


FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY



CHAPTER II.—Continued.

I did not argue with him, for, after that Saturday's outburst, I had made up my mind to avoid stirring Bob up unnecessarily. Also, I had to admit to myself that the things he had then said had raised some uncomfortable thoughts in me, thoughts that made me glance less confidently now and then at the old sign of Randolph & Randolph and at the big ledger which showed that I, an ordinary citizen of a free country, was the absolute possessor of more money than a hundred thousand of my fellow beings together could accumulate in a lifetime, although each had worked harder, longer, more conscientiously, and with perhaps more ability than I.

As to how Beulah Sands' code had affected my friend, I was ignorant. For the first time in our association I was completely in the dark as to what he was doing stockwise. Up to that Saturday I was the first to whom he would rush for congratulations when he struck it rich over others on the exchange, and he invariably sought me for consolation when the boys "uppercut him hard," as he would put it. Now he never said a word about his trading. I saw that his account with the house was inactive, that his balance was about the same as before Miss Sands' advent, and I came to the conclusion that he was resting on his oars and giving his undivided attention to her account and the execution of his commissions. His handling of the business of the house showed no change. He still was the best broker on the floor. However, knowing Bob as I did, I could not get it out of my mind that his brain was running like a mill-race in search of some successful solution of the tremendous problem that must be solved in the next three months.

Shortly after the October 1 statements had been sent out, Bob dropped in on Kate and me one night. After she had retired and we had lit our cigars in the library he said:

"Jim, I want some of that old-fashioned advice of yours. Sugar is selling at 110, and it is worth it; in fact it is cheap. The stock is well distributed among investors, not much of it floating round 'the street.' A good big buying movement, well handled, would jump it to 175 and keep it there. Am I sound?"

I agreed with him.

"All right. Now what reason is there for a good, big, stiff uplift? That tariff bill is up at Washington. If it goes through, sugar will be cheaper at 175 than at 110."

Again I agreed.

"Standard Oil and the sugar people know whether it is going through, for they control the senate and the house and can induce the president to be good. What do you say to that?"

"O. K.," I answered.

"No question about it, is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Right again. When 26 Broadway* gives the secret order to the Washington boss and he passes it out to the grafters, there will be a quiet accumulation of the stock, won't there?"

"You've got that right, Bob."

"And the man who first knows when Washington begins to take on sugar is the man who should load up quick and rush it up to a high level. If he does it quickly, the stockholders, who now have it, will get a juicy slice of the ripening melon, a slice that otherwise would go to those greedy hypocrites at Washington, who are always publicly proclaiming that they are there to serve their fellow countrymen, but who never tire of expressing themselves to their brokers as not being in politics for their health."

"So far, good reasoning," I commented.

"Jim, the man who first knows when the senators and congressmen and members of the cabinet begin to buy sugar, is the man who can kill four birds with one stone: Win back a part of Judge Sands' stolen fortune; increase his own little pile against the first of January, when, if the little Virginian lady is short a few hundred thousand of the necessary amount, he could, if he found a way to induce her to accept it, supply the deficiency; fatten up a good friend's bank account a million or so, and do a right good turn for the stockholders who are about to be, for the hundredth time, bled out of profit rightfully theirs."

