LL through the critical business hours of Friday I sat in the room with Thomas W. Lawson, master spirit in the present extraordinary war against Standard Oli finances in Wall street.

Although I sat in the room almost from the time the stock market opened until long after it closed, not once did Mr. Lawson show the slightest sign of excitoment over market affairs. Strong as an cx, clear-eyed, tranquil, smiling, the man who had moved the financial market downward against the will of the greatest combination of capital the world has ever seen, bore himself like one absolutely confident of success. The bunch of blue cornflowers in his buttonhole was not fresher than he, although on the previous day he had fought through one of the greatest battles in the history of speculation, had made an hour-and-a-half speech at a night banquet, had one day he had forced nearly 3,000,000 shares of stock into the market in New York.

"My one instrument is publicity," he and the most powerful weapon

"My one instrument is publicity," he said. "It is the most powerful weapon in the world. With it I have been able to strike with some of the power which eighty millions of Americans possess when they are wide awake and in earn-

Only a Beginning.

"This week's work is only the beginning of a demonstration that the secrecy of the frenxied finance system—under the cover of which the savings of the people gathered into banks, trust institutions and insurance companies have been used by the Standard Oll crowd to rob the people through the stock market—cannot succeed agains, publicity. The people only need light to save themselves.

"At the beginning of the week I advised the people of the United States to sell Amaigamated Copper and the other pool stocks. It was the first step in the final realization of plans I had been maturing for 10 years. Since then, against the whole force of the billions and billions commanded by the Standard





Oil system, Amalgamated had dropped He wore grey striped trousers and a from \$2 into the 60s. I give the people black coat and vest across which was my word, which I have never yet broken, that not once in that time have I sold a beaded gold watch chain. Everywhere in his grown were flowers, roses, Illies and bunches of the famous Lawson pink, only that, but I have actually bought large blocks of Amalgamated in order \$10,000.

cific crash. "I simply went out into the public aguare and told the people the truth. I was in a position to tell the truth. I knew the methods by which they had been robbed. I knew that ruin was staring them in the face unless they acted quickly,

"I advertised the fact over my signa-ture in the newspapers of New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles. I cabled the advertisement to London. All this cost, with incidental expenses, something like \$92,000.

"The frightened leaders and agents of the 'system' spread reports that I was in league with the leading plungers and manipulators of Wall street, that I was making a mere stock raid, that I was trying to 'shake down' Mr. Rögers. The truth is that I have no partners. Not a soul knew my plans until my first advertisement appeared. I have no price, for there can be no peace now until the whole rotten scheme of frensied finance is smashed and things are brought back to their natural honest level. I am in deadly earnest. No man brought back to their natural nomen level. I am in deadly earnest. No man knows better than I do how great a ce I am rendering to the American

The National City bank put an adbank and its officers were responsible for the description of the property which I signed. They would have done better to have taken \$25,000,000 of the money of their depositors and thrown it in the

Government Must Motics.

"What do I mean? I mean that the City National bank is subject to law executed by the federal government. I mean that Theodore Roosevelt is running this government just now. I mean that the government just now. I mean that the government is bound to take notice of great crimes against the people. I mean that there is a terrible reckening for the 'system' at hand."

Mr. Lawson stood squarely upon his heels, the incarnation of strength and courage. The square head, high and wide at the top, the long line of the jaw and broad fighting chin, the small ears standing alertly out behind the big bluegray eyes, the big fifst teeth, the strong nose, large firm mouth, sinewy neck, hairy hands broad, deep chest, powerfully curved thighs, and the steady voice—these were eloquent of strength, determination and concentration.

There was a black pearl in his cravat and an aimost priceless canary-colored slamond sparkling on his little finger.

A few minutes before I saw Mr. Lawson I had been in his office in State street. Downstairs was a mob of speculators, feverish, jostling, loud-voiced. Upstairs stood Mr. Lawson's secretary at his desk, surrounded by costly gilded bronzes, calling to Mr. Lawson through a telephone the prices of the opening market. Here was a 34,000 statue of Caesar crossing the Rubicon; there Frederick the Great on horseback, between them George Washington; Joan of Arc in steel armor; a group of frenzied Roman racers, and in the midst of them a bronze group representing a bull and a bear at a stock-ticker and a group of helpless lambs. Through the open door could be seen pictures of dogs and horses and yachts—some of the famous things upon which Mr. Lawson has spent millions of dollars—and beyond them savage shields, spears and other weapons of warfare gathered from the ends of the earth.

In the midst of this picturesque scene stood a pale young man talking swiftly

In the midst of this picturesque scene stood a pale young man talking swiftly in low tones as the prices which indi-cated the movement of the battle in the New York stock exchange came to him hrough the telephone.

