


FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

No one who scanned the crowd that morning would have believed that the calm, set face on that erect Indian figure, occupying the very center of that horde of gamblers who were only awaiting the ringing clang of the gong to hurl themselves like madmen at each other, was the hysterical man who the night before was wildly praying for this moment. Nearly every man in that crowd was calm, but Bob Brownley was the calmest of them all. It's the exchange code that at any cost of heart or nerve-tear a man must retain good form until the gong strikes. Then, that he must be as near the uncaged tiger as human mind and body can be made. Only I realized what volcano raged inside my chum's bosom. If any other man of the crowd had known, Bob's chances of success would have been on par with a Canadian canoeist short-cutting Niagara for Buffalo. Nine-tenths of the stock exchange game is not letting your left brain lobe know what race your right is in until the winning numbers and the also-rans are on the board. If one of those 300 chain-lightning thinkers or any of their 10,000 alert associates knew in advance the intentions of a fellow broker, the word would sweep through that crowd with the sureness of uncorked ether, and the other 299, at gong strike, would be at each other's throats for his vitals, and before he knew the game had started would have his bones picked to a vulture-finish cleanness.

Suddenly, as I watched the scene, there rang through the great hall the first sharp stroke of the gong. There were no echoes heard that morning. The metallic voice was yet shaping its command to "at 'em, you fiends" when from 300 throats burst the wild sound of the stock exchange yell. No other sound in any of the open or hidden places of all nature duplicates the yell of a great stock exchange at an exciting opening. It not only fills and refills space, for the volume is terrific, but it has an individuality all its own, coming from the incisive "take-mine-I've-got yours," from the aggressive, almost arrogant "you-can't-you-won't-have-your-way," the confident "by-heaven-I-will" individual notes that enter into the whole, as they blend with the shrill scream of triumph and the die-away note of disappointment, when the floor men realize their success or their failure. I picked Bob's magnificently resonant voice from the mass—"40 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." It was this daring bid that struck terror to the bears and filled the bulls with a frenzy of encouragement. Again it rang out—"45 for any part of 25,000;" and a third time—"50 for any part of 50,000."

The great crowd was surging all over the room. Hats were smashed and coats were being stripped from their owners' backs as though made of paper, and now and then a particularly frantic buyer or seller would be borne to the floor by the impetus of those who sought to fill his bid or grab his offer. Through all the wild whirl, straight and erect and commanding was the form of Bob, his face cold and expressionless as an iceberg. In five minutes the human mass had worked back to the Sugar pole and there was the inevitable lull while its members "verified."

I could see by the few entries Bob was making on his pad that he had been compelled to buy but little. This meant that his campaign was working smoothly, that he was driving the market up by merely bidding, and that he had the greater part of my 50,000 yet unbought, which in turn meant he could continue to push up the price, or in the event of his opponents' attempting to run it down, he would be under the market with big supporting orders.

Suddenly the lull was broken. Bob's voice rang out again—"153 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." Again the gamblers closed in and for another five minutes the opening scene was duplicated, with only a shade less fierceness. After ten minutes' mad trading a mighty burst of sound told that Sugar was 160 bid. Then Bob worked his way out of the crowd, and passing by me fairly hissed, "By heaven, Jim, I've got them cinched!"

I went back to the office. In a few minutes Bob without a word strode through my office and into the little room occupied by Beulah Sands. He closed the door behind him, a thing that he had never done before. It was only a minute till he opened it and called to me. In his eyes was a strange look, a look that came from the blending of two mighty passions, one joy,

the other I could not make out, unless it was that soft one, which suppressed love, emerging from terrible uncertainty, generates in deep natures and which usually finds vent in tears. Beulah Sands was a study. Her heart was evidently swaying and tugging with the news Bob had brought her. She must have seen the nearness of release from the torture that had been filling her soul during the past three months, and yet such was the remarkable self-control of the woman, such her noble courage, that she refused to show any outward sign of her feelings. She was the reserved, dignified girl I had ever seen her.

"Jim, Miss Sands and I thought it best that we should have a little match up at this stage of our deal," Bob began. "I want to know if you both agree with me on adhering to the original plans to close out at 175. I never felt surer of my ground than in this deal. The stock is 163 on the tape right now." He glanced at the white paper

to scream Sugar. With enormous transactions it ran up in 15 minutes to 188, in three more it dropped to 181, and then steadily mounted to 185½, dulled up, and was healthy steady. Presently Bob was back and we sat down again.

"I've bought 20,000 more for you, Jim, on that bulge. I've 38,000 in all of the last 50,000, which leaves me 12,000 reserve. The average is 'way under 75, and there must be \$400,000 for you in it now and a strong \$1,400,000 in Miss Sands' 20,000, and \$1,800,000 in our 30,000. They say it's bad business to count chickens in the shell, but ours are tapping so hard to get out I can't help doing it this once. I'm going to keep away from the floor for an hour or so, then I will go over and wind it up and—good God, Beulah—Miss Sands—are you ill?"

