

# FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"He appealed directly to John Wilson to make an effort to stop the growing tendency to use the people as pawns to enslave themselves and their children. He said some man of undoubted probity, standing, and wealth, some one whom the people trusted, must start the fight against these New York fiends, whose only thought is to roll up wealth. And he told John Wilson he was the man, since he had great wealth, honestly got by his father and grandfather; no one would accuse him of being a hypocrite, seeking notoriety, and his standing in the financial world was so old and solid that it would have to listen to him. I remember how emphatically father said: 'I tell you, John, even the discussion of such a proposition as that scoundrel Reinhart makes is degrading to an American's honor.' He said it didn't make the least difference if Reinhart counted his millions by the score, and was director in 30 or 40 great institutions, and gave a fortune every year for charity to the church—that he was a blackleg just the same. And so is any man, he said, who dares to say he will take the stock of a transportation company, which represents a certain amount of money invested and double or multiply it by five and ten, simply because he can compel people to pay exorbitant fares and freight rates and so get profits on this fraudulently increased capital.

"It was the decision arrived at by father and the Wilsons at this meeting, a decision to refuse in any circumstances to allow our southern people to be led by the Wall street 'system,' that started Reinhart and his dollar-fiends on the war-path. You can see from what I tell you of my father the terrible condition he is in now. At night, when I get to thinking of him, hoping against hope, with no one to help him, no one with whom he can talk over his affairs, when I think of his nobleness in devoting his time to mother and by sheer will-power concealing from her his awful suffering, it nearly drives me mad."

"Miss Sands, why will you not let me lend you the money necessary to tide your father over for awhile?" I asked.

"You are so good," Mr. Randolph, "but you don't quite understand my father in spite of what I have said. He would not relieve his suffering at the expense of another, not if it were a hundred times more acute. You cannot understand the old-fashioned, deep-rooted pride of the Sands."

"But can you not, at least temporarily disguise from him just how you have arranged the relief?"

Her big blue eyes stared at me in bewilderment.

"Mr. Randolph, I could not deceive father. I could not tell him a lie even to save his life. It would be impossible. My father abhors a lie. He believes a man or woman who would lie the lowest of the low things on earth. When I go back to my father he will say: 'Tell me what you have done.' I can just see him now, standing behind the big white pillars at the end of the driveway. I can hear him saying calmly: 'Beulah, my daughter, welcome. Your mother is waiting for you in her room. Do not lose a moment getting to her.' Afterward he'll take me over the plantation to show me all the familiar things, and not one word will he allow me to say about our affairs until dinner is over, until the neighbors have left, for no Sands returns from long absence without a fitting home welcome. When I have said good night to mother and sister and he has drawn up my rocker in front of his big chair in the library alcove and I've lighted his cigar for him, he will look me in the eye and say: 'Daughter, tell me what you have done.' I would no more think of holding anything back than I would of stabbing him to the heart. No, Mr. Randolph, there is no possibility of relief except in fairly using that \$30,000 and fairly winning back what Wall street has stolen from father. Even that will cause both of us many twinges of conscience, and anything more is impossible. If this cannot be done, father must, all of us must, pay the penalty of Reinhart's ruffian act."

Bob had listened, but made no comment until she was through; then he said: "It looks to me as though the market is shaping up so that we may be able to do something soon." It was evident to both of us that he had some plan in mind.

Later we learned that that night Beulah wrote her father a long letter, telling him what she had done; that she had made almost two millions profit from her operations; that they had been lost, and that the outlook was not reassuring. She begged him to prepare himself for the final calamity; promising that if there were no change for the better by December 1, she would come home to be with him when the blow fell. She begged him to prepare to meet it like a Sands, and assure him that if worse came to worst she would earn enough to keep poverty away. Judge Sands would receive this letter the second day following, Friday, the 13th day of November. My God! how well I know the date. It is seared into my brain as though with a white-hot iron.

After our talk with Beulah Sands I begged Bob to dine with me and go over matters at length to see if we could not find a way out to relief.

"No, Jim, I have work to do to-

You saw what Barry Conant was able to do to us that day simply by standing on the floor of the stock exchange and outstaying me in opening and closing his mouth. You saw he was able to sell Sugar to a point so low that I was obliged to let go of our 150,000 shares at \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 less than we could have got for them if we could have held them until to-day. Because of this trick his clients, the 'system,' instead of us, make five to seven millions."

"I don't follow you, Bob. I know that Barry Conant was able to do this because he had more money behind him than you."

"You think so, do you, Jim? That is the way it looks to you, but I tell you money had nothing to do with it. Nothing had to do with it but the fiendish system of fraud and trickery upon which the whole stock-gambling structure is reared. Nothing entered into the whole business but the trickery of stock-gambling as conducted to-day. It was only a question, Jim, of a man's opening and closing his mouth and spitting out words. From the minute Barry Conant came into that crowd until he left and we were ruined, he showed no money, no anything that I did not show. From the very nature of the business he could not. He simply said: 'Sold' oftener and longer than I said 'Buy.' He may have had money back of him, or he may only have had nerve. God Almighty is the only one who can tell, for when Conant was through he was able to buy back at 90 the 50,000 shares he sold me at 175, the 50,000 that broke my back. Jim, if I had known as much that day as I do now I would

sun, remarked to Joe Barnes, the loan expert:

"'Cam' unt de Keroseners are pud-ding up egstra dop rails to dot wool-pen deh haf ben pilding since deh took Pop Prownlee and deh Rantolphs into gamp. Unless my topesheet goes pack on me, for deh first dime in 40 years, dere vill pe a record clip before a week from to-day."

