FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

Copyright, 1906, by Thomas W. Lawson. All Rights Reserved.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Bob Brownley threw himself into the Union Pacific crowd first giving an order to a group of his brokers, who jumped for a number of other poles. Almost instantly the panic was stayed and stocks were bounding upward two to five points at a leap. Bob continued buying Union Pacific and his brokers other stocks in unlimited quantities. Nothing like such a quick turn of the market had been seen before. His power to absorb stocks seemed to be boundless. It was estimated that personally and through his brokers he bought over a million shares before he joined me and left the Exchange.

I looked at him in wonderment. "Bob, I cannot understand you," I said at last as we turned out of Broad street into Wall. "It seems as if you work with magic. Everything you touch turns to gold."

He wheeled on me. "Yes, Jim you are right. Gold, heartless, soulless gold. But what is the dross good for? What is it good for to me? To-day I suppose I have made the biggest one-man killing in the history of the Street." I must be an easy twenty-five millions richer in gold than I was this morning, and I had enough then to dam the East river and a good section of the North. But tell me, Jim, tell me, what can it buy in this world that I have not got? I had health and happiness, perfect health, pure happiness, when I did not have a thousand all told. Now I have fifty millions, and I know how to get fifty or five hundred and fifty more any time I care to take them, and I have only physical and mental hell. No beggar in all the world is so poor in happiness as I. Tell me, tell me, Jim, in the name of God, if there is one—for already the game of gold is robbing me of my faith in God—where can I buy a little, just a little happiness with all this cursed yellow dirt? What will it get me in the next world, Jim Randolph, what will it get me? If I had died when I was poor, I think you will agree with me that, if there is a heaven, I should have stood an even chance of getting there. Now on a day like to-day, when you see the results of my work, the results of my handling of unlimited gold, you must agree that if I were taken off I should stand more than an even show of landing in hell where the sulphur is thickest and the flames are hottest."

We were at the entrance of Randolph & Randolph's office as he poured out this terrible torrent of bitterness. He glared at me as a dungeon prisoner might glare at his keeper for his answer to "Where can I find liberty?" I had no words to answer him. As I noted the awful changes in every line of his face, the rigid hardness, the haunted, nervous look of desperation, which seemed a forerunner of madness, I could not see, either, where his millions brought any happiness. His hair, which once was smooth and orderly, hung over his forehead in an unparted mass of tangled curls, and here and there showed of white. Bob Brownley was still handsome, even more fascinating than before the mercury entered his soul, but it was that wild, awful beauty of the caged lion, lashing himself into madness with memories of his lost freedom.

"Jim," he went on, when he saw I could not answer, "I guess you don't know where I can swap the yellow mud for balm of Gilead. I won't bother you with my troubles any longer. I will go up-town and see the little girl whose happiness Tom Reinhart needed in his business. I will go up and show her the pictures in this week's Collier's of the fine hospital for incurables that Reinhart has so generously and nobly built at a cost of two and a half millions! The little girl may think better of Reinhart when she knows that her father's money was put to such good use. Who knows but the great finance king may dedicate it as the 'Judge Lee Sands Home' and carve over the entrance a bas-relief of her father, mother, and sister with Hope, Faith, and Charity coming from the mouths of their hanging severed heads?"

Bob Brownley laughed a horrible ringing laugh as he uttered these awful words. Then he beat his hand down on my shoulders as he said in a hoarse voice, "Jim, but for you I should have had crimps in that jackal philanthropist's soul by now and in the souls of his kind. But never mind. He will keep; he will surely keep until I get to him. Every day he lives he will be fitter for the crimping. Within the short two years since he finished grilling Judge Sands' soul, he has put himself in better form to appreciate his reward. I see by the press that at last his aristocratic wife has gold-cured Newport of its habit of dating back the name Reinhart to her scullionhood, and it has taken her into the high-toned circle. I read the other day of his daughter's marriage to some English nob, and of the discovery of the ancient Reinhart family tree and crest with the mailed hand and two-edged dirk and the vulture rampant, and the motto, 'Who strikes in the back strikes often.'"

He left me with his laugh still ringing in my ears. I shuddered as I passed under the old black-and-gold sign my uncle and my father had nailed over the office entrance in an age now dead, an age when Wall street men talked of honor and gold, not gold and more gold.

