

FRIDAY, THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER IX.

The governing committee was holding a meeting in its room. Bob rushed in unceremoniously.

"One word, gentlemen," he called. "I have more trades outstanding, both buys and sells, than any other member or house. Before deciding whether to adjourn in an attempt to save 'the Street,' I ask your consideration of this proposition: If the exchange will suspend operations for 30 minutes, and allow me to address the members on the floor, I will agree to buy stocks all around the room, until they have regained at least half their drop—all of it, if possible. I will buy until I have exhausted to the last hundred my fortune of a billion dollars. This should make an adjournment unnecessary. I know that this is a most extraordinary request, but you are confronted with a most extraordinary situation, the most remarkable in the history of the stock exchange. Already, if what they say on the floor is correct, over 200 banks and trust companies throughout the country have gone under, and new failures are being announced every minute. Half the members of this and the Boston and Philadelphia exchanges are insolvent and have closed their doors, or will close them before three o'clock, and the shrinkage in values so far reported runs over fifteen billions. Unless something is done before the close, there will be a similar panic in every exchange and bourse in Europe to-morrow."

The committee instantly voted to lay the proposition before the full board. In another minute the president's gavel sounded, and the floor was still as a tomb. All eyes were fixed on the president. Every man in that great throng knew that upon the announcement they were about to hear, might depend, at least temporarily, the welfare, not only of Wall street, but of the nation, perhaps even of the civilized world. The president spoke:

"Members of the New York Stock Exchange:

"The governing committee instructs me to say that Mr. Robert Brownley has asked that operations be suspended for 30 minutes, in order that he be allowed to address you. Mr. Brownley has agreed, if this request be granted, he will upon resumption of operations purchase a sufficient amount of stock to raise the average price of all active shares at least one-half their total drop—all of it, if possible. He agrees to buy to the limit of his fortune of a billion dollars. I now put Mr. Brownley's request to a vote. All those in favor of granting it will signify the same by saying 'Yes.'"

A mighty roof-lifting "Yes" sounded through the room.

"All those opposed, 'No.'"

There was a deathly hush.

"Mr. Brownley will please speak from this platform, and remember, in 30 minutes to the second, I will sound the gavel for the resumption of business."

Bob Brownley strode to the place just vacated by the president. The crowd was growing larger every minute. The ticker was already hissing a tape biography of this extraordinary situation in brokerage shops, hotels, and banks throughout the country, and in a few minutes the news of it would be in the capitals of Europe. Never before in history did man have such an audience—the whole civilized world. Already arose from Wall, Broad and New streets, which surround the exchange, the hoarse below of the gathering hordes. Before the ticker should announce the resumption of business these would number hundreds of thousands, for the financial district for more than an hour had been a surging mob.

For once at least the much-abused phrase, "He looked the part," could be used in all truthfulness. As Robert Brownley threw back his head and shoulders and faced that crowd of men, some of whom he had hurt, many of whom he had beggared, and all of whom he had tortured, he presented a picture such as a royal lion recently from the jungles and just freed from his cage might have made. Defiance, deference, contempt, and pity all blended in his men, but over all was an I-am-the-one-you-are-the-many atmosphere of confidence that turned his spinal column into a mercury tube. He began to speak:

"Men of Wall street:

"You have just witnessed a record-breaking slaughter. I have asked permission to talk to you for the purpose of showing you how any mem-

ber of a great stock exchange may at any time do what I have done to-day. Weigh well what I am about to say to you. During the last quarter of a century there has grown up in this free and fair land of ours a system by which the few take from the many the results of their labors. The men who take have no more license, from God or man, to take, than have those from whom they filch. They are not endowed by God with superior wisdom, nor have they performed for their fellow-men any labor or given to them anything of value that entitles them to what they take. Their only license to plunder is their knowledge of the system of trickery and fraud that they themselves have created. No man can gainsay this, for on every side is the evidence. Men come into Wall street at sunrise without dollars; before that same sun sets they depart with millions. So all-powerful has grown the system of

ber at his mercy and there could be no stock-gambling. When I had worked this out, I saw that while the few tricksters of the 'System' had a perfect device for taking from the people their wealth, I had discovered as perfect a means of taking away from the few the wealth they had secured from the many. With this knowledge came a conviction that my way was as honest as the 'System's,' in fact, more honest than theirs. They took from the innocent, I took from the guilty what had already been dishonestly secured. I determined to put my discovery into practice.