"I am with you there, Ike," answered Joe. "If Barry Conant's knife-edged teeth ever spelt a killin', they do to-day. I just got orders from somewhere to drop call money from four to two and a half per cent., and they have given me ten millions to drop it with and the order is to favor Sugar as 'collat.' Some one is anxious to make it easy for the bleaters to get the coin to buy all the Sugar they want. Ike, you and I might make turkey money for Thanksgiving, if we only knew whether Barry and his bunch were going to shoot her up 30 or 40 points before they turned the bag upside down, or whether they will bury them from 200 to 150. What do you think?"

"I gant make out, aldo I haf vatched dem sharp all day. Dey certainly haf deh lambs lined up right now for any vey dey vont to twist id. I nefer see a petter market for a deluge. For Barry's movements all day I should say dey would keep holstn' her until apout noon to-morrow, unt dat deh might get her up to two-fifty or even to deh two-hetty. Put dere are von or two topes on deh sheet vhat run deh uder way. First der is dey fact you gant run out, dat dere is alreay on deh Sugar vagon deh piggest load of cheuly suckers dat efer game in from deh suppurbs. Sharley pates says if any von hat tapped his Vashington vire er any utter capital vire dis veek he vould haf tought dere vas a senate, house, unt kabinet roll-gall on. Deh topes say 'Cam' vill nefer led dat punch off grafters slite out mit real mooney if he gan help id unt deb game iss endirely in his hands."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FABLE OF THE PANSY.

Entire Family May Be Traced in Flower's Gay Petals.

Lovers of this pretty flower may be interested in the fable concerning it. The blossom has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband, wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap round his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. In France the pansy is universally called the step-mother.

## GOT THE WRONG BABIES.

Curious Mixup That Occurred Recently in French Hospital.

A curious mistake occurred yesterday at the hospital at Amiens, says a correspondent of the London Mail. Two young women had recently been attended there. One had given birth to a boy, and the other had given birth to a girl. Yesterday their babies were taken from them to be vaccinated. After the vaccination the babies, in their swaddling clothes, were returned to their mothers, who went away with them. Soon afterward one of the mothers returned to the hospital in tears. Her child was a boy, but on returning home she discovered that the nurse had handed her a girl. She insisted on her boy being returned to her. A scene of great confusion occurred, as nobody knew the address of the other mother. At last, toward midnight, the other mother arrived, greatly excited, complaining that she had been given a boy in mistake for her girl baby. The change was duly executed, and the two mothers went away happy.

## Open Air Sleeping.

It is not too much to say that to the delicate, highly strung, easily knocked out individual the advantages of sleeping in the open air are enormous. Pallid cheeks take on a ruddy hue, colds are unknown, nerves are forgotten, and irritability becomes a phase of the past. A little hut and a little perseverance are the only necessities, and the result is assured.—Country Life.

## Hope.

"Woman is naturally more hopeful than man," began the moralist. "Yes," interrupted the plain man. "There's my wife, for instance; every time she has had occasion to buy fish since we started housekeeping she has asked her dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'no.'"



"Mr. Randolph, I Could Not Tell My Father a Lie Even to Save His Life."

night, work that won't wait. That tariff bill was buttoned up to-day, and it has just been announced that the Sugar directors have declared a big extra dividend. Things have come out just about as I told you they would, and the stock is climbing to-day. They say it will touch 200 to-morrow, and 'the street' is predicting 250 for it in ten days. Barry Conant has been a steady buyer all day and the news bureaux announced that Camemeyer and the 'Standard Oil' are twenty millions winners. They say the Washington gamblers, the congressmen, senators and cabinet members with their heelers and lobbyists have made a killing. About every one seems to have fattened up, Jim, but you and me and Beulah Sands and the public. The public gets the ax both ways, as usual. They have been shaken out of their stock, and they will be compelled to pay millions more each year for their sugar than they would if this law had not been made for their benefit. Jim, there is no disguising the fact that the American people are as helpless in the hands of these thugs of the 'system' as though they lived in the realm of the sultan, where a few cutthroat brigands are licensed to rob and oppress to their heart's content. Jim Randolph, you know this game of finance. You know how it is worked, and the men who work it. Tell me if there is any consideration due Wall street and its heart-and-soul butchers at the hands of honest men."

"I do not know what you mean, Bob. What are you driving at?"

"Never mind what I am driving at. I ask you whether, if an honest man knew how to beat Wall street at its own game, he should hesitate to beat it—hesitate because of anything connected with conscience or morals?"

have stood in that crowd and bought all the stock he sold at 180, and I would have stood there buying until hell froze over or he quit; then I would have made him rebuy it at 280 or 2,080, and I would have broken him and all his Camemeyer and 'Standard Oil' backers; broken them to their last crime-covered dollar."

