DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY

MADE A MILLION IN A DAY. | promised even larger earnings in the

Abraham White Tells How It Feels to Acquire That Sum in Few Hours May Write Book.

(By Abraham White.)

***** Abraham White, 43 years old, Abraham White, 43 years old, born in the little town of La Grange, Tex., living in St. Louis and visiting New York on his summer vacation, went into Wall street at the beginning of the now historic boom in Union Pacific and Southern Pacific stocks and in a tax days heaped up riches in a few days heaped up riches exceeding \$2,000,000. On Aug. 17. the crucial day of the boom, his winnings were \$1,000,000. Mr. White's achievement was one of the most remarkable in the turbulent history of Wall street, and a he now ranks in the forefront of the country's greatest plungers. Below is Mr. White's own account of his picturesque speculation, written by himself.

Friends have asked me many times within the past few days how it felt to make a million dollars in a day. It was a most difficult question to answer, as I have never taken the time to analyze my emotions during successful business ventures, or others which did not come up to my expectations.

Of course, I expected elation. I shouldn't be human if I did not. There is tremendous gratification in having things turn out just as you have planned. A clockmaker or a boatbuild-er, an architect or a bridge engineer, who has carefully worked out his plans in advance, has seen them progress step by step, has met obstacles here and there which had to be overcome or else

the whole project would go to smash, feels boundless satisfaction when at last his creation is completed and he views it in its perfect form. It is the same with financial ventures. Those which are successful are not taken up in haphazard fashion with only the gambling instinct as the motive power and rudder. A gambler is only a guesser and guessing is always bad business. The navigator who steers a ship by guesswork is quite sure to run upon the rocks or shoals or into some other disaster before his voyage is end-

Few people appreciate that finance is the most intricate science in the world. It has more twists and ramifications than astronomy, medicine, chemistry or any ordinary science, but men who would never think of competing with a professional astronomer or profes-sional chemist in his own line of work, tackle the financial problem with airy confidence and back their judgment with their money in an amazing way. That is why Wall street is strewn with so many human wreeks. Few people appreciate that finance is so many human wrecks. But to come back to the original pro-

position. I had started on a definite campaign along fixed lines, based up-on knowledge and carefully gathered information. Weeks ago, when every-body and everything in Wall street were in the dolldrums and market bears i tenned in every office in the financial were in the dolldrums and market bears i teemed in every office in the financial district, I was a bull. And I was laughed at. I was confident of two things-the first, that Union Pacifiq would sell higher, and the second, that Southern Pacific would sell higher. I had studied both properties exhaus-tively and patiently weeks before. I knew their earnings were far out of proportion to their dividends, that Un-ion Pacific would have to give its stock-

ion Pacific would have to give its stock-holders more than 6 per cent, and that Southern Pacific, which had given them nothing, would have to make a sub-stantial return. The temper of the times demanded larger distributions, the earnings were there and all the agri-

ricultural and commercial conditions promised even larger earnings in the future. I tapped all the reliable sources of information at my disposal and found that the stocks which the army of bears were selling were being quietly and unostentationally taken by the men who neares have blindly. I waited day who never buy blindly. I waited day after day for 10 days, while the market was falling almost steadily, before I began to buy.

I began to buy. Some people may think I was gamb-ling in stocks. They were mistaken. If you were going to buy a house which you knew to be worth \$100,000, and with a rent yield of \$1,000 a year clear. and it was offered down and down to say \$6,000, you would not regard it as a gamble if you bought it. You would feel there was a certainty of profit in the transaction. That is exactly how. I feit, Stocks are like houses, shoes, the transaction. That is exactly how I felt. Stocks are like houses, shoes, groceries, hardware or any other val-uable commodity. They have intrinsic values which cannot be ignored in the long run, no matter what fluctuations they have a result of the waves of bullishness and bearishness which shut-tlecock their prices up and down.

Years of experience in Wall stree have taught me that common sense and a level head are assets of prime im-portance in all stock ventures, and that any plan worked out with those quali-ties, reinforced with knowledge and acties, reinforced with knowledge and ac-curate information, is quite sure to succeed, «That is why I bought and bought and bought the two stocks in which I had confidence. One of my brokers became anxious when I gave him an exceptionally large order and asked me how much U. P. I wanted at that level. I told him I would take the whole foating simply at the market. the whole floating supply at the market, An order of that kind meant all the Union Pacific shares offered on the stock exchange.

Friday, Aug. 17, was the crucial day that meant so much to me. Thurs-day the executive committee of Union day the executive committee of Union Facilic and Southern Pacific did what I was certain early in July they would have to do. U. P.'s dividend was in-creased from 6 to 10 per cent and S. P. was advanced from nothing to a 5 per cent stock. By noon of that day fortune had smilled upon me most lavishly. What I made is neither here nor there, but when 3 o'clock came I was offered \$1,000.000 for my profits in Union Pacific alone, which profits in Union Pacific alone, which I declined.

That night when I reached home I told Mrs. White that I would buy the McCall place at Long Branch for her. The previous Sunday we had looked over the estate—not with any serious intention of purchasing it, but more out of curiosity. The house has a spiendidly arranged music room, with perfect acoustic properties. Mrs. White has a rare soprano voice of White has a rare soprano voice of rich tone and wide range and it struck ne that the voice and the room were

me that the voice and the room were made for each other. Every man, I suppose, has his vani-ties, and I am not ashamed to say that the pleasure of what had been accomplished was all concentrated in the moment when I told Mrs. White that the beautiful place on the lersey ceast, with its magnificent furnishings and grounds, was to be hers. What she said was for no ears except my own. own. The publicity given my stock mar-

The publicity given my stock mar-ket success and the purchase of the McCall place brought with it respon-sibilities of an unexpected kind. Since the first of the week my mail has beeen increased 10 fold. Hundreds of letters have come to me from persons I do not know and of whom I have never heard, proposing that I take their money and invest it as I would my own. Those people have the get-rich-quick fever badly and are the last ones in the world who should temper with Wall street, which is full of snares and pitfalls for the un-wary. wary.

