

The Deluge

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

"That is very flattering," said she. "And then went bravely on—'I suppose there isn't anything you'd stop at in order to gain your end.'"

"Nothing," said I, and I compelled her to meet my gaze.

She drew a long breath, and I thought there was a sob in it—like a frightened child.

"But I repeat," I went on, "that if you wish it, I shall never try to see you again. Do you still love me?"

"No," she said, and she answered slowly. "I think not."

As she spoke the last word, she lifted her eyes to mine with a look of forced friendliness in them that I'd rather not have seen there. I wished to be sure of her defects, to the stains and smudges with which her surroundings must have sullied her. And that friendly look seemed to me an unmistakable hypocrisy in obedience to her mother. However, it had the effect of bringing her nearer to my own earthy level of putting me at ease with her, and for the few remaining minutes we talked freely, I indifferent whether my manners and conversation were correct. As I helped her into their carriage, I pressed her arm slightly, and said in a voice for her only, "Until tomorrow."

FRESH AIR IN A GREENHOUSE.

At five the next day I rang the Eilersly's bell, was taken through the drawing room into that same library. The curtains over the double doorway between the two rooms were almost drawn. She presently entered from the hall. I admired the picture she made in the doorway, her long hair, her embroidered dress of white cloth, and that small, sweet, cold face of hers. And as I looked, I knew that nothing, nothing—no, not ever her wish, her command—could stop me from trying to make her my own.

She came to my feet, and I saw that she had shown a face—it or the passion that inspired it—for she paused and paled.

"What is it?" I asked. "Are you afraid of me?"

She came forward proudly, a fine scorn in her eyes. "No," she said. "If you knew, you might be afraid of me."

"I am," I confessed. "I am afraid of you because you inspire in me a feeling that is beyond my control. I've committed many faults in my life—have had moodiness which amused me to defy fate. But those follies have always been of my own willing. You—no, not one that compels me."

She smiled—not discouragingly—and wanted herself on a tiny sofa in the corner, a curiously impregnable trenchment, as I noted—and by my impulse was to carry her by storm. I was astonished at my own audacity; I was wondering where my fear of her had gone, my awe of her superior fineness and being. "Mamma will be down in a few minutes," she said.

"I didn't come to see your mother," replied I. "I came to see you."

She flushed, then froze—and I thought I had once more "got upon" her nerves. "You are not a very nice creature," she said. "You are so much impertinent to petty little dancing-master tricks and caperings. You live—always have lived—in an artificial atmosphere. Real things act on you like fresh air on a hothouse flower."

"I see I've offended again, as usual," said I. "You attach so much importance to petty little dancing-master tricks and caperings. You live—always have lived—in an artificial atmosphere. Real things act on you like fresh air on a hothouse flower."

"I am that," returned I. "And good for you—as you'll find when you get used to me."

I heard voices in the next room—her mother's and some one else's. She walked until it was evident we were not to be disturbed. As I realized that, fact and surmised its meaning, I looked triumphantly at her. She drew further back into her corner, and the almost stern firmness of her contour told me she had set her teeth and was resolved.

"I see you are nervous yourself," said I with a laugh. "You are perfectly certain I am going to propose to you." She flamed scarlet and half started up.

"Your mother—in the next room—expects it, too," I went on, laughing ever more disagreeably. "Your parents never money—they have decided to sell you, their only large income-producing asset. And I am willing to buy. What do you say?"

She was blocking her way out of the room. She was standing, her breath coming fast, her eyes blazing. "You are—frightful!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

"Because I am frank, because I am honest? Because I want to put things on a sound basis? I suppose, if I came lying and pretending, and let you lie and pretend, you would find me—almost tolerable. Well, I'm not that kind. When there's no special reason, one way or the other, I'm willing to smile and grimace and doddle and droll, like the rest of your friends, those ladies and gentlemen. But when there's business to be transacted, I am business like. Let's not begin with your thinking you are deceiving me, and so hating me and despising me and trying to keep up the deception. Let's begin right."

SOME STRANGE LAPSSES OF A LOVER

Before there was time for me to get a distinct impression, that ugly shape of cynicism had disappeared.

It was a shadow I myself cast upon her. I assured myself, and once more she seemed to me like a clear, calm lake of melted snow from the mountains. "I can see to the pure white sand of the very bottom," thought I. Mystery there was, but only the mystery of wonder at the apparition of such beauty and purity in such a world as mine. True, from time to time, there showed at the surface or vaguely outlined in the depths, forms strangely out of place in those unsullied waters. But I either refused to see or refused to trust my senses. I had a fixed ideal of what a woman should be; this girl embodied that ideal.

