# VERY HIGH FINANCE

## Being the Inside and Romantic History of the Recent Financial Crisis—By Thomas J. Vivian and Grena J. Bennett, Authors of "The Dream Battle," "Picking Up the Threads," Etc.—Dramatic Rights Reserved

CHAPTER I.

**The House of Gold.**

WHATEVER may have been the thought of John Patrick Tynan in the world of finance there is no doubt that at home he was tenderest husband, the most indulgent father and the most charming host that ever lived.

Whatever may have been thought of J. P. Tynan at home there is no doubt that in the world of high finance he was estimated to be the shrewdest manipulator of stocks that ever kept Wall street on the tenter-hooks, was adulated as the King Midas that could make or break the fortune of a courtier at a nod, and was hated as the gambler with other people's millions who held men but as the red mud of the earth.

The out-of-town home which Mr. Tynan had built for himself in the Round Hills at a cost of $1,500,000—the profits of a single deal in preferred oil—bore the modest and pastoral name of "Cozy-nook." The sweet simplicity of the appellation when compared with the glaring magnificence of the estate was in its way as great a contrast as the Tynan of the home and the Tynan of "The Street." "Cozy-nook" stood on the top of a hill from the southern slopes of which all the trees had been cleared so that men might see how gorgeous a palace the plutocrat lived in now, while in the center of the cleared patch stood a log cabin some 14 feet square that had been moved to its present position from a bottom land in Carolina. In the log cabin John Patrick Tynan had been born and from the marble portico of the palace to the low doorway of the hut there ran a broad, smooth driveway so that Mr. Tynan, when he swept down to the depot in his 60-horsepower Mercedes might get the good object lesson of what Tynan was and Tynan had become—the great, good, unmistakable lesson of what money will do for a man.

In the furnishings of "Cozy-nook," also, there was good evidence of what a good thing gold is. The house was richer in art treasures than the New York Metropolitan museum; there were tapestries on the walls that surpassed those in the Louvre; paintings whose signatures ran back to Botticelli and up to Whistler; and ecclestastical glories whose looting had left bare spots in half the mediaeval churches of Europe.

To be sure, artlovers—poor little fellows whose total income in a year was not that of Tynan's in a day—had the insufferable impudence to poke fun at the Tynan treasures. They quoted these details that they had seen at a German punchbowl on a Japanese shrine table, that one sat on a Grand Rapids gilded chair to write at a Louis XIV desk, and that on a superb marble mantel-piece before which Tuscan lords had lounged in the 13th century there stood a gorgeous gilt clock that had taken a prize at the St. Louis exposition.

One of the many secrets of Tynan's success was his assiduity. He was a tireless worker, had been a tireless worker from the days when he made his first quarter by pulling ginseng root from the Carolina hills up to these days when he was making millions by the transfusion of water in stocks into a golden stream; and he was in the habit of saying that he supposed he would be busy on his deathbed. President of two banks, a director in 14; owning the controlling interests in the entire system of southern railways; the potentiality in the gas and electric plants of half a dozen cities; a large stockholder in the great copper and silver interests in the west; and holding the voting balance in half a dozen monopolies of the necessities of existence—it is little wonder that John Patrick Tynan was a busy man. He was always busy and though this afternoon he had returned from what had been one of the busiest days of his life he brought his business with him.

"Don't get out, stay where you are, Dad," said Janet Tynan as his big motor swept up to the marble stairway that led up from the broad road to the portico. "You looked fagged out. Let's go for a spin up through the hills."

"I can't, my dear; I can't," said Tynan, kissing her. "I haven't time. Four men are coming here this evening whom I must see."

"Dad, it isn't fair to you or to me that you should bring your business home with you. You're getting as wrinkled and as bald as 'John Anderson, my Jo.'"

"And you look as bonny and trig as Highland Mary."

"You look five years older than when you left this morning."

"You look five years younger than when I kissed you good-bye at breakfast. Come now," said Tynan, bringing this little litany or playful love to an end, "you get in and go for a ride and don't bother about my business. It is because I bother about my business that you need not bother about anything."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Janet, "you are the dearest father that ever lived. I don't mind your growling. People tell me they are afraid of you; that the men in your office call you 'thundercloud' and gimlet eyes. They don't know."

"Don't know what?" said Tynan, holding the girl from him with both his great hands clasped around her arms and dropping the heavy bush of his eyebrows over those same gimlet eyes. "What is it they don't know?" he roared. "What is it you know that no one else knows?"

"That your heart is as tender as a woman's; that you wouldn't injure a fellow-creature—if it was to save or make a million dollars; that you are as honest as the stars are bright up here; that you have never done a mean act in order to get money; and that you are the dearest example on earth that honesty is the best policy."

As Janet added line after line to this ode of loving adulation, Tynan squared his huge shoulders as Father Jacob doubtless did when wrestling with his angel, his grip closed hard on his child's arms and into his eyes came a flame that was not the glint of a gimlet point but a flash like that of lightning.

