



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE COUSIN' (REVISED 1925 BY THE AUTHOR'S NEPHEW)

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.
"Do not put me to the test," I pleaded. Then I added what I knew to be true: "But you will not. You know it would take some one stronger than your uncle, stronger than your parents, to swerve me from what I believe right for you and for me." I had no fear for "tomorrow." The hour when she could defy me had passed.
A long, long silence, the electric speeding southward under the arching trees of the West Drive. I remember it was as we skirted the lower end of the Mall that she said to me: "You have made me hate you so that it terrifies me. I am afraid of the consequences that must come to you and to me."
"And well you may be," I answered gently. "For you are not enough of me to get at least a hint of what I would do, if goaded to it. Hate is terrible, Anita, but love can be more terrible."
At the Willowhby she let me help her descend from the electric, waited until I sent it away, walked beside me into the building. My man, Sanders, had evidently been listening for the elevator; the door opened without my ringing, and there he was, bowing low. She acknowledged his welcome with that regard for "appearances" that training had made instinctive. In the center of the drawing-room table was a mass of fresh white roses. "Where did you get 'em?" I asked him, in an aside.
"The elevator boy's brother, sir," he replied, "works in the florist's shop just across the street, next to the church. He happened to be down stairs when I got your message, sir. So I was able to get a few flowers. I'm sorry, sir, I hadn't a little more time."
"You've done noble," said I, and I shook hands with him warmly.
Anita was greeting those flowers as if they were a friend suddenly appearing in a time of need. She turned now and beamed on Sanders. "Thank you, she said; 'thank you,' And Sanders was hers.
"Anything I can do—make—sir?" asked Sanders.
"Nothing—except send my maid as soon as she comes," she replied.
"I shan't need you," said I.
"Mr. Monson is still here," he said, hesitating. "Shall I send him away, sir, or do you wish to see him?"
"I'll speak to him myself in a moment," I answered.
When Sanders was gone, she seated herself and absently played with the buttons of her glove.
"Shall I bring Monson?" I asked.
"You know, he's my—factotum," she answered.
"You do not like him?"
After a brief hesitation she answered, "No." Not for worlds would she just then have admitted, even to herself, that the cause of her dislike was her knowledge of his habit of tattling, with suitable embroideries, his lessons to me.
I restrained a strong impulse to ask her why, for, indeed, it was she who some special reason that somehow concerned me. I said merely: "Then I shall get rid of him."
"Not on my account," she replied indignantly. "I care nothing about him one way or the other."
"He goes at the end of his month," said I.
"She was now taking off her gloves. "Before you mind comes," she said, "let me explain about the apartment. This room and the two leading out to it are yours. My own suite is on the other side of our private hall there."
She colored high, pale. I saw that she did not intend to speak.
I stood awkwardly, waiting for something further to come into my own head. "Good night," said I finally, as if I were taking leave of a formal call.
She did not answer. I left the room, closing the door behind me. I passed an instant, heard the key click in the lock. And I burned in a hot flush of shame that she should be thinking thus basely of me—and with good cause. How could she know how appreciate even if she had known? "You've had to cry deep, said I to myself. "But the world's head, how I may take long—very long." And I went on my way, not wholly downcast.
I joined Monson in my little snug-room. "Congratulations," he began, with his nasty, supercilious grin, which of late had been getting on my nerves severely. "You've paid no attention to his outstretched hand. "I want you to put a notice of the marriage in to-morrow morning's Her-ald."
"Give me the facts—clergyman's name—place, and so on," said he.
"Unnecessary," I answered. "Just our names and the date—that's all. You'd better step lively. It's late, and it'll be too late if you delay.
With an irritating show of delib-