In telling my wife of the day's happenings I could not refrain from giving vent to the feelings that consumed me. "Kate, Bob will surely do something awful one of these days. I can see no hope for him. He grows more and more the madman as he broods over his horrible situation. The whole thing seems incredible to me. Never was a human being in such perpetual living purgatory. Unlimited, absolute power on the one hand, unfathomable, never-cool-down hell on the other."

"Jim, how does he do what he does? I cannot make out anything I have read or you have told me, how he creates those panics and makes all that money."

"No one has ever been able to figure it out," I answered. "I understand the stock business, but I cannot for the life of me see how he does it. He has none of the money powers in league with him, that's sure, for in the mood he has been in during the past two years it would be impossible for him to work with them, even if his salvation depended on it. The mention of any of the big 'System' men drives him to a fury. He has to-day made more money than any one man ever made in a day since the world began, and he had only commenced his work when he got out to please me. As I stand in the Exchange and watch him do it, it seems commonplace and simple. Afterward it is beyond my comprehension. At the gait he is going, the Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and Gould fortunes combined will look tiny in comparison with his one he will have in a few years. It is beyond my power of figuring out and it gives me a headache every time I try to see through it."

"Where Can I Find Liberty?"

CHAPTER VIII.

A number of times during the following year, and finally on the anniversary of the Sands tragedy, Bob carried the Exchange to the verge of panic, only to turn the market and save "the Street" in the end. His profits were fabulous. Already his fortune was estimated to between two and three hundred millions, one of the largest in the world. His name had become one of terror wherever stocks were dealt in. Wall street had come to regard his every deal, from the moment that he began operations, as inevitably successful. Now and again he would jump into the market when some of the plunging cliques had a bear raid under way, and would put them to rout by buying everything in sight and bidding up prices until it looked as though he intended to do as extraordinary work on the up-side as he was wont to do on the down. At such times he was the idol of the Exchange, which worships the man who puts prices up as it hates him who pulls them down. Once when war news flashed over the wires from Washington and rumor had the cabinet members, senators, and congressmen selling the market short on advance information, when the "Standard Oil" banks had put up money rates to 150 per cent and a crash seemed inevitable, Bob suddenly smashed the loan market by offering to lend one hundred millions at four per cent, and by buying and bidding up prices at the same time, he put the whole Washington crowd and the New York accomplices to disastrous rout and caused them to lose millions. He continued his operations with increasing violence and increasing profits up to the fourth anniversary of the tragedy. On the intervening anniversary I had been compelled by self-interest and fear that he would really pull down the entire Wall street structure, to rush in and fairly drag him off. But with his growing madness my influence was waning. Each raid it was with greater difficulty that I got his ear.

Finally, on the fourth anniversary, in a panic that seemed to be running into something more terrible than any previous, he savagely refused to accede to my appeal, telling me that he would not stop, even if Randolph & Randolph were doomed to go down in the crash. It had become known on the floor that I was the only one who could do anything with him in his frenzies, and my pleading with him in the lobby was watched by the members of the Exchange with triple eyed suspense. When it was clear from his emphatic gestures and raised voice—for he was in a reckless mood from drink and madness and took no pains to disguise his intentions—that I could not prevail upon him, there was a frantic rush for the poles to throw over stocks in advance of him. Suddenly, after I had turned from him in despair, there flashed into my mind an idea. The situation was desperate. I was dealing with a madman, and I decided that I was justified in making this last try. I rushed back to him. "Bob, good-bye," I whispered in his ear, "good-bye. In ten minutes you will get word that Jim Randolph has cut his throat!" He stopped as though I had plunged a knife into him, struck his forehead a resounding blow, and into his wild brown eyes came a sickening look of fear.

"Stop, Jim, for God's sake, don't say that to the. My cup is full now. Don't tell me I am to have that crime on my soul." He thought a moment. "I don't know whether you mean it, Jim, but I can take no chances, not for all the money in the world, not even for revenge. Wait here, Jim," He yelled for his brokers, and several rushed to him from different parts of the room. He sent them back into the crowd while he dashed for the Amalgamated pole. The day was saved.

