To Break Monte Carlo

A System Warranted to Win to Be Tested by a New Yorker.

Charles F. Lake Expects to Get Piles of Gold from the Bank at Monaco.

Strange Laws to Beat Roulette Bequeathed Him by His Father-in-Law.

WARREN WOLCOTT CADWELL'S CODE

It Was Perfected After Fifteen Years' Work, but Death Prevented Its Inventor from Trying It—Originated the Wall Street Chart.

A New York man with a system is going to Monte Carlo. If he doesn't break the bank he expects at least to relieve it of some of its gold.

The man is Charles F. Lake and he got the system from his father-in-law, Warren Wolcott Cadwell, who died only a few weeks ago. Cadwell spent fifteen years in searching for a code of laws that would offset the whims of fortune. Just when he was satisfied he had found the secret and just as he had completed his arrangements for the trip to Monaco death claimed him. He was warned of the approaching end in time, however, to bequeath his system and to explain it to Lake. He exacted a promise from the latter that he would proceed to Monte Carlo and test the efficacy of the mystical laws. Lake is confident that he will accomplish that which his father-in-law did not live to do.

Everybody in Wall Street knew Cadwell or of him. He kept to himself in a quiet room of some broker's office and bought and sold according to iron clad rules. He asked nobody's advice and scorned tips. He never asked nor seemed to care what the manipulators were doing. He claimed his books told him what games were being played and that his methods put him in line with the winning side. When the market was upward bound Cadwell was long of stock. When it went down, even with a sudden rush, Cadwell was short. That was the mathematical system that he worked day and night for fifteen years to perfect.

Nobody who knew this man jeered at his wisdom. His figures always seemed to prove his claims, and, while sceptical ones declared they could not believe in his philosophy, they said the tests, to which he frequently submitted, were inexplicable.

Bob Lindbloom, the erstwhile high roller of the grain market at Chicago, was Cadwell's friend and backer of his market game six or seven years ago. Jim Keene took heavy stock in Cadwell's mystical powers in New York. Cadwell was the originator of the chart that shows the range of the market and the tendency of it from day to day or hour to hour. Many brokerage houses use it now. It is presumably a guide to speculation. The Street has it as a legacy from Cadwell. He used to say contemptuously that the chart was worthless to the man who didn't know how to play it. It was simply a checkerboard to Cadwell, and he had every move on it figured out. Sometimes Cadwell was up and sometimes he was down. He always said that his prosperous days were due to an unswerving adherence to his rules of play, and that his misfortunes were the result of a departure from system.

At Monte Carlo Cadwell intended to win $150,000 at the wheel by persistent playing for six months. It had been Cadwell's custom to take a trip to Monte Carlo every year or two. He persisted in saying that he went there when he wanted to get a stated amount of money in a given time.

The wheel turns sixty times an hour—five hundred quotations a day, to use Cadwell's language when explaining the advantages of the wheel over the market as a money maker.

It was Cadwell's one idea during the last year of his life to get his family comfortably situated, so that he could be absent from them for several months, accumulate $10,000 spare cash and start to Monte Carlo for the winning that, unlike others, should never be dissipated. While he always kept his family in comparative comfort, he used to say to them, when some coveted pleasure had to be given up, that in a year they would never want for anything in reason. That time covered his intended return from Monaco with a pot of gold, wrested by a mathematical calculation from fickle fortune. The old man left about $30,000 worth of real estate in Harlem and the annexed district, where he lived, with some incumbrances, and this is deemed sufficient to maintain the homestead while Charley Lake is putting in eight hours a day at the Casino, a chart before him, figuring from it with pad and pencil, and placing his bets with each roll of the wheel.

The Cadwell system for roulette builds a chart precisely as one is built by every quotation in the stock market. The same terms are used to describe the workings of the stock market were applied by Cadwell in relating the operations of the wheel, and the language has been bequeathed to Son-in-Law Lake.

The five hundred quotations, so called, that the wheel gives him a day furnish his basis of operations. He plays only the red and black. The rule absolutely forbids him to bet on numbers. The red corresponds to a bull market, the black to a bear market. He calls the red up and the black down. When red and black alternate regularly for a while, they build the cross line which appears in the market chart between the heavy runs up and down.

