


FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER 1.

"Friday, the 13th; I thought as much, if Bob has started, there will be hell, but I will see what I can do."

The sound of my voice as I dropped the receiver seemed to part the mists of five years and usher me into the world of Then as though it had never passed on.

I had been sitting in my office, letting the tape slide through my fingers while its every yard spelled "panic" in a constantly rising voice, when they told me that Brownley on the floor of the exchange wanted me at the 'phone, and "quick." Brownley was our junior partner and floor man. He talked with a rush. Stock exchange floor men in panics never let their speech hobble.

"Mr. Randolph, it's sizzling over here, and it's getting hotter every second. It's Bob—that is evident to all. If he keeps up this pace for 20 minutes longer, the sulphur will overflow 'the street' and get into the banks and into the country, and no man can tell how much territory will be burned over by to-morrow. The boys have begged me to ask you to throw yourself into the breach and stay him. They agree you are the only hope now."

"Are you sure, Fred, that this is Bob's work?" I asked. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I have just come from his office, and glad I was to get out. He's on the war-path, Mr. Randolph—uglier than I ever saw him. The last time he broke loose was child's play to his mood to-day. Mother sent me word this morning that she saw last night the spell was coming. He had been up to see her and sisters, and mother thought from his tone he was about to disappear again. When she told me of his mood, and I remembered the day, I was afraid he might seek his vent here. Also I heard of his being about town till long after midnight. The minute I opened his office door he flew at me like a panther. I told him I had only dropped in on my rounds for an order, as they were running off right smart, and I didn't know but he might like to pick up some bargains. 'Bargains!' he roared, 'don't you know the day? Don't you know it is Friday, the 13th? Go back to that hell-pit and sell, sell.' 'Sell what and how much?' I asked. 'Anything, everything. Give the thieves every share they will take, and when they won't take any more, ram as much again down their crops until they spit up all they have been buying for the last three months!' Going out I met Jim Holliday and Frank Swan rushing in. They are evidently executing Bob's orders, and have been pouring Anti-People's out for an hour. They will be on the floor again in a few minutes, so I thought it safer to call you before I started to sell. Mr. Randolph, they cannot take much more of anything in here, and if I begin to throw stocks over, it will bring the gavel inside of ten minutes, and that will be to announce a dozen failures. It's yet 20 minutes to one, and God only knows what will happen before three. It's up to you, Mr. Randolph, to do something, and unless I am on a bad slant, you haven't many minutes to lose."

It was then I dropped the receiver with "I thought as much!" As I had been fingering the tape, watching five and ten millions crumbling from price values every few minutes, I was sure this was the work of Bob Brownley. No one else in Wall street had the power, the nerve, and the devilish cruelty to rip things as they had been ripped during the last 20 minutes. The night before I had passed Bob in the theater lobby. I gave him close scrutiny and saw the look of which I of all men best knew the meaning. The big brown eyes were set on space; the outer corners of the handsome mouth were drawn hard and tense as though weighted. As I had my wife with me it was impossible to follow him, but when I got home I called up his house and his clubs, intending to ask him to run up and smoke a cigar with me, but could locate him nowhere. I tried again in the morning without success, but when just before noon the tape began to jump and flash and snarl, I remembered Bob's ugly mood, and all it portended.

Fred Brownley was Bob's youngest brother, 12 years his junior. He had been with Randolph & Randolph from the day he left college, and for over a year had been our most trusted stock exchange man. Bob Brownley, when himself, was as fond of his

"baby brother," as he called him, as his beautiful southern mother was of both; but when the devil had possession of Bob—and his option during the past five years had been exercised many a time—mother and brother had to take their place with all the rest of the world, for then Bob knew no kindred, no friends. All the wide world was to him during those periods a jungle peopled with savage animals and reptiles to hunt and fight and tear and kill.

It is hardly necessary for me to explain who Randolph & Randolph are. For more than 60 years the name has spoken for itself in every part of the world where dollar-making machines are installed. No railroad is financed, no great "industrial" projected, without by force of habit, hat-in-handing a by-your-leave of Randolph & Randolph, and every nation when entering the market for loans, knows that the favor of the foremost American bankers is something which



"Mr. Randolph, it's Sizzling Over Here and Getting Hotter Every Second."

must be reckoned with. I pride myself that at 42, at the end of ten years I have had the helm of Randolph & Randolph, I have done nothing to mar the great name my father and uncle created, but something to add to its sterling reputation for honest dealing, fearless, old-fashioned methods, and all-round integrity. Bradstreet's and other mercantile agencies say in reporting Randolph & Randolph: "Worth fifty millions and upward, credit unlimited." I can take but small praise for this, for the report was about the same the day I left college and came to the office to "learn the business." But, as the survivor of my great father and uncle, I can say, my Maker as my witness, that Randolph & Randolph have never loaned a dollar of their millions at over legal rates, six per cent. per annum; have never added to their hoard by any but fair, square business methods; and that blight of blights, frenzied finance, has yet to find a lodging place beneath the old black-and-gold sign that father and uncle nailed up with their own hands over the entrance.