Presently he came back to me. "Jim, I must have a talk with you. Come over to my office." When we got there he turned the key and stood in front of me. His great eyes looked full into mine. In college days, gazing into their brown depths, by some magic I seemed to see the heroes and heroines of always happy-ending tales, as the child sees enchanted creatures far back in the burning Yule log flames. But there were no joyous beings in the haunted depths of Bob's eyes that day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Sam, Employment Agent

BAVARIAN IMMIGRANT IN NATIVE COSTUME

A GOOD HUNGARIAN TYPE AT ELLIS ISLAND

Uncle Sam is philanthropic as well as aggressive and enterprising. His hospitality is only exceeded by his commercial and industrial instinct. He is glad to welcome the multitudes from other lands to his vast domain, but he is of too practical a turn of mind and too thrifty a manager to rest content if his newly-adopted children do not speedily get busy to their personal profit and the good of the country. Year after year as the flood of immigration has flowed into the country in ever increasing volume the task of properly providing homes and work for the multitudes has grown more and more complex, until at last the necessity of a more thorough and systematic method of handling them has forced itself upon his attention. As a result of this increasing responsibility he has been led to open what is undoubtedly the greatest employment office in the world. In other words, your Uncle Sam is now an employment agent, with something like 1,000,000 people to find jobs for each year. In so doing his ambition will be to distribute the incoming thousands to parts of the country most needing the immigrant so that the interests of the individual as well as that of the country will be best served.

Foreigners come to the United States, settle down in masses in the cities, form wretched slum quarters, live in much the same conditions of poverty and misery as they were accustomed to at home, and toil in sweatshops and factories for pitiful wages. Much crime and no little vice inevitably result. If these people could be judiciously scattered over agricultural regions, they would have an excellent chance for prosperity and happiness, and their industry would be vastly beneficial to the community at large.

This is exactly the purpose for which the federal employment office has been organized. It is a new section of the Bureau of Immigration at Washington, and is officially known as the Division of Information. At the head of it is Terence V. Powderly. Its business will be to give all possible encouragement to the distribution of newly arrived aliens, sending them where they are wanted, and to enable farming or other communities which need work people to secure them. With this end in view all obtainable information will be gathered and placed, in printed form, in the hands of immigrants.

There is practically no demand for more work-people in our cities. But everywhere in agricultural regions they are badly wanted. The southern states are desperately anxious to get them, at good wages. Texas is so eager for them that she is willing to defray the traveling expenses of any aliens willing to work who will come her way. Not only this, but she will build homes for them of the kind they want; and such advances of money may be repaid on the easiest possible terms.

The employment office has sent formal inquiries to all of the states and territories, asking about the local demand for labor, the opportunity for settlers, the price of land and other such details. Of the replies thus far received some have come from the governors, others from boards of agriculture, and yet others from the state immigration commissioners. They appear to indicate that nearly everywhere, outside of the cities, there is a lack of workers.

In Georgia there is an "unlimited demand." There is "great demand" in Massachusetts at $18 a month and board, and in Virginia 10,000 agricultural laborers are wanted at $20 a month, with "keep." The Old Dominion can supply 20,000 settlers with land. Wyoming, too, needs settlers, and especially desires 2,000 coal miners at $50 to $100 a month. In Minnesota the demand is "unlimited" at $20 a month and board, and Utah offers, with board, $35 a month. North Dakota calls for miners, carpenters, bricklayers and stonemasons at $3 to $5 a day.

The employment office will maintain at every big seaport a representative, who will be provided with an office, and whose duty it will be to distribute printed information in all languages among the immigrants. The government inspectors will warn them in advance that they will receive such information, and advise them to read it carefully—since otherwise they might throw it away.

Up to the present time the government authorities have received arriving aliens with an obvious reluctance. Henceforward it is proposed to reverse this policy and to extend to them a cordial welcome.

After a while permanent exhibits will be established at the various seaports, showing the products of the various states, and each new comer will have an opportunity to learn about the climate, the soil, the crops, etc., peculiar to each state, so that he may choose the conditions which seem to him to be most suitable to his requirements. In addition, maps will be placed before him, indicating the exact location of his contemplated destination, the lands in the neighborhood (if any) which are open to settlement or purchase, and the accessibility of markets and transportation facilities.

In every big city will be maintained a branch of the employment office, which will make a business of looking up recently arrived aliens and giving them information and advice. It often happens that an immigrant who has been a month or two in the country is more in need of such help than when he arrived, because by this time his money is likely to be gone. Being penniless, he is helpless, and, if he is to be saved from misery or even crime, he must be put in the way of obtaining employment, if possible, away from the great town.