"You mean that, don't you, Janet?" he asked.

"Why of course I do."

"Well," said Tynan dropping his daughter's arms—and he had hurt them, too—and giving himself a sort of wet-retriever shake, "you just keep on believing that, for it will be a damn bad day for both of us, daughter dear, when you think otherwise. Now, go and take your ride, up around the hills and see how the new house is progressing."

"Oh, bother the new house," said Janet. "Father, what in the name of common sense do you want of another home, and why in the world should you build on the top of a mountain?"

"I'll answer you categorically," said Tynan. "I'm building another house because I presume that in the course of time you might like this one."

"Well," said Janet, "why shouldn't you stay here and let me climb to the hill-top?"

"Not on your life," cried Tynan, bringing one hand down on the other with a slap. "And you have been looking down on me? No, sir! no one looks down on John Patrick Tynan; not even his daughter, not even his well-beloved daughter. 'Eagle's Nest' is the highest point on these mountains and there I build. And if it wasn't the highest point I'd cart up dirt until it was—if the carting cost me a million dollars."

"You're a proud man, aren't you, Daddy," said Janet.

"I've got a daughter that has helped me to feel so. And that, I think, will close this family discussion, for as I told you I have four men to meet, and by the same token here comes one of them—with your mother."

When Tynan made terms they were as a rule unquestionably accepted, but when he said "your mother" he used a term which Janet never had accepted. Mrs. Tynan was not her mother, not the mother who had cuddled her in the struggling Carolina days, but a stepmother who had come in the days of the Tynan glory.

Tynan had one creed, "I believe in serving God and Mammon," and Mrs. Tynan's creed was still more simple and concise, "I believe in one God, gold." Tynan's devotion to gold was not that of the miser, for he never opened his safe to gloat on the piles of gilt-edged securities as Gould and Sage used to do. He loved gold for the power and ease and beautiful things that it brought, and among these latter was surely the second Mrs. Tynan.

The Mrs. Tynan—she whom Janet remembered—was a plain, motherly creature with a grammar that sometimes swerved, but a heart that never did. The second Mrs. Tynan had been toasted as a beauty from Washington to Newport. Her manners were as faultless as the curves of her neck and her syntax as correct as the fit of her wonderful gowns. Before she attracted John P. Tynan she had been one of five sisters, all equally pretty, equally poor. As Mrs. Tynan she had thousands to spend without a thought for other thousands; while as Miss Orme the outlay of a dollar had been a matter of calculation. Her diamonds had been the subject of a hundred newspaper articles, and she had spent more for one pet dog than her family had paid on a year's grocery bills. Small wonder Mrs. Tynan loved money. Small wonder that she valued John P. Tynan's love.

Yet there had been a time when she hesitated as to the disposal of her beautiful self. Another man of millions, Stanley Barholm, had wooed her at the very time Tynan was pressing his suit—a younger, handsomer man than Tynan, too—but one day Miss Orme was told casually by her father that Tynan had cleaned up $2,000,000 in a struggle on Wall street and that the man who lost in the flurry was Barholm. Put chronologically the deal was closed at 11:30 a. m.; Tynan's big red motor car was outside the Ormes at 4:15 p. m. and Miss Elsie Orme had promised at 4:46 to be Mrs. Tynan.

Being Mrs. Tynan meant being to her husband at once the trustee of his love and pride. He was as fond of her as he was proud of her. She was the living evidence that he had "won out" in his rivalry with Barholm—and many others; she was the lovely proof of a good investment. Tynan's wife was part of Tynan's glory. Tynan's love for his daughter was a deeper thing. That which touched Janet touched his heart. Tynan's love for his wife was the love of achievement; that which touched her touched his pride.

Janet knew the difference between the loves; she knew the place held by each in Tynan's life and she was not jealous. She was not jealous even when she knew that the package which her father drew from his pocket as Mrs. Tynan came forward, was something for Mrs. Tynan's neck or ears or wrists, for her father was always bedecking his—investment. But she was jealous of all that touched her father's honor—jealous by proxy so to speak—and she never saw Barholm with her stepmother without an indefinable unease.

There was no unease, though, about Barholm. He was suavity itself; smoothness from the top of his sleek head to the soles of his dapper feet. A younger man than Tynan, but as rich. Indeed some said richer, but Tynan always smiled grimly whenever that was said in his hearing.

"Hello, Barholm," said Tynan, looking at his watch, "am I late or are you early?"

"I guess I'm early," replied Barholm. "I crossed in the boat before yours."

"That so?" said Tynan with a glint of the gimlet-eyes. "I called you up at twelve-thirty and they said you'd gone and I didn't leave until three-fifteen."

"Was it anything very pressing you wished to speak to me about?" asked Barholm.

"I didn't want you to forget this evening's meeting," said Tynan.

"I wasn't likely to," said Barholm, "when I learned that it would bring me here."

"But Stanley," said Mrs. Tynan," you surely do not need the lever of a business meeting to move you to Round Hills."

