

# SERIAL STORY

## FRIDAY THE 13TH

A Novel by  
**THOMAS W. LAWSON**

Author of  
"Frenzied Finance."

(Copyright, 1917, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

I did not argue with him, for, after that Saturday's outburst, I had made up my mind to avoid stirring Bob up unnecessarily. Also, I had to admit to myself that the things he had then said had raised some uncomfortable thoughts in me, thoughts that made me glance less confidently now and then at the old sign of Randolph & Randolph and at the big ledger which showed that I, an ordinary citizen of a free country, was the absolute possessor of more money than a hundred thousand of my fellow beings together could accumulate in a lifetime, although each had worked harder, longer, more conscientiously, and with perhaps more ability than I.

As to how Beulah Sands' code had affected my friend, I was ignorant. For the first time in our association I was completely in the dark as to what he was doing stockwise. Up to that Saturday I was the first to whom he would rush for congratulations when he struck it rich over others on the exchange, and he invariably sought me for consolation when the boys "uppercut him hard," as he would put it. Now he never said a word about his trading. I saw that his account with the house was inactive, that his balance was about the same as before Miss Sands' advent, and I came to the conclusion that he was resting on his oars and giving his undivided attention to her account and the execution of his commissions. His handling of the business of the house showed no change. He still was the best broker on the floor. However, knowing Bob as I did, I could not get it out of my mind that his brain was running like a mill-race in search of some successful solution of the tremendous problem that must be solved in the next three months.

Shortly after the October 1 statements had been sent out, Bob dropped in on Kate and me one night. After she had retired and we had lit our cigars in the library he said:

"Jim, I want some of that old-fashioned advice of yours. Sugar is selling at 110, and it is worth it; in fact it is cheap. The stock is well distributed among investors, not much of it floating round 'the street.' A good big buying movement, well handled, would jump it to 175 and keep it there. Am I sound?"

I agreed with him.

"All right. Now what reason is there for a good, big, stiff uplift? That tariff bill is up at Washington. If it goes through, sugar will be cheaper at 175 than at 110."

Again I agreed.

"Standard Oil" and the sugar people know whether it is going through, for they control the senate and the house and can induce the president to be good. What do you say to that?"

"O. K.," I answered.

"No question about it, is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Right again. When 25 Broadway\* gives the secret order to the Washington boss and he passes it out to the grafters, there will be a quiet accumulation of the stock, won't there?"

"You've got that right, Bob."

"And the man who first knows when Washington begins to take on sugar is the man who should load up quick and rush it up to a high level. If he does it quickly, the stockholders, who now have it, will get a juicy slice of the ripening melon, a slice that otherwise would go to those greedy hypocrites at Washington, who are always publicly proclaiming that they are there to serve their fellow countrymen, but who never tire of expressing themselves to their brokers as not being in politics for their health."

"So far, good reasoning," I commented.

"Jim, the man who first knows when the senators and congressmen and members of the cabinet begin to buy sugar, is the man who can kill four birds with one stone: Win back a part of Judge Sands' stolen fortune; increase his own little pile against the first of January, when, if the little Virginian lady is short a few hundred thousand of the necessary amount, he could, if he found a way to induce her to accept it, supply the deficiency; fatten up a good friend's bank account a million or so, and do a right good turn for the stockholders who are about to be, for the hundredth time, bled out of profit rightfully theirs."

Bob was afe with enthusiasm, the first I had seen him show for three months. Seeing that I had followed him without objection so far, he continued.

"Well, Jim, I know the Washington buying has begun. All I know I have dug out for myself and am free to use it any way I choose. I have gone over the deal with Beulah Sands, and we have decided to plunge. She has a balance of about \$400,000, and I am going to spread it thin. I am going to buy her 20,000 shares and take on 10,000 for myself. If you went in for 20,000 more, it would give me a wide sea to sail in. I know you never speculate, Jim, for the house, but I thought you might in this case go in personally."

"Don't say anything more, Bob," I replied. "This time the rule goes by the board. But I will do better; I'll put up a million and you can go as high as 70,000 for me. That will give you a buying power of 100,000, and I want you to use my last 50,000 shares as a lifter."