Nineteen years ago I was graduated from Harvard. My classmate and chum, Bob Brownley, of Richmond, Va., was graduated with me. He was class poet, I, yard marshal. We had been four years together at St. Paul's previous to entering Harvard. No girl and lover were fonder than we of each other.

My people had money and to spare, and with it a hard-headed, northern horse sense. The Brownleys were poor as church mice, but they had the brilliant, virile blood of the old southern oligarchy and the romantic, "salaam-to-no-one" Dixie-land pride of before-the-war days, when southern prodigality and hospitality were found

wherever women were fair and men's mirrors in the bottom of their julep-glasses.

Bob's father, one of the big, white pillars of southern aristocracy, had gone through congress and the senate of his country to the tune of "Spend and Not Spare," which left his widow and three younger daughters and a small son dependent upon Bob, his eldest.

Many a warm summer afternoon, as Bob and I paddled down the Charles, and often on a cold, crisp night as we sat in my shooting-box on the Cape Cod shore, had we matched up for our future. I was to have the inside run of the great banking business of Randolph & Randolph, and Bob was eventually to represent my father's firm on the floor of the stock exchange. "I'd die in an office," Bob used to say, "and the floor of the stock exchange is just the chimney-place to roast my hoe-cake in." So when our college days were over my able old father stood us up against the wall in his office, and tried us by his tests, and proud we both were when dad said: "Jim, you and Bob have chosen well. You, Jim, are just the chap to step into my shoes, and Bob is cut to a thirty-second and sixty-fourth for the floor." Proud we were, not so much because of what my father's decision meant for our future, for we knew we should get into the business all right, but because our judgment was indorsed by one we both thought as near infallible as man could be in anything pertaining to business affairs.

Bob was then 22 and I a year older—I one of your raw-boned New Eng-

the heavy responsibilities of husbanding and directing his family's slim finances that he took to business as a swallow to the air. We entered the office of Randolph & Randolph on the same day, and on its anniversary, a year later, my father summoned us into his office for a sort of tally-up talk. Neither of us quite knew what was coming, and we thrilled with pleasure when he said:

"Jim, you and Bob have fairly outdone my expectations. I have had my eye on both of you and I want you to know that the kind of industry and business intelligence you have shown here would have won you recognition in any banking house on 'the street.' I want you both in the firm—Jim to learn his way round so he can step into my shoes; you, Bob, to take one of the firm's seats on the stock exchange."

Bob's face went red and then pale with happiness as he reached for my father's hand.

"I'm very grateful to you, sir, far more so than words can say, but I want to talk this proposition of yours over with Jim here first. He knows me better than anyone else in the world, and I've some ideas I'd like to thrash out with him."

"Speak up here, Bob," said my father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVOLUTION OF GLASS EYES.

Were First Brought Into Use in the Seventeenth Century.

"That is an artificial eye of the seventeenth century," said the curator of the medical museum. "It isn't very deceptive, is it?" The ancient eye resembled what is called a patch. There was a band to encircle the head, and a semi-circle of leather with a human eye painted on it—a large, blue, staring eye. It was, in fact, simply a patch on which an eye was painted. "Next came these silver shells," said the curator. "They were inserted under the lid in the empty socket. A little more deceptive, eh?" The shells, in shape like halves of walnuts, had eyes upon them, and were not unsightly. They were so dull and opaque, though, that no one would ever have taken them for the real thing. "Next came eyes of porcelain," the curator went on, waving his hand toward a case of fairly presentable porcelain eyes, "and finally we got glass eyes—transparent, brilliant eyes that will never be improved on till a movable pupil is invented, a pupil that, somehow, will work in harmony with the other pupil. Many an inventor is working on this movable pupil idea. Of course, there's a fortune in it for the successful man."

WATCH THE LARGE AFFAIRS.

Business Man Makes Mistake in Being Smothered in Detail.

When you are so buried in the detail of your business that you cannot get a clear, sharp view of your affairs in all their relations, you are in danger of failure. No great general ever takes a gun and goes with his soldiers into the thick of the fight, where he would be so stunned by the noises, and so blinded by the smoke of battle that he could not watch the movements of the enemy, could not see where his own troops needed reinforcements, or how to hurl his forces on the weakest place in the enemy's ranks. He must go where he can watch every movement of the armies. If you are going to be a general in business, you must keep where you can get a clear view of your affairs and know what is going on everywhere. While you are buried in detail, your business may be in a dangerous position, from which you could extricate it if you knew the exact situation. Many a man fails in trying to be a general and a private at the same time.—Success.