"No," said Barholm, "I don't think I need a business meeting as a motive."

"Of course not," said Tynan in his big bluff voice, "The open door of 'Cosy-nook' and a share in the quiet family comforts of his friend's family circle are at Stanley's disposal and they are free gifts that he will appreciate."

"At their full market value," said Barholm, bowing.

"Certainly," said Tynan, "at their full market value, and that, of course, means that anything tending to depreciate the stock will result in a flurry in the market."

"Well," said Janet, "are you gentlemen discussing ethics or finance?"

"My dear," said Tynan, "we're discussing both. We are establishing a domestic position by the aid of a financial illustration. That is so, is it not, Barholm?"

"Oh, Lord, yes; I suppose so," said Barholm.

"Oh, Lord, yes; it has to be," said Tynan, squaring himself in the old attitude that Wall street knew so well. "The position is understood, Barholm. The stock is cornered. I have made the deal that you tried to and the man that tried to break into that corner or to start that deal afresh will hear from me."

"John," said Mrs. Tynan, "I see Miller coming with what looks like a dispatch. Perhaps it is something he wishes to give you."

"Elsie," my dear wife," said Tynan, "you have ever been discretion itself. It is a splendid quality, isn't it Barholm?"

"Sure," said Barholm, "'twill save you from a thousand snares to be discreet while young. I don't quite remember, John, whether that is just what Dr. Watts said, but if it isn't literally exact, it's admirably apt. Discreet while young is a good phrase, John."

"What do you mean, Barholm?" said Tynan, turning sharply.

"Why, it's plain enough," said Barholm. "If we're going to be so eminently proper when mature and if we are to pay such close regard to what Miss Janet calls 'domestic ethics,' it is just as well if it comes to a—— let us say an issue, to remember that past records are sometimes a useful asset in balancing the present."

"Indeed they are," said Tynan, "and this time there is no corner in that stock. Barholm," continued Tynan, "I've known you 20 years and I don't think I ever came so near understanding you as I do at this present moment."

"Clear as glass," laughed Barholm.

"Glass is damned easy shattered," said Tynan, drawing out of the woman's hearing.

"Not by those who live in glass houses, John P. Tynan," said Barholm.

CHAPTER II.

**The Black Pearls.**

The dispatch that Miller brought was from T. W. Moser, the great steamboat man, and on reading it Tynan said, "Barholm, Moser wires me that he will be here on time. Will it inconvenience you to dine with us, so that you may be here for the meeting? Why don't you and Janet go for a ride while I attend to some preliminary business."

And, to complete his strategy Tynan, with a remembrance of his observations of fine manners in the old Carolina days, offered his arm to his wife and conducted her into the house.

When they were in the library, Tynan opened the package which Janet had seen him take from his pocket, and while removing the rubber bands and the tissue paper wrappings, said:

"I haven't forgotten, my dear, that it is your birthday, but I have a disappointment. I had intended, Elsie, to give you those black pearls that we saw at Tiffany's, but when I went there with the order to make them up, I found to my disgust that they had been captured by another man. I should have gone there before, dear, because I know how fond you are of black pearls, but failing those, here are a few rubies which I have heard you say are next in your favor."

By this time Tynan had the parcel opened and had taken out a blood-red necklace, which he held by the ends ready to clasp them around her neck. A wave of color almost as deep as that in the precious stones swept over Mrs. Tynan's face.

"John," she said, "you almost overwhelm me sometimes with your incessant kindness. Never think of the pearls with such gorgeous rubies in sight."

She held out both her hands to take the necklace, curiously ignoring Tynan's obvious intent to place the jewels where they belonged, and as she held out her hands the gesture was accompanied by a shrinking movement of the shoulders that might have been either an evidence of repulsion or an attempt at concealment. Tynan took it to be the former.

"Are you sure you're not disappointed, Elsie?" he asked.

"Why no, John, why should you refer to that again, when I have assured you that there is more than compensation in your hands?"

"Because you seem to wish rather to hold than to wear this 'more than compensation,' as you call it."

"How absurd."

"Then let me put these on," said Tynan, and there was a new tone in his voice—a tone that was well known at the office, but very seldom heard at home.

At the change of tone, Mrs. Tynan stepped back and involuntarily, it seemed, one hand went quickly and somewhat fluteringly to the black lace yoke of the dark-colored gown which she always affected.

This time Tynan saw concealment in the gesture and when he next spoke there came more than a change of tone—the "thunder-cloud" of his face accompanied it. Tynan was getting angry, and Tynan anger was something against which no man or woman could stand. The "gimlet-eyes" were sharp as needles and his voice was as steady as needles, too. With the eyes he looked back of Mrs. Tynan's hand and saw a string of black pearls!

The hands holding the ruby necklace lost their attitude of proferring a love gift and fell at his sides. In the left he held the string of red stones and the right hand pointed menacingly to the black jewels. Tynan seemed to find an actual difficulty of speech. He choked as though there was a real clutch at his throat.

