

THE MAN BEHIND THE BABY.

You can hardly read a paper without being sure to find some sentimental poem on the man who is behind. Hoes, cannon, picks and muskets and some more are on the list, but the man behind the baby in its go-cart has been missed.

The others may be heroes and quite useful in their ways, and more or less deserving of a poet's fervid praise; but they cannot hold a candle to the man we love to meet. Behind the cunning baby in its go-cart on the street.

With all the pride and dignity new papas will display, and nerved against the silly jokes his funny friends essay, and feeling so responsible he pushes on his trips the go-cart and the baby with the bottle at its lips.

It is an inspiration to a bashful single man to see the small procession with the bottle in the van; and notice how the women who are passing have to stop and gaze with admiration on the image of its pop.

No nursemaid's cold indifference he shows to baby's cries; he'll find the pin that's pricking and he'll keep away the flies, and he'll adjust the bottle when it tumbles from its place. With true heroic dignity besitting to the case.

He'll nicely dry the baby's chin and wipe its little nose, and soothe it, oh, so motherly, and smooth its rumpled clothes, and never lose his temper though it puzzles him a lot. To know just what's the matter with the screaming little tot.

He'll talk to it the prettiest of baby talk until the baby thinks he is a fool—as smartest babies will; and he will cut up capers just to make the darling smile, regardless of the people who may wonder at his style.

But when the little carriage has a double load of joy—two bottles and two babies and—not one of them a boy—the man behind that trouble may not show it in his phiz, but all the same a hero, and a big one, too, he is.

You may talk about the courage of the man behind the gun, who often is so frightened that he hasn't strength to run; but for a finer courage—when his wife is tired out—the man behind the baby is the man to brag about.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES
A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics
By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER IV.

SOME STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

Mr. R. J. Kent, the great operator, paced slowly up and down his room, but never missed an examination of the tape as it escaped from the chattering ticker, by an interval exceeding half a minute. As the hour of two approached, the little machine became furious in its efforts to keep pace with the operations of the sweating, swearing and struggling brokers, two blocks away. Mr. Kent let the tape slide through his fingers and read a record which translated was as follows: 3,000 shares Sugar 149 1/4—2,200 Sugar 149—4,000 Sugar 148 1/4—700 B. & O. 107 1/4—1,100 B. & O. 107—2,800 B. & O. 106 1/2—500 B. & O. 106—3,200 St. Paul 171—4,000 St. Paul 170 1/2—500 St. Paul 170—3,000 St. Paul 169 1/4—1,400 Metropolitan 173 1/4—900 Metropolitan 172 1/2—1,600 Metropolitan 171 1/2—4,000 Jersey Central 159 1/4—800 Jersey Central 158 1/2—1,700 Jersey Central 158—55 Jersey Central 158 1/4—2,400 Sugar 147 1/2—800 Sugar 147.

Mr. Kent stepped to his private telephone.

"Who is selling that Sugar?" he asked his broker.

"Street & Rogers are selling most of it now. Brokers for Morris & Hauser of Boston, and Wright & Fanning of Chicago have also been selling it. These houses have been selling St. Paul, Jersey Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Metropolitan, Steel and Iron and other stocks," was the prompt answer. "I advised the office of it some time ago.

"Who is the selling for?"
"No one seems to know."
"What do Haven's brokers say?"
"They seem to be up in the air. They are still buying Sugar."
"All right. Good-bye."

Mr. Kent called up Mr. Haven, the great sugar magnate.

"What in the devil is the matter

with your Sugar stock?" he demanded.

"I don't know," was the response. "It's all right. I am buying it as fast as it is offered. What is it now?"

Mr. Kent examined the tape.

"One hundred and forty-eight and a quarter," he replied. "It has been down to 146 1/2 but has recovered some. Who is doing that selling?"

"Sure I don't know," answered Mr. Haven with some impatience. "Probably some one taking profits. It will go up again."
"All right. Thank you. Good-bye."

Mr. Kent studied the tape for a few moments. The market was slowly steadying. The public was obeying the mandate, "buy on every reaction." Mr. Kent pondered deeply. He rang a bell.

"How much Sugar have I bought?" he demanded of his private bookkeeper.

"Forty-three thousand shares," was the reply.

"It will average about 142, will it not?"

The bookkeeper produced a slip of paper, ran his eye over the figures, made a rapid calculation, and said that the average price paid for this line of Sugar stock was 142 1/2.

"Very well; that is all," Mr. Kent said.