"If you'd only give up your cigarettes," I remember saying to her when we were a little better acquainted, "you'd be perfect."

She made an impatient gesture. "Don't!" she commanded almost angrily. "You make me feel like a hypocrite. You tempt me to be a hypocrite. Why not be content with woman as she is—a human being? And how could any woman not an idiot—be alive for twenty-five years without learning a thing or two? Why should any man want it?"

"Because to know is to be spattered and stained," said I. "I get enough of people who know, down-town. Up-town—I want a change of air. Of course, you think you know the world, but you haven't the remotest conception of what it's really like. Sometimes when I'm with you, I begin to feel mean and—unclean. And the feeling grows on me until it's all I can do to

restrain myself from rushing away." She looked at me critically.

"You've never had much to do with women, have you?" she finally said slowly in a nascent tone.

"I wish that were true—almost," replied I, on my mettle as a man, and resisting not without effort the impulse to make some vague "confessions"—boastings disguised as penitential admissions—after the custom of masculine fads.

She smiled, and one of those disquieting shapes seemed to me to be floating lazily and repellingly downward, out of sight. "A man and a woman can be a great deal to each other, I believe," said she; "can be married, and all that—and remain as strange like I can other men if they had never met—more hopelessly strangers."

"There's always a sort of mystery," I conceded. "I suppose that's one of the things that keep married people interested."

She shrugged her shoulders—she was in evening dress. I recall and there was on her white skin that intense, transparent, bluish tinge one sees on the new snow when the sun comes out.

"Mystery?" she said impatiently. "There's no mystery except what we ourselves make. It's a perfectly useless, less," she went on absently. "You're the sort of man who, if a woman cared for him, or even showed friendship for him by being frank and human and natural with him, he'd punish her for it by—by despising her."

She smiled, much as one smiles at the efforts of a precocious child to prove that it is a Methusalem in experience.

"If you weren't like an angel in comparison with the others I've known," said I, "do you suppose I could care for you as I do?"

I saw my remark irritated her, and I fancied it was her vanity that was offended by my disbelief in her knowledge of life. I hadn't a suspicion that I had hurt and alienated her by slandering her very face the door of friendship and frankness her honesty was forcing her to try to open for me.

In my stupidity of imagining her not honest, I had been wrong. It was her vanity that I had known, but a creature apart and in a class apart, I stood day after day gaping at that very door, and wondering how I could open it, how penetrate even to the courtyard of that vast citadel. So long as my old-fashioned belief that good women were the better than men and women less than human had influenced me only to a sharper lookout in dealing with the one species of woman I then came in contact with, no harm to me resulted, but on the contrary, good—however got into trouble through the hands of a woman and sword arm free? But when, under the spell of Anita Eilersly, I dragged the "superhuman goodness" part of my theory down out of the clouds and made it my guardian and guide—really, it's a miracle that I escaped from the pit into which that theory pitched me headlong. I was not content with idealizing only her; I went on to seeing good, and only good, in everybody! The millennium was at hand; all Wall street was my friend; whatever I wanted would happen. And when Robertus, with an air like a benediction from a Bishop backed by a cathedral organ and full choir, gave me the tip to buy coal stocks, I canonized him on the spot. Never did a Jersey "Jay" in Sunday clothes and tallowed boots respond to a humo steerer's greeting with a gladder smile than mine to that pious old past-master of craft.

I will say, in justice to myself, though it is also in excuse, that if I had known him intimately a few years earlier, I should have found it all but impossible to fool myself. For he had not long been in a position where he could keep wholly detached from the crowd, and his beneficent benefit and by his order, and where he could disclaim responsibility and even knowledge. The great lawyers of the country have been most ingenious in developing corporate law in the direction of making a delinquent a complete and secure shield between the beneficiary of a crime and its consequences; but before a great financier can use this shield perfectly, he must build up a system—he must find lieutenants with the necessary coyness, courage and cunning; he must teach them, he must inspire them, he must educate them, not to point out to him the disagreeable things involved in his orders, but to execute unquestioningly, to efface completely the trail between him and them, whether or not they succeed in covering the trail, and faint trail between themselves and the faults that nominally commit the crimes.

(Continued Next Week.)

MYSTERY OF TREE GROWTH.

Where and How It Comes No Man Can Tell.

From the Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser.