"Where did you get them?" he said, with a queer rasp in his voice.

"Where did I get them?" repeated Mrs. Tynan. "Is this not something new?"

"I pray it may be," said Tynan, "but your question is no answer to mine. Where did you get them?"

"John," said Mrs. Tynan, "that is the first unworthy question you ever asked me."

"And you meet it with a still more unworthy evasion."

"Evasion!"

"Yes, evasion. For God's sake, Elsie, don't force me to add something worse to it. Don't say another word for, my dear wife, when Tiffany told me that some other man had captured the pearls he gave me his name. Barholm got those pearls. Take them off!"

The pearls looked very black now for Mrs. Tynan's face and neck were very white.

"John," she said, "this is an insult."

"Elsie," said Tynan, "it is more. It is a shame—it is your shame. Take them off!"

He advanced threateningly, the thunder-cloud of his face black as night. She fumbled with the clasp at the back of her neck and Tynan, losing all control of himself at the delay, tore the necklace from her hands. Throwing the black pearls to the floor he raised his foot as though the grind them into powder, then checked the fall of the heel, smiled unpleasantly, picked up the pearls and dropped them into his coat pocket.

"No," he said, "I guess I'll keep them. They'll come in handily some day."

John P. Tynan was too tried a campaigner to show for long the stress of the battle which he had fought and which he hoped he had won; a headache as a sequence to a family scene. Janet was in ignorance of the disastrous interview between her father and Mrs. Tynan, and so effectually did Tynan keep Barholm in tow that Mrs. Tynan was not able to give that lightning point of the finger to her neck and the tragic glance which she had planned as an indication that there had been trouble over the black pearls, so that Barholm, being uninformed, was as sleek and jaunty as ever. Under these conditions the dinner was an artificial success, and after it Tynan, still keeping a short towline on Barholm, steered him into the library, where the conference was to take place.

There were five conferees—three besides Tynan and Barholm—the other men being Peter Sterling, the weazened, hatchet-faced nominal head of the Stuyvesant Trust company, though Barholm was the power of the great institution; T. W. Moser, the handsome, full-bodied controller of the General Transportation company, and O. W. James, the arch-angel of a dozen light opera companies and the spectacular president of the Gotham bank.

"One moment, Barholm," said Tynan.

The hour was an inconvenient one; the place of meeting was thoroughly out of the way for the majority attending, the call had been hurried and limited to a few words over the telephone, yet not one of those there had hesitated a momtnt about accepting the summons nor had jet any previous engagement interfere. Millionaires, multi-millionaires, the great powers of finance, the handlers of the monetary destinies of New York, they had come at John P. Tynan's call, because John P. Tynan was the despot, the arbiter of finance, the irresistible motive power in the money mills; the "He who must be obeyed," in the world of coin.

There was a reason, too, for their being at the Round Hills palace other than the personal control of Tynan. There was an uneasiness in financial affairs that had passed from being an abstract condition into one of audible discontent. People were getting restless; the spirit of investigation was abroad; ugly revelations had been made before committees of inquiry by witnesses who had grown old in a day under pitiless cross-examinations. The money markets of the whole country were "tender" and the men controlling these markets were distrustful of each other.

An honest president had gone up and down the land strenuously decrying "predatory wealth" and the necessity of a house-cleaning in the exchange halls, and an honest people listening to him had been swept away from their ordinary powers of discrimination into a state of alarm. In the language of the man on the street, "things were in a bad way" and it only needed a touch to turn that alarm into a panic.

This and a good deal more, for the meeting was confidential, was said and talked about in John P. Tynan's splendid library. Not only was the meeting confidential, it was informal. All met as financial equals but the conference was dominated easily by Tynan. Moreover, it was at his house that they met and it was he that had called them together.

"Of course, gentlemen," said Mr. Tynan, "there is nothing official about this conference. We are no stated body to pass resolutions, but we represent allied interests and it seems to me possible that we can arrive at conclusions that may direct a common course of action."

"Just what is it you want us to consider?" asked Mr. Sterling in his piping voice.

"Generally the financial question," said Tynan. "Specifically, such measures as should be instantly adopted to relieve that condition."

"Way, Tynan," said James, "aren't you a little pessimistic? Of course, I know there must be some grave weighty reason for getting us together, but I don't see anything that's alarmingly urgent."

"Well, James, that's because you're young," said Tynan. "The theatres are full every night, and so you think this flurry is a sort of light-comedy episode. Now mark me, something's got to be done or there'll be a change of bill."

"Do you mean to a tragedy?" asked Barholm.

"That's just what I do mean," replied Tynan, swinging around in his big library chair, "and you ought to know that."

"Is this where we get specific?" retorted Barholm.

"It's a case in point," said Tynan, and the points in his gimlet-eyes were very plain then.

"Aren't we jumping into the specific before we handle the general?" asked Moser uneasily, for he somehow scented mischief.

"Thank you, Moser," said Barholm, "doubtless Tynan has good reasons for his precipitancy."