I had never speculated in a share of stock since I entered the firm of Randolph & Randolph, and on general, special, and every other principle was opposed to stock gambling, but I saw how Bob had worked it out, and that to make the deal sure it was necessary for him to have a good reserve buying power; to fall back on it, after he got started, the "System" masters, whose game he was butting in to and whose plans he might upset should try to shake down the price to drive him out of their preserves.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, fervently, and he continued: "Of course, I see what's going through your head, but I'll accept the favor, for the deal is bound to be successful. I know your reason for coming in is just to help out, and that you won't feel badly because your last 50,000 shares will be used more as a guarantee for the deal's success than for profit. And Miss Sands could not object to the part you play, as she did at the underwriting, for you will get a big profit anyway."

Next day sugar was lively on the exchange. Bob bought all in sight and

then be compelled to dash them, the effect would be fatal."

Bob rushed the talk along, shifting from one point to another, but invariably returning to Beulah Sands and to morrow and its saving profits. Finally, he got to a pitch where it seemed as though he must take off the lid, and before Kate or I realized what was coming he placed himself in front of us and said:

"Jim, Kate, I cannot go into to-morrow without telling you something that neither of you suspect. I must tell some one, now that everything is coming out right and that Beulah is to be saved; and whom can I tell but you, who have been everything to me?—I love Beulah Sands, surely, deeply, with every bit of me. I worship her, I tell you, and to-morrow, to-morrow if this deal comes out as it must come, and I can put \$1,500,000 into her hands and send her home to her father, then, then, I will tell her I love her, and Jim, Kate, if she'll marry me, good-by, good-by to this hell of dollar hunting, good-by to such misery as I have been in for three months, and home, a Virginia home, for Beulah and me." He sank into a chair and tears rolled down his cheeks.

The next day sugar opened with a wild rush: "25,000 shares from 140 to 152." That is the way it came on the tape, which meant that the crowd around the sugar-pole was a mob and that the transactions were so heavy, quick and tangled that no one could tell to a certainty just what the first or opening price was; but after the first lull, after the gong, there were officially reported transactions aggregating 25,000 shares and at prices varying from 140 to 152. I was over on the floor to see the scramble, for it was noised about long before ten o'clock that sugar would open wild, and then, too, I wanted to be handy if Bob should need any quick advice.

A minute before the gong struck, there were 300 men jammed around the sugar-pole; men with set, deter-



"I Have Gone Over the Deal with Beulah Sands, and We Are Going to Plunge."

handled the buying in a masterly way. When the closing gong struck, Beulah Sands had 20,000 shares, which averaged her 115; Bob and I had 30,000 at an average of 125, and the stock had closed 132 bid and in big demand. Miss Sands' 20,000 showed \$340,000 profit, while our 30,000 showed \$210,000 at the closing price. All the houses with Washington wires were wildly scrambling for sugar as soon as it began to jump. And it certainly looked as though the shares were good for the figures set for them by Bob, \$175, at which price the Sands' profits would be \$1,200,000. Bob was beside himself with joy. He dined with Kate and me, and as I watched him my heart almost stopped beating at the thought—"If anything should happen to upset his plans!" His happiness was pathetic to witness. He was like a child. He threw away all the reserve of the past three months and laughed and was grave by turns. After dinner, as we sat in the library over our coffee, he leaned over to my wife and said:

"Katherine Randolph, you and Jim don't know what misery I have been in for three months, and now—will to-morrow never come, so I may get into the whirl and clean up this deal and send that girl back to her father with the money! I wanted her to telegraph the judge that things looked like she would win out and bring back the relief, but she would not hear of it. She is a marvelous woman. She has not turned a hair to-day. I don't think her pulse is up an eighth to-night. She has not sent home a word of encouragement since she has been here, more than to tell her father she is doing well with her stories. It seems they both agreed the only way to work the thing out was 'whole hog or none,' and that she was to say nothing until she could herself bring the word 'saved' or 'lost.' I don't know but she is right. She says if she should raise her father's hopes, and