One of the most wonderful among the many incomprehensible mysteries of earth is tree growth. Everything connected with life and growth, animal and vegetable, is a mystery, for that matter, for all human knowledge fails to penetrate the hidden operations of nature, or to tell the why and the how of it. We see seed and trees growing by side, fed from the same sources below and above the ground, so far as we can determine, yet one produces a beautiful rose and the other an ill-smelling and ugly opposite. One tree produces a delicious fruit, the other a sour crab, yet so far as we can see the same elements sustain both. We see and realize the difference, but fail to understand it.

But there are some things about tree growth, aside from leaves, flowers, or fruit that is as deep a mystery as anything connected with animal life. An acorn, for example, is planted in the earth and in due time it sends down roots and sends up a tiny sprout. If not in the soil it continues to grow, and in the course of many years becomes a tree. During this time the roots have been attracting moisture and food from the earth and the trunk and limbs have been obtaining something from the air. Each year a new layer of wood is added, and so it continues till a great giant of the forest is the result.

The material for all this wood has been obtained somehow and from some source, but even it is done is the mystery. It may be one of many great trees growing almost against each other, and each has managed to absorb many cords of wood from some hidden recess of nature which man cannot fathom. We can search the earth and the air with all our powers and with all the instruments and appliances at our command, but we will fail to detect the tree germs.

Nor is this all of the greatest mystery. Two trees grow up side by side, fed from the same source, yet the wood of one is the soft yellow poplar and the other hard white hickory; one may be beautiful bird's-eye or curled maple and the other pitch pine or oak. There is another mystery that man cannot penetrate. Somewhere or somehow the alchemy or chemistry of machinery of nature carries on its tireless and ceaseless work, and the result is before us. That is all man knows, and probably all that he will ever know of the subject. All nature is a mystery, and the growth of trees is not the least.

Just the Trouble.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Bess—Why did you jilt Montgomery?
Tess—He was; but I wanted a real one.

Easy Dupes.

A lawyer said of the late Al Adams in New York:

"Mr. Adams was very honest and upright with his friends. He treated his friends far better than does many a venal churchoffer I could name. And if he frankly admitted that he duped the public—why, if all who duped the public were sent to prison for it, our jails would have to be enlarged."

"Like Barnum, Mr. Adams claimed that the public liked to be fooled. As an example of the ease with which it could be fooled he used to tell a story about a calendar vender.

"This vender, one wintry day, entered a cafe and said to a man who was reading a newspaper and drinking hot lemonade: 'Won't you buy a calendar, sir? The new year is close at hand.'

"No, I don't want a calendar,' the man answered, sipping his lemonade impatiently."

"But the vender persuaded him to buy one, and he ordered it to be delivered to his wife at a house on the next square.

"Going to this house, the vender said to the wife:

"Your husband, madam, sent me from the cafe on Exe street with this calendar, which he wishes you to buy for his desk."

"The lady paid a quivering hot lemonade, and the reckless vender returned to the cafe where her husband sat.

"While he was trying to make more sales there, the husband went home, heard of the trick that had been played on his wife and him, and, ringing up his butler, said furiously:

"Go down to the cafe at once and bring up the calendar vender you'll find there."

"The butler went to the cafe, found the vender busy with a customer, and delivered his message. But the vender, handing out another calendar, said:

"Oh, I know what your boss wants. He wants a calendar. Have you got a quarter? It will save me the trip up."

"Yes; here you are," said the butler, and, taking the calendar with one hand and extending a quarter with the other, he hurried back home."

It is stated that the incomes of physicians in England have decreased 25 per cent. during the last three years.

Worth Knowing.

That Aleock's Plasters are the highest result of medical science and skill, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled.

That they are the original and genuine porous plaster upon whose reputation imitators pride.

That they never fail to perform their remedial work quickly and effectually.

That for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Colds, Lung Trouble, Strains and all Local Pains they are invaluable.

That when you buy Aleock's Plasters you obtain the best plasters made.

Moonshine by Wholesale.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The discovery of an 800-gallon moonshine still in the woods eight miles east of Eatonton has led to a most complete rounding up in the vicinity, and United States Deputy Collector C. L. Vigil and Deputy Marshal Dave Riley have since the still was located, released and was himself held.

Clements is a prominent farmer. The still was said to have been found upon his place. The negroes were all farm-er-person-Clements' place. The alleged chief operator, a white man known in the community as Wild Bill, has not been captured.

The officers found the still down on the borders of a big creek, and as soon as they made a survey of the plant it was pronounced the largest ever operated within the central portion of the state. An upright steam boiler was used in the distilling outfit, and large quantities of beer and meal were destroyed when the officers used their axes in demolishing the plant. When the discovery was made by the officers the community was very much surprised at the extensive operations. Large quantities of meal were shown to have been brought to the spot from Eatonton.