"There are——" Tynan began and then checked himself.

His hand was being forced too quickly. He had called the meeting because of the fever in the money markets and because he felt that there were no other five men in New York that could allay that fever and save the day. He had seen the necessity of doing something to avert disaster and now at a time when clear heads and united hands were necessary to fight for full pockets, one man's clouded heart was a drum-beat on the road to ruin with every pulsation it took.

Tynan's quick anger was a matter of notoriety, yet it had never swept him into doing an unreasoning thing, but now Tynan's anger was unreasoning, utterly so, for it was the anger of jealousy. Yet it was not insensate, for his first physical impulse to shake the sleek Barholm as a shaggy mastiff might shake an impudent little fox terrier had lasted but a second and then had come the plan of revenge. He would still shake Barholm, but it should be a financial shaking that would leave him an empty wreck.

So Tynan gulped down the retort that would have forced the issue and the talk became general. But the master hand had not lost its cunning and he easily swept the current of talk into his selected channel. They were speaking of the necessity of turning slow assets into quick assets so as to strengthen reserves without exciting public suspicion.

"Well," said Tynan, "there is one certain, easy way of doing that. Don't let us liquidate that in which the general public is concerned; let us realize on our own mutual indebtedness. Gentlemen," he went on, "there has been too much free and easy borrowing and lending. Without being dishonest we have been over-friendly in mutual accommodations. We owe each other millions upon millions; money enough to save the day. Now I propose that we begin the work of safety with ourselves and with myself. I don't know at this instant how much paper there is out against me or its time limit. But leave the time out of the question and I'll begin tomorrow to take up my loans. But this must work both ways. It's imperative that it should. I owe a lot of money and I'm also owed a lot of money. I begin to pay tomorrow, gentlemen, but I also begin to collect."

The other four occupants of the Tynan morocco-covered chairs moved uneasily. This was a house-cleaning with a vengeance.

"Is this finance or heroics?" asked James.

"It's both," answered Tynan. "It's heroic finance, and if I am not mistaken it means that I draw on you tomorrow for $800,000."

Barholm might be the fox terrier and Tynan the mastiff, but there was no yellow in the terrier.

"Go on," said Barholm, "you've got other figures. What will you call on me for?"

"Why," said Tynan, narrowing his lids, "I can't just say, but I should think a check for $3,000,000 would cover it."

"Might as well make it eight," laughed Barholm, "if you insist on instant liquidation."

"Well," said Tynan, "what's the matter of a few figures to a man who can afford a hundred thousand to satisfy a fancy in black pearls?"

"Ho, oh! John Patrick Tynan," said Barholm, flicking the ash from his cigar, "I thought so."

CHAPTER III.

**Diamonds vs. Hearts Win.**

By the calendar it was October 23, and therefore a time of cool, fall weather; but as a matter of climatic fact the day had the mildness of early spring—was so mild, indeed, that all three of the great windows of Tynan's private office, fronting on Broad street, were thrown wide open.

Through these windows came an unsteady roar that was "like the sound of many waters." Its sub-bass was the steady diapason of the city's life; but over that there rose and fell a series of shouts and cries that came from near at hand. They came from struggling, fighting knots of men gathered on the curbstone on Broad street and around the corner on Wall; from the hurrying masses of men that strove about the doors of the exchanges; from the open windows of the stock markets; where wild-eyed brokers were fighting like slaves in the arena; from shrill-voiced newsboys shrieking their hysterical news; and from a thousand throats made strident by their owners' nervousness.

There were black doings on the street. Such a shaking up, such a rattling of the dry bones had not been heard since the fateful days of '89. Some one, some master had precipitated a demand for sudden liquidation—the instantaneous payment of obligations. No one seemed to know just exactly where the first crushing demand had been made, but every one knew that this demand had brought a rush for settlement all along the line. It was as though some one had toppled over the first of a row of bricks and as though each brick in falling had leveled its neighbor.

There were five men who knew the row of bricks was toppling and whose foot it was that had kicked over the first brick, but though O. W. James had once or twice been led into the weakness of a newspaper interview, none of them was the man to take the public into his confidence. They were workers in the dark, the silent powers of Wall street, the hidden movers of millions. But clever, unscrupulous manipulators as they were, accustomed to flurries as they might be, and aware as they were of what one man's moving hand could do, they stood amazed at the destruction that had followed the practical adoption of Tynan's program for a reestablishment of true values.

But Tynan was not surprised for Tynan knew of the wind and water that has swollen securities ten times past their safety limit. He knew that if the squeeze were started a thousand big concerns and a hundred big men might be swamped in the collapse, but he knew that Barholm would be one of the men so swamped and that the wreckage of his rival's house would be so far carried into the sea of ruin that it would never be heard of again.

So Tynan sat in his big office and listened to the roar in the street and waited for the appeal which he felt sure would come.

It was anything but an appeal, however, that was made when Peter Sterling brushed past the guardians at Tynan's door and staggered into Tynan's presence, furious and haggard.