mined faces; men with their coats buttoned tight and shoulders thrown back for the rush to which, by comparison, that of a football team is child's play. Every man in that crowd was a picked man, picked for what was coming. Each felt that upon his individual powers to keep a clear head, to shout loudest, to forget nothing, to keep his feet, and to stay as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his "door honor," perhaps his fortune, or, what was more to him, his client's fortune. Nearly every man of them was a college graduate who had won his spurs at athletics or a seasoned floor man whose training had been even more severe than that of the college campus. When it was known before the opening of the exchange that there are to be "things doing" in a certain stock, it is the rule to send only the picked floor men into the crowd. There may be a fortune to make or to lose in a minute or a sliver of a minute. For instance, the man who that morning was able to snatch the first 5,000 shares sold at 140 could have resold them a few minutes afterward at 152 and secured \$60,000 profit. And the man who was sent into the crowd by his client to sell 5,000 shares at the "opening" and who got but 140, when the price would be 152 by the time he reported to his customer, was a man to be pitied. Again, the trader who the night before had decided that sugar had gone up too fast, and who had "shorted" (that is, sold what he did not have, with the intention of repurchasing at a lower price than he sold it for) 5,000 shares at 140 and who, finding himself in that surging mob with sugar selling at 152, could only get out by taking a loss of \$60,000, or by taking another chance of later paying 152—such a trader was also to be pitied.

(\*25 Broadway\* is the Wall street figure of speech for "Standard Oil" which has its home there.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A MECHANIC-PRIEST.

Cure Mends Motor Cars When Not Engaged in Holy Offices.

Near the northern coast of France, on a route much frequented by motorists, lies the village of Graincourt. Here a beautiful little church is set high among the trees, with a tower reflected tranquilly in a lake that sleeps beside the road, and a cemetery half hidden in verdure. Close by is the home of the priest, and around it a strange litter of bicycles, motor cycles, automobiles, oil cans and tools, while the open door of an out-building reveals on one side a kind of garage, on the other a repair shop. From this building, as the tourist approaches, comes a tall figure, with the body of an athlete and the head of a missionary, with bright eyes and a crizzled beard, a kindly smile, and muscular arms beared to the elbow. Is this the cure of Graincourt or is it the village mechanic? He is both. Times are hard, since the law separating church from state went into effect, and one must live, explains the cure.

M. le Cure is no martyr, however. His father was a smith, and he grew up with a passion for tools. When the bicycle came in he became an amateur specialist, and for 15 years he has been mending punctured tires and repairing broken pedals for his flock free of charge. Then came the motor car, with its mysterious life, so powerful in its frail envelope. The motor car won the heart of the cure. He loves it, and thinks he understands it. He has even built a car and a motor cycle for himself.

And so the fame of the mechanical cure of Graincourt has gone abroad throughout all the country, and at last he has decided, without any scruple to make a business of what had formerly been a pastime. He believes in his simple soul that he can be just as good a priest, can administer the sacraments and hear confessions just as well, while he earns his living with his ten fingers.—New York Tribune.

### PASTIME OF JOCKEYS.

Get Their Enjoyment Out of Humble Sports.

To the casual visitor to the race tracks around New York, who is quite as much interested in the human spectacle as he is in the races themselves, one of the elements that attract his attention is that of the jockeys. These pale-faced little lads whose countenances are sadly serious as a rule, have such a curiously boyish way of enjoying themselves between races that it comes as a surprise to one not familiar with their ways to learn that one of the racing men threatened to suspend his \$25,000 rider if he did not refrain from spending his nights at Coney Island or in the Tenderloin.

The surprise will come to such a man since whenever he has seen them killing time between races they have almost invariably been playing numble-te-peg. Seated on the grass in front of the quarters assigned to them, these boys, in their thin silks and featherweight boots, spend their time absolutely absorbed in the game just as if they were ordinary school boys and were not making incomes that run up into the thousands every year. To look at them absorbed in this pastime they seem so extremely youthful that one might well wonder if the average habitue of the Tenderloin would not advise such a lad to run home and go to bed.

### Feathered Brigands.

Following the report of ravages by foxes in Richmond park comes news of wholesale massacres in London parks by other but equally destructive invaders. Ducklings newly hatched about the ornamental waters of the various parks are falling victims to the carrion crow. In the early morning this marauder, penetrating to the heart of London, watches and waits in a tree overlooking a lake, and in due course swoops down upon the helpless brood. One of these raids was witnessed by a keeper in Kensington gardens. Scores of ducklings have been devoured, and so many young birds have disappeared from the Serpentine of late that it was supposed that rats had been at work, but the blame is now laid on the carrion crow. As in the case of the foxes, reprisals are occasionally made by the keepers with shotguns.—London Globe.

### His "Clinic" Portrait

"That," remarked the artist casually, "is my clinic portrait."

"Clinic," exclaimed the visitor. "Why drag in your father's profession?"

