



THE ELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COX" and "CONFESSION 1905 by the ROSS-DEWELL CONTINUED"

CHAPTER VII—Continued.
BLACKLOCK GOES INTO TRAINING.
I shall never forget the smallest detail of that dinner—it was a purely "family" affair, only the Ellerslys and I. I can feel now, the oppressive atmosphere, the look as of impending sacrifice upon the faces of the old servants; I can see Mrs. Ellersly trying to condescend to be "gracious" and treating me as if I were some sort of museum freak or menagerie exhibit. I can see Anita. She was like a statue of snow; she spoke not a word; if she lifted her eyes, I failed to note it. And when I was leaving—with my collar wilted from the fierce, nervous strain I had been enduring—Mrs. Ellersly, in that voice of hers into which I don't believe any other study of human emotion ever penetrated, said: "You must come to see us, Mr. Blacklock. We are always at home after five."

got no time to lose. I must be on my way down the aisle inside of three months. I give you a free hand. I'll do just what you say."
"The job's out of my line," he protested.
"I know better," said I. "I've always seen the parlor under the stable in you. We'll begin right away. What do you think of these clothes?"
"Well—they're not exactly noisy," he said. "But—they're far from silent. That waistcoat—!" He stopped and gave me another nervous blink. He found it hard to believe a man of my sort, so self-assured, would stand the truth from a man of his second-odd sort.
"Go on!" I commanded. "Speak out! Mowbray Langdon had on one twice as loud the other day at the track."
"But perhaps you'll remember, it was only his waistcoat that was loud—not he himself. Now, a man of your manner and voice and—you've got a look out of the eyes that'd wake the

good-naturedly. "How about my manners?"
"Not so bad," said he. "Not so rotten bad. But—when you're polite, you're a little too polite; when you're not polite, you're not polite."
"Show where I came from to—plainly!" said I. "Speak right out—loud and hard. Am I too frank for good form?"
"You needn't bother about that," he assured me. "Say whatever comes into your head—only, be sure the right sort of thing comes into your head. Don't talk too much about yourself, for instance. It's good form to think about yourself all the time; it's bad form to let people see it—in your talk. Say as little as possible about your business and about what you've got. Don't be lavish with the 'I's and the 'm's."
"That's harder," said I. "I'm a man who has always minded my own business, and cared for nothing else. What could I talk about, except myself?"
"Bliss if I know," replied he. "Where you want to go, the last thing people mind is their own business—in talk, at least. But you'll get on all right if you don't worry too much about it. You've got natural independence, and an original way of putting things, and common sense. Don't be afraid."
"Afraid!" said I. "I never knew what it was to be afraid."
"Your nerve'll carry you through," he assured me. "Nerve'll take a man anywhere."
"You never said a truer thing in your life," said I. "I'll take him wherever he wants, and after he's there, it'll get him whatever he wants."
And with that, I thinking of my plans and of how sure I was of success,



"SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO ENTER ME FOR—SAY THE SOCIETY SWEEPSTAKES—WHAT THEN?"

I stumbled in the hall; I almost fell down the broad steps. I stopped at the first bar and took three drinks in quick succession. I went on down the avenue, breathing like an exhausted swimmer. "I'll give her up!" I cried aloud, so upset was I.
I am a man of impulse; but I have trained myself not to be a creature of impulse, at least not in matters of importance. Without that patient and painful schooling, I shouldn't have got where I am now; probably I'd still be blacking boots, checking-writing for some bookmaker, or clerking it for some broker. Before I got my rooms, the night air and my habit of the "sober second" had cooled me back to rationality; but I was saying to myself, "I am worthier of her than are those moping mannikins she has been bred to reject. I am worthier for me—she belongs to me. I'll abandon her to no smirking puppet who'd wear her as a donkey would a diamond. Why should I do myself and her an injury by being so low as to let her go? I have been too badly brought up to know her own interest."
When this was clear to me I sent for my trainer. He was one of those spans, wily Englishmen, whose skin is tanned and painted hide—brown except where the bones seem about to push their sharp angles through, and there a frosty, winter apple red. He dressed like a Englishman, but he talked like a stable boy; but for all that, you couldn't fail to see he was a gentleman born and bred. Yes, he was a gentleman, though he mixed profanely into his ordinary low conversation more liberally than did I when in a rage.
I stood up before him, threw my coat back, thrust my thumbs into my trousers' pockets, and asked him how about like a ready-made tailor's dummy. "Monson," said I, "what do you think of me?"
He looked me over as if I were a horse he was about to buy. "Sound, I'd say," was his verdict. "Good wind—uncommon good wind. A goer, and a stayer. Not a lump. Not a hair out of place." He laughed. "Asman a bit high perhaps—for the track. But a grand reach."
"I know all that," said I. "You miss my point—Suppose you wanted to enter me for—say, the Society Sweepstakes—what then?"
"Um—um," he muttered reflectively. "That's different."
"Don't I look—sort of—new—as if the varnish was still sticky and might come off on the ladies' dresses and on the fine furniture?"
"Oh—that!" said he dubiously. "But all those kinds of things are matters of taste."
"Out with it!" I commanded. "Don't be afraid. I'm not one of those damn fools that ask for criticism when they know only flattery, as you ought to know by this time. I'm aware of my good points, know my own value, and better than anybody else in the world. And I suspect my weak points—always did. I've got on chiefly because I made people tell me to my face what they'd rather have grained over behind my back."
"What's your game?" asked Monson. "I'm in the dark."
"I'll tell you, Monson. I hired you to train horses. Now I want to hire you to train me, too. As it's double work, it's double pay."
"Say on," said he, and say it slow.
"I want to marry," I explained. "I want to inspect all the offerings before I decide. You are to train me so that I can go among the herds that'd shy off from me if I wasn't on that 'tilt the way."
He looked suspiciously at me, doubtless thinking this some new development of "American humor."
"I mean it," I assured him. "I'm going to train, and train hard. I've

