



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" and "CONFIDENT 1905 by the BONES-DELLER COMPANY"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

I issued a clear statement of the situation; I showed in minute detail how the people standing together under the leadership of the honest men of property could easily force the big bandits to consent to an honest, just, rock-founded, iron-bolted reconstruction. My statement appeared in all the morning papers throughout the land. Turn back to it, read it. You will say that I was right. Well—

Toward two o'clock Inspector Crawford came into my private office, escorted by Joe. I saw in Joe's seamed, green-gray face that some new danger had arisen. "You've got to get out of this," said he. "The mob in front of our place fills the three streets. It's made up of crowds turned away from the suspended banks."

I remembered the sullen faces and the hisses as I entered the office that morning earlier than usual. My windows were closed to keep out the street noises; but now that my mind was up from the work in which I had been absorbed, I could hear the sounds of many voices, even through the thick plate glass.

"We've got 200 policemen here," said the inspector. "Five hundred more are on the way. But—really, Mr. Blacklock, unless we can get you away, there'll be serious trouble. Those damn newspapers! Every one of them denounced you this morning, and the people are in a fury against you."

I went toward the door. "Hold on, Matt," cried Joe, springing at me and seizing me. "Where are you going?"

"To tell them what I think of them," replied I, sweeping him aside. For my blood was up, and I was enraged against the poor cowardly fools. "For God's sake don't show yourself!" he begged. "If you don't care for your own life, think of the rest of us. We've fixed a route through buildings and under streets up to Broadway. Your electric is waiting for you there."

"It won't do," I said. "I'll face 'em—it's the only way."

I went to the window, and was about to throw up one of the sunblinds for a look at them; Crawford stopped me. "They'll stone the building and then storm it," said he. "You must go at once, by the route we've arranged."

"Even if you tell them I'm gone, they won't believe it," replied I. "We can look out for that," said Joe, eager to save me, and caring nothing about consequences to himself. But I had unsettled the inspector.

"Send for my electric to come down here," said I. "I'll go out alone and get in it and drive away."

and jailers permitted to be brought aboard—not until the last hope of turning Wild Week to the immediate public advantage had sputtered out like a lost man's last match. Did I think of benefiting myself, of seizing the opportunity to strengthen myself for the future. On Monday morning I said to Sergt. Mulholland: "I want to go ashore at once and send some telegrams."

The sergeant is one of the detective bureau's "dress-suit men." He is by nature phlegmatic and cynical. His experience has put over that a veneer of weary politeness. We had become great friends during our enforced inseparable companionship. For Joe, who looked on me somewhat as a mother looks on a brilliant but erratic son, had, as I soon discovered, elaborated a wonderful programme for me. It included a watch on me day and night, lest, through rage or despondency, I should try to do violence to myself. A fine character, that Joe! But, to return, Mulholland answered my request for shore-leave with a soothing smile. "Can't do it, Mr. Blacklock," he said. "Our orders are positive. But when we put in at New London and send ashore for further instructions, and for the papers, you can send in your messages."

"As you please," said I. And I gave him a cipher telegram to Joe—an order to invest my store of cash, which meant practically my whole fortune, in the gilt-edged securities that were to be had for cash at a small fraction of their value.

This on the Monday after Wild Week, please note. I would have heaped the people to deliver themselves from the bondage of the bandits. They would not have it. I would even have sacrificed my all in trying to save them in spite of their selves. But what is one sane man against a stampeded multitude of maniacs? For confirmation of my disinterestedness, I point to all those weeks and months during which I waged costly warfare on "The Seven," who would gladly have given me more than I now have, could I have been

"Mulholland—Mrs. Mulholland—four little Mulhollands," said I, reflectively. "That's about as much as one man could attend to properly. And you are 'on the level,' aren't you?"

"Some say honesty's the best policy," replied he. "Some say it isn't. I don't know, and I don't care, whether it is or it isn't. It's my policy. And we six seem to have got along on it so far."

I sent my "guests" ashore the next morning. "No, I'll stay aboard," said I to Mulholland, as he stood aside for me to precede him down the gangway from the launch. I went into the watch-pocket of my trousers and drew out the folded two \$1,000-bills I always carried—it was a habit formed in my youthful, gambling days. I handed him one of the bills. He hesitated.

"For the four little Mulhollands," I urged. He put it in his pocket. I watched him and his men depart with a heavy heart. I felt alone, horribly alone, without a tie or an interest. Some of the morning papers spoke respectfully of me as one of the strong men who had ridden the flood and had been landed by it on the heights of wealth and power. Admiration and envy lurked even in sneers at my "unscrupulous plotting." Since I had wealth, plenty of wealth, I did not need character. Of what use was character in such a world except as a commodity to exchange for wealth?