The girl's face was ashen gray and she seemed to be gasping for breath. I rushed for some water while Bob seized both her hands, but in an instant the blood came to her cheeks with a rush and she said, "I was dizzy for a moment. It must have been the thought of taking \$1,800,000 back to father that upset me. With that amount father could make good all the trust funds, and have back enough for his own fortune to make us seem, after what we have been going through, richer than we were before. Pardon me, Mr. Randolph, won't you, when I say—God bless you and every one whom you hold dear, God bless you? What could I or my father have done but for you and Mr. Brownley?"

She turned her big eyes full upon Bob, filled with a light such as can come only to a woman's eyes, only to



Bob's Voice Rang Out Again.

ribbon whose every foot on certain days spells heaven or hell to countless mortals, as it rolled out of the ticker in the corner of the office. "Yes, there she goes again—3¼, 4, 4¼, and 1,200 at a half. There is a tremendous demand from all quarters. Washington's buying is unlimited; the commission houses are tumbling over one another to get aboard and the shorts are scared to a paralyzed muteness. They don't know whether to jump in and cover or to stand their present hands, but they have no pluck to fight the rise, that is certain. The news bureaus have just published the story that I am buying for Randolph & Randolph, and they for the insiders; that the new tariff is as good as passed; and that at the directors' meeting to-morrow the Sugar dividend will be increased, and that it is agreed on all sides she won't stop going until she crosses 200. I've been obliged to take on only 18,000 of your 50,000, and at present prices there is over two hundred thousand profit in them. I think I could go back there and in 30 minutes have it to 180. Then if I rested on it until about one o'clock and threw myself at it for real fireworks up to the close, I could, under cover of them, let slip about half our purchases, and to-morrow open her with a whirl and let go the balance. If I'm in luck I'll average 180-185 for the whole bunch, but I'll be satisfied if I get an average of 175, which would allow me to sell it on a dropping scale to 160."

I agreed that his campaign was perfect, and Beulah Sands said in her usual quiet way, "It is entirely in your hands, Mr. Brownley. I don't see how any advice from us can help."

Bob went back to the exchange and I into my office. Bob had been right again. In ten minutes the tape began

a woman before whom, as she stands on the brink of hell, suddenly looms her heaven.

Sharp and shrill rang Bob's exchange telephone. The ring seemed shriller; it certainly was longer than usual. Bob jumped for the receiver.

CHAPTER III.

He listened a moment, then answered, "Stand on it at 80 for 12,000 shares. I will be there in a second." He dropped the receiver. "Jim, we have struck a snag. Arthur Perkins, whom I left on guard at the pole, says Barry Conant has jumped in and supplied all the bids. He has it down to 81 and is offering it in 5,000 blocks and is aggressive. I must get there quick," and he shot out of the office.

I sprang for Bob's telephone. "Perkins, quick!" "What are they doing, Perkins?" I asked a moment later. "Conant has almost filled me up. He seems to have a hoghead of it on tap," he answered.

"Buy 50,000 shares, 5,000 each point down; and anything unfilled, give to Bob when he gets there. He is on the way."

I shut off and turned to Miss Sands; "This is no time to stand on ceremony, Miss Sands. Barry Conant is Camemeyer's and Standard Oil's head broker. His being on the floor means mischief. He never goes into a big whirl personally unless they are out for blood. Bob has exhausted his buying power, and though I tell you frankly that I never speculate, don't believe in speculation and am in this deal only for Bob—and for you—I swear I don't intend to let them wipe the floor with him without at least making them swallow some of the dust they kick up. Please don't object to my helping out, Miss Sands. Ordinarily I would

defer to your wishes, but I love Bob Brownley only second to my wife, and I have money enough to warrant a plunge in stock. If they should turn Bob over in this deal, he—well, they're not going to, if I can prevent it," and I started for the exchange on the run.

When I got there the scene beggared description. That of the morning was tame in comparison. A bull market, however, terrific, always is tame beside a bear crash. In the few moments it took me to get to the floor, the battle had started. The greater part of the exchange membership was in a dense mob wedged against the rail behind the Sugar pole. I could not have got within yards of the center of that crowd of men, fast becoming panic-stricken, if the fate of nations had depended on my errand. I had witnessed such a scene before. It represented a certain phase of stock exchange gambling procedure, where one man apparently has every other man on the floor against him. I understood. Bob against them all—he trying to stay the onrushing current of dropping prices; they bent on keeping the sluice gates open. He was backed up against the rail—not the Bob of the morning; not a vestige of that cold, brain-nerve-and-body-in-hand gambler remained. His hat was gone, his collar torn and hanging over his shoulder. His coat and waistcoat were ripped open, showing the full length of his white shirt front, and his eyes were fairly mad. Bob was no longer a human being, but a monarch of the forest at bay, with the hunter in front of him, and closing in upon him, in a great half circle, the pack of harriers, all gnashing their teeth, baring their fangs, and howling for blood. The hunter directly facing Bob, was Barry Conant—very slight, very short, a marvellously compact, handsome, miniature man, with a fascinating face, dark olive in tint, lighted by a pair of sparkling black eyes and framed in jet-black hair; a black mustache was parted over white teeth, which, when he was stalking his game, looked like those of a wolf. An interesting man at all times was this Barry Conant, and he had been on more and fiercer battlefields than any other half-score members combined. The scene was a rare one for a student of animalized men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HEROISM.