self-insensitiveness was beyond cure. As said to him: "I'm afraid you might easier succeed in reducing my chest measure." But we worked away at it, and perhaps my readers may discover even in this narrative, though it is necessarily devoid of evidence of at least an honest effort not to be baldly boastful. Monson would have liked to make of me a self-deprecating sort of person—such as he himself, with the result that he would have always got the prize and he got left. But I would have none of it.
All this time I was giving myself—or thought I was giving myself—credit to my business as usual. I know now that the new interest had in fact crowded the things down town far into the background, had impaired my judgment, had suspended my common sense, and had no lack of this then. The most important matter that was occupying me down town was pushing textile up toward par. I had no doubt, little though they influenced me, still made enough of an impression to cause me to test the market. I sold for him at ninety, as he had directed; I sold in quantity every day. But no matter how much I used, the price showed me tendency to break.
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Arrested for Using Ferris.
Canton.—The first arrest by the Illinois game department on the charge of using ferris to hunt rabbits was made in McHenry county. Game Warden Corvick, made the arrest and the defendants were Frank and John Mulvena. The law explicitly states that no one is permitted to use a ferris to hunt rabbits under any circumstances for the purpose of hunting, capturing or killing any game, animals or rabbits.

Illinois Bakers Organize.
Decatur.—Officers of the Master Bakers' association of Illinois were elected at the meeting held in the council room as follows: President, C. A. Fischer, Belleville; vice president, J. E. Fisher, Aurora; secretary, E. T. Clissold, Chicago; treasurer, H. W. Melrose, Decatur. The executive committee consists of the following: Henry E. Lyons, Danville; L. F. Rickhoff, Champaign, and Martin Gradl, Belleville.

Votes to Dismiss Pastor.
St. Charles.—At the annual meeting of members of the Congregational church it was decided not to retain the present pastor, Rev. F. F. Lewis. The vote stood in favor of dismissal. Objections were made to the pastor's sermons when it was claimed he unjustly and too harshly criticized his congregation. Rev. Lewis has been pastor of the church two years. He refused to resign last September.

Arch Mason is Honored.
Pana.—The Arch Masons of this city honored Martin Sells, for 13 consecutive years Mr. Sells has been a member of the lodge and served as tyler. At the annual election of officers in December he resigned his office and the recent affair was given in his honor. He was presented with a beautiful rocker, bearing an engraved plate with his name and the name of the lodge.

Defers Attorney General.
Peoria.—Superintendent George A. Sells of the Bartonville insane asylum, refused to surrender "Painting Bertha" Libbecke to a warden from the Chicago penitentiary. Attorney General Sells ordered her removed to Chester. Superintendent Sells says Chester is not a fit place for a woman and refuses to comply with the demand of the attorney general.

Drivers Strike Shuts Plant.
Belleville.—A strike of 40 drivers in the St. Louis office of the Coca-Cola company threw 800 men out of employment. The drivers demand an increase of 50 cents a day.
The Willard Range Works at O'Fallon suspended operations, the 150 employees walking out on account of the management refusing to recognize the union.

Blank Cartridge Causes Death.
Belleville.—Ella Cropp, aged eight, while visiting her father, Lancaster Spaulding left Peoria for a trip to Hot Springs, Ark. where he will spend the remainder of the winter. Since his stroke of apoplexy two years ago the father has only partially recovered and has considered only the more important questions of the disease. The routine work is done by his coadjutor, Bishop O'Reilly. Bishop Spaulding is accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Stevens, and an attendant.

