



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.

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 of an 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—I 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 shade of a real human emotion ever penetrated, said: "You must come to see us, Mr. Blacklock. We are always at home after five."

I looked at Miss Ellersly. She was white to the lips now, and the spangles on her white dress seemed bits of ice glittering there. She said nothing; but I knew she felt my look, and that it froze the ice the more closely in around her heart. "Thank you," I muttered.

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 now am; probably I'd still be blacking boots, or sheet-writing for some bookmaker, or clerking it for a broker. Before I got my rooms, the night air and my habit of the "sober second thought" had cooled me back to rationality.

"I want her, I need her," I was saying to myself. "I am worthier of her than are those minor mannikins she has been bred to regard as men. She is 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 simply because she has 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 spare, wiry Englishmen, with skin like 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 Deadwood gambler, 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 profanity into his ordinary flow of 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 slowly turned 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. "Action 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?"

stand the truth from a man of his second-fiddle sort. "Go on!" I commanded. "Speak out as loud as 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 dead all by itself. People can feel you coming before they hear you. When they feel and hear and see all together—it's like a brass band in scarlet uniform, with a seven-foot, sky-blue drum major. If your hair wasn't so black and your eyes so steel-blue and sharp and your teeth so big and strong and white, and your jaw such a—such a—jaw—"

"I see the point," said I. And I did. "You'll find you won't need to tell me many things twice. I've got a busy day before me here; so we'll have to suspend this until you come to dine with me at eight—at my rooms. I want you to put in the time well. Go to my house in the country and then up to my apartment; take my valet with you; look through all my belongings—shirts, ties, socks, trousers, waistcoats, clothes of every kind. Throw out every rag you think doesn't fit in with what I want to be. How's my grammar?"

I was proud of it, I had been taking more or less pains with my mode of speech for a dozen years. "Rather too good," said he. "But that's better than making the breaks that aren't regarded as good form."

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"Oh—that!" said he dubiously. "But all those kinds of things are matters of taste."

pendence, 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, I'll get him whatever he wants."

And with that, I, thinking of my plans and of how sure I was of success, began to march up and down the office with my chest thrown out—until I caught myself at it. That stopped me, set me off in a laugh at my own expense, he joining in with a kind of heartiness I did not like, though I did not venture to check him.

So ended the first lesson—the first of a long series.

VIII.
ON THE TRAIL OF LANGDON.

I had Monson with me twice each week-day—early in the morning and again after business hours until bed time. Also he spent the whole of every Saturday and Sunday with me. He developed astonishing dexterity as a teacher, and as soon as he realized that I had no false pride and was thoroughly in earnest, he handled me without gloves—like a boxing teacher who finds that his pupil has the grit of a professional. It was easy enough for me to grasp the theory of my new business—it was nothing more than "be natural." But the rub came in making myself naturally of the right sort. I had—as I suppose every man of intelligence and decent instincts has—a disposition to be friendly and simple. But my manner was by nature very easy task was to learn the subtle difference between the abrupt that injects a tonic into social intercourse, and the abrupt that makes the other person shut up with a feeling of having been insulted.

Then, there was the matter of good taste in conversation. Monson found, as I soon saw, that my everlasting self-assertiveness was beyond cure. As I said to him: "I'm afraid you might succeed in reducing my chest measure." But we worked away at it.

I say, I had intended to be cautious. I abandoned caution and rushed in boldly, feeling that the market was, in general, safe and that textile was under my control—and that I was one of the kings of high finance, with my lucky star in the zenith. I decided to continue my bull campaign on my own account for two weeks after I had unloaded for two weeks at par. I had no difficulty in pushing it to ninety-seven, and I was not alarmed when I found myself loaded up with it, quoted at ninety-eight for the preferred and thirty for the common. I assumed that I was practically its only supporter and that it would slowly settle back as I slowly withdrew my support.