When once it is known that our authorities take a kindly and useful interest in the welfare of immigrants important results will be obtained. The chief trouble with strangers who come to our shores is that they are liable to find themselves in a wrong environment.

"No man in this country who is willing to work has any excuse for idleness," says Mr. Powderly. "There is a demand from practically every state for labor, outside of the cities. The immigrants who are flocking into the country can supply this demand and every means in our power should be utilized to distribute them where they are wanted. Thus, instead of augmenting the volume of crime and demoralizing labor conditions in the congested centers of population, they will be made to contribute to our prosperity, while obtaining for themselves a proper chance in the world."

JUDGING FROM OWN CASE.

Deacon Recognizes the Wants of a Fellow Sufferer.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, was discussing the anti-suicide bureaus that his church has opened.

"Kindness and charity," he said, "are factors of these bureaus. The charity will be of the right kind, I trust. There are, you know, two kinds of charity, and too much of it is like the barber's.

"There was a poor deacon in Warwick, who had no money and needed to be shaved, and he went from barber to barber, but none of them, despite his holy office, was willing to shave him for nothing.

"In the end, though, he found a barber who, on hearing his tale, said gruffly:

"Sit down there in that chair."

"And this barber shaved him. But the razor he used! Dear me! Its dull edge and the nicks in it! Under the operation the tears flowed in rivulets down the poor deacon's cheeks.

"Suddenly the barber's dog in the adjoining room set up a terrific howling.

"'Be still, there!' cried the barber. And he muttered anxiously: 'What can they be doing to him?'

"'Alas!' said the deacon, 'I shouldn't wonder if some one was shaving him out of charity.'"

BRUTALITY OF MEDICAL ETHICS.

A Great Surgeon Barred from Membership in Medical Association.

(From the National Druggist for June, 1906.)

Dr. Augustus Charles Bernays, who died a few days ago in St. Louis, was, probably, the foremost surgeon in the United States. His fame was co-extensive with the civilized world. He was not only an operator of the highest order, but a distinguished and effective worker in the field of original surgery. He performed the first successful Caesarian section in 1889 in St. Louis, and also the first successful coeliotomy for gunshot wound of the abdomen and the first gallstone operation in Missouri. A record held by Dr. Bernays has never been equaled: Out of eighty-one successive cases of appendicitis which necessitated operations, seventy-one in succession were with perfectly satisfactory results, the seventy-second patient failing of recovery, but the subsequent nine cases were successfully treated.

And yet, with such a record, matchless as was his skill, varied and extensive as was his learning, wonderful as were his accomplishments, he was not considered, by the American Medical Association, as worthy of membership in that organization.

No charges were ever brought against him which, in the remotest degree, reflected on his qualifications as a surgeon; his moral character was never the subject of attack; he was never accused of having done anything unbecoming a man or a gentleman. "The head and front of his offending had this extent—no more!" He dared to think! He refused to mold his opinions and to govern his actions by the arbitrary rules which those whom he looked to as his inferiors had set up for his guidance! In other words, he could not regard the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association as being inspired, or having any binding authority on him where his judgment told him it was wrong. And so, twenty years ago or more, on account of some trivial infraction of this sacred "Code," a movement was started to expel him from the local association, which was only defeated by his hastily sending in his resignation. As membership in the A. M. A. is dependent upon membership in the local and State societies, his name was dropped by the national organization.

And so, though he had saved thousands of lives; though other physicians had profited by his art; this brilliant surgeon, learned and able man, has, during all these years, been an outcast—a medical "scab;" not recognized as "ethical" or worthy of fellowship by that body of physicians banded together in the American Medical Association!

And this is the association which, under pretense of working for the public good, is, in reality, only seeking to control Congress and the State Legislatures in the interest of their own selfish schemes; which is trying to create a Cabinet position and to place one of its members in that position; which is seeking to have by law to exclude from the use of the mails, all manufacturers of medicines who do not comply with the absurd requirements that they choose to set up; which, in short, is trying to put upon the statute books of State and nation laws that will, in effect, establish a kind of medical priesthood, to which only their own members will be eligible with power and control over the health and lives of the people!