"I might never have done so but for that Sugar panic in which I was robbed of millions by the 'System' through Barry Conant. In that panic the 'System,' with its unlimited resources, filched from the people by the arbitrary manufacture of stocks, and by their manipulation did to me what I afterward discovered I could do to them, without any resources other than my right to do business on the floor of this exchange. You saw the outcome, in the second Sugar panic, of my first experiment. In a few minutes I cleared a profit of \$10,000,000. I could have made it fifty millions, or one hundred and fifty, but I was not then on familiar terms with my new robber-robbering device, and I had yet a heart. To make this ten millions of money, all that was necessary for me to do was to sell more Sugar than Barry Conant could buy.

"From the very nature of stock-gambling it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that it be conducted under certain rules, unchangeable, unbreakable rules, to attempt to change or break which would destroy stock-gambling. The foundation rule, the rule absolutely necessary for the existence of stock-gambling is: Any member of the stock exchange can buy, or sell, between the opening and closing of the exchange as many shares of stock as he cares to. With

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STYLES OF 4,000 YEARS AGO.

Tend to Prove There is Nothing New Under the Sun.

For women archeology assumes a deeply interesting phase in the question which has been raised by Signor Mosso as to styles in dress as they existed 4,000 years ago. Signor Mosso, the eminent authority on ancient Etruria, the Roman Forum, and early Crete, has concentrated his great experience and knowledge on elucidating this bypath of science from his Cretan studies. The general result has been to confirm the old dictum that there is nothing new under the sun. Even the "latest fashions" are antiquated. Signor Mosso finds that 4,000 years ago the ladies of primeval Mycenae wore hats pretty much as they are seen in the showrooms of Paris to-day. They knew what crape trimming was, had tartans before the Scotch, understood the mysteries of corsets lacing in front, short wide sleeves, metal belts, and a style of dress which an imitative nineteenth century, that considered itself original, dubbed "Empire." Their principal colors in robes were orange, yellow, blue and purple, which rather upsets the claim of the Phoenicians to have "discovered" purple.

HAD BORROWED A PAST.

Pittsburg Man's Unique Scheme for Pleasing His Bride.