The painter grinned. "Well, that just describes it," he declared. "I call it that because four ladies came to call on me one afternoon, and after I had showed some of my work one of them asked me if I wouldn't show them just how I painted a portrait. I asked one of them to pose for me and sat down and did that sketch for them in an hour. And that is why I call it my 'clinic.' That is what it was, you know."

### The Backslider.

"There is only one thing—"  
The bride sighed.

"There is only one thing more remarkable than the fortitude with which Tom gave up smoking as soon as we became engaged."

"And what is that, dear?" asked her friend.

The haste with which he took it up again after our marriage.



## GATHERED SMILES

### AT THE DENTIST'S.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man who rushed into a dentist's.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing about it."

"How long does he sleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less."

"I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

### How He Caught Them.

Archbishop Whateley had a true sense of grammar, says an old Englishman who remembers him, and delighted to spring catch questions. One was:

"What is the vocative of a cat?"

Generally the assured answer was, "Oh, cat!"

The archbishop would smile then and say, "No. Puss, puss!"—Youth's Companion.

### AN IGNORANT DOG.



Brown (the other side of the fence)—He's only playing. You know a barking dog never bites.

Jones—Yes, I know it, but the bloomin' dog don't, I'll bet.

### The Sad Side.

'Tis far more blessed, so they say, To give than to receive.

'Tis likewise more expensive, I've reason to believe.

—Judge.

### Revenge.

First Small Boy—I'm goin' ter git square wid pa fer lickin' me ter-day.

Second Small Boy—How yer goin' ter?

First Small Boy—When de circus comes along I'm goin' ter say I don't care ter go.—Judge.

### No Novice.

"Why," asked her mother, "do you think Mr. Sulgrosley has had experience in lovemaking?"

"I noticed that he took pains whenever he tried to kiss me to arrange it so that we could not be seen by anyone who might be peeping through the keyhole."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### TOO BUSY TO TALK.



Mistress—How is it I never hear any talk in the kitchen, Jane, when your young man visits you?

Jane—Oh, ma'am, he's that modest that he does nothing but eat when he calls on me.

### An Observation.

The man who has the softest snap (It's saying nothing rash) Is he who's almost always sure To have the most hard cash.

—Judge.

### Each After His Kind.

Greenroom—I've played to full houses, every night for a week, and never got a hand.

Greencloth—And I've played hands, every night for a week, and never got a full house.—Puck.

### Saving His Life.

The Man In—Hey! I'm drowning. Jump in and pull me out!

The Man on the Pier—I can't swim.

The Man In—Well, jump in and let me stand on you, you blithering idiot!

—Harper's Weekly.

Her Choice.

Said he: "Do you like short men best—Prefer the bold or shy men?"

She dropped her eyes and softly said: "I'm sure I favor Hymen."

—Judge.

### QUEER!



She—I do so admire those officers. He—How strange! I don't—how—and can't understand—er—what there is—how—to admire about them. They're just—er—men dressed up.—Scraps.

### Philosophical Tip.

The juggler of cups and plates Thus spake as he pocketed his fee: "All things come to him who waits."—Chicago Daily News.

### Next in Line.

Clancy (with paper)—Glory be! I wonder iv miracles'll ever cease? They've wirelessed th' air, weighed th' soul an' now, bebad, they've photographed th' breath! I wonder what they'll do next?

Connolly—Faith, it ain't too much to predict that in a month or so they'll be radin' th' unwritten law!—Puck.

### Sure Winner.

"What is the plot in your new drama?"

"It has none."

"But how can it succeed?"

"Hush. New idea. We're going to let the audience guess on the plot at 50 cents a throw. They can't win. Can you beat it?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### UNBOUNDED GENEROSITY.



Handsome Pete—Say, leddy, dis nickel you just give me is lead.

Philanthropic Miss—Why, is it possible? Well, never mind, my poor man, you may keep it as a reward for your unusual honesty.—Chicago News

### Might Drop Dead.

Oh, if I could only find In my last summer's vest A musty old two-dollar bill— Well, you can guess the rest.

—Chicago Daily News.

### Now Stop!

"What a cut-up he is, isn't he?"

"In what way?"

"He works in a butcher shop."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### TOO LATE.



The Needy One—I say, old chap, could you lend me five for a day or two?

The Other One—My dear fellow, the five I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back.