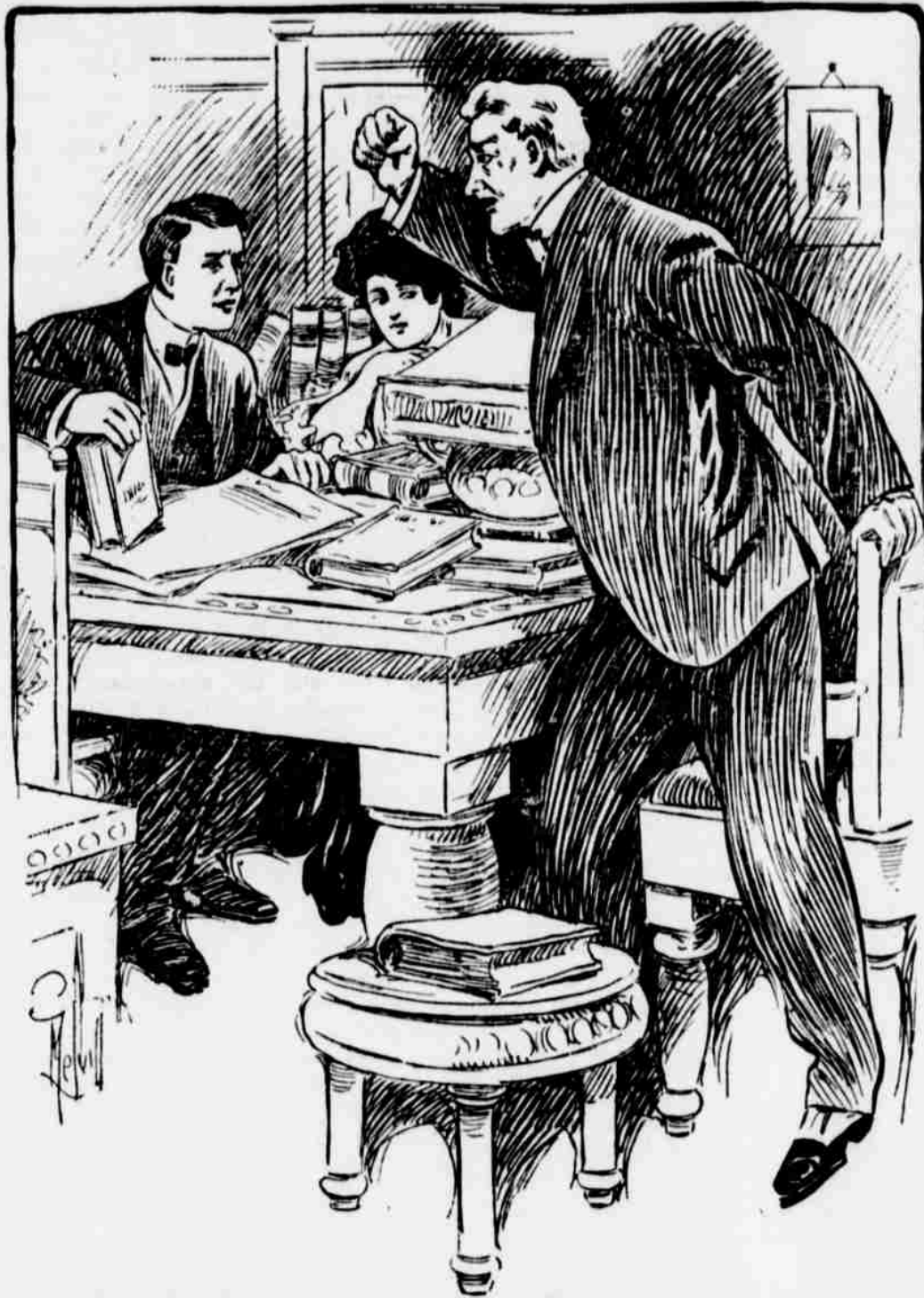
Bob was afire with enthusiasm, the first I had seen him show for three months. Seeing that I had followed him without objection so far, he continued:

"Well, Jim, I know the Washington buying his begun. All I know I have

plunged out for myself and am free to use it any way I choose. I have gone over the deal with Beulah Sands, and we have decided to plunge. She has a balance of about \$400,000, and I am going to spread it thin. I am going to buy her 20,000 shares and take on 10,000 for myself. If you went in for 20,000 more, it would give me a wide sea to sail in. I know you never speculate, Jim, for the house, but I thought you might in this case go in personally."

"Don't say anything more, Bob," I replied. "This time the rule goes by the board. But I will do better; I'll put up a million and you can go as high as 70,000 for me. That will give you a buying power of 100,000, and I want you to use my last 50,000 shares as a lifter."

I had never speculated in a share of stock since I entered the firm of Randolph & Randolph, and on general, special, and every other principle was opposed to stock gambling, but I saw



"I Have Gone Over the Deal with Beulah Sands, and We Are Going to Plunge."

how Bob had worked it out, and that to make the deal sure it was necessary for him to have a good reserve buying power to fall back on it, after he got started, the "System" masters, whose game he was butting in to and whose plans he might upset should try to shake down the price to drive him out of their preserves. Bob knew how I looked at his proposed deal and ordinarily would not have allowed me to have the short end of it, but so changed had he become in his anxiety to make that money for the Virginians that he grabbed at my acceptance.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, fervently, and he continued: "Of course, I see what's going through your head, but I'll accept the favor, for the deal is bound to be successful. I know your reason for coming in is just to help out, and that you won't feel badly because your last 50,000 shares will be used more as a guarantee for the deal's success than for profit. And Miss Sands could not object to the part you play, as she did at the underwriting, for you will get a big profit anyway."