"Any orders, sir?" interrupted my captain. I looked round that vast and vivid scene of sea and land activities. I looked along the city's titanic sky-line—the mighty fortresses of trade and commerce piercing the heavens and flinging to the wind their black banners of defiance. I felt that I was under the walls of hell itself.

"To get away from this," replied I to the waiting captain. "Go back down the Sound—to Dawn Hill."

Yes, I would go to the peaceful, soothing country, to my dogs and horses and those faithful servants bound to me by our common love for the same animals. "Men to cross swords with, to amuse oneself with," I mused; "but dogs and horses to live with." I pictured myself at the kennels—the joyful uproar the instant instinct warned the dogs of my coming; how they would leap and bark and tremble in a very ecstasy of delight as I stood among them; how jealous all the others would be, as I selected one to caress.

"Send her ahead as fast as she'll go," I called to the captain. (To be Continued.)

Could YOU Marry Happily with \$5 Many Millions?



MISS ETHEL ROCKEFELLER

New York.—Is there any young couple in all the world as lucky as young Marcellus Hartley Dodge and pretty Miss Ethel Rockefeller?

They have announced their engagement. The wedding takes place within a few weeks—very quietly because of the recent death of Mr. Dodge's father. It will be a marriage of millions to millions.

But the millions are the small part of this newest engagement and coming marriage. Young Mr. Dodge has youth, health, talent and popularity. And Miss Rockefeller is as fortunate. There is nothing now in the world that they may not have, save each other—and that happy day is not far away.

Couple Has Vast Wealth. When the clergyman says: "I pronounce you man and wife," out of the church will walk the richest young pair in all New York, if not in all the United States. Nobody knows how rich young Mr. Dodge is—he has something between \$20,000,000 and \$60,000,000, an estate which is increasing in size by leaps and bounds every day. It came from his grandfather, the late Marcellus Hartley. He cannot spend even the interest.

Miss Rockefeller is one of the heiresses to the vast wealth of William Rockefeller, her father. His holdings no man could possibly figure up, save only Mr. Rockefeller himself, who is a younger brother of John D. Rockefeller, head of the great Standard Oil and all its allied interests.

Just imagine how fortunate these young people are. Suppose the great Rockefeller fortunes were to be wiped out in the twinkling of an eye; young Mrs. Dodge would still share in her husband's income of from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year—quite a tidy bit to keep the wolf from the door.

No Danger of Penury. Should the Dodge estate go to pieces and leave not a penny, then young Mr. Dodge would have for a wife one of the richest heiresses in the United States—a wife who never has to count the cost of anything, be it a jeweled necklace that some queen once wore or an ocean-going steam yacht. No Rockefeller ever has to count the cost of anything, as even some of our poorer millionaires sometimes must.

But, money having been provided for these two young people from the day of their birth, they have other things to think of. Money doesn't bring happiness to a millionaire. He must have more, because money is always there to be the ready servant of his slightest whim. He doesn't have to think about the butcher or the baker or the landlord. He doesn't even have to pay them, his secretary does that for him.

Young Mr. Dodge went to Columbia university with the class of 1903. Probably he thought more of his career there than he did of the millions that now are his. He wanted to do something more, and he did. To begin with, he was extremely popular. When in '03 he graduated the young man was voted one of the luckiest three and one of the most popular three men in his class. Lucky? Yes! Not only because of his inheritance,

wooded for her money—as many a rich girl has had before; and young Mr. Dodge didn't have to think that he was being angled for because of his great fortune—as some other young millionaires have felt before.

Engagement Announced. In due season Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller announced the engagement at their home, No. 689 Fifth avenue. Mrs. Hartley, the grandmother of the young man, confirmed it at her home, No. 232 Madison avenue, where Mr. Dodge dwells. His mother died when he was born. His father, the late Norman W. Dodge, died at Nyack about a month ago. He was a grandson of the late William Earl Dodge, Sr., one of New York's foremost citizens. Mr. Dodge's wife was Marcellus Hartley's daughter. Young Mr. Dodge is now 26 years old.

Miss Rockefeller some day will have her share of the Rockefeller millions. Her father, William Rockefeller, and her uncle, John D. Rockefeller, are two of the richest men in the world.

She has been "out" for about six years, her mother giving her a formal debut in 1901. Her first public appearance was at the Waldorf-Astoria at one of the Friday cotillions. But she is seen very little by the fashionables—in fact, she cares little for small talk and late suppers, dancing or the theater.

Horses are her hobby. Many a ribbon has she won, too, at the outdoor horse shows, where she rides and drives herself. Four years ago Miss Rockefeller astonished even her intimates by entering 29 horses at the Westchester horse show. It took hours of begging and pleading with her father to gain his consent, but it was finally accomplished. Miss Ethel won because she frankly admitted that she was proud of her horses, and wanted others to see what beautiful animals they really were.

