


FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Law

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"All right, Fred," I answered. "I will go over to Bob's right now. I hate to do it, but there is no other hope."

I dropped the receiver and started for Bob's office. As I went through his counting-room one of the clerks said, "They have just broken Anti-People's to 90 on a bulletin that Tom Reinhart's wife and only daughter have been killed in an automobile accident at their place in Virginia. They first had it that Reinhart himself was killed. That has been corrected, although the latest word is that he is prostrated."

I rapped on Bob's private-office door. I felt the coming struggle as I heard his hoarse bellow, "Come in." He stood at the ticker, with the tape in one hand, while with the other he held the telephone receiver to his ear. My God, what a picture for a stage! His magnificent form was erect, his feet were as firmly planted as if he were made of bronze, his shoulders thrown back as if he were withstanding the rush of the Stock Exchange hordes, his eyes aflame with a sullen, smouldering blaze, his jaw was set in a way that brought into terrible relief the new, hard lines of desperation that had recently come into his face. His great chest was rising and falling as though he were engaged in a physical struggle; his perfect-fitting, heavy black Melton cutaway coat, thrown back from the chest, and a low, turn-down white collar formed the setting for a throat and head that reminded one of a forest monarch at bay on the mountain crag awaiting the coming of the hounds and hunters.

I hesitated at the threshold to catch my breath, as I took in the terrific figure. Had Bob Brownley been an enemy of mine I should have backed out in fear, and I do not confess to more than my fair share of cowardice. Inwardly I thanked God that Bob was in his office instead of on the floor of the Exchange. His whole appearance was frightful. He showed in every line and lineament that he was a man who would hesitate at nothing, even at killing, if he should find a human obstacle in his road and his mind should suggest murder. He was the personification of the most awful madness. Even when he caught sight of me, he hardly moved, although my coming must have been a surprise.

"So it is you, Jim Randolph, is it? What brings you here?" His voice was hoarse, but it had a metallic ring that went to my marrow. Bob Brownley in all the years of our friendship had never spoken to me except in kind and loving regard. I looked at him, stunned. I must have shown how hurt I was. But if he saw it, he gave no sign. His eyes, looking straight into mine, changed no more than if he had been addressing his deadliest enemy.

Again his voice rang out, "What brings you here? Do you come to plead again for that dastard Reinhart after the warning I gave you?"

I clenched both hands until I felt the nails cut the flesh of my palms. I loved Bob Brownley. I would have done anything to make him happy, would willingly have sacrificed my own life to protect his from himself or others, but this madman, this wild brute, was no more Bob Brownley as I had known him than the howling northeast gale of December is the gentle, welcome zephyr of August; and I felt a resentment at his brutal speech that I could hardly suppress. With a mighty effort I crushed it back, trying to think of nothing but his awful misery and the Bob of our college days.

I said in a firm voice, "Bob, is this the way to talk to me in your own office?" At any time before, my words and tone would have touched his all-generous southern chivalry, but now he said harshly—"To hell with sentiment. What—" He did not take his eyes from mine, but they told me that he was listening to a voice in the receiver. Only for a second; then he let loose a wild laugh, which must have penetrated to the outer office.

"Eighty and coming like a spring freshet," he said into the mouthpiece, "and the boys want to know if I won't let up now that Reinhart is down? Go back and smother them with all they will take down to 60. That's my answer. Tell them if Reinhart had ten more wives and daughters and they were all killed, I'd rend his damned trust to help him dull his sorrow. Give the word at every pole that I will have Reinhart where he will curse his luck that he was not in the automobile with the rest of his tribe—" "To hell with sentiment!" He was

speaking to me again. "What do you want? If you are here to beg for Reinhart and his pack of yellow curs, you've got your answer. I wouldn't let up on that fiendish hyena, not if his wife and daughter and all the dead wives and daughters of every 'System' man came back in their grave clothes and begged. I wouldn't let up a share." I gasped in horror.

"When did these robbers of men and despoilers of women and children ever let up because of death? When were they ever known to wait even till the corpse stiffened to pluck out the hearts of the victims? It is my turn now, and if I let up a hair may I, yes, and Beulah, too, be damned, eternally damned."

I could not stand it. If I stayed, I, too, should become mad. I reached for the doorknob, but before I could swing the door open Bob was upon me like a wolf. He grasped me by the shoulders and with the strength

tears were dropping silently. I touched him on the shoulder.

"Bob, my dear old chum, Bob, forgive me. For God's sake, forgive me for intruding on your misery."

I looked at him. I will never forget his face. No heartbroken woman's could have been sadder. He slowly raised his head, then staggered and grasped the ticker-stand for support.