"Oh, I'll tell you sometime," replied I. I must not speculate and speculate. And work a plenty there was. Before me rose a sheet of clamorous telegrams from our out-of-town customers and our agents; and soon my glance was crowded with my local telegrams following, sore and short. I suppose a score or more of the habitual heavy plungers on my tips were ruined and hundreds of others were thousands and tens of thousands out of pocket. "Do you want me to talk to these people?" Inquired Joe, with the kindly intention of giving me a chance to shift the unpleasant duty to him.
"Certainly not," I said. "When the place is jammed, let me know. I'll jack 'em up."
It made Joe uneasy for me even to talk of using my "language"—he would have crawled from the battery to Harlem to keep me from using it on him. So he silently left me alone.
Toward ten o'clock, my boy came in and said: "Mr. Ball thinks it's about time for you to see some of these people."
I went into the main room, where the tickers and blackboards were. As I approached through my outer office I could hear the noise the crowd was making—as they cursed me. If you want to rile the true innocent soul of the average human being, don't take his reputation or his wife; just cause him to lose money. There were among my speculating customers many with the even-tempered sporting instinct. These were bearing their losses with philosophy—none of them had swooped on me. Of the perhaps three hundred who had come to ease their anguish by tongue-lashing me, every one was a bad loser and was mad through and through—those who had lost a few hundred dollars were as infuriated as those whom my misleading tip had cost thousands and tens of thousands; those whom I had helped to win all they had in the world were more savage than those new to my following.
I took my stand in the doorway, a step up from the floor of the main room. I looked all round until I had met each pair of angry eyes. They

public and the financiers that I had broken with speculation and speculators, could I have had a better than this unexpected opportunity sharply to define my new course? And as Textile, unappreciated, fell toward the gloom of the day, my contempt toward my normal high spirits. There was no whipler in the Street that I was in trouble; on the contrary, the idea was gaining ground that I had real lead on the market. A dice gambler and deserved a much better reputation than I had.
I searched with a good deal of anxiety, as you may imagine, the early editions of the morning papers. The first article my eye chanced upon was a mere wordy elaboration of the brief and vague announcement Monson had put in the Herald. Later on an interview with old Ellersly. "Not at all mysterious," he had said to the reporters. "Mr. Blacklock found he would have to go abroad on business soon—he didn't know just when. As a matter of fact, the moment they decided to marry." "A good enough story, and I confirmed it when I admitted the reporters. I read their estimates of my fortune and I was a good deal amused. The amusement—the whose father was living from hand to mouth; I who could not have emerged from a forced settlement with enough to enable me to continue my life with old Ellersly, the reputation of being rich is heavily expensive; but when one is poor the reputation of being rich can be made a wealth-giving asset.
Just when I was about to turn the tables of my millions, there lay on the desk before me a statement of the exact posture of my affairs—a memorandum made by myself for my own eyes, and as I looked at it I was staggered. On the face of the figures the balance against me was appalling. My chief asset, indeed my only asset that measured up toward my debts, was a stock of coal. The coal was rich, the reputation of being rich is heavily expensive; but when one is poor the reputation of being rich can be made a wealth-giving asset.
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"I TOOK MY STAND IN THE DOOR-WAY."

whether I was dreaming it all, and he had made me feel how vividly true it was.
"Why don't you ease down, Blacklock?" he went on. "Everything's smooth. The business—at least, my end of it, and I suppose your end, too—was never better, never growing so fast. You could go off for a week or two, just as well as not. I don't know of a thing that can prevent you."
And he honestly thought it, so little did I let him know about the large enterprises of Blacklock and Company. I could have spoken a dozen words, and he would have been floundering like a caught fish in a basket. There are men—in very few—who work more swiftly and more surely when they know they're on the brink of ruin; but not Joe. One glimpse of our real National Coal account, and all my cover over his head would have been blown away like a trip.
"No holiday at present, Joe," was my reply to his suggestion. "Perhaps the second week in July, but our marriage was sudden that we haven't had the time to get ready for a trip."
"Yes—it was sudden, wasn't it?" said Joe, curiously twitching his nose. "How did it happen?"
"I can give my face an expression that is anything but agreeable; such talent as I have in that direction I exerted then. The instant I appeared a silence fell; but I waited until the last pair of claws drew in. Then I said, in the quiet tone the army officer uses when he tells the mob that the machine guns will open up in two minutes by the watch: 'Gentlemen, in the effort to contract my warning to the public, the Textile crowd rocked the stock yesterday. Those who heeded my warning and sold got excellent prices. Those who did not should sell to-day. Not even the powerful interests behind Textile can long maintain yesterday's prices.' A wave of restlessness passed over the crowd. Many shifted their eyes from me and began to murmur.
I raised my voice slightly as I went on: 'The speculators, the gamblers, the men who hope to make their money. Those who sold what they didn't have are paying for their folly. I have no sympathy for them. Blacklock and Company wishes none of them to take advantage of every opportunity to weed them out. We are in business only for the bona fide investing public, and we are stronger with that public to-day than we have ever been before.'
Again I looked from coward to coward of that mob, changed from three hundred strong to three hundred weak. Then I bowed and withdrew, and as I went I saw that the crowd I felt well content with the trend of events—I who wished to impress the

