

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

No one who jeaned the crowd that morning would have believed that the calm, set face on that erect, Indian figure, occupying the very center of that horde of gamblers who were only awaiting the ringing clang of the goos to hurl themselves like madmen at each other, was the hysterical man who the night before was wildly praying for the end of the world.

It was the exchange of the crowd that at that moment he felt the need to be made. Only I realized what volcano raged inside my chest. If any other man of the crowd had known Bob's chances of success would have been on par with a Canadian canoeist short-cutting Niagara for Buffalo.

Nineteens of the stock exchange game is not letting your left brain know what your right is until the winning number is called. I know the floor is on the board. If one of those 200 chain lightning thinkers for any of their 10,000 alert moments know in advance the intentions of a fellow broker, the word would sweep through the crowd with the swiftness of unconfined electricity. At a stock strike, would be at each other's throats for their vitals, and before he knew the game had started would have his bones picked to a verminous finish.

Suddenly, as I watched the scene, there rang through the great hall the first sharp stroke of the gong. There were no echoes heard that morning. The metallic voice, yet sending its command to "em, you shaps" when from 300 throats burst the gong of the stock exchange yell. No other sound in any of the open or hidden places of all nature duplicates the yell of a great stock exchange in an exciting opening. It not only fills and fills space for the volume is terrific. It has an individuality all its own, coming from the inclusive "I've got you, I've got you." from the aggressive, almost arrogant "you-can't-you-not-really" of the "bought" "by-leave-I-whole" individual who enters into the whole, as they blend with the shrill scream of triumph and the faint "I'm appointment, when the floor men realize their own failure. I picked Bob's magnificent shout from the mass—"40 for any part of the crowd was this daring bid that struck terror to the bears and filled the bulls with a frisky encouragement. Again it rang—"45 for any part of the crowd and a third time—"50 for any part of the crowd.

The great crowd, was surging all the room. The men were smashed and coats were being stripped from their owners' backs so though made of paper, and now and then a particularly frantic buyer or seller was borne to the floor by the impetus of those who sought to fill his bid or grab his offer. Through all the wild whirl of the night and quiet of the day, the form of Bob, his face cold and expressionless as an iceberg. In five minutes the human mass had worked back to the Sugar pole and the inevitable lull while its members "verified."

I could see by the few entries Bob was made on his bid that he was being compelled by but little. This meant that his campaign was working smoothly, that he was driving the market up by merely bidding, and that he had the greater part of my \$5,000 yet unspent, which in turn meant he still continues to push up the price, and in the event of his opponent's tempting to run it down, he would be under the market with his supporting orders.

Suddenly the lull was broken. Bob's voice rang out again—"113 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." Again the gambler's eyes in and another five minutes the opening scene was repeated, with only a shade less ferocity. After ten minutes' mad trading the market burst of sound and the Sugar was 100 bid. Then Bob worked his way out of the crowd, and passing by me fairly kissed. "By heaven, Jim, I've got them clinched."

I went back to the office. In a few minutes Bob without a word straddled my office and into the little room occupied by Boutwell. I closed the door behind him, a thing that he had never done before. It was a minute till he opened his eyes and called to me. In his eyes was a gleam, a look that came from the blending of two mighty passions, one joy, the other I could not make out, unless it was that sort of which suppresses one, emerging from terrible uncertainty, generates in deep nervousness, usually finds its outlet in tears. Boutwell was a steady, but he was as evenly swaying and tugging with the news Bob had brought her. The man who had seen the release from the torture that past three hours, and yet such was the remarkable self-control of the woman, such noble courage that she refused to show any outward sign of her feelings. She was the reserved, dignified girl I had ever seen her.

"Jim, Miss Sands and I thought it best that we should have a little match up at this stage of our deal," Bob began. "I want to know if you disagree with me on adhering to the terms plans to close out at 175. I never felt of my ground than in this deal. The stock is 185 on the tape, and now." He glanced at the white paper ribbon whose every foot on certain days usually falls to the ground as a mortal, as it rolled out of the case at the corner of the office. "Yes, there goes again—34, 4, 4, and 1,300 in a half. There is a tremendous de-

CHAPTER III.