Sterling was an old man when he sat in the conference in Tynan's library, but he seemed 20 years older now than he was then and that was only three days ago. He faced Tynan with wild, angry eyes and shook with excitement when he spoke.

"Nice, pretty piece of work you've done, Tynan!" he cried.

"Keep quiet, Peter," said Tynan. "There is no occasion for wildness—this is a time for the steady hand."

"Wild! Steady!" screamed Sterling. "you're a nice one to talk of being wild. It's your damned wild work that is ruining us; that is ruining the street; ruining the city and, if you don't look out, it will ruin the whole blamed country. What the hell are you up to anyhow?"

"Look here, Sterling," said Tynan, showing answering anger for the first time, "I object to your personalities. I'm not the only officer on the financial ship; I'm not the captain that's wrecking her. Didn't we agree last Tuesday that a necessity of the time was a readjustment of securities? You conceded that an operation was necessary and now, at the first touch of the knife you squeal and squirm like an old woman, and talk like a French dragon instead of a Baptist deacon."

"Oh, I do, do I?" cried Sterling, his old man's voice quivering with rage. "I squeal and swear do I? Well maybe you'll have a chance of showing how you behave under the knife. I'm not blind, Tynan, you're doing dirty work! You're pulling down things for your own purpose, but thank the Lord you'll go down with us."

"Oh, I guess not," said Tynan.

"Oh, I guess yes," retorted Sterling. "Don't you believe that you're the only man who can pull down. Look to your own house, Pat Tynan, and look at this paper! And good-day and be damned to you."

And with that Peter Sterling staggered out as he had staggered in. The paper which he had flung on Tynan's desk lay there with its scare headlines in type big enough and black enough to be read across the room. Ordinarily Tynan never looked at the paper, but the paper was looking at him now—full in the face. "Panic Traced to Tynan!" that was the main line and underneath it "Financial Upheaval Due to a Family Feud! Financier's Jealousy Responsible for Widespread Ruin! Strange Romance of Private Hate and Public Disaster!"

Tynan couldn't help hearing the indictment, and as he read his gimlet eyes snapped and the thunder cloud gathered above them.

"So this is what that old dodderer meant!" he cried, "and this is how Barholm fights!"

Then Tynan read the story: Of how, while the crowds, vicious in their fright, were storming the Barholm bank and looting it of every greenback and gold piece it held. Barholm had found time in the storm and wreck to tell a marvelous story. Of how Barholm had accused J. Patrick Tynan of bringing about the financial crisis in order to wreck Barholm through motives of personal jealousy. Of how Tynan's hate was so rabid that he had not stopped at precipitating a general ruin, if in that general ruin he could work a private grudge. Of how Barholm accused Tynan of being a traitor to the people, a public menace and the cause of national discredit.

As Tynan read, the inner baize-covered private door of his office swung on its double hinges and his wife and daughter entered. Tynan must have been unnerved at what he had read, for he made the foolish move of trying to conceal the newspaper, as though hiding one copy would destroy the flamboyant publicity that went with 100,000 copies.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, huskily.

Their methods of reply were characteristic of the two women. Janet went up to her father, put one hand on each side of the big, troubled head, pulled down the fierce face to the level of her own pitying one and kissed it.

"Are things very bad, daddy?" she asked.

"Pretty bad, pretty bad," replied her father.

"Well," said Janet, "that's the reason I'm here."

Meanwhile Mrs. Tynan had been looking out one of the windows at the seething, howling street, and, turning, said:

"Are things so bad between us, John, that with that danger rising about you there should be any question as to the reason for my being at your side? It can't be as bad as that, John. I've been foolish, but not so unwise as to debar me from being legitimately your helpmeet."

"That's true, dad, that's true," said Janet, holding tight to her father's arm. "She has talked to me as she never talked before. Told me all. Talked almost as mamma might have talked."

"And look, John," said Mrs. Tynan coming forward and laying her hand on Tynan's other arm, "don't you see that I may have thought that all you cared for was money and that if I find you value my unshared love—or are even jealous of anything like a partition of it, that I may see how good it is to be mistaken and may wonder at and admire your sacrifice. For you have sacrificed, haven't you? The papers say you have sacrificed your fortune in order to ruin a man who was a trespasser on your family preserves. That is true, isn't it?"

"There's a lot of truth in it," said Tynan. "There's a stampede on the Stuyvesant. Elsie, there's been bad work. There's always bad work when a man gets mad. That's where your money is. Forgive me, Elsie, I ought to have foreseen that."

"What does it matter, dear? Sometimes you've judged me right and sometimes you've judged me wrong, but now read this and judge."

And with that she handed him a note, a note from Barholm, a note warning her that there would be an assault on the Stuyvesant and advising her to draw out her funds. It was dated the morning of the preceding day.

"And did you get your money?" asked Tynan.

"No, John; you've made your sacrifice for me, don't you think I welcome the chance to show where I stood? The loss of a little money isn't the only ruin in one's life."

