



# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc. (COPYRIGHT 1905 by the BOBB'S-MERZELL COMPANY.)

## 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 shapless old Romeo 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-heel slovenliness which is called "comfort." Joe was crimson with "comfort," and was using his free hand to stroke, alternately, his shiny bald head and his heavy brown mustache. He got himself together sufficiently, after a few seconds, to disappear into his den. When he came out again, pipe and ragged jacket were gone, and he rushed 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 "Mister Ball," and 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 Ball to her. 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 they were at 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 happy days they had had many friends, but had lost them when they moved away from Brooklyn and went to live, like uneasy, out-of-place visitors, in their grand house, pretending to be what they pretended to be, and as discontented as they deserved.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. B.'s 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 Balls "blossomed out" 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. There's going to be a wedding right here." And I looked round the long salon, with everything draped for the summer departure. Joe whisked the cover off a chair, his man took off another. "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 of silence, 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 herbiboned and beflowered 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 Eilersly."

"Miss Eilersly?" 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 clothes" 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 his tools."

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 in the hall, "Go in, Allie. It's O. K.," heard the door slam, knew we should soon have some sort of minister with us.

strong and rounded, with a brow and a keen look out of the eyes which it seemed a pity should be wasted on a woman.

"From what Mr. Ball said,—Mrs. Ball was gushing affectively to Anita—"I got an idea that—well, really, I didn't know what to think."

Anita looked as if she were about to suffocate. Allie came to the rescue. "Not very complimentary to Mr. Blacklock, mother," said she good-humoredly. Then to Anita, with a simple friendliness there was no resisting: "Wouldn't you like to come up to my room for a few minutes?"

"Oh, thank you!" responded Anita, after a quick, but thorough inspection of Alva's face, to make sure she was 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."

"Why, 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 Episcopals. So I drifted toward that church. I find the service so satisfying—so elegant. And—oh, she sees there the people one sees socially."

"How is your culture class?" I inquired, deliberately malicious, in my impatience 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 cram them with odds and ends about art and politics and the "latest literature, heavy and light." On Tuesdays and Fridays she had an "indigent gentlewoman," 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 imitations of those conversation lessons that raised roars of laughter round the poker table, the louder because so many of the other men had wives 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 snobishness, said in the affected "society" tone, was as out of place in her as rouge and half-dye in a wholesome, honest old grand-mother.

I began to pace the floor. "Can

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 Eilersly 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 an 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 foul 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 seldom in the last few years, had forgotten how matter-of-factly her affectation and snobbery were, and how little they interfered with her being a good mother and a good wife, up to the limits of her brain capacity.

"I'm sure, Mr. Blacklock," she said plaintively, "I only wished to say what was pleasant and nice about your fiancée. I know she's a lovely girl. I've often admired her at the opera. She goes a great deal in Mrs. Langdon's box, and Mrs. Langdon and I are together on the board of managers of the Magdalene Home, and also on the board of the Hospital for Unfortunate Gentlefolk." And so on, and on.

I walked up and down among those wrapped-up, ghostly chairs and tables and cabinets and statues many times before Joe arrived with the minister—and he was a Methodist, McCabe by name. You should have seen Mrs. Ball's look as he advanced his portly form and round face with its shaven upper lip into the drawing-room. She tried to be cordial, but she couldn't—her mind was on Anita, and the horror that would fill her when she discovered that she was to be married by a preacher of a sect unknown to fashionable circles.



THE WEDDING.

rarely lived long after the passing of the heat of the emergency that bred them. Mrs. Ball saw it also, and was straightway giddied into a sort of ecstasy. You can imagine the visions it conjured. I've no doubt she talked house on the east side of the park to Joe that very night, before she let him sleep. However, Anita's face was serious enough when we took our places before the minister, with his little, black-bound book open. And as he read in a voice that was genuinely impressive those words that no voice could make unimpressive, I saw her paleness blanch in pallor, saw the dusk creep round her eyes until they were like stars waning spherically before the gray face of dawn. When they closed and her head began to sway, I steadied her with my arm. And so we stood, I with my arm round her, she leaning lightly against my shoulder. Her answers were mere movements of the lips.