To my surprise, the stock did not yield immediately under my efforts to depress it. I sold more heavily; textile continued to show a tendency to rise. I sold still more heavily; it broke a point or two, then steadied and rose again. Instead of sending out along my secret lines for inside information, as I should have done, and would have done had I not been in a state of hypnotized judgment—I went to Langdon! I who had been studying those scoundrels for twenty-odd years, and dealing directly with and for them for ten years!

He wasn't at his office; they told me there that they didn't know whether he was at his town house or at his place in the country—"probably in the country," said his down town secretary, with elaborate carelessness. "He wouldn't be likely to stay away from the office or not to send for me, if he were in town, would he?"

It takes an uncommon good liar to lie to me when I'm on the alert. As I was determined to see Langdon, I was in so far on the alert. And I felt the fellow was lying. "That's reasonable," said I. "Call me up, if you hear from him. I want to see him—important, but not immediate." And I went away, having left the impression that I would make no further effort.

I went up to his house. You, no doubt, have often seen and often admired its beautiful facade, so simple that it hides its own magnificence from all but experienced eyes, so perfect in its proportions that it hides the vastness of the palace of which it is the face. I have heard men say: "I'd like to have a house—a moderate-sized house—one about the size of Mowbray Langdon's—though perhaps a little more elegant, not so plain."

"Mr. Langdon isn't at home," said the servant.

(To be continued.)



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

"Good form!" I exclaimed. "That's it! That's what I want! What does 'good form' mean?"

He laughed. "You can search me," said he. "I could easier tell you—anything else. It's what everybody recognizes on sight, and nobody knows how to describe. It's like the difference between a cultivated 'Judson' weed and a wild one."

"Like the difference between Mowbray Langdon and me," I suggested 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—"

"Show where I came from too plainly!" said I. "Speak right out—hit good and hard. Am I too frank for 'good form'?"

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—chiefly 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; but I had no inkling of this then. The most important matter that was occupying me down town was pushing textile up toward par. Langdon's doubts, 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 unloaded, the price showed no tendency to break.

"This," said I to myself, "is a testimonial to the skill with which I prepared for my bull campaign." And that seemed to me—all unsuspecting as I then was—a sufficient explanation of the steadiness of the stock which I had worked to establish in the public confidence.

I felt that, if my matrimonial plans should turn out as I confidently expected, I should need a much larger fortune than I had—for I was determined that my wife should have an establishment second to none. Accordingly, I enlarged my original plan. I had intended to keep close to Langdon in that plunge; I believed I controlled the market, but I hadn't been in Wall street twenty years without learning that the worst thunderbolts fall from cloudless skies. Without being in the least suspicious of Langdon, and simply acting on the general principle that surprise and treachery are part of the code of high finance, I had prepared to guard, first, against being taken in the rear by a secret change of plan on Langdon's part, and second, against being involved and overwhelmed by a sudden secret attack on him from some associate of his who might think he had laid himself open to successful raiding.

The market is especially dangerous toward Christmas and in the spring—toward Christmas the big fellows often juggle the stocks to get the money for their big Christmas gifts and gifts; toward spring the motive is, of course, the extra summer expenses of their families and the commencement gifts to colleges. It was now late in the spring.

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(To be continued.)

-- The Finest in South America --

Beautiful Railway Station at Sao Paulo, Brazil's Second Greatest City.

Rio Janeiro, once the first coffee port of the world, has long since yielded that honor to Santos, the port of Sao Paulo, which, formerly so notorious for its yellow fever epidemics, has become a clean and prosperous city. Sao Paulo, the capital of the state of the same name, and the second city of the republic, is one of the finest cities in South America. Situated at an elevation of 2,500 feet, enjoying a delightful subtropical climate, and provided with all the modern conveniences of a European or an American city, its attraction for the foreigner is readily apparent.