FAILS TO SAVE OIL MEN.

Miller's Motion to Dismiss Rebate Cases Are Overruled by Landis.

Chicago—April 3—Judge Landis in the United States district court, overruled the three motions which Attorney John S. Miller, counsel for the Standard Oil company, which is on trial for receiving rebates from the Chicago & Alton company, asking for a dismissal of the charges against his client. At the hearing, before the motion was disposed of, the charge was made by the company lawyers that the indictment had been altered. This caused Judge Landis to address the district attorney, who denied the charge.
The first motion for dismissal was made on the ground that tariff No. 24, which was never issued nor certified by the Chicago & Alton company, having been issued by another corporation, the Chicago & Alton Railroad company. He further alleged that the defendant was not shown by the government to have known what the legal freight was.
In giving his reasons for overruling the motions made by the defense, Judge Landis said:
"I will not review the points or restate the reasons underlying that contention. The court has on several points, but you say that under the evidence the court adheres to reasons and theories heretofore announced."
SUES FOR BACK TAXES.
Cook County Wants Large Sum from the Field Estate.
Chicago—A suit to recover \$1,768,946 in personal taxes from the estate of the late Marshall Field was begun in the superior court by County Attorney Harry A. Lewis. A. H. Jones, Chauncey Kemp and the Merchants Loan & Trust company, executors of the estate, are made defendants in the action, which is for personal taxes from 1899 to 1906.
Attorney Lewis declares the suit will test the right of his office to collect back taxes on large estates after the death of the principal.

MORE GRAFT IS CHARGED.

Investigators Make Disquieting Report to Peoria Council.

Peoria—That graft and fraud have existed for years in the purchase of feed supplies for the Peoria fire department is claimed to have been shown by the report of special auditors to the council. That a further investigation is to be made, and an effort is to be put forth to recover the money out of which the city is said to have been defrauded is indicated by the report. The report of a resolution that the treasurer proceed, with the aid of the legal department, against the purchasing agents for the last three administrations.
The report, which showed in figures the condition of affairs in the fire department, and gave in full every doubtful transaction, was exceedingly mild. It did not go into the question of the purchase of feed, nor did it refer to the charges that the weights had been juggled with. No attempt had been made by the auditors to compare the weight slips with the actual weights of the material from whom Leen & Horan made their purchases.
Smothered Under-Corn.
Decatur—Because he could not take a dare, Jesse Randolph, a 15-year-old boy of Tuscola, lost his life in a corn bin connected with the Tuscola elevator.
The Randolph boy and five other lads were playing about the elevator when one of the boys dared Randolph to jump to the corn pile. Without a moment's warning the boy leaped. The suction from beneath drew him down under a mass of corn, and he disappeared under hundreds of bushels of shelled corn.
His companions ran for help, but half an hour elapsed before the boy's lifeless body was recovered.

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New Y. M. C. A. Building.

Springfield—With all indebtedness cleared away and one-fourth of the \$89,000 building fund collected, the announcement is made to officials of the Young Men's Christian association that after June 1 of the present year work on the completion of the new building will commence. Within the next three or four days the work of collecting the subscription of \$15,000, which was made a year ago, will be begun. This amount will be used in canceling the debt due the contractor for the work already done on the building.

Falls from Train and Is Injured.

Carlinville—Henry Doellinger, who claims to be an electrician, and giving his home as Vincennes, Ind., was brought to this city from Stanton by Supervisor Carroll and City Marshal J. M. Page of Carlinville, and placed in the county almshouse. He says that he was ejected from a fast freight train near Stanton by the conductor while going at a high rate of speed, and in falling his hand was run over, severing all his toes.