"No! By God!" cried Tynan, putting his arm around his wife and drawing her to him, "it doesn't mean ruin at all; it means our salvation, the saving of our love, the preservation of our home."

It was while they stood thus, Tynan his wife and his daughter in loving embrace, that there was a scuffle outside the door leading from the main office, the door swung open with a crash and Barholm broke into the room. Barholm with all his sleekness gone, his clothes awry, his cravat askew and his hat a ruin, for Barholm had fought his way—squeezed, wriggled, ducked his way—through a yelling mob; through two yelling mobs, really—one outside his own bank and the other outside Tynan's great business house. He was gone, smashed, beaten down; but so was Tynan, and he wanted to see how the great man bore it when he learned that if Tynan could pull down, Barholm could bury Tynan in the ruins.

So he burst into the room to tell Tynan of the common disaster and to gloat over Tynan ruined. There was more subtlety than that, though, in his plan. He wanted to tell Tynan that his ruin was not confined to the street, but took in his home, and that Tynan without money was a very different matrimonial asset from Tynan the millionaire. And all his triumphs went down with a clatter as he saw the group that meant greater faith, greater love.

"John Tynan—" he had shouted as he burst into the room, "you are——" Well, some people have the devil's own luck," he went on. "Reunited family—domestic felicity and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Do you want to see me, Barholm, about anything?" asked Tynan. Can I do anything for you?"

"Do anything for me?" repeated Barholm. "There's no need to turn the knife, Tynan. You've won out and I'm down and out, that's all. Good-bye."

"One moment, Barholm," said Tynan, gently loosening himself from his wife and daughter. "You never knew me to kick a man when he was down, I'm rich. These are my priceless jewels," pointing to his wife and daughter. "You're poor and here are jewels that belong to you. I've no doubt you could raise quite a tidy sum on them."

And with that Tynan drew from his pocket the string of black pearls and threw it on the desk beside which Barholm stood. Barholm looked at the gems a moment, then at Mrs. Tynan, saw no hope of recognition there and with his famous sneering smile pocketed the pearls and left.

# RICHEST PRIZE in *The* MARKET *of* MATRIMONY

(Continued from First Page of this Section.)

financier—one, that she is stingy; the other, that she is—well, cantankerous.

She does wear old clothes; she does carry securities, worth vast amounts, in a shabby black reticule; she does live in a $19 flat, four stories up in the air, sans elevator, over in Hoboken, handy to the ferry; she does fetch along her home-made lunch to the great Chemical National bank and eat it there, in her own modest little private office; yes, and, according to the corner grocer, she does send tall and graceful Sylvia there every morning to buy the frugal supply of a loaf of bread, a couple of eggs and a pitcher of milk, for which Sylvia pays cash.

But when her son Edward, who is learning to do in Texas with railroads what the Goulds and the Vanderbilts did in the north, wants a million or so to help things along down there, either in restraint or acceleration of trade as circumstances and his strategies may demand, she is always ready to dig into her balance of millions to, enable him to win his fight.

And when her daughter Sylvia has any social diversions she wants to indulge in, Sylvia somehow always seems to have as much money as she may require for her needs.

Or, if daughter Sylvia makes up her mind to go into New York society, she will take a handsome suite of apartments in the Park Avenue hotel, in New York, and have Miss Anne Leary, of Fifth avenue, chaperone her. And, it is Newport, with orchids, that she needs, her mother will strain a point to satisfy the whim, and go with her thither herself.

"If," remarks Mrs. Hetty Green, in calm defiance, "this be stinginess, I guess you'd better make the most of it."

As for being cantankerous, those who have gone to her with no specially predatory axes to grind, have found her the plain, simple, sensible woman, a little bit anxious, in these more recent years, to clear her name of the widely disseminated libels that have gathred about her business activities, just as they gather about prominent men financiers who make enemies in private and prefer to mind their own business in public.

And those who have gone at her with designs upon her money, fancying it easy because her shoulders do not carry the male striking muscles, have all wished they had tackled a tigeress or a buzz-saw. And, if that was cantankerousness, they had to make the most of it.

Whether or not her daughter Sylvia has ever been really proposed to, or proposed for, is a matter of some doubt, even among the most intimate friends of the family.

Eight years ago, when Miss Leary was introducing Miss Green to New York society, Francesco Serrano y Domingues, duke de la Torre, on Spaine, whom Miss Leary had met in her European travels, was very attentive. Society began to sit up verx alertly and take a good deal of notice.

But, over in Hoboken, on the door of the flat she occupied then at a $15 rental, Mrs. Green inscribed the name "Camp Dewey," to emphasize her intense patriotism, her admiration for the hero of Manilla, and her undying detestation of all things Spanish. She accorded to the press, as well, a significant interview:

"I don't know any Spanish dukes or any other kind of dukes."

The duke de la Torre did not marry Sylvia.