At the end, when I kissed her cheek, she said: "Is it over?"

"Yes," McCabe answered—she was looking at him. "And I wish you all happiness, Mrs. Blacklock."

At that name, her new name, she stared at him with great wondering eyes; then her form relaxed. I carried her to a chair. Joe came with a glass of champagne; she drank some of it, and it brought life back to her face, and some color. With a naturalness that deceived even me for the moment, she smiled up at me. "Joe has handed him the glass. 'Is it bad luck,' she asked, 'for me to be the first to drink my own health?' And she stood, looking tranquilly at every one—except me."

I took McCabe into the hall and paid him off.

"When we came back, I said: 'Now we must be going.'"

"Oh, but surely you'll stay for supper," cried Joe's wife.

"No," replied I, in a tone that made it impossible to insist. "We appreciate your kindness, but we've imposed on it enough." And I shook hands with her and with Allie and the minister, and linking Joe's arm in mine, made for the door. I gave the necessary directions to my chauffeur while we were waiting for Anita to come down the steps. Joe's daughter was close beside her, and they kissed each other good-by, Alva on the verge of tears, Anita not suggesting any emotion of any sort. "Tomorrow—sure," Anita said to her. And she answered: "Yes, indeed—so soon as you telephone me." And so we were off a shower of rice rattling on the roof of the brougham—the slatternly man-servant had thrown it from the midst of the group of servants.

Neither of us spoke. I watched her face without seeming to do so, and by the light of occasional street lamps saw her studying me furtively. At last she said: "I wish to go to my uncle's now."

"We are going home," said I.

"But the house will be shut up," said she, "and every one will be in bed. It's nearly midnight. Besides, they might not—" She came to a full stop.

"We are going home," I repeated. "To the Willoughby."

She gave me a look that was meant to scorch—and it did. But I showed at the surface no sign of how I was wincing and shrinking.

She drew farther into her corner, and out of its darkness came, in a low voice: "How I hate you!" like the whisper of a bullet.

I kept silent until I had control of myself. Then, as if talking of a matter that had been finally and amicably settled, I began: "The apartment isn't exactly ready for us, but Joe's just about now telephoning my man that we are coming, and telephoning your people to send your maid down there."

"I wish to go to my uncle's," she repeated.

"My wife will go with me," said I quietly and gently. "I am considerate of her, not of her unwise impulses."

"All I ask of you," said I to him, "is that you cut it as short as possible. Miss Eilersly is tired and nervous." This while we were shaking hands after Joe's introduction.

Alva and she were coming down the stairway. I was amazed at sight of her. Her evening dress had given place to a pretty blue street suit with a short skirt—white showing at her wrists, at her neck and through slashes in the coat over her bosom; and on her head was a hat to match. I looked at her feet—the slippers had been replaced by boots.

"And they're just right for her," said Alva, who was following my glance, "though I'm not so tall as she."

But what amazed me most, and delighted me, was that she seemed to be almost in good spirits. It was evident she had formed with Joe's daughter one of those sudden friendships so great and so vivid that they

A society for the suppression of the call ought to be forthwith established. The call is no longer necessary, and needs to be abolished.

Under the present system one lady may know another lady intimately. She may go shopping with her daily. She may dine at the same restaurant and in the same houses. She may play cards with her five nights a week. But if she does not return her formal call within a prescribed time, she is not to be recognized henceforth.

The origin of the formal call is lost in obscurity. Its lack of fitness or sense indicates that it may have arisen in the first lunatic asylum. When about to make a formal call, the average woman puts on the best she has and walks, rides or otherwise propels herself to the home of the callee, purposely not acquainting her with her desired design, in order to take her at as great disadvantage as possible. The callee keeps the caller waiting for ten to fifteen minutes until she has put her best clothes on, inwardly exhorting the Fates because the parlor isn't dusted, and descends upon her visitor with an angel smile and a heart of wrath.