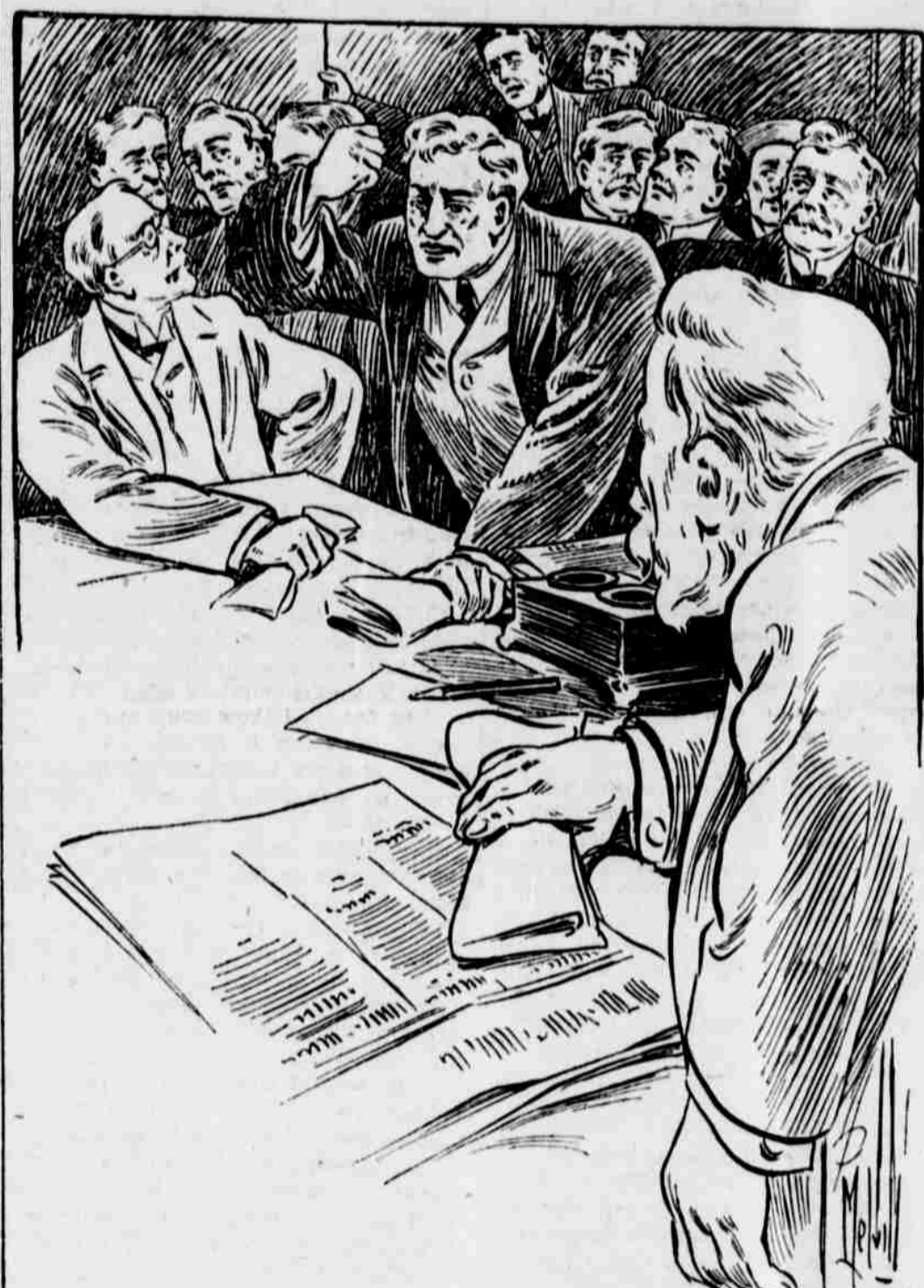
There is a man in Pittsburg who will be married in a short while, and will occupy the house a few rooms of which he has used during his bachelor days. He takes the greatest pleasure in showing his intimate friends about the place, and is especially delighted at the astonishment they express when his own "den" is reached. He has always been a quiet, studious fellow, but as refitted the room gives the appearance of the lounging place of a regular rounder. There are racks of long pipes; photographs of actresses are stuck about the chimney glass; a shelf of beer steins runs all the way around the room, and a few feminine gloves, handkerchiefs, and fans are scattered about. "Great Scott, Jack!" the last visitor gasped, "where did you get this outfit, and why?" "Bought out a college fellow," was the complacent reply. "Just think how pleased that dear little girl will be when she sees all this truck and thinks how much wickedness she has won me away from!"—Harper's Weekly.

A Plant Prophet.

There has been found recently in Cuba a strange plant which has extraordinary powers in forecasting not only atmospheric, but seismic disturbances. When these are to occur twigs and leaves perform peculiar movements, each having its definite significance. By observing them weather forecasts can be made from two to seven days ahead, and earthquake forecasts as much as 26 days in advance over an area of 300 square miles. Volcanic eruption and accumulations of fire damp in mines can also be predicted.

Scientific Farming.

A Scottish laird took his new plowman to task for the wavering furrows which were the result of his work. "Your drills are not nearly as straight as those Angus made," he said, severely. "He would not have left such a glebe as this." "Angus didna ken his work," said Tammas, calmly, contemplating his employer with an indulgent gaze. "Ye see, when the drills is crookit the sun gets in an' sides, an' 'tis then ye get early 'taties."