He called up his broker who represented him on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

"Sell all the Sugar you can without breaking the market," he commanded in a voice that could not be heard ten feet away. Wall Street is all ears. "There is good buying just now. Begin on 500 share lots. Feel them out at the start, but keep busy. Sell at least 50,000 shares before you close, no matter what happens. When you have sold 20,000 shares, offer it in 1,000, 2,000 and 3,000 lots.

The broker repeated the order quickly so as there could be no mistake. Mr. Kent returned to the ticker.

"Some one taking profits, eh?" muttered Mr. Kent as he paced the floor, nervously chewing the end of an unlighted cigar. "I'll show them how to take profits! They must think I am in my second childhood. They have an idea I am going to hold the bag, do they? This is the way they keep their agreement!" He rang the bell furiously.

"How much B. & O. have I?"

"Fifteen thousand shares at an average of 93," was the reply.

"Wire Brown & Addy of Boston, to sell me 20,000 B. & O. at the market. Send word to Blake & Co. of Chicago, to sell me 25,000 St. Paul at the market. Rush! hurry!"

He was at the private telephone again.

"How much Sugar have you sold?"

"Twenty-two thousand. It has broken a point and a half."

"That's all right. Put it out in 2,000 and 3,000 lots. Sell me 30,000 shares of Metropolitan at the market. Got it? That's right. Good-bye."

The ticker was sizzling like a sewing machine. Sugar, B. & O., St. Paul, Jersey Central, Metropolitan, Steel and Iron and other stocks came out in blocks of from 1,000 to 4,000 and even 5,000 lots. But the market held remarkably well. There was "not a cloud in the sky," and the public was sunning itself. But even their guileless optimism could not withstand the impact of the mysterious interest which had been selling hundreds of thousands of shares on Saturday and during the present session, reinforced as it was by the enraged Mr. Kent, who ascribed this selling to the perfidy of his associates. When the day's battle was over the field was covered with dead and wounded. Sugar had closed at 145 1/4 bid and 146 asked. Baltimore and Ohio had dropped to 105 1/2; St. Paul to 167 1/2; Metropolitan to 170; Jersey Central to 158 1/2; and Steel and Iron showed a net loss for the day of three points, and an extreme drop from its high point at the opening of nearly nine points.

When Mr. Kent had received reports from his brokers, and telegraphic advices from Boston, Chicago and Baltimore, he found that he had sold 55,000 shares of Sugar and that all of his other commissions had been executed. He had accomplished one of the phenomenal changes of position for which he was famous and dreaded. In a hundred offices his name was mentioned, coupled with expressions which would warrant reproduction on these pages. He quietly talked the situation over with his lieutenants, instructed them to "smash" the market at the opening next morning, and with an unruffled mien left his office shortly before four o'clock.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALL STREET PANIC.

What happened on this famous Tuesday has been lightly touched on in the opening chapter of this history. The morning papers had devoted considerable space to the "bear flurry" in Wall street. There were guarded allusions to the coup performed by Mr. Kent, who had conducted his operations with little attempt to disguise his attitude. His profits were variously estimated at

from \$750,000 to \$3,000,000, and it was strongly intimated that he would live to regret the unwarranted scare he had precipitated.

On the following Tuesday morning London ignored the New York break in prices and opened strong. Chicago and the speculative west looked on its splendid crops and telegraphed buying orders in generous volume. The galleries around the trading floor of the Exchange were crowded with the sight-seers who are always in force when the market is excited. The hand of the big clock slowly approached the hour of ten. The thousand or more brokers gravitated towards the various standards which bore the names of the important trading stocks.

The market opened strong and at a slight advance in spite of large offerings of stock by Kent brokers and from Street & Rogers—acting for their unknown principals—the market held its own the first half hour. It was at this time that vague and portentous rumors were circulated on the floor, and whispered over telephones. These rumors were greeted with general incredulity, but the effect on the market was apparent from the time the first suspicion was breathed. London, Chicago and other speculative centers continued buying and selling, unconscious of the shadow which was now darkening the street.

The storm broke at 11 o'clock. The yellow slips distributed by a news agency contained the following paragraph in double-headed type:

"11:05 a. m. Andrus Carmody, Palmer J. Morton, R. J. Kent and Simon Pence cannot be found. They were last seen in Mr. Morton's offices about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Their relatives know nothing of their whereabouts. The police and detective force have been notified."

A message of similar purport was recorded on the tape.

Any description of the scenes which followed on the floor of the Stock Exchange would be deemed exaggeration by those who never have seen a speculative panic sweep all before it. The tempest was loosed. Before its fury the sturdy financial oaks bent in the blast. The puny speculative saplings were uprooted and borne away on the wings of the cyclone. Staid old men who had not been seen on the floor of the exchange for months, rushed hatless through the streets and hurled themselves into the crazy mob.