"Don't, Jim, don't—don't ask me to forgive you. Oh, Jim, Jim, my old friend, forgive me for my madness; forget what I said to you, forget the brute you just saw and think of me as of old, when I would have plucked out my tongue if I had caught it saying a harsh word to the best and truest friend man ever had. Jim, forget it all. I was mad, I am mad, I have been mad for a long time, but it cannot last much longer. I know it can't, and, Jim, by all our past love, forget what I said to you, forget the dear old days of hope and happiness, when we planned for the future, try to think of me only as you knew me then, as you know that I should now be, but for the 'System's' curse."

The clerks were pounding on the door; through the glass showed many forms. They had been gathering for minutes while Bob talked in his low, sad tone, a tone that no one could believe came from the same mouth that a few moments before had poured forth a flood of brutal heartlessness.

Bob went to the door. The office was in an uproar. Twenty or 30 of Bob's brokers were there, aghast at not getting a reply to their calls. Many were pouring in through the

my madness I should have so forgotten my admiration, respect, and love for you, yes, and my gratitude to you, as to say what I did. I'll do the only thing I can to atone. I will stop this panic and undo as much as possible of my work; and now that I have wrecked Reinhart I am through with this game forever, yes, through forever."

He pressed my hand in his strong, honest one and strode into the exchange ahead of the crowd. All was chaos, although the trading had toned down to a sullen desperation. So many houses, banks, and trust companies had failed that no man knew whether the member he had traded with early in the day would on the morrow be solvent enough to carry out his trades. The man who had been "long" in the morning, and had sold out before the crash, and who thought he now had no interest in the panic, found himself with his stock again on hand, because of the failure of the one to whom he had sold, and the price cut in two. The man who was "short" and who a few minutes before had been eagerly counting his profits now knew that they had been turned to loss, because the man from whom he had borrowed his short stocks for delivery would be in no condition to repay for them, the next day, when they should be returned to him. The "short" man was himself, therefore, "long" stocks he had bought to cover his "short" sale. In depressing the price he had been working against his own pocket instead of against the bulls he had thought he was opposing. All was confusion and black despair. There is, indeed, no blacker place than the floor of the stock exchange after a panic cyclone has swept it, and is yet lingering in its corners, while the survivors of its fury do not know whether or not it will again gather force.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delivered the Goods.

The late Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, kept all the letters his constituents wrote to him asking for favors, says the Saturday Evening Post. He had stacks of them when his last great fight for the senate came along. Then he sorted out the letters, eliminating those from people who were dead and on the back of each letter wrote: "Dear John or Bill: Do you remember when you wrote me this letter and do you remember that I did what you asked? I want your help now in my fight for the senate. Can I have it?" The politicians in Pennsylvania say those letters mailed to the original senders with Quay's request on the backs of them, had as much as any one thing to do with Quay's winning his fight.

Were Superstitious, Too.

A woman who takes her superstitions seriously started to enter a big department store one morning last week when she noticed a porter on a tall stepladder that stretched directly across the doorway, says the New York Press. In spite of the fact that there were five women behind her eager to pass into the shop she came to a sudden halt, looked up at the ladder and cried out, "Oh, I'll never walk under that," saying which she turned and strode away. Before she had gone far her sense of humor rose superior to her fear of ladders, and she looked to see if her remark had had any effect on those who had been within sound of her voice. Walking directly behind her were the five women who had heard her exclamation.

Officer's Natural Anxiety.

Sir Douglas Straight told this tale at a recent dinner of the Journeymen Hairdressers' Trade society in London: When a young barrister he went into a barber's shop to be shaved and was a little startled to see the woman cashier behind the counter staring at him from time to time through the glass door. When he got outside the shop a policeman said: "I am very glad to find you have come out." The officer explained that he had been anxious because the barber had just come out of a lunatic asylum the previous week and his relatives were wondering whether they would have to send him back again.

Not a Reading Community.

The town of Charleroi, Pa., has a Carnegie library in which there are several thousand volumes and the town is roundly taxed to support the institution. Last year, according to a report by the librarian just made public, there was one solitary patron of the library. The librarian expressed the opinion that the people of the town were so much interested in roller skating, baseball games, bridge whist and poker that they had no time for books.

Don't Annoy the Officers.

Army officers in uniform abound in foreign cities, and in Germany they resent being stared at by tourists, often assuming threatening attitudes in retaliation. As the law permits them to shoot civilians on provocation, it is wise not to excite them. It is well to remember that they do not feel obliged to turn out for pedestrians, even ladies.—Travel Magazine.



"No, You Don't Jim Randolph, No, You Don't."

of a madman hurled me half across the room. I sank into a chair.