This is the way it works: Lake takes his seat at the roulette table, a blank sheet before him, on which his chart is to be drawn. A pad and pencil are alongside, with which he is to figure his plays. The wheel turns and red wins. Instead of writing red on the chart, he puts down a number.

The wheel rolls again. If red wins the market is said to have advanced one point, and that is shown by a second number placed directly above the other. As long as red wins successively those numbers keep on going up. When black wins a new column is started one point below the last quotation. Every time the black wins successively a new number is placed below the previous one. When it turns to red again another new column is started, and so on.

An unalterable rule of that system is always to go as the market goes. When you buy and the market drops you must sell the moment one point of decline is reached, take your loss and go short. This is the principal and most inviolate rule of every one of Caldwell's systems. The rule applies to red and black in roulette, the object being to catch the runs up and down. That is where the system evens up. In that game the player always wins every point of a great advance and also every point of a big decline. If the horizontal lines between the runs are not simply a see-saw, which very seldom, if ever, happens, the player can hold his own fairly well between, for who ever saw a market go up one and down one for any length of time? Who ever saw it come red and then black a great number of times? Any chart shows the market does not run so. Neither does roulette.

The figures given in the chart illustration here were made at random, but they represent a market which the reports might describe as "fairly active."

If anybody will watch Lake at Monte Carlo for a month, he will find that the straight system is simple enough, and that any man with a cool head can play it. The rule is not to begin play until a straight line of three groups of figures is formed from right to left. That is, until the same combination of figures appears in three different columns. The same rule applies throughout, though discretion be allowed, according to the appearance of the chart.

One rule is never to increase the bet except by proportion. Never bet more than one-twentieth of your capital. Never miss a play when the system calls for a play.

Lake won $7,100 at Monte Carlo last June. He left New York with an even $1,000, which was given him to play on shares by the owner of a stock farm in one of the Canadian provinces. Those who watched his play at that time say that he started on $50 bets, and never bet over $100 during the game. In one of the Cadwell systems the bet is increased after three successive losses to one-third the amount of the losses. That play belongs to the "three-point chop" system. That is, to bet the other way after you have three points in your favor on the last bet. Thus on the one-third increase the player is even after any run of three points.

Play the straight system on the chance chart and see how it comes out.

It will be seen that the first turn was black, and the player put down an arbitrary number—50. Black won four times in succession, according to the figures. Under the rule the play begins after the turn marked 51 in the third column, that being the first horizontal line of three groups of similar figures that is formed. The bet is then blind at 52 in the fourth column. Under the rule the money must be laid on the card that won last, as the aim is to catch the runs. Say the player has $200 and is betting $10 a chip.

He would bet on black first and lose, as the fourth column shows that red wins. Next he would bet on the red and lose again. The last turn was at 51 in the fifth column. Now he would bet on the black, and lose again, for it comes red at 52 in the sixth column. He is now out $30. The next bet, under the rule, is on the red. It wins at 53. On the red again and it wins at 54. On the red again and it loses, the last turn being at 53, black, seventh column. He has now lost four bets and won two. He is out $20.

The next bet follows the black, and it wins at 52. It wins again at 51.

Now the player has no bet until it comes red again, for there is no line play at 50, which would be the next figure if black won again. He passes the next turn, and also the next, which was red, at 51 on the chart. Now he has his line and he bets and wins at 52, 53, 54 and 55.

Eight bets have been won and five lost on the play.

It is under that system, or one similar to it, that Cadwell figured he could make $150,000 between December and May of this year by dint of patience and perseverance over the green cloth for eight hours every day. It is with that system, with probable variations and improvements, that his daughter's husband will attempt to carry out the plan that was dear to the old man's heart for retrieving the family fortunes.

It was along in 1888 that Cadwell came to New York and interested Jim Keene in his chart and system. Keene put him in a little room in one of the downtown office buildings and paid him to demonstrate his system by issuing paper orders to buy and sell every day for three months. He must have satisfied this shrewd speculator of his ability, for it is said a partnership was formed between them, under which Keene advanced the necessary money. Cadwell played the game and issued the orders, receiving 25 per cent of the profits.