When the Earl of Yarmouth made his profitable tour of the United States, everybody had him engaged to the heiress of the Green millions. There was a highly exciting libel suit over it, because one newspaper had been indiscreet enough to dub him a "seven-cent earl" and a "fortune hunter."

After he had collected on the verdict he was, at least, a $2,500-earl, for that was what the jury appraised his noble feelings at. Mrs. Green and her daughter went to the court, on summons, to testify in his behalf and clear him of the imputation; but the Earl of Yarmouth, like the Dude de la Torre, didn't marry Sylvia.

And Matthew Astor Wilks, great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor, who is said to have given studious attention to the frivolities of the 400—society has reported him as an accepted fiance. But Matthews Astor Wilks hasn't married Sylvia.

She has no more pronounced liking for American society than she manifests for European nobility. There appears to be no handicaps waiting for the unfashionable, if honest, suitor. Mrs. Green, in expressing her plain, unbiased opinion of New York life, remarked:

"Some of the sets there are living in a worse manner than the people of Sodom and Gomorrah did."

"You see, just a plain, God-fearing—for she believes profoundly in the power of prayer—debt-paying, debt-collecting, frugal New England woman who, because her circumstances and her prudence have enabled her to amass immense riches, can perceive no reason why she should be extravagant with them.

"There is no need," she has declared, "of my making a splurge with my money here, or anywhere else, for that matter. I live just as I please; and I will continue to do so, if I have ten times as much money as I have now."

So much for character in the mother-in-law. As for her appearance, the photograph does for women in age precisely the opposite of the gracious office it usually performs for them in youth; where it made them more charming then, it makes them less handsome now.

But the grave, strong face of Hetty Green, with the luminous, frank eyes that light the living reality, belongs to a possible mother-in-law who could not fail to be as ornamental in that capacity as those who knew her years ago considered her attractive as a girl.

Why has not Sylvia married?

Only the young woman herself—and, doubtless, her mother—can tell, and the only man she will tell has not happened along yet. Somewhere—most probably right here in the United States—the man she is waiting for is waiting for her. If life is to treat her as fairly as it did her mother and all her grandmothers before her.

She has been the object of the most solicitous care and education which could be bestowed upon a daughter by one of the shrewdest mothers who ever lived, a woman shrewd, not in the meaning alone of financial acumen, but in the full, broad significance of maternal wisdom and perspicacity. Her own nature, obscured as it has been to the prying glance of publicity by the conspicuous personality of her mother, has many traits in common with that of the older woman. And they are far from being traits that are repellent.

The notoriety which has befallen Hatty Green and has largely overlooked her daughter has been a source of continual chagrin to both. So far from representing the blatant type of millionaires, so common, so universally exalted and so universally condemned, the most picturesque battles among the countless campaigns of Hetty Green's career have been made to keep inviolate the privacy which, in the days of her New England beliehood, was deemed the first essential of a lady.

The Hetty Green, whose original $5,000,000 of direct inheritance might have endured without diminution and without increment, would have been an unknown, unheard-of one out of scores who still preserve their freedom from the intrusion of publicity and rejoice in it as a priceless possession.

But Hetty Green with $60,000,000—for that is the latest estimate of her wealth—has had fame thrust upon her. The only occasions when she braved the fierce white light of the newspaper page have been when her fininclal interests practically compelled some public defense or when, outworn by insistent misrepresentations, she has consented to some interview, which should let a writer study in reality the woman of whom so many were writing in ignorance.

The notable decision of character, esteemed peculiar to Hetty Green, has been an endowment common to most of the mothers of the republic, an endowment upon which the republic's very foundations rest. Any New England town today will furnish scores of similar personalities, to whom the indulgent, even admiring phrase "capable" is commonly appllied.

Sylvia Green—quiet, retiring, self-effacing, as befits a daughter reared in the old school—has nevertheless given evidence that she is of the parent stock, evidence sufficient to let any man who courts her proffer his suit with open eyes.

It is a matter of choice, whether he wants a wife who will be so weak that she will implore him to beggar her with French chateaux, French danseuses and some seasons at Monte Carlo, or a woman who will keep her own purse in her own reticule and stand ready to cleave to him in his ruin and nurse him in his illness, as her mother did before her.

Sylvia Green's training has been the training which Hetty Green, some years ago, publicly urged for all daughters of wealthy parents.

Because a girl's father happens to be well off, observed the famous woman financier, is no reason why she should not have a business training.

She should have a share or more in some corporation in which her father owns stock—and she ought to manage her stock herself.

If her father is a business man, let him give her a small share in the business. If her parents own real estate, let them give her a title to a house, and see that she collects the rental and bargains for repairs.

In the first place, she noted, if the girl is a sensible girl, her father's business interests will improve under her attention. When she marries, she will make the better wife, for she will know how to counsel her husband in a crisis.

She will make a better mother, for she will be qualified to begin her son's business training while they are children. And, finally, she will be prepared in case she should be thrown upon her own resources.

There are not many men nowadays who will gainsay the dictum.

Only—only, the girl who has had such a training, and