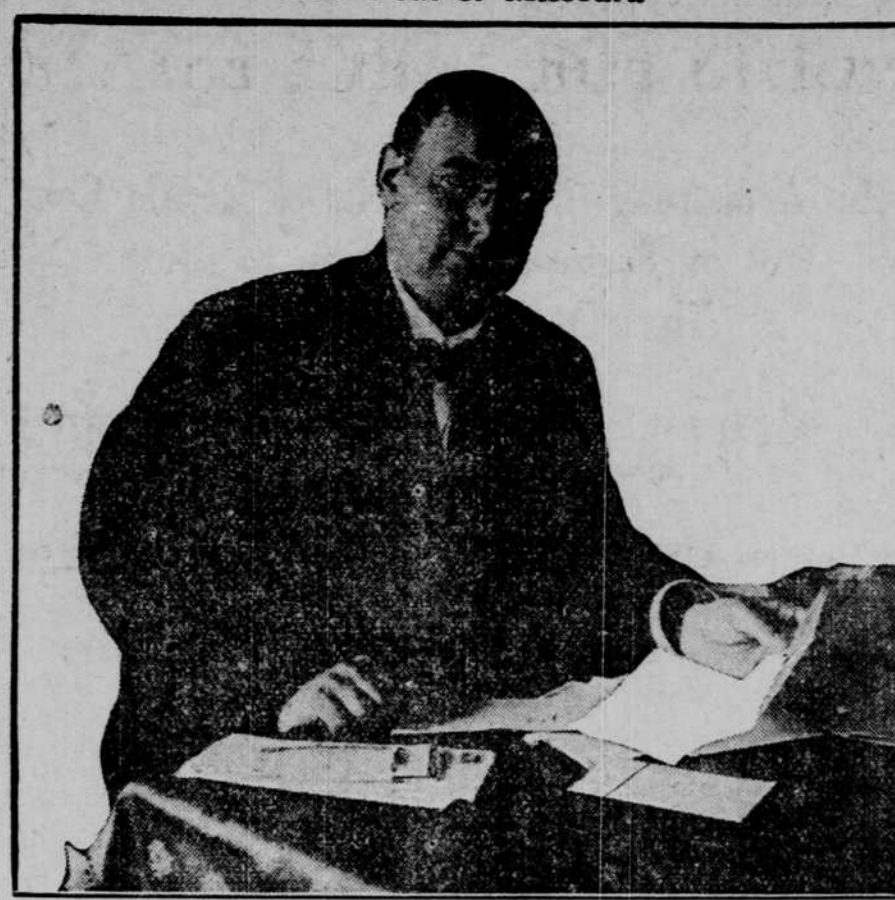
Sao Paulo has a number of important manufactures, including its famous breweries, and its electric railway is interesting to the American from the fact that it is owned in Canada, being one of a number of recent successful enterprises in Brazil (notably the Rio Janeiro tram system) financed by Canadian capital. Particularly worthy of note, however, is the Sao Paulo railway, the line which connects this city with Santos and con-

veys the bulk of the coffee crop to tidewater. This is owned by an English company, as are several of the railroads in Sao Paulo, and has proved to be one of the most profitable foreign investments in the country.—John Barrett, in Review of Reviews.

Assegais Ancient and Modern. Assegais are to the front just now in Zululand. The word "assegai," however, is not originally a South African word. It is really "az-zaghayah," the "az" being the definite article and the rest of it a native Berber word for a javelin, taken over into Arabia. Thence the Spaniards and Portuguese took it and eventually it reached the English and French from the Portuguese in Africa. Finally, a word that had meant a javelin used by Berbers and Moors was transferred to Kafir weapons at the other end of Africa. In sixteenth century English it appears as "archogayes" and later as "hasagays" or "hasaguays."

Women Less Than Cattle. The Kafirs think less of their wives than they do of their cattle. They do not allow the women to go near the kraal where they keep their animals, and if a cow dies they grieve more than they do when a woman dies.

Gov. Folk of Missouri.



Recent Photograph of Chief Executive of the "Show Me" State.

SHEEP MARROW SAVES.

TRANSFERRED FROM ANIMAL TO A MAN'S LEG.

Remarkable Operation Performed in a New York Hospital and Patient Is Recovering—Accident Necessitates Treatment.