It is related that Cadwell had Keene short 10,000 shares of Sugar at one time in 1890 or 1891, on which they had a profit of $90,000. Keene instructed Cadwell to sell and Cadwell persistently declined, saying it was contrary to rule and judgment. Keene, it is said, explained that a manipulating movement by the Havemeyers was about to be made and he was to direct it. Cadwell remained obdurate, saying it could not be done, and remained so set in his conviction that Keene was forced to close the deal himself, taking the profit that had accumulated.

Cadwell always had a sore spot on that point, as he was wont to claim that if he had been given his own head they would have eaten sugar for a quarter of a million.

A Sample Chart of Caldwell's Monte Carlo System.

BLACK.	RED.	BLACK.	RED.	BLACK.	RED.	BLACK.	RED.
							55
					54		54
53					53	53	53
52	52		52		52	52	52
51	51	51		51		51	51
50						50	

* Read figures in red column up, and black down.

The Little Round Tables Are Filled with a Crowd Which Asks for Drinks in Eighteen Languages.

(Sketched from life by a Journal staff artist).

Beer in 18 Tongues

Battery Park's Strange Resort Whose Patrons Are Homesick Foreigners.

A Place Like Which There Is Nothing in the Whole World.

Bad Jokes and Beer, Queer Songs and Scantily Dressed Women Favorite Features.

SPECTATORS ARE OF MANY NATIONS.

A Chorus of Voices Heard Nightly Like That of the Tower of Babel. Queer Scenes and Odd Remarks.

The strangest place of amusement in all New York is down in Battery place. It might be the cleanest and sweetest and purest, for there is nothing to shut the fine air of the ocean from its windows—except the windows themselves. They are always closed. The people who go there do not care much for cleanliness and sweetness and purity.

This little concert hall may have a counterpart in some other of the great ports of the world, but it probably has not. No city except New York attracts so many foreigners of so many nationalities. Because New York is a kind of lodestone for the poverty, the misery and the sin of the world—a place where foreign poverty thinks it may find wealth, a place where foreign misery thinks it may find joy, a place where foreign sin thinks it may find safety—the Battery Concert Hall exists as it is.

All around it are great immigrant lodging houses, stretching in squalid rows up Greenwich street, dotting lowest Broadway with big buildings on which the Board of Health must keep a very watchful eye, owing to the filth and wretchedness of Washington and West streets. The poorest of those who come from the steerages of the great ships live in these lodging houses, and they are the patrons of this music hall. It is scarcely a part of New York. It is as alien as are its frequenters.

Bold female legs in short skirts, which sometimes partly hide them, is what the audiences down there like best, and the oftener energetic kicks make the short skirts flutter in the air the louder the applause is sure to be. The few male performers stridently sing songs, some of them in strange languages. They are not in great favor—male performers. They are tolerated as stop-gaps between the appearances of women. The stranger the language in which they sing the more kindly is the toleration.

A Journal woman with an acute ear separated eighten languages, or distinct dialects, from the babel of tongues in which the audience gossipped while one unpopular man was singing Friday night. Here are some extracts from the confusion of sounds:

"Zwei gleb bier und ein pretzel!" said a big-bearded man at one of the little tables, meaning that his happiness could be aided by two beers and a pretzel.

"Eine!" ("One!") came in the deepest of German tones from a neighbor.

"Ein stein!" ("One mug!") was the urgent demand of a young man whose queer cap showed he was a newcomer from Kaiserland.

"Garcon, donnez vous a boire!" ("Waiter, something to drink!") called a little man who, with frantic gestures, had been trying to attract the waiter's attention.

"Un p'tit de Cognac!" ("A small glass of Cognac!"), shouted another, with an accent that stamped him a native of the south of France.

"Une absinthe!" ("A glass of absinthe!") demanded an impatient Frenchman, as he seized a passing waiter's arm, nearly causing him to drop the tray he was carrying.

