I was afraid to," he said. "By all the laws of averages, I was due to be wrong even before the first day was over." A parlay of \$2 on those twelve races, if it could be imagined placing all the winnings each time on the next race, would multiply into a total to make the Calcutta Sweep look anaemic. But all guesses go wrong sometimes. That accounts for the phenomenal long shots which occasionally come in.

One remembers that John F. Curry, leader of Tammy Hall, put down a \$30 bet at Hialeah Park race track last January and was paid off \$1,337.

I PICKED a good one while I was working on a morning newspaper in Philadelphia twenty years ago," an amateur racing man reminisced the other day. "I was going to have the next day off, and I planned to go down to the Pimlico track at Baltimore. On my way home that night, due to get up and start at 9 o'clock the next morning, I stopped in to have a few drinks with a friend. I told him what a grand time I intended to have at the races.

"What are you betting on?" he asked. I don't know. We looked up the entries in the paper. The only horse either of us ever had heard of before was an old goat named Cadeau. We had lost \$5 on him one time.

"Our old friend," we shouted. Just for old times sake I decided to put a small bet on Cadeau. Whatever I bet, we agreed, up to \$10. I would bet the same for my friend who wouldn't be able to see the race.

"All right, we had a drink to Cadeau. Then we ordered brandy and wished him extra luck. We got mellow and expansive.

"When the alarm clock went off the next morning I had a terrible head. No Baltimore for me. I stayed in bed. It was my own day off after all, and I slept right through. About 5 in the afternoon, feeling very much refreshed, I stepped out on the street and bought a paper.

"Cadeau had won the race. The odds were 287 to 1. If I had bet only \$2 apiece for us, we'd have had \$1,148."

CADEAU's historic performance occurred May 7, 1913. But it is by no means the long shot record. A mare by the name of Muzetta W. had won at 414 to 1 only three years before, and the year before, in July, 1912, the record high price was established at Lantonia.

Wishing Ring was the horse, and the odds were 941 to 1. But in any normal year there will be as many as fifty or sixty horses paying off at 50 to 1 or better.

Disdaining luck in matters of such urgency the horse players all have a system. Lillian Russell used to close her eyes and stab her program with a hat pin. Then, she bet on whatever horse she found named under the pinpoint.

The icy-blooded calculating gentry who follow the tracks and live off them all keep elaborate records and speak with invariable respect of the mathematical mind.

Hunches don't enter their thinking. They estimate the speed, class and temperament of the horses, the jockeys, position, track, even the wind.

When they have added their respective factors and computed the odds available, they are prepared to announce the winners, even if by only a nose.

The late Colonel S. L. James has been called the father of the mathematical system. First losing at the tracks a fortune, which he had inherited, he decided there must be some way to beat the game. He studied it and elaborated his factors until he knew how to win.

And he did win at the races consistently. He died almost penniless a year or two ago, having been unfortunate in lawsuits and wiped out in the stock market.

THE newspaper racing experts as a group are not so mathematical. They use a common system, noting time and conditions of past performance, using clocker's reports of workouts and yelling to sentiment on occasion.

The old-time railbirds go heavily for the way the horse look. They like to go down to the paddock, not so much for what tips they can overhear, but to watch the horses' condition.

They even balance the appearance of the horse as he parades to the post.