Use Knives in Fight.
Macomb.—Edward Stevens is lying in a critical condition at the Merriett hospital from severe abdominal wounds which he received at the hands of a neighbor, Grant Bible, who stabbed him with a pocketknife.

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

ASYLUM CHIEF RESIGNS POST.
Governor Seeks Man to Take Place in Logan County Institution.

Bloomington.—It was made public that Dr. Charles B. Taylor has resigned his place as superintendent of the Illinois asylum for feeble-minded children in Logan county, the resignation having been in the hands of Gov. Deneen since December 1. Gov. Deneen offered the post of superintendent of the institution to Dr. Walter Fernald, superintendent of the asylum for feeble-minded in Massachusetts, but he declined the appointment when his home state raised his salary.

Arbitration Beard Head Out.
Nashville.—Chauncey B. Geiger of Ashley tendered his resignation as chairman of the state board of arbitration to Gov. Deneen, and it was accepted. A Chicagoan will be appointed to fill the vacancy, according to reports. Mr. Geiger was appointed by Gov. Yates six years ago and re-appointed by Gov. Deneen, but his resignation on the assumed proportions that it was necessary for him to relinquish his public post.

Deaths at Soldiers' Home.
Quincy.—The following is a list of deaths at the Illinois Soldiers' and Sailors' home during the month of December: Henry H. Harrison, company H, Eighth Illinois infantry; George Hubbard, company H, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts; Albert T. Foster, company G, One Hundred and Eighth New York; Michael Bencker, company C, Forty-fifth Illinois; Henry M. Dalph, company C, One Hundred and Thirty-second Illinois; Henry Schweinhart, company I, Second Missouri; Francis Bencker, company F, Twenty-second Illinois; Thomas W. Walters, company F, Eleventh Illinois cavalry; Thomas H. Wakefield, company G, Nineteenth Pennsylvania cavalry; Henry H. Harrison, company F, Forty-first Illinois infantry; William Burke, company A, Twenty-third Illinois; Charles O. Fellows, company E, One Hundred and Fourteenth Illinois; Norman McIntire, company A, Eighth Illinois.

Senatorial Disclosures Premised.
Peoria.—Detectives from Chicago are working on a case with local detectives in the theft of the Dougherty papers that may lead to sensational disclosures, incriminating some of the most prominent business and financial men of the city.
Since the theft of the forged papers from the vault in the rooms of the board of education Sunday night officers have been working hard on the case. It is believed a clew that promises sensational results.

Will Sell Township.
Taylorville.—Through an error two years ago the township got hold of \$782.53 belonging to the city. Repeated requests for the amount have been made and now that the city is bankrupt it is needed. The city attorney has been asked to notify township commissioners and their attorney, J. C. McElrath, that unless the money was paid within ten days suit would be brought to recover it. The attorney was also instructed to begin the suit.

Insane Man Suiicides.
Bryantown.—Henry Fleetwood, son of B. F. Fleetwood, president of Waterman hall, committed suicide at Mandeville, La.
With his mother he was on his way to St. Augustine, Fla., to spend the winter. He was released from the Elgin asylum for the insane December 21. Word was received here that he had got away from his mother. A later message said that he was found dead. His parents believed he had been cured.

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Use Knives in Fight.
Macomb.—Edward Stevens is lying in a critical condition at the Merriett hospital from severe abdominal wounds which he received at the hands of a neighbor, Grant Bible, who stabbed him with a pocketknife.

Pass for Lawmaker Who Asks.
Bloomington.—Members of the legislature from this district received letters from the railroads stating that applications for passes would be honored, but that none would be issued otherwise.

FREED FROM MURDER CHARGE.
Jury Exonerates Benton Price in Shelby Circuit Court.

Shelbyville.—The jury in the Price murder case, for ten days on trial in the Shelby county circuit, reached a verdict and exonerated Benton Price of the charge of murder. In May of last year Benton Price shot and killed Hiram Hinton at Herrick. When the jury went to its room to deliberate over the evidence that had been submitted to it, J. M. Crowl was selected as foreman.

Following the reading of the court's instructions, a ballot of the jury was taken, resulting in nine men voting for acquittal and three for conviction. The fourth ballot wiped out all opposition.

WINS SUIT FOR DEAD DOG.
Waukegan School Superintendent Gets Damages from Lawyer.
Waukegan.—The case of Miss Miriam Beasley, superintendent of schools, against Attorney S. H. Kennedy, in which Miss Beasley sought to recover the value of her bulldog, which Kennedy shot because he believed it was going to kill his dog in a fight, resulted in a verdict of \$25 for Miss Beasley. She hired four law firms, Kennedy had no lawyer besides himself. Ten witnesses were examined, including prominent society women, who testified as to the dead dog's disposition.

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