"Bob, what are you talking about? It is all Chinese to me. I cannot get head or tail of what you are driving at."

"I know you can't, Jim, neither could Wall street if it were listening to me. But you will, and Wall street will, too, before many days go by. Now I must be off. I have work to do."

He put on his hat and left me trying to puzzle out just what he meant.

Next day the Sugar bulls had the center of the stock exchange stage. All day long they tossed Sugar from one to another, as though each thousand shares had been a wisp of hay instead of \$200,000—for soon after the opening it soared to 200. The "system's" cohorts were in absolute control, with Barry Conant never a minute away from the Sugar-pole, always on the alert to steer the course of price when they threatened to run away on the up or the down side. It was evident to the expert readers of the tape that the "system" was carrying its steel for an exceptionally brilliant run. Ike Bloomenstein, the Avenger Fiend, who for 40 years had kept close track of every movement on the floor, and who would bet anything from his Fifth Avenue mansion to his overripe boardroom straw hat, that all stocks and movements were as strictly subject to the law of averages as are the tides to the moon and

# THE DEATH OF MOSES

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 22, 1907

Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Deut. 34: 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psalm 116: 15.

TIME.—Moses died in the first week of the twelfth month (February-March) of the fortieth year since the exodus. B. C. 1491 (according to the common chronology).

PLACE.—Moses died on Mt. Nebo, the culminating peak of the Pisgah range of the mountains of Moab. It is 9½ miles east of the northern end of the Dead Sea.

SCRIPTURAL REFERENCES ON MOSES.—Hos. 12: 13; Jer. 15: 1; Psalm 90: (title); Psa. 106: 23; Matt. 17: 3, 4; Acts 7: 20-44; Luke 20: 37; Heb. 3: 2, 5; 11: 24-27; Rev. 15: 3.

## Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Vision from the Mount.—Vs. 1-4. Moses had completed his work. The time had come for him to entrust the future of his people to other hands. On account of his almost only failure to come up to his standard, at the Waters of Meribah, he was not permitted to enter the promised land. His public sin before all the people must be punished to show that God was impartial, that no matter what one's privileges or attainments he cannot be immune in sin. But for Moses, as always with his people, God mingled love with justice, and showed Moses that punishment was a necessity, but God's heart overflowed with loving kindness and tender mercies toward his child and prophet.

Visions of Heaven. God gives us Pisgah views of the promised land to which we are traveling through this wilderness world. (1) We have them in Scriptures, where glimpses of heaven are given to us, both by description and by the ideals of a holy life set before us. But one must have something of the character of Moses before he can see the vision in its true glory. (2) God gives his children heavenly experiences, earnest and foretastes of the blessedness to come. But these, too, come after faithful service and devoted living.

The object of these visions is (1) to present before us the true ideal of life. It is not a vain thing to think often of a perfect and holy heaven, for it shows us how we ought to live on earth. (2) To be a motive and inspiration to higher living. (3) To be a comfort in hours of darkness and discouragement.

Character Sketch of Moses.—Vs. 10-12. Moses stands among the few greatest men in all history. In every direction he was great and good.

1. As a Prophet.—A prophet is one who speaks and acts under the direction of God, the medium through which God reveals his will to men.

10. "And there arose not a prophet . . . like unto Moses." No other was like him till we come to Jesus, the prophet whom God had promised should be raised up like unto Moses (Deut. 18: 18), the organizer of a new kingdom speaking the truth directly from God. "Whom the Lord knew face to face." God revealed himself and his will directly to Moses without the intervention of any angel or human being. God's spirit acted upon the spirit of Moses.

11. "In all the signs and the wonders, greater than any wrought till Jesus Christ came. They proved to the Israelites that Moses was God's messenger to them, his commands were God's commands, his leading where God would have them led.

12. "In all that mighty hand." The hand is the symbol of power in action—the instrument of power. "All the great terror," which God wrought against Pharaoh and other enemies which was doubtless one of the reasons why the Israelites were so safe in the wilderness.

2. As a Saint.—Moses' goodness shines as brightly as his greatness. He was unselfish. He devoted himself at every cost to the good of his people. He encountered every danger for their sakes. He was willing to die to save them. He was the embodiment of love to God and love to man. By seeing God face to face he was becoming transformed into his spiritual likeness.

3. His Imperfection.—Two or three times some fault is attributed to Moses, as every saint has failed in some point at some time. There is no garden but has some weeds. But the most unjust thing we can do is to measure its value by its weeds and not by its fruits.

4. Moses as a Statesman.—"Inspiration apart, Moses possessed all those endowments and qualities which form the consummate statesman and chief magistrate: an intellect of the highest order; a perfect mastery of all the civil wisdom of the age; a penetrating, comprehensive and sagacious judgment; great promptness and energy in action; patriotism which neither ingratitude, ill treatment nor rebellion could quench, or even cool; a commanding and persuasive eloquence; a hearty love of truth; an incorruptible virtue.