New York.—That he has the use of his right leg, Paul Monk, 47 years old, of Brooklyn, owes thanks to a healthy sheep which gave up its life for him. Monk is now in a hospital recovering from a remarkable operation. After his case had puzzled physicians for months it was discovered that the marrow of the bone of his right leg, from the hip to the knee, had entirely disappeared. The bone was hollow and brittle and would probably have broken to bits in a short time, thus necessitating amputation of the limb. His physician had to perform the only operation which would save the bone. The infusion of the marrow of a living animal into human bone has been done, it is said, only a few times before, and never attempted on such a large scale as in Monk's case. Monk injured his leg while bathing. He regarded it as a slight bruise at the time. In a few days, however, he began to suffer from it.

When he was a small boy he broke the leg, and at various times since then he has had pains in it. Monk was advised to go to a hospital for treatment. When told that only the introduction into his bone of the marrow of an animal would save his leg and perhaps his life, Monk said he was willing to have the attempt made.

Five weeks ago the operation was performed. An incision nine inches long was made in the leg, baring the bone. The sheep was brought alive into the operating room and while it was still living marrow was extracted

from its bone and skillfully inserted into the hollow bone of the patient.

Rapidity and tender handling of the tissue to prevent it from disintegrating were the prime requisites. The bone was filled with marrow, the wound closed and the sheep put out of its suffering, all within three-quarters of an hour. At the end of two weeks he was improving. Three days ago Monk was allowed to place his foot on the floor and bear his weight upon it. No disastrous consequences occurred.

Monk's physicians are confident that he will never have any more trouble with his leg. They are positive that the marrow of the sheep has united with the bone and that a healthy condition now exists.

Dr. A. A. Berg, who performed the operation, would give no information concerning it. He said that professional ethics would not allow him to talk of the matter.

HUMAN ELECTRICAL TELEPHONE
Sound Waves Are Transmitted With Living Body as an Agent.

San Francisco.—Before a number of medical men and scientists Drs. Albert J. Atkins and E. J. Lewis have succeeded in charging an electrical circuit with human electricity to such a degree that external sound waves were transmitted and heard through an ordinary telephone receiver. The experiment consisted of the application of two platinum electrodes to the walls of the living stomach. By means of copper wires the electrodes were connected with a telephone and microphone. There was no mechanical or chemical battery in the circuit, yet the moment the electrodes were swallowed sufficiently to touch the walls of the stomach "human electricity" flowed over the wires, rendering sounds audible. The electric charge measured from seven to eight millivolts.

Church Pew Sold For \$5,575.
New York.—At an auction in the real estate exchange pew No. 112 in Grace church was sold for \$5,575. It was sold by the estate of Francis Jones. Another sale that attracted attention was that of thirty shares of stock of the Keeley Motor company, which once attempted to manufacture a perpetual motion machine. The stock brought \$1.

Dogfish is Rival to Hen.
London.—Government Analyst Thorpe offers hope to egg eaters when hens strike. Reporting to the fisheries committee of the Cornwall county council, he says the eggs of dogfish when boiled are similar to hard boiled hen's eggs, and that they are wholesome and highly nutritious.

Monster Bell for a School.
New York City to Have "Peace Disturber" Weighing 7,000 Pounds.

New York.—This city is soon to have the largest school bell in the world, a bronze-throated monster weighing 7,000 pounds. It will be five feet high and six feet across at the bottom, which makes it a trifle larger than the bell in the city hall at Minneapolis and three and a half times as large as the famous old Liberty bell. Its brazen clanging, it is said, will be audible on a clear day for 23 miles. This new distributor of the quiet will be too large to be swung and, therefore, will be sounded by a striker operated by a push button. It is being installed in the college of the city of New York.

Mention of the bell in connection with the number of students to whom it will sound a summons has brought out the fact that New York is the greatest university center in the country. Although Cambridge and New

MARRIES WIFE'S SCHUM

DENVER SHOP-GIRL WINS RICH BANKER HUSBAND.

Well-to-do Iowa Widower Attracted by Friend of First Helpmeet—Brief Courtship Ends at the Altar.

