



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAST" COPYRIGHT 1925 by the author. REISSUED BY CANTON

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

The appearance of the man who opened the door for Anita and me suggested that our ring had roused him from a bed where he had deposited himself without bothering to take off his clothes. At the sound of my voice, Ball peered out of his private smoking-room, at the far end of the hall. He started forward; then, seeing how I was accompanied, stopped with mouth ajar. He had on a ragged smoking-jacket, a pair of shapeless old Homo slippers, his ordinary business waistcoat and trousers. He was wearing neither tie nor collar, and a short, black pipe was between his fingers. We had evidently caught the household stripped of "lugs," and sunk in the down-to-the-beel slovenliness which is called "comfort." Joe was crimson with confusion, and was using his free hand to stroke, alternately, his shiny bald head and his heavy brown mustache. He got him together sufficiently, after a few seconds, to disappear into his den. When he came out again, pipe and ragged jacket were gone, and he brushed for us in a gorgeous velvet jacket with dark red facings, and a showy pair of slippers.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Blacklock!" In his own home he always addressed every man as Mister, just as "Mrs. B." always called him "Mr. Ball." He called her "Mrs. Ball" before "company." "Come right into the front parlor. Billy, turn on the electric lights."

Anita had been standing with her head down. She now looked round with shame and terror in those expressive blue-gray eyes of hers; her delicate nostrils were quivering. I hastened to introduce my companion. Her impulse to fly passed; her life-long training in doing the conventional thing asserted itself. She lowered her head again, murmured an inaudible acknowledgment of Joe's greeting.

"Your wife is at home?" said I. If one was at home in the evening, the other was also, and both were always there, unless there was some theater—except on Sunday night, when they dined at Sherry's, because many fashionable people did it. They had no friends and few acquaintances; in their humbler and busier days they had had many friends, but had lost them when they moved away from Brooklyn and went to live, like us, out-of-place visitors, in their new house, pretending to be what they longed to be, longing to be, and as discontented as they deserved.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Ball is at home," Joe answered. "I guess she and Alva were about to go to bed." Alva was their one child. She had been christened Malvina, after Joe's mother; but when the Ball's "blossomed" they renamed her Alva, which they somehow had got the impression was "smarter."

At Joe's blundering confession that the females of the family were in no condition to receive, Anita said to me in a low voice: "Let us go."

I pretended not to hear. "Rout 'em out," said I to Joe. "Then, take my electric and bring the nearest parson in there, unless there's a wedding right here." And I looked round the long salon, with everything draped for the summer departure. Joe whisked the cover off one chair, his man took off the other. "I'll have the women-folk down in two minutes," he cried. Then to the man: "Get a move on you, Billy. Stir 'em up in the kitchen. Do the best you can about supper, and put a lot of champagne on the ice. That's the main thing at a wedding."

Anita had seated herself listlessly in one of the uncovered chairs. The wrap slipped back from her shoulders and—how proud I was of her! Joe gazed, took advantage of her not looking up to slap me on the back and to jerk his head in enthusiastic approval. Then he, too, disappeared.

A few minutes later, and there was a rustling on the stairs. She started up, trembling, looked round, as if seeking some way to escape or some place to hide. Joe was in the doorway, holding aside one of the curtains. There entered in a beribboned and bouffant tea-gown, a pretty, if rather ordinary, woman of forty, with a petulant baby face. She was trying to look reserved and severe. She hardly glanced at me before fastening sharp, suspicious eyes on Anita.

"Mrs. Ball," said I, "this is Miss Ellersly."

"Miss Ellersly?" she exclaimed, her face changing. And she advanced and took both Anita's hands. "Mr. Ball is so stupid," she went on, with that amusingly affected accent which is the "Sunday dinner" of speech. "I didn't catch the name, my dear," Joe stammered.

"Be off," said I, aside, to him. "Get the nearest preacher and hustle him here with your Anita!"

I had one eye on Anita all the time, and I saw her gaze follow Joe as he hurried out; and her expression made my heart ache. I heard him saying

them with odds and ends about art and politics and the "latest literature, heavy and light." On Tuesdays and Fridays the slippers of the oligest gentlemen," whatever that may be, come to her to teach her how to converse and otherwise conduct herself according to the standards of polite society." Joe used to give limitations of those conversation lessons that raised roars of laughter round the poker table, the louder because so many of the other men and women with the same ambitions and the same methods of attending them.

Mrs. Ball came back to the subject of Anita.

"I am glad you are going to settle with such a charming girl. She comes of such a charming family. I have never happened to meet any of them. We are in the West Side set, you know, while they move in the East Side set, and New York is so large that one almost never meets any one outside one's own set." This smooth unobtrusiveness, as if affected "society" tone, was as out of place in her as rouge and hair-dye in a wholesome, honest old grandmother.

I began to pace the floor. "Can it be?" I fretted aloud, "that Joe's racing round looking for an Episcopalian preacher, when there was a Methodist at hand?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't bring anything but a Church of England priest," Mrs. Ball assured me loftily. "Why, Miss Ellersly wouldn't think she was married, if she hadn't a priest of her own church."