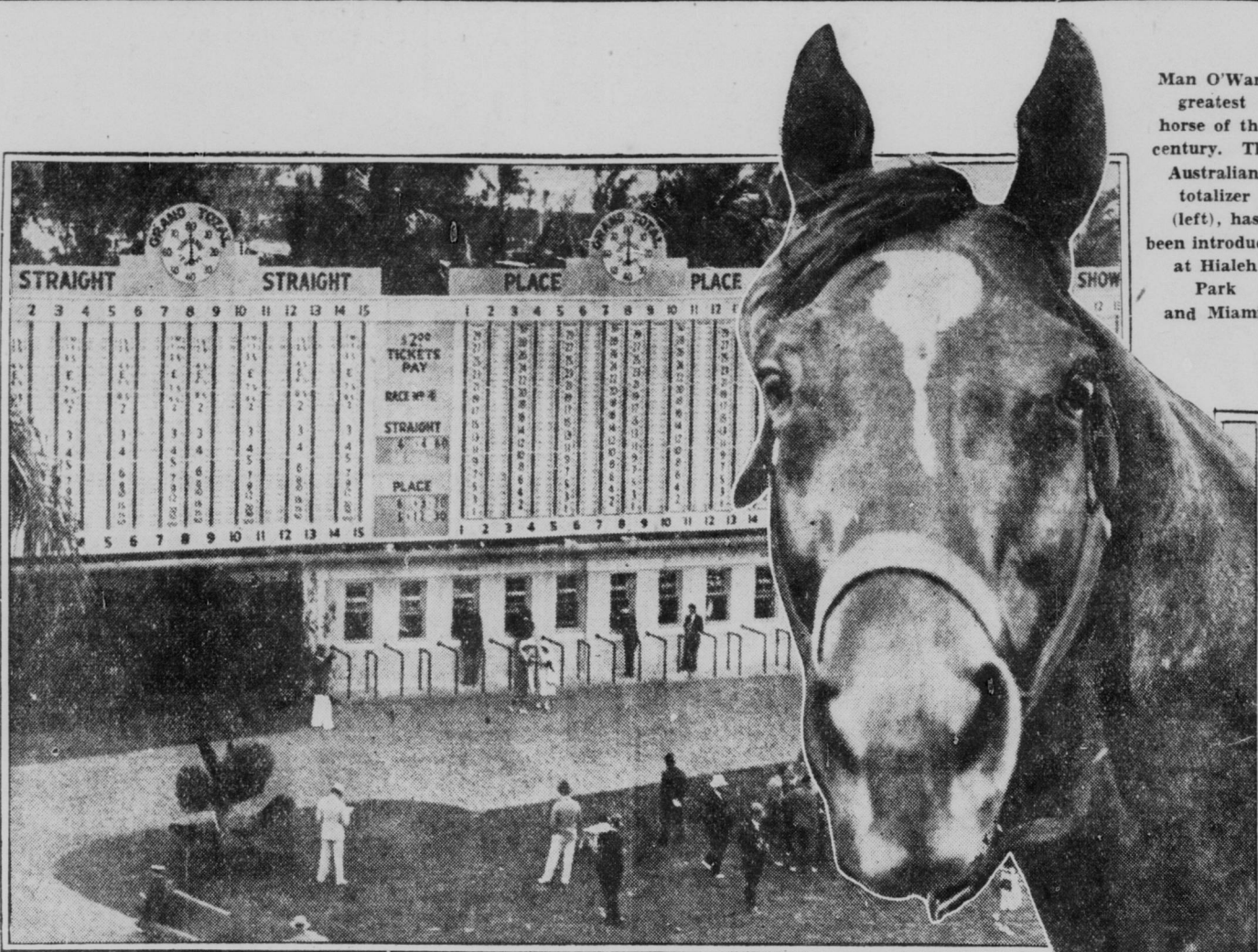
One of the few clockers who bets his own money is a Negro nicknamed "Yellow," who used to be an exercise boy for James R. Keene. When he runs up his initial \$10 bet to several thousand, he's still ready to risk it all on a horse he likes.

A few years ago he placed a bet of \$2,500 with the late Fred Beck, a famous king of the lawn in his day. Just before the race, "Yellow" went over to the paddock and came hurrying back in dismay.

"Mr. Fred, that hoss o' mind don't look so good in the paddock," he whispered in the book-maker's ear. "I'd like to take my bet off'n him."

Beck turned around, swung his arm in exaggerated gesture and shouted at him, "Die with the rest of them."

THE notable and outstanding horse player of the American turf, grater than "Bet a Million" Gates or "Pittsburgh Phil" when rated by sustained successes over a long period, was renowned



Man O'War, greatest horse of the century. The Australian totalizer (left), has been introduced at Hialeah Park and Miami.

Thomas W. ("Chicago") O'Brien. He probably placed more bets on horses than any man who ever lived. For thirty years he played the races daily, played every race on the card, almost never bet less than \$1,000, frequently had \$60,000 or more at stake in a single day, lived comfortably and consistently.

Colonel E. R. Bradley, the only owner who ever saddled four Kentucky Derby winners—or three, for that matter—did very well this year on the extremely hazardous winter book.

Bets are taken there at long odds subject to whatever hazard may turn up, and many a favorite never goes to the post. But the colonel last winter placed \$500 on Broker's Tip, at 41 to 1.

It yielded a profit of \$20,000 when Broker's Tip won. The colonel's trainer, Dick Thompson, got in earlier at 60 to 1.

Next: Bookmakers, touts, jockeys and turf followers.

MILLIONS WILL BE SPENT ON WABASH

River Included in Federal Flood Control Project.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Expenditure of \$18,000,000 for flood control improvements on the Wabash river has been recommended by General Lytle Brown, chief of army engineers.

Mrs. Virginia Jenckes, who has gone to her home in Terre Haute to vote for repeal of the eighteenth amendment, today was notified of the Wabash allocation in a wire sent today by Representative Riley Wilson (Dem., La.), chairman of the rivers and harbors committee. The Indiana congresswoman worked for weeks to get the Wabash included in the government's flood control program.

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