Milady's Bath.

It is said there is but one carbonic acid bath in New York, and it is in the home of a very rich widow. The apparatus as described is complicated and expensive. The acid is allowed to escape from stout metal cylinders, where it is stored under pressure, and mixed with the bath water. The effect upon the skin is highly stimulating. Such a bath leaves a feeling of great freshness. The widow was advised to visit Nauheim several years ago for a heart disorder, the waters at that celebrated German village being naturally effervescent and strongly carbonated. She dared not undertake the ocean voyage, and the artificial Nauheim was installed in her home.

Weary of Abstractions.

"There is some satisfaction in knowing you are right, even if the world does not recognize it," remarked the idealist. "Not much," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "I can't help wishing Charley would bet on the horse that does win instead of the one that ought to."

Love and Marriage.

A good bit of love goes to waste before marriage that would help a lot afterward.—Puck.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—DUTIES TOWARD MEN

Sunday School Lesson for July 21, 1907

Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Exodus 20:12-17. Memory verses, 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self."—Lev. 19:18.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The fifth commandment belongs to both tables of the law. Since God is our Father we are taught to honor him as a father. "If then, I be a father, where is mine honor? . . . saith the Lord of hosts unto you" (Mal. 1:6). To the young child the parents are in place of the heavenly Father, to lead the child up to him. The word pietas, whence our "piety" mant originally the duty of men to God reflected in their duty towards their parents. So in 1 Tim. 5:4, the Greek word for show piety at home, eusebein, and its Latin equivalent, colere, honor, reverence, worship, is applied both to God and to parents.

2. "We are bidden to honor, because love is instinctive, and can only be spontaneous. The honor for our parents is love combined with reverence; the love must be honor touched with emotion. The word 'honor' includes 'love,' for there can be no true honor without love."—Farar.

3. It applies to both parents. "Mother stands out as clear as Sinai itself. There is no cloud on her majesty. Such honor as goes to the father goes to the mother."—Caverno.

4. We honor by love, courteous attentions, by giving them the best, by always treating them with honor in the presence of others, by deferring to their wishes.

5. The fifth commandment "is the sanctification of social life" and "the surest basis of all righteous government." In its widest sense it respects gray hairs everywhere, and honors all in authority over you, such as your pastor, teacher, employer or magistrates. Lack in this respect is a growing evil, full of mischief to our nation.

6. The fifth commandment does not require a child to do wrong at a parent's bidding, but it does require a child to love even unlovely parents, because they hold to him the sacred relation of father and mother.

V. 13. "Thou shalt not kill." The R. V. gives the thought more accurately, "Thou shalt do no murder." Killing is sometimes justifiable; the bible itself enjoins the killing of men for punishment of those who murder, in order to prevent, by the punishment of the guilty, the murder of the innocent.

V. 14. This is the safeguard of the home and the family.

1. Primarily, the seventh commandment forbids adultery, and the sins which, under slight differences, are cognate with it.

2. It forbids all impure thoughts, and the books and pictures and plays and acts which tend to excite such thoughts and inspire impure acts. Plato would exclude from his ideal republic everything that would debase the taste, even all poor pictures and poor workmanship.

3. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," while the impure soon lose all sense of divine things. No sin, not even intemperance, so rapidly ruins a man, body, mind, and soul, as this sin.

4. The way to overcome this evil is by the good—true love and happy marriage, a mind full of good thoughts, a life full of good deeds.

V. 15. Is the safeguard of personal and property rights, and the wall of defense against the temptations to selfishness and crime.

The crime of theft is, of all others, the meanest and most despicable. It is selfishness incarnate. To gain by stealing is far worse for the thief than for the one wronged. A clear conscience is worth more than all the world. Plato illustrates the test of honesty by the story of Gyges' ring, which made the wearer invisible. He that is honest, even when he can be dishonest without being found out, is a truly honest man.

V. 16. Forbids false statements in a case of law—perjury. "It is a prohibition of slander, or of careless speech affecting the good name of one's fellow man. This is not, as many have supposed, a mere injunction to truthful speech on all occasions."—Trumbull.

The last commandment is a unique one. Search all the laws of the world and you will not find one which resembles it. The sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth commandments you will find in all codes, though only as prohibitions of crimes amenable to judicial punishment. The tenth commandment is the complement of all the rest. It shows that God requires of us not only outward virtue, but inward holiness; that he demands in us the sacrifice of the will, from which wicked actions spring; that sinful imaginations are a crime against him as well as wicked acts."—Farrar.