Next day sugar was lively on the exchange. Bob bought all in sight and handed the buying in a masterly way. When the closing gong struck, Beulah Sands had 20,000 shares, which averaged her 115; Bob and I had 30,000 at an average of 125, and the stock had closed 132 bid and in big demand. Miss Sands' 20,000 showed \$340,000 profit, while our 30,000 showed \$210,000 at the closing price. All the houses with Washington wires were wildly scrambling for sugar as soon as it began to jump. And it certainly looked as though the shares were good

tomorrow and its saving profits. Finally, he got to a pitch where it seemed as though he must take off the lid, and before Kate or I realized what was coming he placed himself in front of us and said:

"Jim, Kate, I cannot go into tomorrow without telling you something that neither of you suspect. I must tell some one, now that everything is coming out right and that Beulah is to be saved; and whom can I tell but you, who have been everything to me?—I love Beulah Sands, surely, deeply, with every bit of me. I worship her, I tell you, and to-morrow, to-morrow if this deal comes out as it must come, and I can put \$1,500,000 into her hands and send her home to her father, then, then, I will tell her I love her, and Jim, Kate, if she'll marry me, good-by, good-by to this hell of dollar-hunting, good-by to such misery as I have been in for three months, and home, a Virginia home, for Beulah and me." He sank into a chair and tears rolled down his cheeks. Poor, poor Bob, strong as a lion in adversity, hysterical as a woman with victory in sight.

for the figures set for them by Bob, \$175, at which price the Sands' profits would be \$1,200,000. Bob was beside himself with joy. He dined with Kate and me, and as I watched him my heart almost stopped beating at the thought—"If anything should happen to upset his plans!" His happiness was pathetic to witness. He was like a child. He threw away all the reserve of the past three months and laughed and was grave by turns. After dinner, as we sat in the library over our coffee, he leaned over to my wife and said:

"Katherine Randolph, you and Jim don't know what misery I have been in for three months, and now—will to-morrow never come, so I may get into the whirl and clean up this deal and send that girl back to her father with the money! I wanted her to telegraph the judge that things looked like she would win out and bring back the relief, but she would not hear of it. She is a marvelous woman. She has not turned a hair to-day. I don't think her pulse is up an eighth to-night. She has not sent home a word of encouragement since she has been here, more than to tell her father she is doing well with her stories. It seems they both agreed the only way to work the thing out was 'whole hog or none,' and that she was to say nothing until she could herself bring the word 'saved' or 'lost.' I don't know but she is right. She says if she should raise her father's hopes, and then be compelled to dash them, the effect would be fatal."

Bob rushed the talk along, fitting from one point to another, but invariably returning to Beulah Sands and to-

was noised about long before ten o'clock that sugar would open wild, and then, too, I wanted to be handy if Bob should need any quick advice.

A minute before the gong struck, there were 300 men jammed around the sugar-pole; men with set, determined faces; men with their coats buttoned tight and shoulders thrown back for the rush to which, by comparison, that of a football team is child's play. Every man in that crowd was a picked man, picked for what was coming. Each felt that upon his individual powers to keep a clear head, to shout loudest, to forget nothing, to keep his feet, and to stay as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his "floor honor," perhaps his fortune, or, what was more to him, his client's fortune. Nearly every man of them was a college graduate who had won his spurs at athlete's or a seasoned floor man whose training had been even more severe than that of the college campus. When it was known before the opening of the exchange that there are to be "things doing" in a certain stock, it is the rule to send only the picked floor men into the crowd. There may be a fortune to make or to lose in a minute or a silver of a minute. For instance, the man who that morning was able to snatch the first 5,000 shares sold at 140 could have resold them a few minutes afterward at 152 and secured \$60,000 profit. And the man who was sent into the crowd by his client to sell 5,000 shares at the "opening" and who got but 140, when the price would be 152 by the time he reported to his customer, was a man to be pitied. Again, the trader who the night before had decided that sugar had gone up too fast, and who had "shorted" (that is, sold what he did not have, with the intention of repurchasing at a lower price than he sold it for) 5,000 shares at 140 and who, finding himself in that surging mob with sugar selling at 152, could only get out by taking a loss of \$60,000, or by taking another chance of later paying 152—such a trader was also to be pitied.