"Un pousse cafe!" ("One pousse cafe!") begged an importation from the land of Bernhardt.

A big, hairy man at one of the tables, whose spech showed him a subject of Queen Wilhelmina, seized a waiter and shouted "Kom, jonge, ein glas jenever!" ("Hurry, walter, a glass of gin!") so fiercely that the unfortunate serving-man fled in terror.

In strong contrast to the big Dutchman was the sturdy young chap whose "Bring mig en glas oel!" ("Bring me a glass of beer!") quietly uttered, and the utter newness with which everything seemed to strike him, showed that it was not long since he had left his Danish home.

"Snares! det er i kke som i Danmark!" ("What trash! Nothing like it is in Denmark!") in a disgusted tone from a compatriot beside him evidenced one man who was at least able to discriminate between good and bad.

A party of Swedish immigrants, however, were enjoying themselves to the uettrmost, as their frequent shouts of "Skol!" ("To your health!") indicated, while the remembrance of Sweden's famous tipple was demonstrated by the call from one of the party for "En glas egh Gotha punch!" ("A glass of Gotha punch!")

Three men, who sat at one of the little tables, had been patiently watching for some one. The expected proved to be a waiter, and as soon as he came within hailing distance a heavy-set man, with a full black beard, called:

היער יונגע קאמט א׳ מאל שנעלל הער. א׳ ביסכי שנאפפס וואללע ויר האבע. ואס קאסט עס? איסט עס כשר?

"Here, waiter, hurry up, bring us a schnapps! How much? Is it Kosher?"

The waiter comprehended the Hebrew's request at once. In fact, the dispensers of liquids all seemed to be linguists. That accomplishment is a necessity to the waiter in this oddest of music halls.

It is more than probable that some of the well-known "artists" who are known to Hammerstein's Olympia, Koster & Bial's and the other uptown abodes of vaudeville had their beginnings over Joseph Aschauer's saloon, at No. 5 Battery place. The performers there are not all bad. Indeed, some have been seen there who appeared at Koster & Bial's the next week, and who may have sung at Proctor's the week before. "Variety people" know about the Battery Concert Hall, and they know how completely it is out of the New York City world. For high-class artists to sing at the Atlantic Garden between "good times" would hurt their reputations. For them to sing at the Battery Concert Hall is safe, for no one knows, and $15—which is enough to pay one's board—may be earned there in a week.

The little bare, round tables which crowd up to the very edge of the tiny stage are by 9 o'clock fairly filled. Sailor caps jauntily dot the assemblage. Other patrons are there of the sort which responds to this kind of advertisements, displayed in English and German on the programmes:

> Men wanted on cattle steamers for free passage to all parts of England and Germany. Apply 64 Greenwich street.

That means that the men go below with the cattle.

It is not until another hour has passed that there are any women in the hall except the players. It is a matter of etiquette among Battery Park women to defer their visit until this fashionable hour. A small alcove to the right and on a level with the stage is where they congregate. It is also the only assembly room for the "artists" there have one box-like dressing room for both men and women. A black cambric curtain across one end makes an indifferent screen. It is only fair to say that costume changes at the Battery Park are few and far between, however.

The tiny stage makes no pretence to scenery or drop curtain. It is just low enough and wide enough to admit a couple of "sketch artists" and Frederick Ruben. Ruben is the orchestra. He plays the piano. Incessantly he keeps the piano going. It plays for the artists to sing to and it plays for them to talk against—this, in addition to the spirited conversation on the floor, which also they must drown, accounts for the trumpet tones of the men and women who crack jokes and sing songs. The piano plays quick galops during the time the actors are not on the stage, and Keler Beler's Hungarian songs before and after the programme begins. Apparently it plays with the well intentioned purpose of crowding from the mind all of the unpleasant conditions surrounding the habitues.