There is a good deal of heroism in the world of the sort that gets into the public eye and receives medals as a reward, as the giving out of 63 such tokens of gold, silver or bronze by the Carnegie hero fund commission attests, comments a writer in the Boston Transcript. There is more of the splendid stuff indeed than even the firmest believers in human nature's good qualities would quite think possible without all the gratifying figures at hand to prove its existence. And when one reflects that the heroism which may be known of all men is only about one-thousandth part as great as the sort that never will and never may be known it makes one feel that the world and the times are good.

An Indorsement.

Many years ago there was considerable malaria in Harrisburg, Pa., which was attributed to the waters of the Susquehanna river, which was then the source of the city supply. One of the members of the legislature for that year, upon his return to his constituents, was interviewed concerning the plague. He soon settled the question. "Upon my soul, gentlemen," he declared, "the report of the foulness of the water was a slander on the city of Harrisburg. I absolutely know the water to be perfectly healthful, for during the session I drank the water on two different occasions, and I never experienced any ill effect whatever."

Origin of Famous Phrases.

"The majesty of the people" came first from the lips of Charles James Fox, who, at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor in 1798, concluded his speech with these words: "Give me leave before I sit down to call on you to drink our sovereign's health—the Majesty of the People." Brougham was the author of the saying, "The schoolmaster is abroad;" it was he, too, who in 1821 gave to the reform party the watchword, "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill;" and Sir Robert Peel invented the popular cry of "Register! Register! Register!" in a speech in 1837 to the electors of Tamworth.

Rabbit Pest in a Graveyard.

Stettin suffers from Australia's plague of rabbits, but only in the principal cemetery. Here they are a veritable pest and so far all efforts to get rid of them have been unavailing. Into holes, where holes could be found, carbolic acid was poured, but bunny of the graveyards is quite cozy in a thick bush under a fine tree as in any hole, and he makes the tree bark fly as far up as he can reach it. There has been one battue, but the rabbits are again as numerous as ever. The other day while a funeral was in progress a rabbit encooned itself confidingly at the foot of the officiating clergyman.

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton St., Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp, shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

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

The Manchester canal was built at a cost of \$75,000,000 to reduce freight rates for a distance of 35 miles, and, while it did not prove a good interest bearing investment on such a large expenditure, its indirect and more permanent benefits are said to have warranted it.

Germany has 3,000 miles of canal, carefully maintained, besides 7,000 miles of other waterway. France, with an area less than we would consider a large state, has 3,000 miles of canal; and in the northern part, where the canals are most numerous, the railways are more prosperous. England, Germany, France, Holland and Belgium are all contemplating further extension and improvement of their canal systems.—Century Magazine.

Architects and Closets.

An architect, says a writer, complains that women have a mania for closets and that when a woman is allowed any liberty in the matter she changes his whole architectural plan in order to make room for them. This, he says, makes him a laughing stock among his fellow architects. This is very interesting, but why do architects make plans if not to make every effort themselves to secure conveniences? A house may be architecturally perfect and yet not fit to live in, and it certainly is not if there is not closet room enough.

Punishment by Inches.

A Bergen (Genesee county) Justice of the peace has adopted an original scheme for the dispensation of justice. Henry Meyer, 27 years old and seven feet two inches tall, was a prisoner in his court for stealing four bags of oats. He was sentenced to 90 days in jail, one day for each inch of stature and one for each bag.—Nunda (N. Y.) News.

Cause for Resentment.

London Punch suggests as a reason for Raisuli's hatred for Caid McLean that it was the latter who introduced bagpipes in Morocco.

FOOD FACTS Grape-Nuts

FOOD
A Body Balance

People hesitate at the statement that the famous food, Grape-Nuts, yields as much nourishment from one pound as can be absorbed by the system from ten pounds of meat, bread, wheat or oats. Ten pounds of meat might contain more nourishment than one pound of Grape-Nuts, but not in shape that the system will absorb as large a proportion of, as the body can take up from one pound of Grape-Nuts.

This food contains the selected parts of wheat and barley which are prepared and by natural means predigested, transformed into a form of sugar, ready for immediate assimilation. People in all parts of the world testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

A Mo. man says: "I have gained ten pounds on Grape-Nuts food. I can truly recommend it to thin people." He had been eating meat, bread, etc., right along, but there was no ten pounds of added flesh until Grape-Nuts food was used.

One curious feature regarding true health food is that its use will reduce the weight of a corpulent person with unhealthy flesh, and will add to the weight of a thin person not properly nourished. There is abundance of evidence to prove this.

Grape-Nuts balances the body in a condition of true health. Scientific selection of food elements makes Grape-Nuts good and valuable. Its delicious flavor and powerful nourishing properties have made friends that in turn have made Grape-Nuts famous. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.