# SAYS HUMAN RACE IS DYING OUT.

## French statistician observes a remarkable decrease in world's birth-rate and sounds the alarm.

Philadelphia. The latest estimate of the total population of the world is 1,487,900,000, yet a French statistician, Dr. Meslier, has just published some figures by which he strives to prove that the human race is dying out.

Limited to the birth rate in European and a few other countries of white population, Dr. Meslier appears to have established his case. His figures, at any rate, are startling, but, as he leaves out of consideration some of the most populous countries and prolific peoples—the Asiatic races—it is doubtful if he maintains his position.

Taking the years of 1881 to 1903, he says that for every thousand married women from 15 to 55 years of age taken from different countries the number of births has decreased in England 18 per cent., ten per cent. in Scotland, ten per cent. in Bavaria, seven per cent. in Italy, seven per cent. in Sweden, 11 per cent. in Russia, 17 per cent. in France, 17 per cent. in Denmark, 18 per cent. in New Zealand, 24 per cent. in Saxony, 25 per cent. in the state of Victoria and 33 per cent. in New South Wales. As the census returns of the United States for 1900 are as yet incomplete, there are no satisfactory figures upon which Dr. Meslier can carry his comparisons to this country.

If the birth rate figures are missing, the mortality statistics of some 26 of the principal cities of the United States show that there is an appreciable decrease in all but two cities—New Orleans and Columbus—between 1890 and 1900.

Birth Rate of Past. The ancients did not leave any very authentic records of the population of their cities or countries, but such fragmentary information as has descended to our times shows a steady and continuous growth in the number of the world's people, says the Philadelphia Ledger. While the birth rate, proportionately, was perhaps greater in some parts of the world 2,000 years ago than it is to-day, long years of warfare and convulsions of nature, to say nothing of accident, assassination and disease, kept the growth of population within a narrow rate of progression.

Only the barest estimates of the population of the world are possible before the nineteenth century. Even now a universal census is wanting, but the present means of estimating lead to more reasonable results than were possible so recently as a hundred years ago.

The cry that the human race is dying out was not unfamiliar in ancient Rome and in Sparta. Efforts were made in those states to rectify the falling birth rate by enacting various laws. In the meantime a new world has been discovered and the globe's population, despite innumerable natural and artificial drawbacks, has grown probably a hundredfold.

Many misconceptions of the size of the population of the ancient monarchies and people, it seems, have

number are better able to produce good ones, and if the animal must feed and protect the young, the drain is too great if many offspring are produced. There is then a selection or survival of those which are the most vigorous—that is, those having the fewest offspring. In time this process results in a very small birth rate. Some seabirds, for instance, lay but one egg a year.

These are the rules operative also in the case of man. There was a time when he was struggling for existence in a far different way than he now does. He could not give much care to his children, and when they contracted diseases he simply watched them die, for he was ignorant of the ways of curing them. The infantile death rate was enormous, as it is at present in the savage races.

The brain of primitive man increased in size from the survival of the most intelligent in each generation during this awful early struggle with a severe environment, and then civilization gradually arose by reason of this increased brain. Men were able to raise children which formerly perished.

Families Grow Smaller. The human race—at least in its civilized branches—is gradually becoming confined to the lines of small families.

The resulting types will be somewhat feebler than prior ones, but that



THE ROMAN EMPIRE WAS THE FIRST POPULOUS STATE THE WORLD HAS SEEN.

## SURVIVAL OF MAN

(By Charles E. Woodruff, M. D.)

So much popular attention has been given to the diminishing birth rate in civilized races that it is astounding there has been so little said as to its real significance as a natural law which has been operative in all species of plant or animal, man included, whenever the conditions of existence demanded it.