God help the druggists, the drug manufacturers, physicians not members of their guild, and the people generally, if this association ever succeeds in its undertaking. If it does, it will, after the fashion of the labor unions, dictate a "closed shop," and say to doctors who prefer to be independent, "You must join our union or, failing to do so, compel them to get out of the business. It will say what medicines shall be taken, and how they shall be made. It will hedge the people about with a lot of petty regulations under pretense of protecting the public health. In fine, a medical bureaucracy will be established to tyrannize over the people.

Let no man call this a false alarm. If there are those who are inclined to do so, let them read the journal of the A. M. A. Let them scan the proceedings of the association, held always behind closed doors, and carefully edited, as they are, before they are published in its official organ. If they will do this they will see that we are not trying to create a bugaboo to frighten their timid souls.

American Money for Canada.

The value of settlers' effects taken into Canada by American immigrants in 1906 fiscal year was $1,158,932, against only $11,223 by British immigrants.

THE SLAVES WHO STAYED.

Description of Southern "Mammy" in American Magazine.

The American Magazine has got hold of a series of character sketches of "The Slaves Who Stayed." The first one, which appears in the September number, is about "Mammy," and is very interesting. The author is Miss Lucine Finch. Of her old mammy Miss Finch writes in part:

"As she grew old there were many quaint little eccentricities that developed and made her quite a character. The wool about her fine dark face was soft and white, yet she insisted upon wearing a heavy black braid, coiled about her head to her ears. When we urged her tentatively and fearfully to have a few white hairs put into the braid, she indignantly exclaimed, 'Good gut de white hairs in de front and I ain't gwine have nothin' to do with puttin' 'em in de back!' She refused to wear glasses, saying it would make her look old. She was then about 90. She would never sit in my grandmother's presence, but clung with quaint persistency to the customs of her young days, when there was time for respect and courtesy. She could, seemingly, by holding a sick baby in her arms, cure it of whatever ailment it had. After we had grown too big to be her babies, she seemed to pine, and, as she said, she 'boned for a baby.' And so she became the head nurse of the neighborhood, and always had some baby in her arms, usually a sick one. Then it was that her eyes shone with that soft fire that alone seemed to burn away the tragedy back of her."

Slightly Twisted.

The Observer, in an article on the Pekin-to-Paris race, asked: "Can anybody conscientiously say that the successful competitors have driven from Paris to Pekin by motor car?"

Mr. Punch, for one, cannot honestly lay his hand on his heart and say anything of the kind. For, deep down in his conscience, he knows that the race was run in the opposite direction.—London Punch.

He that ventures not fails not—French.

Fine Health in Open Air.

The healthiest persons in the world are gypsies, and they live in the open air, but there is an erroneous idea that gypsies are people who defy the elements to destroy their health. On the contrary, they are very careful, indeed, of their health, even though living out of doors. They never go to bed with the draft blowing over them, but have free circulation around them, yet protected from rain and wind. While sometimes seemingly scantily attired, they always are warmly clothed beneath, wearing warm underclothing. The consumptives who go to places for their health are now living exactly as the gypsies, and because of the disease being considered contagious, they must live in tents. It is here that the efficacy of pure air is being fully demonstrated, for it often effects a cure if the patient is not too weak when the treatment begins.

Her First Impressions.

"The first impression is the one you should always go by," the little grass widow advised. "I know by experience. I have never yet had a husband that I liked at first sight. He always had to win me. Then, after I had been married awhile, I invariably went back to my first impression of dislike that kept on getting worse and worse till I had to leave him. I shall never marry again," she finished, "unless I fall head over heels in love with him the first minute I meet him."

Girl Friends.

Nell—Did you tell her I couldn't come?

Belle—Yes, and she seemed surprised.

Nell—But didn't you explain to her that I've got the chickenpox?

Belle—Yes, that's what surprised her. She said you were no chicken.—Catholic Standard and Times.

IN RURAL HOLLAND

A DAY'S TRAVEL IN THE LAND OF DYKES.

From Amsterdam Through the Wonderful Country Wrested from the Sea by Sheer Courage and Resourcefulness.