He listened a moment, then answered, "stand on it at 30 for 12,000 shares. I will be back in a second." He dropped the receiver. "Jim, we have struck a snag. Arthur Perkins, whom I left on guard at the pole, says Barry Conant has jumped in and supplied all the bids. He has it down to \$1 and is offering it in 5,000 blocks and is aggressive. I can't get there quick, and he shot out of the office. I sprang for Bob's telephone. "Perkins, quick!" "What are they doing, Perkins?" "I asked a moment later. "Conant has almost filled me up, it seems to have a hogwash of it on top," he answered. "Buy 50,000 shares, 5,000 each point down; and anything unfilled, give to Bob when he gets there. He is on the way."

I shut off and turned to Miss Sands. "This is no time to stand on ceremony, Miss Sands. Barry Conant is Conant's man, and Standard Oil's head broker. His being on the floor means mischief. He never goes into a big whirl personally unless they are out for blood. Bob has exhausted his money, and I don't object to my holding my power, and though I tell you frankly that I never speculate, don't believe in speculation and am in this deal only for Bob—and for you—I swear I don't intend to let them wipe the floor with him without at least making them swallow some of the dust they kick up. Please don't object to my holding on, Miss Sands. Ordinarily I would defer to your wishes, but I love Bob. I have money enough to warrant a plunge in stock. If they should turn Bob over in the deal, he will, they're not going to, if I can prevent it, and I started for the exchange on the way."

When I got there the scene before description. That of the morning sharp and still rang Bob's exchange telephone. The ring seemed shriller; it certainly was longer than usual. Bob jumped for the receiver.

"I've got you, I've got you," he said. "I've got you, I've got you." "By-leave-I-whole" individual who enters into the whole, as they blend with the shrill scream of triumph and the faint "I'm appointment, when the floor men realize their own failure. I picked Bob's magnificent shout from the mass—"40 for any part of the crowd was this daring bid that struck terror to the bears and filled the bulls with a frisky encouragement. Again it rang—"45 for any part of the crowd and a third time—"50 for any part of the crowd."

Bob's Voice Rang Out Again.

usual quiet war. "It is certainly my usual quiet war. I don't see how any advice from me can help."

Bob went back to the exchange and into my office. Bob's voice rang again. In ten minutes the tape began to scream Sugar. With enormous transactions it ran up in 15 minutes to 188, in three more droppings to 181, and then steadily mounted to 183 1/2, doped up, and was healthy steady. Presently Bob was back and we sat down again.

"I've bought 20,000 more for you, Jim, on that bulge. I've 35,000 in all of the last 5,000, which leaves me 12,000 reserve. The average is 187 under 75, and there must be \$400,000 for you in it now and a string of \$1,500,000 in Miss Sands' 20,000, and \$1,300,000 in your 30,000. They say it's just business to count chickens in the shell, but ours are tapping so hard to get that it can't help doing it this one. I'm going to keep away from the floor for an hour or so, then I will go over and wind it up and—good God, Boutwell—Miss Sands are you all right?"

The girl's face was ashen gray and she seemed to be gasping for breath. I rushed for some water while Bob scolded both her hand and in an instant the blood came to her cheeks with a rash and she said, "I've dizzy all the time. I don't know what's been the thought of taking \$1,500,000 back to my father that upset me. With that amount father could make good all the trust that you have back enough for me. My own fortune to make us seem; after what we have been going through, richer than we were before. Pardon me, Mr. Randolph, won't you, when say—God bless you and every one whom you hold dear. God bless you? What could I or my father have done but say yes to Mr. Ewing's offer?"

She turned her big eyes full upon Bob, filled with a light such as only comes to a woman's eyes, as only to a woman before whom, as she stands on the brink of hell, suddenly looms her heaven.

WAY OF THE EAST

TOO YOUNG FOR A STICK.

Why Coy Would Have Nothing to Do with His Lovers.

"It was at a children's treat in the country," said the Settlement worker with pink cheeks and unabashed confidence, "and lemonade and edibles were being supplied by a collection of small children who looked, for most part, like babies and were as sweet as candy. I don't know what to say. As I walked around to find that everyone was getting enough to eat and drink I came to one infant whose mother I had seen before. She was apparently I observed that there was a little twig from one of the trees floating on the lip, but they are not as sweet as candy and it did not occur to me that he had subjected to proof that he was playing under real rules."