In the struggle for existence there are thousands of factors determining survival, and the number of offspring from one pair of parents is strictly regulated by these factors. In the long run a species must remain stationary numerically or diminish, for it cannot increase to overrun the earth. Hence the death rate is exactly equal to the birth rate as a rule, and there is a death for every birth. It may be stated in other terms. No matter how many offspring there are, nor how long the parents live, nor how often they produce, all the offspring perish except two on an average, and these two take the place of

is an advantage also. Feeble children are now raised which invariably perish in prior ages. Survival is the proof of being the fittest for survival, of course. If future man is to be much fatter than present man, it will be a natural process. Present types are much different from the powerful brute of prehistory and keep themselves alive by intelligent forethought. They are fitter than the stupid man of great physical strength, and are driving him to the wall.

The same journal which gives a highly sensational account of the terrific reduction in the birth rate will in another column describe the awful famines in far-away lands involving millions of people.

The Russian peasants have huge families, in which the infantile death rate is tremendous, because they live under very unsanitary conditions which none except the most vigorous children can survive. All the weaklings are killed off, and the survivors are those remarkable men who, when drafted into the army, are able to accomplish such marvels of endurance.

On the other hand, the English baby, no matter how frail, is saved; no matter how sick, it is cured and grows up. The nation is known to be far less robust, as far as muscle and brute force is concerned, than it was a couple of centuries ago. It is difficult to get soldiers strong enough to carry the gun and ammunition, while in Russia nearly all are able soldiers.

Most Intelligent Live. Now, the English are able to survive simply because they have the intelligence to avoid the causes of death. Thus in one end of Europe the most intelligent are being selected for survival, in the other the most robust though lacking in intelligence. It is the rule which has guided our development since man was created; increasing intelligence selects for survival the more frail who are not burdened with unnecessary bone and muscle.

The alleged deterioration of the English nation is the normal evolution and not the disaster which sociologists are so prone to think. It is part and parcel of the high growth of Democratic civilization in Great Britain, which is impossible in Russia, where there is not sufficient intelligence. The social organization of these trainter brainer English types is therefore wholly unsuited for the robust but stupid mujik, and the men who are trying to graft these forms upon the Russian organism are merely doing harm.

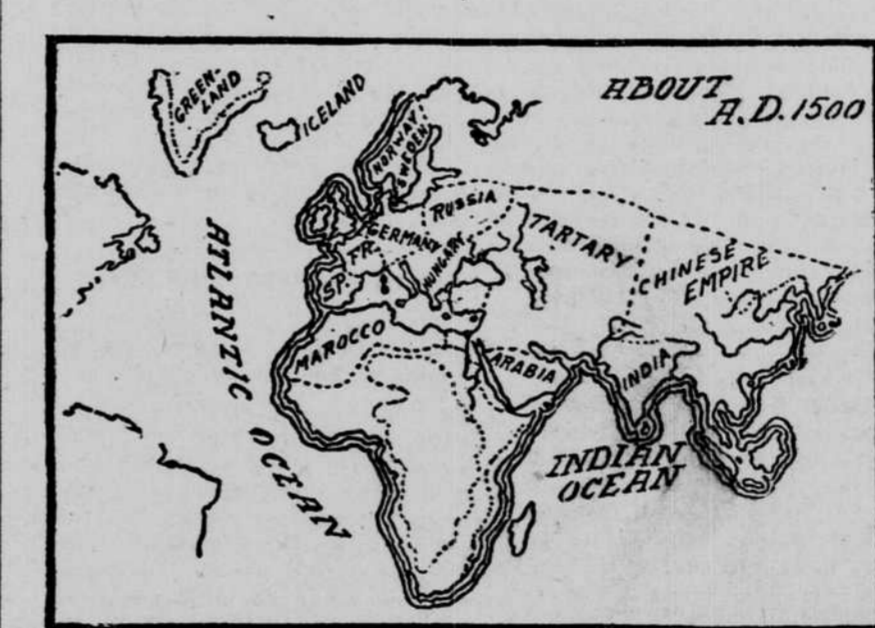
The average family is now about four, and if they all survive it means doubling of population each generation, which in a few centuries would not leave standing room in the United States. In another two or three centuries, if our losses continue to diminish at present rates, the birth rate will drop naturally to a fraction over two children per family.

substantial revenue. Some of the pits, however, are so dangerous of approach, owing to steep, overhanging and crumbling banks, that only the most daring venture within casting distance.