"I Will Buy Until I Have Exhausted My Fortune of a Billion Dollars."

oppression that single men take in a single lifetime all the savings of a million of their fellows. To-day the people, 80,000,000 strong, are slaving for the few, and their pay is their board and keep. I saw this robbery. I felt the robbers' scourge. I sought the secret. I found it here, here in this gambling-hell. I found that the stocks we bought and sold were mere gambling chips; that the man who had the biggest stack could beat his opponent off the board; that his opponent was the world, because all men directly or indirectly played the stock-gambling game. To win, it was but necessary to have unlimited chips. If chips were bought and sold, on equal terms, by all, no one could buy more than he could pay for, and the game, although still a gambling one, would be fair. A few master tricksters, dollar magicians, long ago seeing this condition, invented the system by which the people are ruthlessly plundered. The system they invented was simple, so simple that for a quarter of a century it has remained undiscovered by the world at large—and even by you, who profess to be experts. No man thought that a free people who had intended to allow all the equal use of every avenue for the attainment of wealth, and who intended to provide for the safeguarding of wealth after it was secured, could be such dolts as to allow themselves to be robbed of all their accumulated wealth by a device as simple as that by which children play at blindman's-buff. The process was no more complex than that employed by the robber of old, who took the pebbles from the beach, marked them money, and with the money bought the labor of his fellows, and

this rule in force his buying and selling cannot be restricted to the amount he can take and pay for, or deliver and receive pay for, because there is not money enough in the world to pay for what under this same rule can be bought and sold in a single session. This is because there have been arbitrarily created by these few tricksters many times more stocks than there is money in existence. The amount of stock that any man can sell in one session of the exchange is limited only by the amount that he can offer for sale, and he can offer any amount his tongue can utter; and he is not compelled and cannot be compelled to show his ability to deliver what he has offered for sale until after he has finished selling, which is the following day. You will ask as I did: Can this be possible? you will find the answer I found. It is so, and must continue to be so, or there will be no stock-gambling. Mark me, for this statement is weighted with the greatest import to you all. A member of this exchange can sell as many shares of stock at one session as he cares to offer. If any attempt is made at the session he sells at to compel him either before or after he offers to sell to show his ability to deliver, away goes the stock-gambling structure, because from the very nature of the whole structure of stock-gambling the same shares are sold and resold many times in each session and the seller cannot know, much less show, that he can deliver until he first adjusts with the buyer and the buyer cannot adjust until after he has become such by buying. If a rule were made compelling a seller to show his responsibility before selling, every member would have every other mem-

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SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ per BOTTLE

Not to Be Thought Of.

There was once a multi-millionaire (he was very "milti," indeed) who spent immense sums of money on his children. They had everything, including four automobiles and a steam yacht each.

Still they were not satisfied. "Can you not," they implored, "spend a little time with us, now and then?"

"Time!" cried the multi-millionaire, greatly shocked. "No, no! You are dreaming. It is impossible."

This fable teaches that time is not money, in any practical sense.—Exchange.

DOCTORS IN GRAND JURY NET.

Two Indicted in Iowa for Conspiracy to Force an Independent Physician from a Surgical Case.

Waverly, Ia.—The Bremner county grand jury, which a few weeks ago indicted fourteen members of the county medical association, alleging violation of the anti-trust law, recently reported additional indictments against Dr. W. A. Rohlf and Dr. O. L. Chaffee on the general ground of conspiracy. Their alleged offense was of forcing an independent doctor from a surgical case, in which he as well as one of the accused doctors had been employed, after he had refused to sign the union scale.

Distinction and Difference.

In Dean Ramsay's book of anecdotes there is one which refers to a conversation between a Scotch minister and a sexton. The minister was a stranger to the gravemaker, and discussed with him the doctrines of the neighboring clergy. As one after another was mentioned the sexton wagged his head gloomily, and said: "He's no sound." At last the minister—who was a long-winded and rather empty preacher—mentioned his own name, and inquired: "Mr. — now, isn't he sound?" "Oo, aye," said the sexton, with a twinkle in his eye. "He's a sound."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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In a dog case at Felixstowe, England, one witness testified that the dog whose loss was being sued for was worth \$125, while another swore it was worthless. So the judge awarded \$62.50 damages as a fair average.

Important to Mothers.

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