

the stock was borrowed allayed all suspicions. I received daily a list of all brokers and firms to whom my stock was loaned. I thus knew at almost every moment exactly who were short and to what extent. This was of the utmost importance to me if I would make a grand success. I kept my chief brokers informed of who the shorts were and how they stood, and directed them to bid it up in the event of any of them trying to cover, and so discourage covering, and then to let it fall off slightly, withdrawing, seemingly, all support. Thus I traded for some ten days, or, to me more exact, until the close of business on Saturday, August 25, when I thought it time to realize something from my venture, as my mind and body were under such a strain from holding so many under my hypnotic power that it was beginning to tell on me, and I feared that I should break down before long if it were not soon ended.

As fortune would have it, that Saturday night we had a heavy frost all over the corn belt, which caused great damage to the crop. It was noticed in the morning papers and commented upon to the effect that, possibly, the damage was so great that there would be little or no crop left. This, I knew, would aid my plans, and I accepted it as a welcome ally. I turned to my newspaper notices; I selected those I had prepared to take the initial steps, and sent them to the Wall street papers to be published as reading matter. The temper of the street being still bearish, owing to the late fall in sugar and other stocks carried down in the break, I knew that I would have to change it to bring it to my aid. I wanted it bullish, I must make it so. I continued my newspaper articles for two days more without moving the market up. I let the market rest by dissuading the shorts whom I controlled from selling, and yet did not allow them to buy. Knowing that a movement, once started, will gain adherents in a very short time, I moved glucose up sharply just before the close on Wednesday night, and closed it 5 points above the day's opening.

This I did so quickly that none could cover, and left myself in a better position than before. Next morning I supported the market against all sales, of which there were not many, most persons being wary and afraid of manipulation. The market dragged along quietly until 2:15, when, all deliveries having been made, I again advanced it sharply until closing. I now had my brokers entirely under my control, with the market booming, the shorts running to cover and many new speculators coming into the market on the bull side. This was the time to finish my deal with one masterful stroke. The leaders whom I had controlled and forced to sell were borrowing, as my list showed, 50,000 shares.

The stock was up 22 points from where I had it, and I was the only one who could supply them. I must change my tactics, supply them with stock, turn them to the bull side and my bull leaders to the bear side. To do this I met the bear leaders at the Windsor that night, and, after talking with them for some time, through my hypnotic power, changed the current of their ideas until they became more bullish than my purchasing brokers had been. I let them have fifty thousand shares privately to cover with, and transferred to them the remainder of my shares, which I had with my brokers. I left them feeling very bullish, and advising their following to cover and go long of the market. I had thus disposed of one-half of my stock at a handsome profit, and felt that I would undoubtedly succeed in my project. I went home well satisfied, and had my first good night's rest since the beginning of my manipulations. Hastily glancing at the Wall street papers in the morning to see that they had my bullish articles in them, which I had sent for insertion the evening before, I hurried down to the brokers who had been buying and sustaining the market for me, and informed them that I had sold out for the shorts, and advised them to whom to make the deliveries. At the same time I compelled them to change their ideas so fully and completely that they became greater bears than the others had been. I forced them to believe that the upward movement was over; that I had sold out, and that a sharp decline would positively come, and that at once.

The market opened more boisterously than it had closed the night before. It was openly stated that the big shorts had settled privately; that the support had been taken from the market. It was seen that the former buyers had turned sellers and those who had been following the movement threw their stock over at such prices as they could get. So anxious were they to dispose of stocks and get short that prices were points apart in the crowd. I had determined that this day should close the deal. To more effectually control the action of those to whom I transferred my shares the night

I stationed myself in the gallery of the Exchange, where I could keep them fully under the influence of my power. I willed them to buy all the stock that was offered until they turned the tide of speculation and the market rose steadily, but surely; up, up it went. All the stock that was offered was absorbed, and yet they bid for more until the remaining outstanding shorts were nervous and frightened to such an extent that they became frightened to cover and bid it up on themselves a point and two points at a time. Now was my golden opportunity. I sent word to the trust company to call in the thousands of shares they had loaned for me.

This they did at once and pandemonium reigned. Never were such scenes enacted on the Exchange. Men struggled and fought. The crowd became a seething mass of mad humanity. Hats were crushed, clothing was torn. No stock was offered, while upward the bidding soared. Where would it end? I was appalled at what I had created. I rushed to the trust company. I inquired for my stock; I found they had it all. Then back to the exchange in breathless haste. I called out several brokers and gave orders to sell all that I had for cash, but only to the strongest houses. This they did almost instantly at prices above the regular. Back to the trust company again to make immediate deliveries and receive my certified checks. Thence to the brokers who had my other shares to have them delivered in the same manner. Once more to the trust company to make my deposit, and the deal was over. I went back to the Exchange for one parting glance at the roaring torrent of speculation. It still continued. I became faint, reeled and fell to the floor.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in my bed at home, weak and exhausted. How long I had been there I don't know. My physician forbade conversation until I became stronger, assuring me that all was well and that I would shortly be about again. I remained thus for four days, after which I was allowed to sit up, chat a little, and see the papers.

Imagine my surprise, when, looking at the paper, the first thing to claim my attention was a notice that the Exchange would that day again open for business purposes. That all accounts that could be adjusted had been settled during the past four days, and that the injury to the street was not as great as had been feared. Being naturally strong and healthy, I soon recovered and was able to go out again. My first thought was about my money in the trust company. I took a cab, drove down town, assured myself that it was all safe, and then sent word to my friends who had gone into the pool with me to meet the next morning at my rooms. This they did at the appointed time, and we divided our gains. It was unani- mously declared that I was entitled to one-third of the sum realized for my efforts in the scheme, and the rest was divided proportionately.

Thus ended the greatest deal based on scientific research which has ever been made in Wall street. It also ended my hypnotic power. I have never been able from that day to this to influence any living person by the power of my will. I have settled down quietly in this out-of-the-way place to enjoy my wealth with the solacing thought that, although I obtained it by a method which would not be considered strictly mercantile, I took it from those who had taken it—by no more legitimate method—from others who were greater lambs than they.

#### THE WORTH OF LIVING.

Now rain falls hard and the earth is cold,  
And gods and men ignore you,  
And gone are the hopeful days of old,  
And black are the days before you;  
And soul and body crave in vain,  
And the world is a place of weeping,  
And death is the only end of pain,  
And life is not worth keeping.

Now the sun shines clear or the moon is fair  
That paints the hills and by-ways,  
And gladder than wine is the sweet, rich air,  
And gay are the well-trod highways.  
'Tis a world of smiles and love, and rife  
Are the joys of the good god's giving,  
And the man is a fool who gibes at life,  
And great is the cheer of living.