

EXPLOITER OF SUCKERS
PROVES HIMSELF A SUCKER

New York, Dec. 27.—George Graham Rice, who made millions outsmarting the race track and stock market suckers, had it impressed on him for the fourth time today that he could not outsmart the forces of law and order.

Convicted of using the mails to defraud investors in Idaho Copper stock whose value he had ballooned by the agency of his pseudo financial sheet. The Wall Street Iconoclast, he was sentenced to four years in the Atlanta Penitentiary, and fined \$5,000.

Walter U. Yorston, of Boise, Idaho, president of the Idaho Copper Corp., who was convicted with Rice, was sentenced to nine months in the Westchester County Penitentiary. The Wall Street Iconoclast was fined \$10,000 and the sentence of the Idaho Copper Corp. was suspended for five years. Dr. Walter Harvey Weed, geologist, was acquitted by the jury that convicted Rice and Yorston.

Rice started his career of crime like any paltry crook, with a minor larceny that sent him to the Elmira Prison at the age of 20. Three years later he forged his father's name to a \$548 check and went to prison again for six years.

Dropped Crude Crime.

But after that he apparently took counsel with himself, and decided that crude crime was not his game. This was just before the turn of the last century, and for a time he turned to the game of chance known as authorship.

Up to that time he had used his own name, Jacob Simon Herzog, but it had become somewhat smirched with the passing years, and so when he entered a short story in a competition he signed it George Graham Rice. He won the prize and he kept the name as a talisman of good luck.

Jacob Simon Herzog, the cheap crook, was wiped from the boards, and George Graham Rice, as plausible a soft song artist as the game has known, took up his inglorious career.

Under his new name he got a job on a race track sheet, and in this capacity he received, one day—a day on which his total resources added up to just \$12—a "red hot tip" that a horse called Silver Coin was going to sprout wings and lead the field at New Orleans.

Now, Jacob Simon Herzog would have reacted to this by betting his \$12. But George Graham Rice, was beginning to use what he referred to as his brains, so he did something different. He bought advertising space in a newspaper with his \$12 and his copy read: "Free! Free! Play Silver Coin at New Orleans tomorrow."

"Maxim and Gay."

The advertisement was signed Maxim and Gay, a fictitious firm name. Silver Coin, at 10 to 1, picked

up a tail wind and blew in first. And the next day money began pouring in on the new tipping bureau of Maxim and Gay, which was George Graham Rice.

Had Rice bet his \$12 on Silver Coin he would have had \$120, a neat profit. But the tipping bureau he started with the same \$12 is said to have made \$3,000,000 before the Federal Government closed it in 1903 after a sensational career of three years.

Rice, never so smart as he thought he was, dropped \$3,000,000 following his own tips.

After that he left the race tracks, where too many eyes were on him, and went to Nevada to study mining. One of the first lessons he learned was that there was often more money to be got out of empty mines than ones with ore in them.

He began floating stocks with such names as Blizzard and Lucky Gulch, and his operations extended from ocean to ocean.

In 1908 he came East with a stock called Rawhide Coalition. The third vice-president of the company was Nat Goodwin, matinee idol of the nation, and thousands of chorus girls and housewives were said to have poured their savings down the empty shafts of Rawhide Coalition before the company collapsed.

Next Rice formed the brokerage house of B. F. Sheffels, which grew to be one of the largest on the curb before it exploded with a bang that cost investors millions. Rice went on trial and got 10 months, the third time a chapter of his life had been concluded by the clang of prison doors.

Exposed Himself!

When he came out he did probably the most startling thing of his career. He exposed himself in a book called "My Adventures With Your Money," which had a sensational sale.

He said he was through, then, but his mania for speculation soon had him back in the racket, and he stayed until the trial that ended with today's sentence.

At one of his trials he said \$200,000,000 was represented by the companies he had sponsored. He has made millions, and at one point of his career the release from Blackwell's he went through bankruptcy with liabilities close to \$500,000. Whether the balance is up or down at the moment is a matter of conjecture.

It is conjecture, too, whether Rice, now 58 years old, can come out of prison once more to catch up the golden threads of fancy finance, or whether today's sentence actually marks the closing of one of the most spectacular careers in all the history of shearing the human sheep.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
TAKES ON A NEW ASPECT
DURING CHRISTMAS SEASON

New York.—With Christmas just around the corner. Fifth avenue is a street set apart—a street of luxury, of wealth, of vanity. From all over the world have been assembled the choicest wares, the workmanship of many hands, gifts, gee gows, articles of use, articles of adornment and articles that are neither of use nor of adornment. Window shopping is thrilling and shopping for a moderate priced gift is an adventure. The strolling crowds stop and stare and many remain to buy. Fifth avenue merchants know their public. If they didn't, they couldn't remain in business long and some of the houses on Fifth Avenue have been there for many years.