These letters demonstrated to me the vast influence of success. One could cut coupons off it were he so inclined. I am not. To all of these people I have written a stereotyped arswer, to this effect:

"I am opposed to ordinary methods of speculation-reckless' gambling-either in or out of Wall street, and I shall decline to accept moneys to be used in discretionary operations which I feel would ultimately lead to losses on the part of the people who are willing to trust their funds in this way." way.

It is amazing, almost inconceivable, the erroneous methods which men of the erroneous methods which men of some experience in Wall street mat-ters cling to with buildog tenacity. One of the most common, and to my mind the most unjustifiable. Is the stop-loss order. Men give it with the idea of protecting themselves against

loss. It is not a protection; it courts losses. This very morning I had a sharp example of its fallacy. Before the market opened a friend who has had reserves asked me to carry 200 Atchison for him. He asked me to buy at 100½ and put a stop loss at 99½. I told him that a stop-loss at 1 per cent below the purchase in such 1 per cent below the purchase in such a market as we are having was ab-surd and meant complete failure of his plans. He insisted, and I said surd and meant complete failure of his plans. He insisted, and I said nothing more, but I determined to put no stop-loss on this order. I bought the 200 shares of Atchison for him at 100½ and within three min-utes there were sales at 99½ which proved to be the low price for the day. Had I put the stop-loss on the order he would have been sold out at a loss. As it turned out, Atchison had a very rapid rise later that day, selling above 106. He sold at 105 ½ and made \$1,000 on the 200 shares. The stop-loss fallacy is only one

NOVEMBER 3 1906

and made \$1,000 on the 200 shares. The stop-loss fallacy is only one of a hundred or more. If ever I get the time I shall write a book on that subject, as the public, the average out-side trader, is surely in need of some such advice. I can write from the heart on that subject. I have had my ups and downs, and in our early married life Mrs. White and I had to make many sacrifices. Whenever I have made much money I always set aside a good percentage for my wife and try in every way to provide for aside a good percentage for my wife and try in every way to provide for her future.

In my periods of non-success she al-ways stood bravely by me, never lost confidence in me and endouraged me in every possible way. I have al-ways told her of my stock market operations, and when she thought I ring.

We have always tried to live moderate lives. Moderation has been our watchword, and we carry it into the little things of life as well as the big. little things of life as well as the big. I dearly love to smoke, but limit my-self to 365 cigars a year. If I smoke two cigars in one day I skip a day before smoking again. I am not a prohibitionist. I like wine and good beer, but I limit myself to one glass.

yet never moving toward a near or

far away goal. Many a time you've sympathized with that old horse and wondered if there was not some way in which he might be released from his toil and incessant tramp, tramp, tramp. But circumstances over which neither you nor the horse had any control kept him in his place and compelled him to plod on and on.

Have you ever stopped to think that the man who spends all the money he earns is like that old horse? Have you ever considered that if you are spending all of your money as it comes to you, week by week or month by month, in your pay envelope, you are working in a treadmill? Yet you are! At the end of the month you are no nearer the end of your ambitions than you were at the beginning. Naturally this does not apply to the man who is paying off each month a percentage of the indebtedness against his house, or creditors who have just accounts against him, But it does apply to the young man or the old man who lives to the full extent of his salary and at the end of the month has nothing to show for it save a couple of hundred cigar stubs, frayed theater tickets and

worn-out neckties and gloves. It's a good thing for a man to git down and figure out just how his money goes and then how money grows when once he begins saving it

grows when once he begins saving it systematically. Pennics, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars make up dollars, and dollars take to themselves wings very quickly when they are used for lux-uries and the unnecessary things of life. But these same pennics and all the rest grow randdly when they are grows!

ID you ever see a horse working in an old-fashioned treadmill? Always on the go, yet going nowhere. Always on the move, never moving toward a near or away goal. Many a time you've apathized with that old horse and ndered if there was not some way

he was then receiving. Some years ago a father of good reputation and well known in Pitte. burg, looked into the eyes of his first born when the little fellow was six hours old. There's nothing in this world makes a man teel his respond. billities quite so much as his first glances at his first born baby boy. Musing, the father sold to himself 'T am not a rich man. I am only a young man on a salary, but I will. God helping me, do this for my boy Today UI put 321 in baby boy young man on a salary, but I will, God heiping me, do this for my boy. Today I'll put \$21 in bank for him. When he is a year old I'll put \$20, when he is a year old I'll put \$20, when he is two I'll put \$19 and so en until he is 21." He began doing " The 21 years are not up yet, but note than a third of the time is, and having continued all these years the pro-poet is he will continue. When the boy is 21 the father will have place in bank for him the nife little new where it is drawing 4 per cent litteres compounded semi-annually, will amount to \$236.43. That will be a fine present to hand to the young voter when he comes to cry "There's a voter when he comes to cry "There's a man in the house."

It will be a good thing if you, young man, will take just as much of the money in your envolope as you can spare and put it in some good sav-ings institution and begin letting it grow. Do it every pay day for the years, more or less, and you'll be as tonished at the result.

Not alone in the results that the money will attain in the way of growth, but better still, in the result that the habit of thrift and econom

will bring forth in your own life. Nothing goes like money when goes! Nothing grows like money

You've tried letting it letting it grow