A very tipsy and frowsy woman, who sat in the alcove with her arms about the neck of a tipsier and frowsier man, saluted one of the girls who had come down from the stage after her number on the programme was completed. Her name appeared as Miss Belle Turner. The tipsy woman called her Lizzie and invited her to drink with them. Lizzie suggested seltzer as most effective under the circumstances. In the course of their conversation it developed that Lizzie is known in the big uptown music halls under yet a third name, and that she is only filling in time at the Battery Park that would otherwise be unemployed. In the fashionable uptown resort she received three times what her services are rated as worth at this place of the foreigner. She also explained that her "act fits the crowd" downtown as well as the salary that has also fallen with the social scale.

A young woman on whom nature has bestowed attractions of the sort in great demand by the audience follows Lizzie of the sliding scale. It is very evident she has never played in a better class of hal'. It is also probable she never will. The audience doesn't mind this—more than likely never guesses the fact—and applauds vigorously, the popularity of the singer and the taste of the audience being evidenced by a triple encore. Each time this favorite of nature sings, in a strident voice and with a bland disregard of all musical ethics, she ends with the conventional music hall shuffle and grimace, and much flirting of her skirts, a feature which is rewarded with applause in eighteen languages.

The dresses of the singers, unlike the songs, are noticeable for their brevity, and what there is of them hardly indicates a speaking acquaintance with the laundry. They are not noticeable for either their elegance of design or material. Some are dotted with cheap spangles. Just now a Pole or Hungarian woman, who bears a faint resemblance to Modjeska, is appearing nightly in red and black satin, and wearing real silk hosiery and satin shoes—a costume that wrecks all traditions of the place, and is regarded with mixed envy and admiration by the other women. Her methods and her face stir the audience to about the same degree of enthusiasm that would be provoked by a living skeleton, but her costumes have caused all this to be overlooked.

The men who are billed as actors are hopelessly burlesque: that is, they burlesque the burlesque, and do it so badly that a fierce assault upon the liquids dispensed always follows. They ask you, for example, to listen to their execution while they execute, or to admire their vocalization while they vocalize. But this shameless disrespect to the humor of the last century pleases their listeners enormously. To that nice old English tune for a hunting chorus, "Ta-ran-ta-ra," they sing gags about Roosevelt's reform administration; fortunately these fall flat, because the audience has not been in the United States long enough to know what they mean.

Still there is an oasis in the form of a subject—Kaiser Wilhelm. He is simply a plain auditor, but he can sing. After the female with the strident voice and the young men who vocalize have finished, his well-trained tenor voice is heard. He sings only in German, but so sweetly and with such pathos one forgets that his linen, cravat and shoes are quite impossible, and gains in the applause which always follows.

Among all the queer places so numerous in New York this concert saloon has no equal. It fills its own niche in that world peopled by those who live solely to amuse.

The Man Who Thought He Had Discovered the Law of Luck, Warren Wolcott Caldwell.

(Drawn from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

Electricity Recaptured

Brooklynite Takes Revenge Upon the Trolley Companies.

Thousands of Electric Volts Dive into the Ground and Are Slyly Utilized.

Private Wires Unexpectedly Found in All Sorts of Queer Places.

LIGHTING AND POWER WITHOUT PRICE

Companies Who Deal in Chained Lightning Frantic with Wrath but Unable to Find a Remedy—Devices of Genius.

Brooklyn ingenuity has found a way to make even the death-dealing trolley car a useful institution. Business houses and manufacturing places are using up the waste electricity for running sewing machines, for lighting and for ringing electric bells.

The total loss of the power generated daily is estimated at 50 per cent. For instance, say the power necessary to propel a trolley car a round trip is 1,000 volts. Two thousand volts would apparently be consumed, but actually only 1,000 would have been used. The other thousand volts simply disappeared. This might seem a problem to the uninitiated, but the solution is simple.

All along the line of the electric roads are numberless pipes, and, as these are of iron, and larger than the trolley wire, the electricity naturally seeks the better conductor. The water pipes are particularly susceptible, as water itself is a good conductor.

In Brooklyn, on streets where the electric car is ever present, the amount of electricity that leaks away from its proper circuit is very large. All that the economical Brooklynite has to do is to connect a wire with a gas or water pipe. Any electrician can, for a few dollars, make the required connection, and the electric companies have no protection. It is not like tapping a gas main, for in this case the electricity is taken from the ground, not from the companies' wires, and instead of the citizen seeking it, it has been seeking him.