"No, you don't, Jim Randolph, no, you don't. You came here for something and, by heaven, you will tell me what it is! You know me; you are the only human being who does. You know what I was, you see what I am. You know what they did to me to make me what I am. You know, Jim Randolph, you know whether I deserved it. You know whether in all my life up to the day those dollar-frenzied hounds tore my soul, I had done any man, woman, or child a wrong. You know whether I had, and now you are going to sneak off and leave me as though I were a cur dog of the Reinhart-Standard Oil breed gone mad!"

He was standing over me, a terrible yet a magnificent figure. As he hurled these words at me, I was sure he had really lost his mind; that I was in the presence of a man truly mad. But only for an instant; then my horror, my anger turned to a great, crushing, all-consuming agony of pity for Bob, and I dropped my head on my hands and wept. It is hard to admit it, but it is true—I wept uncontrollably. In an instant the room was quiet except for the sound of my own awful grief. I heard it, was ashamed of it, but I could not stop. The telephone rang again and again, wildly, shrilly, but there was no answer. The stillness became so oppressive that even my own sobs quieted. I gasped as the lump in my throat choked me, then I slowly raised my eyes.

Bob's towering figure was in front of me. His head had fallen forward, and his arms were folded across his breast. But that he stood erect I should have thought him dead, so still was he. I jumped to my feet and looked into his face, down which great

outer office. Bob looked at them coldly. "Well, what is the trouble? Is it possible we are down to a point where the stock exchange rushes over to a man's office when his wire happens to break down?"

They saw his bluff. You cannot deceive stock exchange men, at least not the kind that Bob Brownley employed on panic days, but his coolness reassured them, and when they saw me it was odds-on that they guessed to a man why Bob had ignored his wires—guessed that I had been pleading for the life of "the street."

"Well, where do you stand?"

Frank Swan answered for the crowd: "The panic is in full swing. She's a cellar-to-ridge-pole ripper. They're down 40 or over on an average. Anti-People's is down to 35, and still coming like sawdust over a broken dam. Barry Conant's house and a dozen other of Reinhart's have gone under. His banks and trust companies are going every minute. The whole street will be overboard before the close. The governing committee has just called a meeting to see whether it will not be best to adjourn the exchange over to-day and to-morrow."

Bob listened as if he had been a master at the wheel in a gale, receiving reports from his mates.

There was no trace now of the scene he had just been through. He was cold, masterful, like the seasoned sea-dog who knows that in spite of the ocean's rage and the wind's howl, the wheel will answer his hand and the craft its rudder. "Jim, come over to the exchange." The crowd followed along. "We have but a minute and I want to have you say you forgive me," he said to me. "I know, Jim, you understand it all, but I must tell you how sorrowful I am that in

Recipe for Breadsticks.

For breadsticks take two cups of scalded milk, half a cup of butter, four tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, whites of three eggs, one cake of yeast dissolved in one-fourth of a cup of lukewarm water and seven and a half cups of sifted flour. Mix the milk, sugar, butter and salt. When lukewarm add the flour, yeast and the whites of the eggs, well beaten. Knead well; let rise and then shape in long thin strips, about eight inches long and one-half inch thick, keeping them of an equal thickness. Let rise again, then bake. Have your oven very brisk and reduce the heat at the end of five minutes. The sticks should be very crisp and dry.

To Iron Shirt with Collar Attached.

To iron a shirt front with a collar attached, when dry, it is placed upright on the table and slightly curved to enable the front to lie flat on the table. The front is rubbed with a damp rag, the stitching stretched and the fullness regulated. It is then ironed like an ordinary shirt front, only being detached, it may be ironed on the wrong and right side alternately until it is dry. It is polished in the same manner as collars.

Old Brooms.

Brooms and scrubbing brushes that have seen better days can be converted into excellent mop sticks. Saw off the broomcorn and use this for kindling; nail on to the flat end of the scrubbing brush. I prefer this to the patented ones, for you are spared the labor of continually unfastening and replacing the scrubbing cloth when wringing it out.

Russian Mince.

This is a good way of using up scraps of a joint. Cut up a pound of cold meat into dice. Chop up also any vegetables, ham, bacon, or suet pudding. Fry all lightly in a little dripping. Season highly with pepper, salt, finely-chopped onions, parsley and a tablespoonful of vinegar, stir all together over the fire, and serve very hot. Garnish with sippets of toast.

Meat Pies.

Cook the bones and drippings of cold roast beef and a small sliced onion for two or three hours. Strain, and to the broth add cold roast beef cut into small pieces. Season with salt and pepper and cook slowly until tender. Pour into a baking dish and cover with potato crust. Bake until the crust is done.

How to Clean Silver.

The best way to clean silver is to dissolve a lump of soda the size of an egg in a gallon of water. Bring it to a boil. Put the silver in a saucepan, well covered with water; boil for ten minutes. Remove the silver and rub with a soft cloth. Do not use polish after.

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