"My temper got the bit in its teeth. I stopped before her, and fixed her with my eye that must have had some fire in it. "I'm not marrying a fool, Mrs. Ball," said I. "You mustn't judge her by her bringing-up by her family. Children have a way of bringing themselves up, in spite of damn poor parents."

She weakened so promptly that I was ashamed of myself. My only apology for getting out of patience with her is that I had seen her set

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in Various Cities and Towns.

MANY TEACHERS AT MEETING.

Central Illinois Association Has Successful Gathering.

Teachers.—The Central Illinois Teachers' association closed with a record for attendance the largest since the organization of the association in 1885.

The following officers were elected: President, Superintendent C. E. DeButts, of Pontiac; Vice president, Principal T. N. Kilbride, of Springfield; secretary, Ruth A. David, of Canton; treasurer, Principal W. N. Brown, of Peoria; recording secretary, W. H. D. Meier, of Havana; executive committee, Superintendent W. A. Parr, of Jacksonville; County Superintendent James W. Roberts, of Jerseyville; Principals V. K. Frons, of Quincy.

Directors, President David Felmy, of Normal; W. F. Boyes, of Galeburg; Corral Hamilton, of Macomb; William Wallace, of Urbana; D. W. Ertman, of Decatur.

Through their chairman, J. R. Rowland, of Avon, and W. N. Brown, of Peoria, treasurer, the auditing committee reported cash and securities on hand \$52,824.

There was a sharp contest among the different cities of the association for the convention next year. Bloomington, Peoria and Quincy were the strongest in the race and the place of meeting next year will be left to a decision of the executive committee.

DOUGHERTY BANK PAYS IN FULL.

Last Installment of Ten Per Cent. Is Made to Depositors.

Peoria.—The depositors of the defunct Peoria National bank, of which Newton Douglas was president and which failed when his embezzlement of the school funds of the city became known, were paid the last installment of ten per cent., making 100 per cent. of the amount of their deposits. Receiver Orville F. Berry announced that an interest payment will be made before the middle of May. The receiver has made a record for the state in the payment of the depositors in full and in the innovation of the interest installment.

PAUPER, CLINGS TO TEXT-BOOKS.

Former Teacher, Who Lost All in Slot Machines, Goes to Poor Farm.

Alton.—With an armful of treasured French, Greek and Latin books, Prof. Albert C. Williams, aged 60, formerly principal of the Humboldt school, and also of the public schools at North Alton, which went to the Madison county poor farm. He was removed from his position as school principal five years ago. A year later his wife died and he divorced her. He became addicted to playing slot machines, and since the loss of his position has spent his savings of \$12,000 in the machines and is now penniless. He has no children.

Fire at Chesterville.

Lincoln.—Ten thousand bushels of corn were burned at Chesterville, five miles south of this city. The corn was in a single crib which, it is believed, caught fire from a spark from a passing locomotive, as the Illinois Central railway passes the crib.

Other cribbed corn to the extent of 65,000 bushels was endangered by the flames, which were held in check by the city fire department of Lincoln, which went to the scene of the fire with a chemical engine while a supply of chemicals was received from Peoria.

The firemen worked all day to save the crib and an elevator near by. The loss is said to be \$5,000, and is without insurance. The property was that of Spellman & Spilty of this city.

Found Dead in a Mine.

Carlinville.—William Luedekke, an old resident of Mt. Olive, in this county, was found dead in a mine in a coal pit at that place. He was employed by the company to clean up the track during the night, it being a job suitable to his advanced age. As a rule two men went down into the mine each evening. Edward Shultz, not feeling well, stayed at home that night. How he came to his death is not known.

Requisition Issued.

Springfield.—Governor Deenen issued a requisition on the governor of Indiana for the return to Chicago of Marshall Moore, who is under arrest at Nashville, Ind., on a charge of burglary. Moore is accused of breaking into the store of Charles Frev in Chicago on March 8, last, and stealing a number of articles and a small sum of money.

Sunstroke at Belleville.

Belleville.—March 21 was the hottest day for March 21 ever known by the present generation in southern Illinois in this city. The mercury registered 86 degrees, the shade 78. There was a blustering, Peter Rock, aged 60, a laborer, being overcome while at work on a building. His condition is critical.

Illinois Engineers Form Society.

Chicago.—The Engineering Society of the Alumni of the University of Illinois was organized in the Monarch hotel. More than 125 graduates of the engineering department of the Campaign school were present. Charles E. Sargent was elected president, and Burton French secretary-treasurer.

Killed in Dispute Over House.

McLeansboro.—John Curd was shot and fatally wounded by Charles Nicholson, and sent to the hospital at Backskin school, 14 miles northeast of here and died one hour later. He leaves a widow and one child. The killing was due to an old dispute over possession of a house.

Sporting Goods Burned.

