

# FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson  
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## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

While every other man in the crowd was at a high tension of excitement, Barry Conant was as calm as though standing in the center of a ten-acre daisy field cutting off the helpless flowers' heads with every swing of his arm. Switching stock gamblers into eternity had grown to be a pastime to Barry Conant. Here was Bob thundering with terrific emphasis "78 for 5,000," "77 for 5,000," "75 for 5,000," "74 for 5,000," "73 for 5,000," "72 for 5,000," seemingly expecting through sheer power of voice to crush his opponent into silence. But with the regularity of a trip-hammer Barry Conant's right hand, raised in unhurried gesture, and his clear calm "Sold" met Bob's every retreating bid. It was a battle royal—a king on one side, a Richelieu on the other. Though there was frantic buying and selling all around these two generals, the trading was gauged by the trend of their battle. All knew that if Bob should be beaten down by this concentrated modern finance devil, a panic would ensue and Sugar would go none could say how low. But if Bob should play him to a standstill by exhausting his selling power, Sugar would quickly soar to even higher figures than before. It was known that Barry Conant's usual order from his clients, the "System" masters, for such an occasion as the present was "Break the price at any cost." On the other hand, every one knew that Randolph & Randolph were usually behind Bob's big operations; this was evidently one of his biggest, and every man there knew that Randolph & Randolph were seldom backed down by any force.

As Bob made his bid "72 for 5,000," and got it, I saw a quick flash of pain shoot across his face, and realized that it probably meant he was nearing the end of my last order. I sized it up that there was devilry of more than usual significance behind this selling movement; that Barry Conant must have unlimited orders to sell and smash. My final order of 50,000 brought our total up to 150,000 shares, a large amount for even Randolph & Randolph to buy of a stock selling at nearly \$200 a share. I then and there decided that whatever happened I would go no further. Just then Bob's wild eye caught mine, and there was in it a piteous appeal, such an appeal as one sees in the eye of the wounded doe when she gives up her attempt to swim to shore and waits the coming of the pursuing hunter's canoe. I sadly signaled that I was through. As Bob caught the sign, he threw his head back and bellowed a deep, hoarse "70 for 10,000." I knew then that he had already bought 40,000, and that this was the last ditch stand. Barry Conant must have caught the meaning, too. Instantly, like a revolver report, came his "Sold!" Then the compact, miniature mass of human springs and wires, which had until now been held in perfect control, suddenly burst from its clamps and Barry Conant was the fend his Wall Street reputation pictured him. His five feet five inches seemed to loom to the height of a giant. His arms, with their fate-pointing fingers, rose and fell with bewildering rapidity as his piercing voice rang out—"5,000 at 69, 68, 65," "10,000 at 63," "25,000 at 60." Pandemonium reigned. Every man in the crowd seemed to have the capital stock of the Sugar trust to sell, and at any price. A score seemed to be bent on selling as low as possible instead of for as much as they could get. These were the shorts who had been punished the day before by Bob's uplift.

Poor Bob, he was forgotten! An instant after he made his last effort he was the dead cock in the pit. Frenzied gamblers of the stock exchange have no more use for the dead cocks than have Mexicans for the real birds when they get the fatal gaff. The day after the contest, or even that same night at Delmonico's and the clubs, these men would moan for poor Bob; Barry Conant's moan would be the loudest of them all, and, what is more, it would be sincere. But on battle day away to the dump with the fallen bird, the bird that could not win! I saw a look of deep, terrible agony spread over Bob's face; and then in a flash he was the Bob Brownley who I always boasted had the courage and the brain to do the right thing in all circumstances. To the astonishment of every man in the crowd he let loose one wild yell, a cross between the war-whoop of an Indian and the bay of a deep-lunged hound regaining a lost scent. Then he began to throw over Sugar stock, right and left, in big and little

amounts. He slaughtered the price, under-cutting Barry Conant's every offer and filling every bid. For 20 minutes he was a madman, then he stopped. Sugar was falling rapidly to the price it finally reached, 90, and the panic was in full swing, but panics seemed now to have no interest for Bob. He pushed his way through the crowd and, joining me, said: "Jim, forgive me. I have dragged you into an enormous loss, have ruined Beulah Sands, her father and myself. I think at the last moment I did the only thing possible. I threw over the 150,000 shares and so cut off some of our loss. Let us go to the office and see where we stand." He was strangely, unnaturally calm after that heart-crushing, nerve-tearing day. I tried to tell him how I admired his cool nerve and pluck in about facing and doing the only thing there was left to do; to tell him that required more real courage and level-headedness than all the rest of the day's doings; but he stopped me:

"Jim, don't talk to me. My conceit

the loading of the dice, I should now have been taking Beulah Sands to her father with the money that the hellish 'System' stole from him. Later I should have taken her to the altar, and after, who knows but that I should have had the happiest home and family in all the world, and lived as her people and mine have lived for generations, honest, God-fearing, law-abiding, neighbor-loving men and women, and then died as men should die? But now, Jim, I see a black, awful picture. No, I'm not morbid, I'm going to make a heroic effort to put the picture out of sight; but I'm afraid, Jim, I'm afraid."

He stopped as we pulled up on the sidewalk in front of Randolph & Randolph's office. "Here it is on the bulletin. See what did the trick, Jim. They held the Sugar meeting last night instead of waiting till to-morrow, and cut the dividend instead of increasing it. The world won't know it until to-morrow. Then they will know it, then they will know it. They will read it in the headlines of the papers—a few suicides, a few defaulters, a few new convicts, an unclaimed corpse or two at the morgue; a few innocent girls, whose fathers' fortunes have gone to swell Camemeyer's and Standard Oil's already uncountable gold, turned into street-walkers; a few new palaces on Fifth avenue, and a few new libraries given to communities that formerly took pride in building them from their honestly earned savings. A report or two of record-breaking diamond sales by Tiffany to the kings and czars of dollar royalty, then front-page news stories of clawing, mauling, and hair-pulling wrangles among the stage harlots for the possession of these diamonds. They were not quite sure that the dividend cut alone would do the trick, and they



The Look of Desperation Faded from Bob's Face.

is gone. I have learned my lesson today. My plans were all right, and sound, but poor fool that I was, I did not take into consideration the loaded dice of the master thieves. I knew what they could do, have seen them scores of times, as you have, at their slaughter; seen them crush out the hearts of other men just as good as you or I; seen them take them out and skin and quarter-slice them, unmindful of the agony of those who were dear to and dependent on their owners, but it never seemed to strike me home. It was not my heart, and somehow, I looked at it as a part of the game and let it go at that. To-day I know what it means to be put on the chopping block of the 'System' butchers. I know what it is to see my heart and the heart of one I love—and yours, too, Jim—systematically skewered to those of the hundreds and thousands of victims who have gone before. Jim, we must be three millions losers, and the men who have our money have so many, many millions that they can't live long enough even to thumb them over. Men who will use our money on the gambling table, at the race tracks, squander it on stage harlots, or in turning their wives and daughters or their neighbors' wives and daughters into worse than stage harlots. Men, Jim, who are not fit, measured by any standard of decency, to walk the same earth as you and Judge Sands. Men whose painted pets pollute the very air that such as Beulah Sands must breathe. I've learned my lesson to-day. I thought I knew the game of finance, but I'm suddenly awakened to a realization of the dense ignorance I wallowed in. Jim, but for

were taking no chances, these mighty warriors of the 'System,' so their hiring senate committee held a session last night and unanimously reported to put sugar on the free list. The people will read that in the morning, and probably the day after they'll be told that the committee held another session to-night and unanimously reported to take it off the free list. By that time these honorable statesmen will have loaded up with the stock that you and I and Beulah Sands sold, and that other poor devils will slaughter to-morrow after reading their morning papers."

Bob's bitterness was terrible. My heart was torn as I listened. He stalked through the office and into that of Beulah Sands. I followed. She was at her desk, and when she looked up, her great eyes opened in wonderment as they took in Bob, his grim, set face, the defiant, sullen desperation of the big brown eyes, the disheveled hair and clothes. For an instant she stood as one who had seen an apparition.