(*26 Broadway* is the Wall street figure of speech for "Standard Oil," which has its home there.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SQUAW A NEAT HOUSEKEEPER.

She Must Live in a Tent, However, to Prove This.

Put the squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers, says the Denver Republican. Everything in one of these big, roomy tents is in apple-pie order. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the center clear. Bright-colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles. But, on the other hand, put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom while the meal is in progress. Outside the bedsteads and springs will be used as chicken roosts. But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk-tooth robe, valued at anything from \$1,000 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or to the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is a picture of contentment that any of her white sisters might envy.

Keyhold Tenure in England.

The curious custom of keyhold tenure still prevails at Crowland, the famous abbey town in the Lincolnshire fens, where there are a number of cottages which are neither copyhold, freehold nor leasehold. They were originally built on waste land, and in each case the possessor of the key holds an undisputed tenancy. Although some of the occupiers have replaced the mud and thatched dwellings of antiquity with brick and slated buildings, they have no power to sell or will them away, for they have no deeds. On a tenant dying the first person to cross the threshold takes his place, if he so desires. Many devices have been resorted to to obtain the keys. The properties carry a county vote, but the poor law guardians always refuse to grant relief to the tenants.—London Globe.

Growing Old.

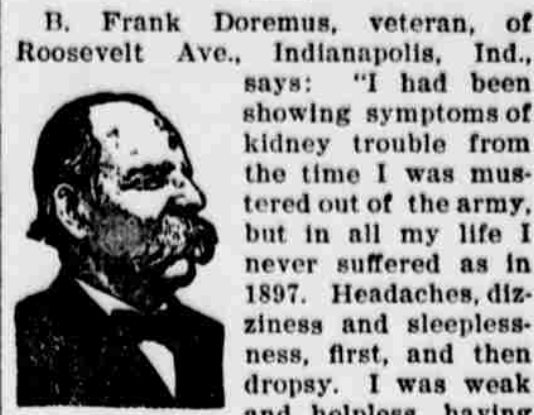
It is ten p. m. They are seated in the parlor. "No," she says, bowing her head: "Pa says I am too young to become engaged." It is just 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor. Suddenly, from somewhere upstairs, a gruff voice shouts: "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Women always feel the deepest pity for the happy woman who would be unhappy if she knew the truth about her husband.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to.—George Macdonald.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.



B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys, and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. My left leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY.

Jack London's Story Carries Sting of Truth and Pathos.

"Jack London's famous definition of charity—'sharing a bone with a dog when you're as hungry as the dog'—recalls a story about charity," said a magazine editor, "that I heard Mr. London tell at a farewell dinner in New York before he sailed away on the Spark."

"Mr. London said two old men were smoking and drinking together after dinner.

"The host rang the bell and an old woman appeared.

"'Confound you, stupid!' said the host. 'Didn't I tell you I wanted the Scotch? Take this back, and bring what I asked for, you old fool!'"

"'Come, come,' said the guest, after the old woman had hurried away in a great fright. 'Come, come, my friend, don't you think you are rather too sharp with your old servant?'"

"'Oh,' said the other, 'she's not a servant. She's only a poor relation I'm keeping out of charity.'"

"The guest looked relieved.

"'That alters the case, of course,' he said."—Washington Times.

Social Rank.

At a country dance in a southern town, when the fiddlers had resined their bows and taken their places on the platform, the floor manager rose.

"Got yo' partners for a cotillion!" he shouted, imperiously.

"All you ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' stockings take yo' places in de middle ob de room. All you ladies an' gemmen dat wears shoes an' no stockings take yo' places immejitly behin' dem. An' you bare-footed crowd jest jig it roun' in de corners."—Youth's Companion.

A Wife's Letter.

"My darling George, I have received your nice letter, and I hope you will send me a check by return. You wouldn't believe it, dearie, but for the life of me I can't think of anything else to write about!"

High-Priced Meat

may be a

Blessing

If it gives one the chance to know the tremendous value of a complete change of diet.

Try this for breakfast:

A Little Fruit

A Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream

A Soft-Boiled Egg

Some Nice, Crisp Toast

Cup of Well-made

Postum Food Coffee

That's all, and you feel comfortable and well-fed until lunch.

THEN REPEAT,

And at night have a liberal meat and vegetable dinner, with a Grape-Nuts pudding for dessert.

Such a diet will make a change in your health and strength worth trial.

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pigs.