Lawson at Telephone. But when I reached the room of the master spirit there was no trace of the fight to be seen. Not in all Boston was there a quieter place. Only a heap of record books on the floor, another heap of telegrams and letters on the long table, a bright coal fire in the grate, the faint smell of flowers and the occasional tinkle of the telephone which Mr. Lawson answered in firm, quiet monosyllables. bles.
The man whom I had expected to find

many thousands of dollars spiece. Even the experts of the German government who examined Dreamwold the other day were amazed at its costliness and perfection. Within 48 hours Mr. Lawson wrote and published a large illustrated book analyzing his farm and gave it to his German visitors as a souvenir, after organizing for them a horse show that overwhelmed them with surprise.

minutes by paying \$30,000. Some time later on the florist bought back the right to the Lawson pink for \$20,000, and gave Mr. Lawson, in addition, \$15,-

tonishing coolness is the fact that at the very time the market was closing on Friday, when it was whispered all over the country that he was arranging terms of peace for the Standard Oil with

qualities of his favorite flower.

A Meason for Last Attack.

"But if Amaigamated Copper shares were worth \$100 when you were market manager for Mr. Rogers and his friends, how is it that they are not worth that price now?" I asked.

Mr. Lawson leaned against the edge of an open door and thrust his hands deeply into his pockets.

"I have tried to make that plain to the public," he said quietly.

"The other day Mr. Rogers's lawyer was trying to get me to stop. I told him that I intended to force the Standard Oil crowd to put the price of Amai-

him that I intended to force the Standard Oil crowd to put the price of Amalgamated Copper back to \$100, at which I advised my friends to buy it. He said that the stock was not worth \$100. I asked him how he knew. He answered that Mr. Rogers, Mr. Stillman, Mr. Rockefeller and the other fellows in control had discovered that they had been deceived when the property was bought. They did not consider it worth more than \$45 a share.

worth \$45 a share.

Worth \$45 or \$100.

"That settled it in my mind. I appealed to the public to test the situation. I advised them to sell Amalgamated at once and keep on selling. If it was worth \$100, the men in the "system," having billions of dollars behind them would buy it. If it was worth only \$45 a share, then the price must fail to that point in the end. It was sinply a question whether the public could unload on the Standard Oil crowd before the "system" could unload on the public."

"Then you caught the leaders of Standard Oil at the psychological mo-ment."

The man whom I had expected to find haggard, pale, wild-eyed and excited in the center of a nervous hurricane, was rosy-cheeked, cheerful and apparently as free from care as though he had never heard of Wall street. He spoke rapidly but in an even voice, occasionally pacing the floor and sometimes gesturing or setting his hands firmly on his hips. He answered questions promptly and with an almost boyien appearance of frankness. It would be hard to imagine a more masculine, compact and concentrated personality.

This is the man who left school in Cambridge at the age of 12 walked into Roston with his books under his arm and secured a \$2-a-week position as an office boy almost on the very spot where after 28 years he has worked himself up into a position from which he feels able to captain the fight against a spalace in Roston filled with works of art, he has a \$60-acre farm on Cape Cod, with seven miles of fences, 500 horses, ask in the public and the public moved too quickly. Publicity destroyed the one great weapon of the Standard Oil men, which is secrecy. I had been tricked and trick the public, I got out into the open and laid the public, I got out into the open and laid the public, I got out into the open and laid the public, I got out into the open and laid the public, I got out into the open and laid the public, I got out into the open and laid the public, I got out into the open and laid the public moved too quickly. Publicity destroyed the one smalled had used my name to deceive and those who were resonable had used my name to deceive and those who were remained to the public, but the public moved too quickly. Publicity destroyed the one great weapon of the Standard Oil and to make the public moved too quickly. Publicity destroyed the one great weapon of the Standard Oil and to make the public moved too quickly. Publicity destroyed the one great weapon of the Standard Oil and to make the public moved too quickly. Publicity destroyed the one great weapon of the Standard Oil and to make the public moved

sine were simply in preparation of the public mind for the practical demonstration which I have made this week that the whispering manipulators of Well street will not buy at \$65 a share stock which they were selling to the public at \$100 a share.

"It is the savings of the people which these men use, by means of banks, trust institutions and insurance companies, that has enabled them up to this time to sell worthless stocks for good money. That is the secret of their power to maintain high prices for watered securities. But once the truth is made known their power is sure to crumble—that is, when the people arouse themselves and act, as they have done this week. It is only necessary to sell stock to find out that the 'system' which has manufactured the prices will not buy it, for the very good reason that they themselves know the truth. Frenzied finance wants to dump its inflated securities on the public. The public has had a lesson this week of how quickly the crooked manipulators will run when the stocks are offered back to them.

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Senadard Gil Zethods.