Start Work on Line.

Jacksonville—Work on the new interurban line between Springfield and Jacksonville has commenced. The line will practically parallel the Wahash railroad. With the large amount of material on hand here, including over 14,000 ties and the large shipments which are to follow, it is quite likely that the line will be built from both directions. The work is intended to be finished by September 1.

Held as Merchant's Slayers.

Harrisburg—On recommendation of the coroner's jury, Oscar Rude, Sr., J. P. Levy, Stinson, Charles Rice and Jesse Summers were arrested and placed in jail without bail, charged with being implicated with Oscar Rude, Sr., merchant of Harrisburg, in the murder of John W. Clary, a merchant of this city. He named the above as his assailants.

Virden-Taylorville Line Incorporated.

Springfield—Another proposed electric line was incorporated in the office of the secretary of state when papers were filed for the incorporation of the Virden & Taylorville Traction company. It is proposed to construct an electric line from Virden in Macoupin county to Taylorville in Christian county.

Found Dead in Hotel Bed.

Havana—Dr. E. J. Mannel, former supervisor of Alena Grove township and now a resident of Peoria Valley, Tex., was found dead in bed at the Smoot hotel in Petersburg. Death was due to heart disease. He was 65 years old.

Fight Ends in Stabbing.

Harrisburg—In a fight near the Big Four depot William Weatherly stabbed Sam Peazel with a knife, cutting his left lung in two. Weatherly was arrested.

Master Horseshoers Adjourn.

Springfield—After selecting Quincy as the place of the next annual meeting and electing officers for the ensuing year, the Illinois state association of Master Horseshoers adjourned. Officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Frank Keyes of Peoria; first vice president, P. A. Ernst of Quincy; second vice president, C. A. Skinner of Jacksonville; secretary and treasurer, C. H. Wilson of Rockford; state organizer, J. A. Huse of Springfield. The date of the next meeting is made to meet, matter being left with the executive committee.

Drops Dead on Street.

Bloomington—Fred Voitz, who for the past seven or eight years has conducted a drug store at 808 East Grove street, dropped dead in front of the Dodge-Dickinson Mattress factory, a few doors east of his drug store, as he was on his way to the barber shop a block east.
Mr. Voitz was a robust man in the prime of life, being in the early forties. He was always in the best of health until few weeks ago when a bad case of throat trouble developed. This is supposed to have been indirectly the cause of his death.

Arranges Details for Meet.

Urbana—The athletic authorities of the University of Illinois are making many of the final arrangements for the Illinois state meet, which will be held May 18 on Illinois field. Entry blanks are being sent out to track teams in all parts of the state, and it is expected that a large number of contestants will be on hand to try for the gold, silver and bronze medals offered to the winners.

Disease Placards Distributed.

Springfield—Fifty thousand diphtheria and scarlet fever placards have been sent by the state board of health to all small towns and villages throughout the state. The plan was inaugurated by Dr. J. A. Egan, secretary of the board, owing to the numberless demands for these cards that are constantly coming in from all parts of the state where such diseases are located.

Damage by Wind at Keawee.

Keawee—In a cyclonic sale the big hick and steel tank building of the Kowance Boiler company was wrecked and damage was done to the plants of the Standard Oil company and Ross Manufacturing company. Many houses near by had windows broken and chimneys demolished. Sheds were blown 100 feet.

Makes 20,000 Converts; Dies.

Bloomington—The Rev. Jacob Updike, aged 57, for 30 years widely known evangelist of the Christian church, died in Keawee. He had converted 20,000 persons during his ministry.

Residence Burns at Kenney.

Kenney—The handsome \$10,000 home of C. H. Suttle in Kenney was actively destroyed by fire. About half of the furnishings were saved. There was \$5,300 insurance on the house and \$1,000 on the furniture.

Piano Farmer Shoots Eagle.

Piano—Louis Hale, a farmer residing north of here, shot an eagle in his farmyard. The bird measured seven feet from tip to tip and weighed 19 pounds. On its neck was a seven-ounce bell.

(To Be Continued.)