"Why don't you drink the lemonade, little brother?" said I. "Isn't it sweet and nice? Don't you like it?" He wrinkled a face and rubbed his eyes. "It is a little bit sour, and a little bit of embarrassment, and a knowing twinkle he said: 'I guess, because I'm too little to drink lemonade with a stick in it.'—N. Y. Times.

INSURANCE INVESTMENTS.

How One Company's Assets Are Distributed in the South and West.

In connection with its withdrawal from Texas, along with many other companies, rather than to submit to a new law which requires that 75% of the assets of the company shall be invested in securities of that state, which securities shall be deposited in a trust, and subjected to heavy taxation, the company has decided to invest in the new law requires, but the management decided that to submit to the additional taxation would be an injustice to the shareholders in other states, which impose no such penalty on the thrift of their citizens.

The Equitable's report shows that more than 27% of its total reserves are now invested in the southern and western states, while only 25% of its total insurance is carried in these states. Its investments are distributed as follows: Ala., \$5,999,000; Ark., \$1,252,000; Cal., \$1,043,000; Fla., \$1,924,000; Ga., \$1,043,000; Ind., \$1,432,000; Ill., \$1,312,617; Iowa, \$1,639,000; Kan., \$1,537,000; Ky., \$2,637,000; La., \$1,054,000; Mich., \$1,924,000; Minn., \$2,065,000; Miss., \$1,472,000; Mo., \$1,847,000; Mont., \$1,530,000; N. C., \$1,276,000; Nev., \$440,000; N. D., \$1,477,000; Ohio, \$1,674,000; Okla., \$1,066,000; Ore., \$1,158,000; S. C., \$1,276,000; Tex., \$1,124,000; Tenn., \$1,999,000; Va., \$1,134,000; W. Va., \$1,242,000; Wis., \$2,267,000.

HAPPENED AT BAD TIME.

Minister's Fall Significant in View of Previous Wards.

In a small church in one of the municipalities of Pennsylvania was a jubilation over the death of a man. It was about the size and shape of a four barrel, was elevated from the floor about four feet, and was fastened to the wall. The ascent was by narrow winding stairs.

A minister from a neighboring town, a man of great vigor and vivaciousness, was on his way to the church. He was preaching his best forward and shouted out with great force the words of his text.

"The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall!"

Just as these words escaped from his lips, the pulpit gave way. He was pushed there, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before his congregation. In an instant he was on his feet, but the pulpit was still on his head.

"Blessed be I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall much, but I do hate the connection."

COFFEE COMPLEXION.

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions from Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they were permanent. After I had read about dark as coffee itself, I turned to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and after a few days the blotches were entirely gone. I am now as fair as a lily."

Smart Traveling Costume.

It is never so difficult to look well dressed as when traveling, whether by land or sea, and the woman who can appear so well dressed in a long journey deserves the highest praise.

If making an extended land trip over the continent or by sea across the ocean voyage, which may be anywhere from five days to two weeks, depending upon whether you travel direct or the southern route is planned, there must be due time and consideration given to the selecting of traveling clothes.

Dark colors are always best, whether on the car or on board a steamer, and such shades do not readily show dirt. The color of the fabric is also of great importance. A dark blue or black is always an excellent shade for traveling.

How They Can Be Made Over Into Serviceable Petticoats.

When night dresses become worn about the yokes and sleeves and ready to be discarded, instead of tearing up the skirt parts for dust cloths and the like, it might be better to convert them into serviceable petticoats for the children or for yourself. Usually night dresses are of two or more widths and there always is ample material to make at least three petticoats for the children or for a woman. Bands of insertion may be added, and a narrow ruffle around the bottom, with a flounce set on of lace and tucks.

An effective skirt made from a castoff muslin night dress had a flounce made of sheer dotted muslin with two bands of Valenciennes lace insertion set in, and a ruffle of white edged with the lace finishing the bottom. The under or dust ruffle also was of the white and set with lace, and the effect was delightfully soft and fluffy. In fact, the dust ruffle was so soft and fluffy, in fact, that the

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PURELY FEMINE

CHILDREN AT TABLE

NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BE TAUGHT MANNERS.

With the First Meal Taken with the Elders Attention Should Be Paid to the Little Graces of Good Breeding.