The amount captured by the officers revealed the immense business was carried on and the officers themselves were slow to believe their own eyes when they walked into the place.

Clyde Fitch, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised the originality of certain French playwrights.

"Originality," he said, "is what above all things, the drama demands. Too many of the writers forget stage are like a western friend of mine—

"A young lady said to my friend: 'Isn't it awfully, awfully difficult to find new ideas for plays?'

"I don't know," he answered. "I have never tried it."

NO MEDICINE

But Change of Food Gave Final Relief.

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ills result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloated, heavy feeling.

In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape-Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash woman writes:

"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from eating starchy and greasy food.

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since.

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."



FARM FACTS.

Good farming means more than doing one thing well. It means keeping every department of the farm up to concert pitch. Good fields will produce abundant crops. Big crops induce liberal feeding, and feeding keeps up the land. The whole scheme works in perfect union, if one will work sensibly. A wise merchant instructs his buyers to keep in advance of the demand for certain lines of goods. While his competitors are discussing whether a certain line will be profitable, he is making hay by creating the demand. The farmer must keep his eyes peeled all the time, to keep just a little ahead of the procession. Over 600 Wisconsin farmers are growing a new variety of barley this year, which they are selling to their neighbors for seed at \$1.25 per bushel. A few years ago these same farmers were selling all of a certain variety of oats they could raise at 75 cents a bushel.

It is not profitable to winter young stock on coarse hay or fodder. Many seem to think that their stock cattle ought to lay on enough surplus fat during the summer grazing season to carry them through winter. Young calves have wintered with very little grain, but they should be fed liberally on good hay and fodder. They should never go back, but should hold their own during winter, come out thrifty in the spring and in fine condition to make gains during the summer. It is poor economy to bring calves through the winter on skim rations. Keep them coming, and whenever the coarse food will not do it, feed grain.

Is it any wonder that cornfields which have been cut into corn for feed, or more years without break, are yielding less every crop now? Just think what it means to take a crop of fifty bushels of corn off of an acre of ground ten years in succession. It means you are being removed from that acre of ground about 750 pounds of potash, about 500 pounds of phosphoric acid, in addition to the nitrogen. When your crop yields begin to decrease it shows that the robbery of soil constituents has been too great.

Four years ago Professor Moore, of Wisconsin, secured some seed corn from Kossuth county, Ia., and began breeding it up. How well he has succeeded is best told by the big yields in that state this season. At the experimental farm this new variety of corn yielded 75 bushels of shelled corn per acre. In Walworth county a farmer reports getting 90 bushels per acre. The new variety is called Silver King, or Wisconsin No. 7.

The milk cow is at her best right after calving. If she freshens during the winter months it will require liberal feeding to keep up her body requirement as well as to keep up her milk flow. The fresh cow also makes better use of her feed than does a cow in her last stage of lactation, returns only about three-fourths as much fat for feed consumed as she did directly after calving.

This is the way an Indiana farmer found out how much cream he was losing this new variety of cream separator, and he was allowed to make his own test; he had been using the deep can system. For several days he raised his cream in the cans, and after skimming would run the milk through a separator. He found that he had been losing about four pounds of butter a week.

It never pays to bring a sick or diseased animal on to the farm. When buying a bunch of sheep or calves, it sometimes is necessary to take the cream out; but kill or give away any diseased animal. Sheep buyers especially should watch out for animals afflicted with the foot and mouth disease.

During the winter season some have trouble in getting the butter to gather. The trouble comes from churning thin cream, churning at a low temperature, or churning from cows that have been milking eight or nine months. The remedy to do is to raise the temperature of the cream by adding a little warm water.

Cows differ in the churnability of their cream. On the farm when only two or three are kept for family use, they should be as near alike as possible; that is, in the time it takes the cream to rise and the time taken for churning the cream. Another advantage is, the same feed and care will produce similar results.

Mrs. C. S., of Story county, refers to a recent article and asks whether there is any way to train a heifer to become a persistent milkier. Feed her well and regularly and milk her at least ten or eleven months her first season. Persistent milkers are made the first year.

A hole cut in the ice is hardly an ideal drinking place for the milk cow. The watering tank should be handy, where cows can drink at will. Tests show that when cows are compelled to drink ice cold water they fell off from 6 to 8 per cent. in milk yield.

Don't be stingy of the manure. Put plenty on the garden and around the shrubs and small fruit plants. If you have a row of peonies give them heaping measure. You will be rewarded by a mass of bloom that you cannot get in any other way.

Not every one can raise a good calf on skim milk. The trouble comes from feeding so as to disturb the digestive system. Feed a little flaxseed with the skim milk. If scours are bad, feed new milk until the trouble is overcome.