And when her horse, Treadless took his blue Miss Ethel's heart was filled with more happiness than it would have been had Standard Oil stock mounted another 100 points a share.

An Outdoor Girl. Miss Rockefeller is distinctly an outdoor girl. She much prefers to canter over the Westchester roads than to frivole at an afternoon tea. She can drive as well as she can ride, too, and many a fine afternoon sees her driving a spirited pair, with some girl friend as companion. And she never lets a groom accompany her.

The bride-to-be is a young woman who doesn't have to be amused. She can amuse herself; she is never bored; she is bright, attractive, her gowns are marvels of taste and simplicity; she cares little for jewelry. She is a graduate of Miss Spence's school, from which so many daughters of millionaires have been sent forth.

Miss Rockefeller is decidedly good looking. She is rather petite, with dark-brown hair and eyes and a pink and-white complexion that speaks of early hours and plenty of exercise in the open air. Her face is well rounded and her figure is excellent—in fact, she is a type of the well-groomed American girl.

Fond of Early Rides. Some of this comes from her early morning rides. She never misses them when she is up at Rockwood hall, her father's stone palace at Irvington. On rainy mornings she may be seen riding along the roads at a brisk gallop, her hair flying in the wind, her cheeks aglow with youth and health.

And this is the sort of a girl who is going to join the Rockefeller fortune with the Dodge fortune. They will have everything that money can buy—yachts, horses, a house in town, another in the country, with perhaps a villa at the seashore. They will have hosts of friends, of course, because both of them have so many friends already, and these will join forces when the young people are married.

When Miss Rockefeller becomes Mrs. Dodge, there will be no more marriageable Rockefellers. She is the last of her generation to go to the altar. Ambitious mammas will have to wait another 20 years for another Rockefeller pair.

All the grown-up Rockefellers will have been married! **Men at the Tea Table.** It is amusing to find that tea drinking is at last being defended. Before men took to tea drinking we used to be told that we were running our nerves and our digestions with this "wishy-washy stuff," and one can remember households where early-morning tea and even the four o'clock tiffin had positively to be taken in secret. At the sacred hour now one finds every tea shop crowded with men.—London Lady's Pictorial. **Women Canada Wants.** Canada wants and welcomes the woman of practical ability. The idle woman, the namby-pamby woman, the woman who lives and breathes and has her being in "family," and the woman who is too proud to work might just as well stay at home.—Gentlewoman.

Copper Will Kill All Germs

"Copper is a marvelous preventive of disease. If we returned to the old copper drinking vessels of our forefathers typhoid epidemics would disappear."

The speaker, a filtration expert, took a copper cent from his pocket. "Examine this cent under the microscope," he said, "and you will find it altogether free from disease germs. Examine gold and silver coins and you will find them one wriggling and contorting germ mass. Yet copper coins pass through dirtier hands than gold and silver ones. You'd think they'd be alive with microorganisms. But no. Copper kills germs. Diphtheria and cholera cultures smeared on a copper cent die in less than two hours."

"They have many cholera epidemics in China, but certain towns are always immune. These towns keep their drinking water in great copper vessels. Travelers have tried to buy these vessels, for they are beautiful, but the villagers will not sell them. They have a superstition that their health and welfare depend on their retention. I wish all superstitions were as true and salutary as that."

Judging by the Face.

Ability to Determine Character is a Rare Qualification. Many professional and business men, and more especially those who superintend the labors of large numbers of employes, suffer loss from their inability to judge accurately the capacity and character of those with whom they are brought into contact, says Current Literature. It is seldom realized that one of the rarest forms of human ability is what Talleyrand termed "ability to estimate ability in others." In our country the mere money loss entailed by placing incapable men in positions of supreme responsibility is incalculable. An eminent British administrator has said that 90 per cent. of men of a high order of ability, when placed in positions of supreme responsibility, fail utterly. If, then, there be such a thing as a science of character reading and a science of capacity reading, it must be still very little understood, notwithstanding the various learned works now in print on the subject.

Breaking a Butterfly

Poor butterfly of glided life. Impaled, with feeble, fluttering wing. Torn from the flowers with pleasure rife. No duty save to dance and sing. Now all light laughter change to tears; How pitiful the change forlorn! The color washed away in tears. And all the dainty glories gone. Yet who shall say those poor crushed wings Had not a better right to things? —Baltimore American.

Architect of Prominence.

The architect of the new Slinger building in New York, 40 stories in height, and exceeded in altitude by only one building in the world, is Ernest Flagg, who had previously planned the Corcoran art gallery in Washington and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was a pupil of Paul Blondel, the late "guardian" architect of the Louvre and Tuilleries.