The 60 acres of the financial district was a Bedlam. Men tore papers from the hands of newsboys and rushed away without paying for them. The wildest rumors, if of evil purport, became certainties. The word went down the street that a great bank had closed its doors. There was no fragment of truth in the statement, but it was accepted as an unquestioned fact. It was charged that the great enterprises in which Carmody, Pence and Morton were concerned were insolvent, and that these men were in secret conference, endeavoring to arrange a compromise with creditors. Mr. Kent was regarded as the speculator who had been intrusted with this news, and commissioned to use it to recoup some of the losses.

The evening papers were flooding the city with extras. The news was so stupendous as to confound the genius of the designers of headlines. There was neither space nor type sufficient to depict their emotions. But the imagination of the reporters was equal to the crisis. In bewildering succession the millionaires were kidnapped, lured away and murdered by anarchists; had committed suicide, or reposed safely in the bosom of their families.

At one o'clock Sugar had dropped 25 points, Baltimore & Ohio 18 points, St. Paul 14 points, Metropolitan 32 points, Jersey Central 17 points and Steel and Iron 21 points. The stocks in which the missing men were not known to be interested withstood the shock with smaller losses, but the whole list was mutilated almost beyond recognition. The news had reached London too late to permit English operators to cover in that market, and the cables bore the tales of their dilemma.

Shortly after one o'clock brokers in the employ of Street & Rogers jumped into the market as buyers. In the first hour of the session, before the break came, it was estimated that they had sold not less than 300,000 shares, and Kent brokers had sold fully 100,000 more. The total sales for the first hour reached the unprecedented total of 1,280,000 shares. From 11 until 1 o'clock the representatives of Street & Rogers did nothing. They then began to take some of the stock as it was offered. They became the center of riots. Men fought like fiends to sell them stock. In spite of their support the offerings were so numerous that prices still declined. They bought Sugar in 10,000 and 20,000 share lots. In an hour Street & Rogers had covered 600,000 shares.

Two papers appeared with extras containing a dispatch from Philadelphia stating that Messrs. Morton, Carmody, Pence and Kent were in conference at the Hotel Lafayette.

It related with great explicitness that they were considering the details of a gigantic railroad combination, and the article contained a brief interview with Mr. Morton in which he refused to discuss the objects of the meeting, but regretted that the public should have become alarmed at the secrecy which had been deemed necessary. The same news was spread through the brokerage and commission houses by the news agencies and came out on the tape.

The effect was electrical. The market rose by jumps and bounds. Every one seemed rushing to cover, but the spurt was short-lived. When the market had advanced an average of ten points, Street & Rogers and Boston and Chicago interests turned heavy sellers. They threw the stock they had accumulated at the bottom figures right and left. They found plenty of purchasers. The Philadelphia dispatch was so good it must be true. It sounded natural, and was a logical reason for the absence of



HE BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

these men. At two o'clock the market was firm and slowly advancing notwithstanding the vast offerings from Street & Rogers. At 2:30 Wall street was growing optimistic. It regarded the selling as profit-taking, and bought with confidence. Sugar rose to within seven points of the opening figure.

Then came the final disaster. It was announced that John M. Rockwell, the great capitalist, and Hiram Haven, the sugar magnate also were missing. Simultaneously, word was received from Philadelphia that none of the gentlemen mentioned had been at the Hotel Lafayette, and that the dispatch was bogus, having been sent out by a commission house which took this method to recoup some of its losses. In the crash which followed several houses went to the wall. Their holdings were thrown on the market. Sugar dropped an extreme 40 points. Other securities suffered in proportion. A man stood in the middle of Broad street and blew his brains out. Staid old investment stocks which had regularly paid dividends for years dropped five points between quotations. Sugar fell 11 points on a sale of 400 shares, and did not steady itself for ten minutes, during which time it was worth \$35.00 a share less than it had been those few minutes before.

Once more it was Street & Rogers to the rescue. For two days they had been selling on good news and buying on bad news. Again their brokers stood in the breach and bought Sugar, B. & O., St. Paul, Jersey Central, Metropolitan and Steel and Iron from men who seemed willing to give it away. When the gong sounded at three o'clock, the signal that this awful day was ended on the Stock Exchange, these brokers were yet surrounded by swarms of men frantic in their efforts to sell stocks at any prices. It was midnight before the lights went out in the offices of Street & Rogers. Scores of haggard men arranged private settlements on terms which would permit them to remain solvent.

The profits of the unknown principals or syndicate represented by Street & Rogers, of New York, Morris & Hauser, of Boston, and Wright & Fanning, of Chicago, were conservatively estimated at \$24,000,000.