Here is a pretty description of a day's travel through Holland: "At Amsterdam I left the train and boarded a boat bound for the Helder, the northernmost point of North Holland, where the low-lying islands curve round to the horizon, looking as if they had been appointed ocean outposts to Friesland. The voyage might take a day, but what of that? There is only one way to travel in Holland—by water. The boat glides through the brimming canal, passes the clean towns and the many windmills. Life persists; passengers and cargoes come and go, but you are no longer at war with the world or in trouble with it. You are a spectator, idling through a summer day, wrapped in aloofness, content merely to be moving through the moist and luminous air. When the environs of Amsterdam are left behind and the waterside houses give place to the reeds that bend as the backwash overtakes them and the factories fade into vast, bright meadows, the spirit of this land, wrested from the sea, obsesses the traveler. I forgot to count the windmills, was indifferent to the locality of the hut where Peter the Great studied shipbuilding and was content with pretending to choose a habitation from among the dwellings whose gardens are washed by the waters of this great north canal.

"We passed through Alkmaar. On one side Dutch farmsteads, compact, four-square stretching in an endless line along the waterway; on the other side the meadows and beyond them, far away, the sweeping line of the dunes. They rise above the North sea and on their sandy sides and heights men are forever on the watch against the encroachments of the ocean; they plant the shrub called helm, that binds the sand together, making a bulwark against the rage of the waves. 'God gave us the sea, but we made the shore,' says the Dutchman. These flower-fruitful and pastoral meadows that outstretched as we glided northward were once submerged in water. The fight against the sea never ceases. As we moved northward the three great dykes shooed out. I gazed on at these high bulwarks, patrolled and watched by day and by night, and mused on the legend that at Amsterdam there is one master key a turn of which, in times of peril from foreign invasion, will drown the land again.

"And as I mused there swept past a barge. The great sail was hoisted. The family—a mite of the 50,000 canal population who live out their lives on these floating houses—were gathered round the tiller, where mynheer smoked and steered. A barge—the symbol of this sea-conquering people. Below the Helder I landed. Beyond is the fort, with the fringe of islands outposting Friesland, the fishing fleet and the gunboats, and the channel between the mainland and Texel opening to the world. As I crossed the bridge I saw the sight of sights. There was no fuss, no shouting, no spilling of wine at that launch. The barge moved from her cradle, shot downward, took the water in a rush, pretended to capsize and all at once acquiesced. She had found her master."

Proved His Mettle.

The sultan of Morocco is barbarous in his methods in spite of his acquaintance with European civilization. Not long ago, the story runs, he visited his private menagerie with a camera in order to photograph the animals. Arrived before the cage of a tiger, the young monarch suddenly called his minister of war to hold the beast by the ear while he photographed it.

Dreading his master's displeasure if he refused, the trembling minister approached the cage, and, thrusting his hand between the bars, grasped the animal by the ear. With a fierce growl the tiger sprang to its feet, while the wretched minister clung grimly to it, divided between fear of the tiger and dread of the sultan. At that moment, to his inexpressible relief, the camera clicked, and his ordeal was over. His courage did not go unrewarded. The sultan has distributed numerous copies of the photograph as an evidence of his skill as a photographer and of the pluck of his war minister.

Rattler Takes to Water and Fights.

Ex-State Senator and County Chairman M. C. Henninger, just back from a two-weeks' fishing expedition to Conjurer's lake, Pike county, brought with him a big string of fish and a brand new snake story, which must be considered true.

It has always been supposed that a rattlesnake, above all things, dreaded water and there would be any antithetical story of a rattler taking to a stream. But the other day a Philadelphian saw a rattlesnake swimming across the lake. He jumped into a rowboat and made after it.

As soon as he had overtaken the snake he gave it a tap with an oar. He thought he had broken the rattler's back and tossed it into the boat. It was only stunned, however, and on reviving gave battle at once. The Philadelphian succeeded in killing it, but not until he had received a severe bite from being bitten.—Allentown Correspondent to Philadelphia Record.

Paderewski as Farmer.

His passion for country life has led Mr. Paderewski, the famous pianist, to establish a farm on his estate in Poland, where, between his tours, he occupies his time in rearing livestock and growing agricultural produce.

During a previous visit to this country Paderewski, through an agent, bought some prize pigs from a farmer in Essex who was quite unaware of the real profession of the purchaser.

A day or two later Paderewski visited the farm without disclosing his identity. During an inspection the farmer led the pianist to a sty and showed him a fine lot of pigs, remarking confidentially: "Do you see those? I have sold them to Mr. Paderewski, the great pig dealer from abroad."