At one pit a nearby tree affords a lodging place for those who enjoy the novelty of fishing from a tree. One man has erected a tall scaffolding, from which vantage point he casts his line.

Black bass thrive better in those pits than any other fish. They grow to enormous size, and the coldness and purity of the water give them not only a gaminess but a solidity of flesh which they do not acquire in the finest bass streams in the state.

Several years ago the owner of a piece of property on which was an abandoned ore pit dumped a lot of bass and pickerel fry into the pit. Just as soon as they grew big enough the latter promptly destroyed the bass, but he now has one of the finest of pickerel preserves. In cold weather, when his pits freeze over, he makes money by leasing out fishing privileges.



ABOUT A.D. 1500

been popularly held. At the time of the exodus it is doubtful if the then narrowly prescribed world contained more than 15,000,000 of people. Prof. Flinders Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, in a recent work, has called attention to what he considers an error in translating the original Hebrew Scriptures. He maintains that instead of 600,000 Hebrews leaving Egypt there were really about 5,500. His interpretation and demonstration are ingenious and need not be refuted here.

## Some Unreliable Data.

It is only by estimates based upon questionable figures that any idea of

## FISH THRIVE IN OLD MINES

Abandoned Pits Make Ideal Breeding Places for the Finny Tribe—How One Enterprising Individual Makes Money Out of His "Preserve"—Element of Danger Makes Sport One of Fascination.

Perhaps the most popular fishing places in the country are found in Lehigh county, Pennsylvania. When the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. of New York started a panic which later swept over this country, it closed every hematite ore mine in Lehigh, and caused the loss of millions of dollars. These abandoned ore mines, covering acres of land and ranging in depth from 30 to 100 feet, gradually began to fill up with water, and in that condition they have remained for years.

It was a boy who first conceived the idea that these ore mines would be ideal breeding places for fish. He had read a book on fish culture and he noticed that a particular pit had the

kind of aquatic vegetable which the book said was necessary. So he caught a lot of sunfish, catfish, suckers, eels and chubs and dumped them into the waters of the pits, and then forgot all about it.

These fish multiplied with amazing rapidity. Several years later a fisherman on his way home from a trout stream happened to pass this particular pit. Merely as a joke he baited his hooks with worms and made a cast. He had scarcely done so when his reel commenced to sing and to his great amazement he pulled out two enormous sunfish. Inside of half an hour he had filled his creel.

He made a quiet investigation and readily obtained permission from the owners of the pits to experiment in fish culture. He commenced to plant black bass and yellow perch. He went about it secretly and the owners, who did not want to be annoyed by applicants for fishing privileges, also kept quiet. To-day those pits fairly teem with fish.

In the shallower pits the same enterprising individual introduced land terrapin which are now bringing in a

## The Etiquette of Calls.

The visitor sits on the edge of a chair 15 minutes, admires the furniture and the view from the window and departs with an outward, "So glad you were home," and an inward, "That's over."

The callee is then I. If she doesn't get back within a certain time her friends begin to greet her as if she had just stepped out of a refrigerator.

Friendship among women has never been a staple article of commerce. Perhaps when it is the call will be a thing of the past. We can only hope for the best.—Life.

The New Were Worse. "Didn't you think Bilkins told some awful old jokes last night?" "He certainly did. But it's better than to strain your mouths trying to grin over a fresh one that isn't worth the effort."—Detroit Free Press.

"Those Nritch people don't know how to treat inferiors." "Well, you couldn't expect them to. You see, they haven't had any inferiors very long."—Cleveland Leader.