As soon as a baby is old enough to take its first meal at the table with its parents, the parents should be instructed to its manners. Precisely why, instinctively we seem always to do the wrong thing until taught better. I do not know, unless it is on the basis of the perverseness of human nature.

The fact remains, however, that unless a baby is taught differently it will shovel up food in a most distressing manner and fill its little mouth too full at every bite. Infants seem also to have a positive talent for holding food for a long time in the wrong way, and all these things, apparently, must be corrected by mothers.

To think that a baby is too young to be shown the proper amount of food that a fork should hold is the greatest mistake, because the little one will continue in the way it begins.

Each one of us has been punished or disgusted at the bad table manners of the children of some of our friends. But if it were not for these, we are entirely the result of indifference or ignorance on the part of parents and reflects upon them accordingly.

Only such quantity as may be comfortably put into the mouth should be taken on the fork at a time, and two bites from the same small bowl and height of bad manners. Small bowls and girls should learn. Attention

should be given to the way this implement is held, for the instinctive tendency seems to be to grasp it at the head of the tines. A spoon that is taught at once that the clasp must be held toward the end of the handle, and that it will be a simpler process for the little child, especially if the fork is not large.

There is no excuse for a little boy or girl taking soup from a spoon so full as to dripping while raised. I know some grown-ups have this habit that one cannot help calling distasteful. Success in playing, but spoon-should never be more than moderately full and the liquid should be allowed to run out of the mouth. This, of course, is not to be done. It is a fault which few children are taught, how to drink in a well-mannered way. Instead of the cup being allowed to fill to the mouth to the brim, the child should be taught to take a small mouthful of the liquid, and the lips will be less covered with liquid. Success in playing, but spoon-should never be more than moderately full and the liquid should be allowed to run out of the mouth. This, of course, is not to be done. It is a fault which few children are taught, how to drink in a well-mannered way. Instead of the cup being allowed to fill to the mouth to the brim, the child should be taught to take a small mouthful of the liquid, and the lips will be less covered with liquid.

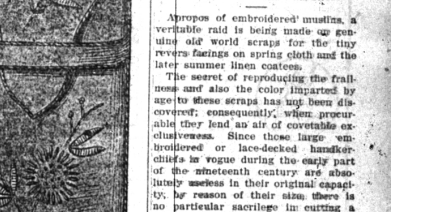
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CASE FOR THE SPECTACLES.

Makes Pretty Dress for Elderly Member of the Family.

Here is a suggestion for a very useful present to give an elderly lady. It may be made of felt, suede or silk, and is a perfect fit.

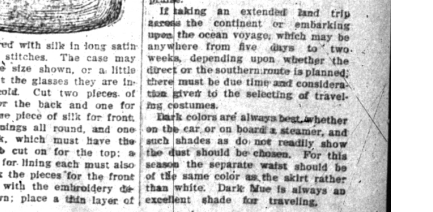


Grandmother's Treasures Can Be Turned to Good Account.

Approps of embroidered muslin, a veritable art is being made up. The use of old world scraps for the tiny reverse facings on spring cloth and the like is becoming more common.

The secret of reproduction in the frills and also the color imparted by these scraps has been discovered. No particular success in carrying out both in the center to form a yoke or collar application for a lingerie blouse.

In debt hand these treasures can be turned to good account in many fascinating aspects, a hint that will probably induce many readers to further investigate among their treasured drawers in quest of such dainties as long lying idle, lacking inspiration for their service.



Using Old Night Dresses.

How They Can Be Made Over Into Serviceable Petticoats.

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thing for wearing under a dimity or lawn dress.

Children's petticoats now are made so full that two and a half widths of material is used. It is better to use one. Many of the petticoats are made to match the little dress with which they are intended to be worn. The material is usually a long felt wad for trimming, as the trimmings, effective, and wear fairly well.

Some new fabrics, such as the dimity, printed, satinet, organdy and, in fact, all the new fabrics are prettier than ever, and there are several entirely new fabrics of the cotton and silk class, which, however, are not so good a matter to be as distinguished—very undeniably of a somewhat beauty in color and design. A small-spider cloth is certainly one of the best. It is very soft, and is not so transparent and of a quietest shade, while in point of design and color it yields the palm to none of the most costly printed materials.