"Up to the present time the Standard Oil wystem" has been methodically getting control of the people's savings. I have been at the very heart of its operations and know how heartless its purposes and methods are. The men behind it have had more power to bring the American people to the chopping hlock than Theodore Roosevelt with a proclamation of war and with congress and the simp and the militia behind him. They think only of dollars. They stop at nothing. They have no conscience. And the men who are sitting in factories and saving money by self-denial have been blind to the fact that the hoardings they gave so freely to the great and little financial institutions of the country were the real source of the strength of the never-sleeping, cold-blooded Wall street manipulators who are draining the country of its wealth by a deliberate system of robey. Ten years ago I wanted to do the work I have begun to do now. But I would have made a mistake had I started in then. The situation has grown 500 per cent worse in these 10 years. Watered stock schemes of \$15,000,000,000.

The Standard Oil interests came into my world simply because they entered Boston to control gas affairs. They in the strength of the mere the for the world in this connection, denies that the hoardings they gave so freely to the great and little financial institutions of the country of its wealth by a deliberate system of robey. Ten years ago I wanted to do the work I have begun to do now. But I would have made a mistake had I started in then. The situation has grown 500 per cent worse

were amased at its costiliness and perfection. Within 48 hours Mr. Lawson wrote and published a large illustrated book analyzing his farm and gave it to his German visitors as a souvenir, after organizing for them a horse show that overwhelmed them with surprise.

He built the yacht Independence at a cost of \$200,000, and when it was shut out from the America's cup race smilingly threw it on the scrap heap. He established a great racing stable, and when lirred of playing with it, broke if up. He went to Kentucky, and the day before a great trotting race bought Baralmo for \$17,000. His pride was against his trotter. He gave \$104,000 to a friend to sustain Baralmo's reputation in the betting and won, and yet he claims that he has never been seriously interested in betting, and that his winnings on Baralmo were simply an accident.

But it was the purchase of a pink carnation, wonderful in color and vigor, which had been named by a Boston experimental florist after Mrs. Lawson that made Mr. Lawson explained that incident while I haw swith him, and his explanation threw a new light upon his character. He bought the flower originally as a matter of sentiment, but the sum he offered was comparatively small. Mr. Higginbotham of Chicago bid \$25,000 for the Lawson pink. When he heard this news Mr. Lawson sat down with a florist friend and figured out the possibilities of the new flower as a business invest ment. He closed the matter in a few minutes by paying \$35,000. Some time later on the florist bought back the right to the Lawson pink. When he heard this later on the florist bought back the right to the Lawson pink was a flustrated to run their automobile down and and the day between the consciouse to control gas affaired to run over that fellows the manufacture for the world. He was a flustrated to run their automobile down a particular road but they found a fellow that the day the was because the warned to run their automobile down a particular road bout and they did not dare to run over that fellows a stable of th

I learned as the market manager of the Standard Oil interests I felt free to use publicly at any time. Mr. Rogers again and again assured me that I was the only man who had ever been admitted within the Standard Oil 'system' on such terms. To secure my co-operation they violated their fundamental law of secrecy. But they were fully warned of my attitude in advance.

To Gverthrow the "System."

"All through that time I had, deep down in my heart, the plan which I am carrying out now. Each day brought me nearer to the day when I could expose the whole system of fraud to the public. Having that idea always present with me I was careful to avoid deals or partnerships which involved any loss of independence to act when the day for action came. I have been worth as much as \$18,000,000, and I have lost as much as \$14,000,000. But never have I altered my purpose to awaken the public to a realization of the great orimes committed against them in the name of finance.

"I have just begun. Before I get through the people themselves will understand how to overthrow the 'system.'

"I have just begun. Before I get through the people themselves will understand how to overthrow the 'system.' They have but to sell back to the manipulators their watered securities and sell and sell, and they will find that the 'system' will not buy until prices have reached a point at which they represent real values. When that time comes, when the American people have compelled the 'system' to buy back the stocks which they have unloaded on the public, then we shall have got back to first principles.

stocks which they have unloaded on the public, then we shall have got back to first principles.

"I know my own size. I know the size of my enemies. But I also know the size and strength of 80,000,000 people. Publicity is the greatest agent of reform that civilization has produced, just as secrecy is the greatest instrumentality of fraud that the world has developed. The 'system' has been trying to save the great reckoning with the people by whispering—for the Wallstreet manipulator always whispers—that the crash in Amalgamated stock was due to the selling of large blocks by myssif and a group of plungers. That pretense will not save them. They are to be laid bare to the bone. I have sold no stocks this week save in the ordinary small transactions of a broker's business. The public has offered the pool manipulators the stocks which they have been praising so highly, and the pools refused to buy them. The people and the press are beginning to understand the thing I have been talking about. Let the people play the game of the 'system' against the 'system' and they will soon find out how they have been cheated out of hundreus of millions of dollars by methods that cannot stand daylight.