Yes, at this season of the year, Fifth avenue is a street set apart, a different street, a street like none other in the New World and quite possibly like none other in the Old World. In what other street can you purchase a diamond studded pipe a few doors from a store where the highest priced article costs a dime? Where else can you buy a \$150,000 bracelet and then, after wandering along a short distance, buy a box of dog biscuit? Yes, there are contrasts on Fifth avenue. But the strolling crowds that fill the sidewalks from building line to curb do not notice the contrasts. Their eyes are on the glittering glass that stands between them and fortunes.

The appeal to vanity. Yes. A woman's coat at a cost of \$5,000; a \$265,000 string of pearls, cigarettes scented with the petals of flowers; platinum cigarette cases set with diamonds. And trick lighters. Every kind of a trick lighter—except an inexpensive one that will work every shot. This year, the lighters come in a wide variety. One is a representation of a human head that bends

at the neck and bursts into flame when the head is tilted—if the owner is in luck. Was told today that should one feel that way, he can pay a thousand dollars for a lighter. My informant failed to verify his tale with an address but I do know a store that displays \$600 lighters.

Fifth Avenue runs true to form even in its toys. It is possible of course to purchase a 10 cent toy on Fifth Avenue, also it is possible to purchase one costing a thousand dollars or more. Was about to say even easier. Then I recollected that the crowds in the highest priced stores are just about as dense as in those where the prices are moderate. It's the glitter of Fifth Avenue that attracts. Certainly few go there for bargains.

Fifth Avenue's congestion at holiday time is confined by no means to the sidewalks. The sound of the motor car horn and the shriek of the motor car brake is heard from 8.30 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Fifth Avenue now is strictly a four wheel brake street. Never before has traffic been so heavy. Dense traffic of course necessitates quick starts and stops. So there are bumps and scrapes. And the bumping and scrapings bring out bickerings and language entirely unsuited to the holiday time. Traffic officers certainly earn their pay.

Vehicular traffic by no means is the only strain on the nerves of those who must keep it in order. The pedestrian does his bit to frazzle nerves of traffic officers. Pedestrians descend on intersections in solid walls totally ignoring wheels. Probably the glitter, the luxury, the wealth and the vanity of Fifth Avenue at Christmas time has put them into a daze.

DISSERTATION
ON THE ART
OF CURSING

Chicago, Dec. 27.—Bigger and better "cus words" have been suggested by Dr. Burges Johnson, professor of English at Syracuse University, as one of the things this country needs. He told the Executive Club about it yesterday.

Profanity that was horrifying a few decades back is now ridiculous in its innocuousness, Dr. Johnson said. Some of the stronger "cus words" have been corrupted until now they "lack all their original power and significance."

"Grameracy," "Gadzooks," and "Zounds" are some of the corruptions, he said. Even the words that remain a full strength have lost their power through over-usage, and there have come into the language no new swear words to replace them.

"Donner and Blitzen" once was the acme of cursing in Germany, the professor said, in that it invoked thunder and lightning on the head of him cursed—a very serious business once upon a time. Now, however, thunder and lightning have lost some of their frightening power, so the threat means nothing.

Dr. Johnson said profanity, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. Exclamatory profanity, he believes, is almost a lost art. Assentive profanity has lost its power. In this connection he noted that to answer a question with the simple "I did," is now much more powerful than to say, "By all the stars in the heavens, by Jove and by the Devil's spirit, I did so."

Denunciatory profanity, the third type is almost gone, Dr. Johnson declared. Nowadays, no one takes the denunciatory words seriously.

To prove that there have been no new swear words invented in a long time, Dr. Johnson said Rabelais and Chaucer knew nearly all those now in use, but used them sparingly, and therefore made their use more effective.

"Emphasis is lost to the modern generation," he said. "Modern speech is conducted in tones near the top of the voice, and it is now impossible to gain emphasis by loud speaking. The only possibility for emphasis is by whispering."

Busy little bees don't have to punch a time clock.

THE FLAW

Fair hair, blue eyes, tip-tilted nose
A charming figure, intellectual mind
Admired by all, no matter where
she goes;
My friends all say—"She's such a
splendid find."

And dance? Oh, boy As graceful
as a swallow,
And swim? And dive? And golf?
Say—have a heart
In everything she leads and others
follow
That girl—why, man she's keen,
alert and smart.

Books, music, plays and other high-
brow pleasures;
In business—secretary for the boss
Her mind's so keen it's just a chest
of treasure—
What I have gained is everybody's
loss.

And as I sit and dream my
dreams a-waking,
Enumerating all her charming grace
Just one thought starts my poor old
heart a-quaking;
Why will that zany always trump
my ace?
—STEVE HILTY in New York
Sun.

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