Chicago.—The sporting goods house of A. G. Woodruff & Bro. was damaged by fire, the loss being \$150,000. The fire started in the basement and burned nearly an hour before being discovered. It spread through the five floors of the building.

Woman, 80, Runs Blind Tiger.

Kewanee.—Mrs. Mary Shulbaker, 80 years old, was arrested here by a United States deputy marshal charged with running a "blind tiger" half a mile beyond the city limits. She was taken to Peoria for hearing.

Woodstock Pioneer Dead.

Woodstock.—J. C. Chick, 77 years old, a pioneer citizen, died at his residence. He was in business in Woodstock for 25 years, from that time when he started, conducted a large general store.

LEWIS IS DOWIE'S CHOICE.

Was Chosen by Leader of Zion to Be His Successor.

Chicago.—Deacon John A. Lewis, who has been chosen as the leader of the Zionites by John Alexander Dowie, is a leader of the Zion movement in Mexico and in general manager of the Zion Paradise plantation. He also is a deacon in the Dowie organization. Deacon Lewis is a southerner and lived in Meridian, Miss., before being called to the Zion cult. He is described as an able and forceful man. His business ability also is extolled. According to word received from Deacon Lewis, who is now in Mexico, he was much surprised to hear that he had been appointed leader of the Zion forces. He will leave Mexico for Chicago at once.

Virden Bank Launched.

Springfield.—State Auditor McCullough has issued a permit for the organization of the State Bank of Virden, with a capital stock of \$20,000. The incorporators are Edward D. Keys, Howard T. Wilson, Harry E. Hill and Joseph W. Everts.

A permit also was issued for the organization of the First Lake View Building and Loan association of Chicago. The capital stock is \$5,000,000 and the duration of the charter is 99 years.

Relative of Lincoln Dead.

Charleston.—Mrs. Sarah J. Dowling, the oldest living resident of Charleston at the home of her son, D. H. Dowling. Mrs. Dowling comes from a family noted in the history of the United States. She was a daughter of Dennis and Elizabeth Hanks, and was a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln and was also a granddaughter of Mr. Lincoln's stepmother, who is buried a few miles south of Charleston.

Important Insurance Ruling.

Freeport.—In the Carroll county circuit court the recent decision of the German insurance company asked that 600 San Francisco claims be allowed. Judge Heard ruled they should be subject to objections filed prior to June 1, 1925.

The court overruled a petition brought by C. C. Leitner and others who asked the receiver to proceed against stockholders of the Black Hawk, which was consolidated with the German.

Big Realty Deal in Jersey County.

Medora.—One of the most important real estate deals known in Jersey county has been closed, involving the sale of the Van Voorhes levee-protected farm, near Rockbridge, to William Henderson, of Ridge Farm. The deal calls for \$100,000, of which is under cultivation. The price paid by Mr. Henderson was \$115,000, or \$100 per acre.

Palmyra Teachers Employed.

Carlinville.—The school board of Palmyra has employed all the old teachers for the next year. The salary of two of the teachers remains the same while Principal Wright is to receive an increase to \$90 a month, and Miss Alpha Lane, the primary teacher, an increase of five dollars, which makes her salary \$50 per year.

In Nature of Compromise.

Jolet.—Judge Marshall in the circuit court denied a motion to dismiss the consolidated estate suits filed by the Sanitary District of Chicago against the Economy Light & Power company of Jolet. This involves vast water power rights below Jolet for the possession of which both corporations are struggling. The court's ruling permits the sanitary district to go ahead and condemn for purposes of extending the electric plant, but finds that the Economy company has title in bed of Desplaines river.

(To Be Continued.)

Not Used to "Em. Those NWitch people don't know how to treat foreigners. Well, you couldn't expect them to. You see, they haven't had any infers or very long."—Cleveland Leader.



THE WEDDING.

like her voice. I had not counted on this; I had been assuming that Anita would not be out of my sight until we were married. It was on the tip of my tongue to interfere when she looked at me—for permission to go! "Don't keep her too long," said I to Alva, and they were gone.

"How far off is the nearest church?" I cut in.

"Only two blocks—that is, the Methodist church," she replied. "But I know Mr. Ball will bring an Episcopalian."

"I thought you were a devoted Presbyterian," said I, recalling how in their Brooklyn days she used to insist on Joe's going twice every Sunday to sleep through long sermons.

She looked uncomfortable. "I was reared Presbyterian," she explained confusedly. "But you know how it is in New York. And when we came to live here, we got out of the habit of church-going. And all Alva's little friends were Episcopalians. So I drifted toward that church. I find the service so satisfying—so elegant. And—oh, yes, there the people one sees socially."

"How is your culture class?" I inquired, deliberately malicious, in my impudence and nervousness. And do you still take conversation lessons?" She was furiously annoyed. "Oh, those old jokes of Joe's," she said, affecting disdainful amusement.

In fact, they were anything but jokes. On Mondays and Thursdays she used to attend a class for women who, like herself, wished to be "up-to-date on culture and all that sort of thing." They hired a teacher to

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