A Great Transacramation.

"If the people will stand by me, and I have always been open and honest

Mrs. Chadwick-A Nine Days Wonder

THERE is deep mystery behind a the news developments—my tery that involves the power of money upon security that is vagu questionable or even non-existent.

Above all these there is the myster ous dragging of Argirew Carnegie's naminto the case, his explicit and repeate denials of any knowledge of the womand the prompt assertion by sover lawyers and bankers that his name to at least one of the notes on which Mrs. Chadwick raised so much money, charge which had no small bearing upo aubsequent developments.

These are the known and undispute facts:

involved, must be settled without publicity or her uncle would cut her out of his will.

That her husband was ill at Carlsbad and had cabled to her for meney, but that the unfortunate indorsement of a Clevelander's note had left her temporarily without funds.

That an uncle with an imbecile son had left a fortune in Andrew Carnegie's trust, the principal to be paid to her on the son's death.

That this rich uncle had left her \$1,500,000, but that ready money was needed in order to gain possession of it.

That the father of her child had settled \$500,000 on him.

Mrs. Chadwick lived in Cleveland in a style that was compatible with any or all of these stories. There is no mystery about what became of the money. She simply squandered it. Her house is furnished in extravagant style; she tires of a lace curtain or a Sevres vase and gives it to a servant, ordering something else in its place; she buys diamond rings by the trayful; pearls by the pound; she took a party of 12 young Cleveland girls to Europe, where they traveled in the finest style. She had their portraits painted upon ivory and framed in 18-carat gold; sealskin coats are presents for her servants, grand planos for friends. It is related of heat that she had her house redecorated and refurnished as a Christmas present for her husband, all the work being done during their absence at the theatre one evening. She engages a suite of rooms her husband, all the work being done during their absence at the theatre one evening. She engages a suite of rooms at a New York hotel for a week, stays at another hotel and pays for the apartat another hotel and pays for the apartments she does not occupy as well as
for those she does. She travels in a
private car and by special train; she
keeps a staff of trained nurses in attendance upon her. It is said that she
has \$500,000 worth of jewels in her
Cleveland home. She is reckless in
spending money, reckless almost in

keeps a staff of trained murses in avertendance upon her. It is said that she has \$500,000 worth of jewels in her Cleveland home. She is reckiess in spending money, reckless almost to the extent of mania. The money went to Cleveland, New York and Paris tradesmen, to whom she always paid cash. She never ran bills with shopkeepers and her reputation among them is that of their best customers.

Mrs. Chadwick's position in Cleveland has been strange. She has never been in the best society of the older set, but the younger men and women have associated with her gindly, attracted no doubt by the splendor of her lavish entertainments. She fiashed across the sky of Cleveland four or five years ago when Dr. Chadwick brought her home his bride. He had a good practice, was a widower with a grown-up daughter and the owner of a handsome house at Euclid avenue and Genesse street, where she immediately began a social campaign that daxsled all but the staid and conservative old people.

Where she came from, who she was, set all Cleveland guessing, and the truth is still shrouded in mystery. When Herbert D. Newton such her for the 1100,000 he had lent her it was found that she was no other than Lydia De Vere, convict, forger and general swindler.

Both the marriage records show that Dr. Chadwick married Mrs. C. L. Hoover in 1897. The identity of Lydia De Vere and Lylie Bigley is established beyond a doubt. Lydia, or Lylie, was the daughter of a farmer named Bigley, who lived near Woodstock, Ont., and there she lived with her widowed mother until she was married to an elderly Cleveland man named G. L. Hoover. That was about 1885. Twelve years later her relatives heard that she had become a widow and married a rich Cleveland doctor. In the mean time Lydia De Vere had served a term in the Ohio penitentiary for forgery. A sister of hers is Mrs. Campbell of Woodstock, Ont., and she says she is Mrs. Chadwick's sister, but professes not to know of Lylie's career as Lydia De Vere.

Lydia De Vere's specialty was winning the confidence o

and other pool stocks is only a bubble on the surface. The final revelation and the final solution are yet to come into sight."

Just as the close of the stock market

Just as the close of the stock market was imminent I heard a tiny tinking. Mr. Lawson pulled his gold watch from his pocket. It was ringing.

"It is 3,0'clock." he said with a smile, "the stock market is just closing." Just then the telephone bell rang and Mr. Lawson put the receiver to his ear and laughed as he listened. "No," he answered softly, through the instrument. "I am not locked up with Mr. Rogers, but with a man who has more power." Then he turned to me, rocking back strongly on his heels and clasping his hands behind his square head.

"I mean that." he said. "There is more power in the pen of one honest writer in the service of an honest, fearless newspaper than in all the wealth