To utilize the electricity two ends of the wire are attached to a motor, and, lo! there is first-class power without the trouble or expense of a battery. To run the sewing machines the motor is attached either to the wheel of the machine or to the shaft that moves the wheel. Work can thus be accomplished with very little exertion on the part of the operator, and in much less time. In the case of large shops where garments are manufactured the saving means a great deal to the proprietor.

Electric light is secured by the same means. A wire is attached either to the gas or water pipe in the street and the other ends wrapped about iron to make it magnetic. The wire is then passed through an incandescent film. The result is electric light of exceeding brilliancy, and the fortunate householder can tell the gas man to seek his future state and annoy him no more.

Electricians are chary of telling where or how many people are thus benefiting, and the people themselves are too modest or something else to acquaint the general public with the fact. Although there are many places where the power is honestly generated by a battery, it is safe in Brooklyn to cast a suspicious eye on any extravagant use of electricity that may be noticed along the car lines.

Some neighborhoods are better adapted for this surreptitious use of electric power than others. A sewing machine dealer on Broadway, Brooklyn, obtained enough power by attaching wires to iron poles on the street to run a one-quarter horsepower motor. This was used in running the machines on exhibition in the store. Almost anywhere along the lines power enough to move an eight-volt motor can be secured. This, with eight-volt incandescents lights, will save many a household gas bill. In almost any part of lower Broadway or Fulton street where several lines of cars are passing there is ample power in the ground to run a strong motor.

The electric sewing machine is not particularly a new idea. In sewing machine shops all winter they have been exhibited in the windows. A store on upper Broadway has one of silver with the machinery enclosed in glass. Inside is one on exhibition and scarcely a woman examines it but goes into raptures over its arrangement. By a simple pressure of the foot the machine is started and will run fast or slow, according to the pressure. It runs more smoothly and consequently accomplishes better work, with no expenditure or strength on the part of the operator. Even the lightest running machine manufactured will tire the operator in a few hours. This suggested the idea to manufacturers who use many machines in making up clothing.

Operators in the factories soon learn to understand the principle of controlling the machines. A talk with an electrician or some little study of the question would develop the fact that there is no reason why they may not have a machine run by electricity in their homes. Small manufacturers, too, find it a saving to tap the gas or water pipe. As before stated, it is a little difficult for those unacquainted with the trade to discover users of trolley electricity. Any electrician, however, can follow up the wires. Those who put them in and those who use them are anxious that it should not be known, and make more or less effort to conceal their course. The trolley people are not pleased, but what can they do, so long as the wires are not connected with the trolley wire?

Just how many people are using deflected trolley electricity it is hard to tell, but a prominent electrician said: "It is a common practice. There is no remedy for it. A new motor is the only one I see; a method by which the wires would be done away with and each car generate its own electricity."

The Flying Frog.

[Ram's Horn.]

The curiosity of tropical Africa is the wonderful flying frog first described by Bishoff, of the Equatorial Africa Expedition, which returned to Europe in the Fall of 1894. This oddity of the reptile family is about the size of a common bullfrog, and resembles other members of the order of batrachians in everything but its feet, each of which is webbed and enormously enlarged, so much so as to form splendid substitutes for true wings. The creature has five toes on each of the other two, which makes four separate membranes on each of its hind feet and three on each forefoot, or fourteen in all. In his description of it Bishoff says: "Each leg terminates in a sort of a fan, and with these the little reptile paddles the air like a locust, or like a partially fledged bird testing its pinions for the first time." Although somewhat awkward in its flight, the winged frog can dart through the air at a speed of about ten yards per second, and can keep itself going forward at that rate for from ten to fifteen seconds. The average distance covered by these spurts of grasshopper-like flight is from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five yards, but Bishoff mentions instances where the flying frog cleared sandy stretches two hundred yards in width.

The Voice of a Child.

[Ram's Horn.]

Professor Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think He could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great big man's voice, and He will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all His holy angels, sounding on their golden harps and singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever was heard in heaven, he was sure that He would say to them: "Hush! stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl, away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."