The dairy cow should be in her prime when from 6 to 8 years old. Let the best time to buy her is when she is fresh the first time. Then you can establish the habit of keeping up her milk supply through the year.

Don't compel the stock hogs to get their entire living from the cattl. Drop pings in nasty feed yards. Clean out the feed boxes daily and throw the corn which the cattle have rejected out on some clean spot for the hogs.

You may skin your farm for a few years, but the day of reckoning will come after a while.

DAIRY NOTES.

Good dairymen, even during the coldest weather, let their cows out into the yard for water. This, no doubt, is much more satisfactory than watering in the stables. It does the animals good to get out and get a breath of fresh air. Let them go to the watering tank and drink all the warm water they want. A good tank heater will keep the water at the right temperature. On very cold or stormy days let the cows go back to the stables when they are through drinking, but on pleasant days let them have the run of the yard.

Speak gently and leave the big stick outside whenever you enter the dairy barn. Be on good terms with your cows. Care for them so that they are always glad to see you. The most successful dairymen tell me they never allow a cross word spoken in hearing of their cows, and they would not tolerate a hired man who swears at the cows.

Right now is the time to look after the cows which have been giving trouble in aborting. If good care is given, with plenty of nourishing food, nature will more than likely do the rest. If the trouble is not too deep-seated this will be all that is necessary; but if the trouble has become chronic, it is a case for a veterinarian.

Regularity of feeding is so important in feeding dairy cows as in fattening animals. There should be a regular time for milking. Many fail to observe these things, and with loss to themselves. The dairy cow is a very delicate piece of machinery, and the smallest neglect sometimes will throw her out of gear.

The private customer trade is getting into the hands of large factories. This has been brought about because customers could not depend upon farmers to supply them the year around, and for three or four winter months they would have to pay fancy prices and get their supply where they could.

A good way to get into the dairy business is to grow into it. Don't undertake to establish a big dairy until you get the lay of your ground. Gather around you cows of good dairy temperament, study their appetites, learn how to use your foods economically, then just keep on growing.

Don't allow a good cow to be spoiled. Unfinished milking will do it quicker than anything else. During the winter months, if milking must be done in cold stables or in open sheds, the milker is apt to hurry and not milk clean. That is the easiest and quickest way to kill off a good cow.

The man or woman who can make a gilt edge article of butter, and keep up the grade, will never have to hunt for desirable customers. The trouble with most of the home trade is that the butter is not uniform in quality and the supply gives out during the winter months.

All food consumed by animals over and above that required to support the system goes toward milk or meat production. The dairy cow must have those foods which she can convert into milk, and liberal feeding is the only kind that pays.

One of the fundamental rules of feeding the dairy cow is she should never be allowed to lay on fat. Whenever, through neglect or improper feeding, she begins to turn her food into flesh, she is lost as a profitable dairy animal.

There are cows in nearly every dairy which will produce upwards of 300 pounds of butter each year, and there are some whole herds where the cows average 400 pounds of butter a year. What are your cows doing?

Cows are very sensitive to frequent or sudden changes of food. This is because the animals may not get used to the new food and consequently will not eat as much as they have been accustomed to.

Instead of buying more cows, cull out the unprofitable ones and give better care to the good ones. Some claim that any cow that gives less than 5,000 pounds of milk annually is unprofitable.

As far as possible, a cow should be bred so that she will calve in about the same time every year. It is also a good plan to make the lactation period about the same each year.

Sometimes buttermakers are bothered with what they call cheesy taste. This flavor comes from using unclean vessels and from not working all of the milk out of the butter.

Keep the dirt out of your milk pails. The profit of dairying depends more than anything else upon one thing—cleanliness. Neglect it and your profit takes wings.

Milk requires pure air just as much in cold weather as in warm. For animal odors are present at all times and these should be allowed to escape at once after milking.

If your cream is off flavor just take a look around the cow stables. These should be cleaned out every morning and evening and plenty of bedding used.

The cow that eats the most is not always the best feeder. The cow that turns her feed to the best use shows the profit.

A nice lot of sweet and bright shelled corn fodder will go a long way in keeping up the milk flow, during the month.

The business of the dairy cow is to produce wholesome milk and in paying quantity. Her surroundings should be health-giving. She should have the run of the lots for several hours every day.

Dairymen who figure everything down fine say that a cream separator will save from one to two pounds of butter per water from each cow, over any other method of getting the cream.

The mature brood sows will be the best to bring the early litters. They should have plenty of room and quarters will all the sunshine possible.