"Look me over, Beulah Sands," he said, "look me over to your heart's content, for you may never again see the fool of fools in all the world, the fool who thought himself competent to cope with men of brains, with men who really know how to play the game of dollars as it is played in this Christian age. Don't ask me not to call you Beulah; that what I tried to do was for you is the one streak of light in all this black hell. Beulah, Beulah, we are ruined, you, your father, and I, ruined, and I'm the fool who did it."

She rose from her desk with all the quiet, calm dignity that we had been

admiring for three months, and stood facing Bob. She did not seem to see me; she saw nothing but the man who had gone out that morning the personification of hope, who now stood before her the picture of black despair, and she must have thought, "It was all for me." Suddenly she took the lapels of his torn coat in either hand. She had to reach up to do it, this winsome little Virginia lady. With her big, calm blue eyes looking straight into his, she said:

"Bob."

That was all, but the word seemed to change the very atmosphere in the room. The look of desperation faded from Bob's face, and as though the words had sprung the hidden catch to the doors of the storehouse of pent-up misery, his eyes filled with hot, blinding tears. His great chest was convulsed with sobs. Again—clear, calm, fearless, and tender, came the one syllable, "Bob." And at that Bob's self-control slipped the leash. With a hoarse cry, he threw his arms around her and crushed her to his breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LION CLEARED THE YARD.

Pet of Minneapolis Man was Death to the Dogs.

Mr. Nelson, who was much annoyed by stray dogs burying bones in his garden at Linden Hills, secured a lion while he was in Europe last summer, paying \$287.50 for a rather weather-beaten king of beasts, but one that was guaranteed in every respect. The lion became a great pet on the way over and came to know his master's voice and obey it. Its name was Henry. Arrived at Linden Hills Mr. Nelson let Henry out into the back yard and simply waited. At 7:30 on the first morning a Newfoundland dog as large as a small garage walked into the yard to step on the flower beds as usual and to tip over the garbage can. The lion saw the dog enter the yard and the dog just barely saw the lion. "Crunch!" That was all. It was the sound made by Henry eating the dog. At 8:10 a monster bulldog smelled his way into the garden to rip up a yard of soil among the petunias. "Ki-yi!" "Crunch!" The bulldog had gone hence. By 11:30 Henry's score stood: One Newfoundland, one bull, four fox terriers, an Irish setter, and two plain dogs. Everything that came into the yard collided with the lion and lo, it was not. Mr. Nelson was so joyous over the experiment that he could not go to work that day, but just sat around and felt good. In six weeks the dogs were either all in or were avoidin; the place by going two blocks the other way. Then the circus came around and the lion was so fat and glossy that Mr. Nelson disposed of him to the menagerie department for \$327.75.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Copper in Africa.

It is believed by some that the greatest copper industry in the world will be developed in the Tanganyika region, where the properties are of great potential value, and may prove to be one of the greatest factors in carrying civilization into the heart of Africa. Much time is required for developments. Because of the heavy speculation in the shares these may suffer much before the properties become dividend earning. The Benguel railway cannot well be completed for five years or so, and even the Rhodesia railways extensions are now to require a couple of years ere they can reach the property. Robert Williams is the pioneer and, in a great measure, the organizer of this vast undertaking, one of the most remarkable of modern times.

## Precocious Children.

In the world of music we find many instances of boys giving an early indication of a remarkable career. Handel and Mozart each showed a liking for music when young in years, and soon made their mark. Handel began composing a church service for voices and instruments when only nine years old, and before he was 15 he had composed three operas. Mozart began the piano at three, and at seven he taught himself the violin. At nine years of age he visited England, and on his departure he gave a farewell concert, of which all the symphonies were composed by himself.

## Fires Never Extinguished.

In Siam is a fire which not only lasts for years, but has "lineal descendants." In a Buddhist temple at Bangkok the priests every fourth new year light a fresh fire in a big brazier. This fire is kept alive for four years and extinguished after supplying a brand to light its successor. The practice has been carried on for more than two centuries, so that in a sense the Bangkok fire is the oldest in the world.