Denver.—In two respects the life of Florence L. Burson might be likened to Cinderella—she was poor and had to toil for long hours, and she was finally— But why anticipate? Florence Burson was bookkeeper for a suit and cloak company on Sixteenth street. She was the most popular girl in the store. Miss Cora Palmer and Miss Ella Farrall admit that, and they were rivals for the popularity honors among the clerks.

No announcements were sent out of the approaching nuptials. Miss Burson made the only announcement. "I'm going to get married, girls," she said. And in response to the chorus of "Ohs," and "Tell us all about it," she said that she was to marry a rich banker and that she would never have to work again. Then she added that Charles Thompson, a rich Iowa banker, was to be her husband.

"I'll send you girls my pictures," she said as she closed her books and left the store to prepare for the wedding.

The marriage was solemnized at the place where Miss Burson has made her home, and after the ceremony Miss Mary Welch, who conducts the place, gave a wedding breakfast with 30 guests invited to wish the bookkeeper happiness as the banker's wife.

When Thompson was not such a rich man he led to the altar a young woman who was Miss Burson's dearest friend. He prospered as the years went by and became president of the Forest City National bank, and was reputed the richest man in the county. Miss Burson was often a visitor at the home of her girlhood chum, and so attracted was Thompson with his wife's friend that he tried to make a match between her and his brother. His efforts at matchmaking for his brother were not successful.

Two years ago the first Mrs. Thompson died, and Miss Burson attended the funeral. She returned to Denver then, and did not see Mr. Thompson until last year in Chicago.

There are no indications that he then continued his efforts to make a match for his brother. There is even no evidence that he needed the admonition. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

At any rate a courtship was then begun that had as its culmination a meeting at the altar.

There is a story to the effect that the wedding brought pain and heartache to a prominent Denver young man, who was poor and could not carry on, against the banker, the campaign for the fair bookkeeper's affection.

A guest at the wedding breakfast said that the bride refused to occupy a seat beside her husband, and that all this seeming coolness was affected to impress upon the rejected suitor that she still loved him, though she married another. But Miss Mary Welch, proprietor of the Arno, pooh-poohed this tale.

"Why, it's preposterous," she said. "Somebody's heart may be broken, for all I know, but the reason the bride did not sit beside her husband is because we arranged the seats at opposite ends of the table as a joke."

But whether there were heartaches or not, one thing is certain—no Cinderella appeared happier for the coming of her prince than did Mrs. Charles Thompson as she was carried away in her chartered car.

GAIN MILLIONS OF YEARS.
Scientists Helped in Estimates of the Earth's Age by Radium.

London.—Sir Robert Ball said in a lecture at the Bishoptone Institute that the discovery of radium had gone a long way toward solving an important controversy between mathematicians and geologists.

Lord Kelvin calculated from what was then known about the earth's internal heat that not more than 20,000,000 years ago "the surface was so hot water could not rest on it and the oceans were vaporous." Geologists contended that it must have taken 800,000,000 years for the rocks to form and reach their present condition. The mathematicians revised Kelvin's figures and said he was right.

Now it appears that the earth's crust contains a considerable quantity of radium, which is forever pouring out heat at a great rate. "This being the case," Sir Robert reasons, "the date at which the earth first became cool enough for life must have been sufficiently remote to give geologists all the 800,000,000 years they demand to account for phenomena they have found."

ARRESTED FOR FIVE SNEEZES.
German Tailor Fined for "Kerchooling" in Presence of a Policeman.

Berlin.—Again the danger of sneezing loudly in the public streets in Germany has been brought to general notice. Some time ago a citizen of Muhlhausen was arrested on a charge of sneezing loudly in public, thus rendering himself a public nuisance. He managed to get off, as medical evidence showed that he had a polypus in his nose, which prevented his sneezing otherwise than loudly.

The Gottingen police next attacked this form of "gross misdemeanor" and arrested a master tailor who sneezed five times while crossing the street with a party of friends. The police declared the disturbance was created purposely.

The tailor was fined 75 cents on the spot. He declined to pay and subsequently the magistrate decided in his favor, saying he thought he did not sneeze on purpose, but because he couldn't help it.

A martyrdom nowadays would be called an advertisement.