The members of the firm of Street & Rogers gave out no figures and refused to name the men they were representing. They stated that they had considered the market overbought, and had sold stocks in anticipation of a natural reaction. The unexpected bad news had found them in a situation from which they could not help reaping an enormous advantage. They had simply taken profits on the various movements of the market, and did not share the apprehensions of those who feared for the safety of the missing men. Mr. Street declared that prices were too low at the closing figures, even if it were known that the worst had happened. Intrinsic values could not be permanently affected by the fate of individuals, and he advised buying on any further declines.

Thus closed the most memorable day in the history of Wall street.

[To Be Continued.]

FRANCE BETTER WATCH OUT.

Emperor William is in Rome Trying to Win the Pope Away from the Republic.

Rome, May 5.—The visit of the kaiser to Rome, while strengthening afresh the bands which unite the triple alliance, making it a compact of the powers mastering Europe, is supposed to have this time a far-reaching object, namely, that of winning the vatican from the influence of France, this being the best moment—when the republic is warring with the Roman church. It is believed that Emperor William has a great plan, namely, that of using the power of Catholicism to create a great colonial empire and especially in South Africa, through the work of missionaries. Thus the emperor took quite extraordinary measures to render his visit to the vatican and flattering to the pride of the papacy, going so far as to create even a little unbusiness in Italian liberal circles.

FELL VICTIM TO A FEUD.

Hon. James B. Marcum is Shot Down in the Front Entrance of the Courthouse at Jackson, Ky.

Lexington, Ky., May 5.—Just after he had finished filing papers reopening the contested election cases of Breathitt county, Hon. James B. Marcum was shot and killed by an unknown assassin. He fell in his tracks in the front entrance of the courthouse at Jackson, Ky., and never spoke, death being almost instantaneous. He fell within a few yards of where Town Marshal James Cockrell was shot down in July, the assassin being stationed in the courthouse in each instance. Marcum was counsel for the fusionists, who are contesting for the offices of county judge, sheriff and other places now held by democrats.

JEALOUSY MAY DEFEAT IT.

Andrew Carnegie Proposes to Erect a National Center for Civil Engineers in New York.

New York, May 5.—Lack of harmony among the associations of engineers may nullify an offer of Andrew Carnegie to give \$1,000,000 or more with which to establish a national center for engineering interests in this city. Rivalry exists among the various bodies of the engineering profession and a high official in one of the bodies said it is doubtful if all can live in peace in one room.

The building was to cost not less than \$1,000,000 exclusive of the cost of the site. It would contain a perfectly appointed club to take the place of engineers clubs now located on Fifth avenue.

Folk Will Go It Alone.

St. Louis, May 5.—Circuit Attorney Folk stated last night that the investigation of state boodling by the local grand jury would continue indefinitely, without reference to the action of the Cole county jury. Mr. Folk had no explanation to offer for the sudden adjournment of the Cole county jury. When pressed for an opinion, he said he had heard nothing from Attorney General Crow and did not care to enter into a discussion of the probable motives back of the adjournment.

President of Depauw University.

Greencastle, Ind., May 5.—Rev. E. H. Hughes, pastor of Centenary M. E. church at Malden, Mass., has accepted the presidency of Depauw university. Hughes was born in Iowa and comes of a family of Methodist preachers. His brother, Rev. Matt S. Hughes, is pastor of Independence Avenue M. E. church, Kansas City, Mo.

Insane Man's Death from Alleged Cruelty.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 5.—Andrew Freemyer, a wealthy stockman of Worth county, Mo., who was sent to the state insane asylum here on April 23, died yesterday from five broken ribs and internal injuries alleged to have been inflicted by an attendant. James Costin, aged 22, is under arrest.

A Premium on Matrimony.

Washington, May 5.—The Philippine commission has put a premium on matrimony by making an increase of \$15 (gold) per month in the salary allowances of married officers of the constabulary. The increase is for commutation of quarters. There are many bachelors on the force.

And Why Not Steel Plants?

London, May 5.—Andrew Carnegie, shortly after his arrival in England, said: "You can say for me that I am thoroughly in favor of Mr. Hardy's suggestion that all railways should be nationalized."

Whitcotton Before Grand Jury.

St. Louis, May 5.—James H. Whitcotton, of Monroe county, speaker of the Missouri house, was before the grand jury Monday and told what he knows about bribery in the legislature.

A Jolt for Christian Science.

Philadelphia, May 5.—The Pennsylvania supreme court has affirmed a ruling of the late Judge Arnold in which the latter refused to charter a Christian Science association.