## Not Quite the Same.

Three-year-old Robert and his father were good friends. The latter often used to say "we are chums." One day to demonstrate his affection for his father to some visitors, Robert threw his arms around his father's neck, exclaiming, "Papa and I is chumps."

# The Two Reports of the Spies

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 1, 1907  
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Numbers 13:17-20, 23-33. Memory verses 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is with us; fear them not."—Num. 14:9.

TIME.—July or August. "The Time of the first ripe grapes" (Num. 13:20); B. C. 1490 by the common chronology. This was two or three months after they left Sinai on the 20th day of the second month, sometime in May.

PLACE.—Kadesh-barnea. An 11-days journey (Deut. 1:2) of continued travel, as modern travelers have found (Robinson was exactly 11 days); i. e., 160 or 170 miles route from Sinai. It is 50 miles south of Beersheba on the southern border of Palestine.

## Comment and Suggestive Thought

For two or three months the people of Israel, men, women, and children, slowly marched through "the great and terrible wilderness" from Sinai, a journey which ordinary travelers could make in eleven days. The slow march and long rests were necessary both on account of the children and the flocks, and on account of the need of longer training. Moreover, the difficulties and privations of the desert would make them more anxious to enter the "land flowing with milk and honey."

Kadesh-barnea. At length, some time in July or August, they reached Kadesh-barnea, Ain Qadees, 50 miles south of Beersheba, just at the foot of the range of hills which are the southern boundary of Palestine.

From Kadesh the people can see, rising before them toward the northwest, the steep ascent which leads into the hill country, the destined inheritance of the tribe of Judah.

The gates to their new home were before them, wide open. The fertile oasis to which they had come was a foretaste of their inheritance. Only a steep climb and they can set their feet on the land of promise.

Then Moses said unto them: "Behold, Jehovah thy God hath set the land before thee; go up, take possession, as Jehovah, the God of thy fathers, hath spoken unto thee; fear not, neither be dismayed."—(Deut. 1:21.)

They had only to trust God and go forward, and in less than two years from leaving Egypt the land would have been theirs. The God who had delivered them with a mighty hand, who had made a path through the sea, who had rained manna, and brought water from a rock, and spoken from Sinai, and entered into covenant with them, and was leading them by his visible presence,—he bade them go up and take possession of the promised land.

The people were afraid to go forward. They were not a warlike people. Abraham's attack on Chedorlamer and his army in rescue of Lot, in the far distant past, and their battle with the Amalekites, a year before this time, are the only battles recorded in the whole history of their race. The whole people (Deut. 1:22) asked Moses to first send out spies to investigate. This was wise under the circumstances, that is, the next wisest thing to going forward trusting in God, and therefore Moses agreed to the plan (Deut. 1:23), and it was so directed by God (Num. 13:1, 2).

The Committee of Investigation.—Accordingly, Moses selected twelve leading men best fitted for the service, whose names are given in vs. 4-15.

"Spy Out the Land."—The object of this expedition was (1) to learn what were the attractions of the country; (2) the difficulties in the way of taking possession; (3) the best ways of reaching the country; (4) the preparations it was necessary to make. "Get you up this way southward." Better as in R. V., by the south, not referring at all to the direction from the Israelite's camp, but to a well-defined tract of territory forming the southernmost and least fertile portion of the land of Canaan. It was called "The Negeb" or the South Country, literally, "the dryness." In the same way we speak of "the South," no matter in what direction we approach it.

The Two Reports.—The timid spies were like Elisha's servant (2 Kings 6:16, 17), who saw the enemy, but did not see the heavenly chariots and horsemen ranged on the hills round about. They saw the giants, but were blind to God.

The report was evil because it omitted the essential factor in the case.

The minority report of Caleb and Joshua was a good report because, while it accepted all the material facts of the other, it embodied the one essential of faith in God with its outcome of obedience and courage.

The difference between the two lay in this: that the ten looked at God through the difficulties, as when you look at the sun through a reversed telescope, and it seems indefinitely distant and shorn of its glory; while the two looked at difficulties through God.—F. B. Meyer.