



THE DELUGE

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

When Napoleon was about to crown himself—so I have somewhere read—they submitted to him the royal genealogy they had faked up for him. He crumpled the parchment and flung it in the face of the chief herald, or whoever it was. "My line," said he, "dates from Montenegro." And so I say, my line dates from the campaign that completed and established my fame—from "Wild Week."

I shall not pause to recite the details of the obscurity from which I emerged. It would be an interesting, a romantic story; but it is a familiar story, also, in this land which Lincoln so finely and so fully described when he said: "The republic is opportunity."

One fact only: I did not take the name Blacklock.

I was born Blacklock, and christened Matthew; and my hair's being very black and growing so that a lock of it often falls down the middle of my forehead is a coincidence. The malicious and insinuating story that I used to go under another name arose, no doubt, from my having been a bootblack in my early days, and having let my customers shorten my name into Matt Black. But, as soon as I graduated from manual labor, I resumed my rightful name and have borne it—I think I may say without vanity—in honor to honor.

Wild Week! Its cyclones, rising fury on fury to that historic climax of chaos, sing their mad song in my ears again as I write. But I shall by no means confine my narrative to business and finance. Take a cross-section of life anywhere, and you have a tangled interweaving of the action and reaction of men upon men, of women upon women, of men and women upon one another. And this shall be a cross-section out of the very heart of our life to-day, with its big and bold energies and passions—the swiftest and intensest life ever lived by the human race.

To begin:

IN THOSE DAYS AROSE KINGS.

Imagine yourself back two years and a half before Wild Week, back at the time when the kings of finance had just completed their apparently final conquest of the industries of the country, when they were seating themselves upon thrones exalted by vast armies of capital and brains, when all the governments of the nation—national, state and city—were prostrate under their iron heels.

You may remember that I was a not inconspicuous figure then. Of all their financial agents, I was the best-known, the most trusted by them, the most believed in by the people. I had a magnificent suite of offices in the building that dominates Wall and Broad streets. Boston claimed me also, and Chicago; and in Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, in the towns and rural districts tributary to the cities, thousands spoke of Blacklock as their trusted adviser in matters of finance. My enemies—and I had them, numerous and venomous enough to prove me a man worth while—my enemies spoke of me as the "biggest bucket-shop gambler in the world."

Gambler I was—like all the other manipulators of the markets. But "bucket-shop" I never kept. As the kings of finance were the representatives of the great merchants, manufacturers and investors, so was I the representative of the masses, of those who wished their small savings properly invested. The power of the big fellows was founded upon wealth and the brains wealth buys or bullies or seduces into its service; my power was founded upon the hearts and homes of the people, upon faith in my honesty.

How had I built up my power? By recognizing the possibilities of publicity, the chance which the broad-cast sowing of newspapers and magazines put within the reach of the individual man to impress himself upon the whole country, upon the whole civilized world. The kings of finance relied upon the assiduity and dexterity of sundry paid agents, operating through the stealthy, clumsy, old-fashioned channels for the exercise of power. I relied only upon myself; I had to trust to no fallible, perhaps traitorous, understrappers; through the megaphone of the press I spoke directly to the people.

My enemies charge that I always have been unscrupulous and dishonest. So? Then how have I lived and thrived all these years in the glare and glare of publicity?

It is half-past three o'clock on a May afternoon; a dismal, dreary rain is being whirled through the street by as nasty a wind as ever blew out of the east. You are in the private office of that "kings of kings," Henry J. Roebuck, philanthropist, eminent churchman, leading citizen and—in business—as corrupt a creature as ever used the dominion of respectability. That office is on the twelfth floor of the Power Trust building—and the Power Trust is Roebuck, and Roebuck is the Power Trust. He is seated at his desk and, thinking I do not see him, is looking at me with an expression of benevolent and melancholy pity—the look with which he always regarded any one whom the Roebuck God had commanded Roebuck to destroy. He and his God were in constant communication; his God never did anything except for his benefit, he never did anything except on the direct counsel or command of his God. Just now his God is commanding him to destroy me, his confidential agent in shaping many a vast industrial enterprise and in inducing the public to

buy by the million its bonds and stocks.

I invited the angry frown of the Roebuck God by saying: "And I bought in the Manasquale mines on my own account."

"On your own account!" said Roebuck. Then he hastily effaced his involuntary air of the engineer startled by sight of an unexpected red light.

"Yes," replied I, as calm as if I were not realizing the tremendous significance of what I had announced. "I look to you to let me participate on equal terms."

That is, I had decided that the time had come for me to take my place among the kings of finance. I had decided to promote myself from agent to principal, from prime minister to king—I must, myself, promote myself, for in this world all promotion that is solid comes from within. And in furtherance of my object I had bought this group of mines, control of which was vital to the Roebuck-Langdon-Melville combine for a monopoly of the coal of the country.

"Did not Mr. Langdon commission you to buy them for him and his friends?" inquired Roebuck, in that slow, placid tone which yet, for the attentive ear, had a note in it like the scream of a jaguar that comes home and finds its cubs gone.

"But I couldn't get them for him," I explained. "The owners would sell until I engaged that the National



"SHE LOOKED AS STRAIGHT AT ME AS I AT HER."

Coal and Railway company was not to have them."

"Oh, I see," said Roebuck, sinking back relieved. "We must get Browne to draw up some sort of perpetual, irrevocable power of attorney to us for you to sign."

"But I won't sign it," said I.

Roebuck took up a sheet of paper and began to fold it upon itself with great care to get the edges straight. He had grasped my meaning; he was deliberating.

"For four years now," I went on, "you people have been promising to take me in as a principal in some one of your deals—to give me recognition by making me president, or chairman of an executive or finance committee. I am an impatient man, Mr. Roebuck. Life is short, and I have much to do. So I have bought the Manasquale mines—and I shall hold them."

Roebuck continued to fold the paper upon itself until he had reduced it to a short, thick strip. This he slowly twisted between his cruel fingers until it was in two pieces. He dropped them, one at a time, into the waste basket, then smiled benevolently at me. "You are right," he said. "You shall have what you want. You have seemed such a mere boy to me that, in spite of your giving again and again proof of what you are, I have been putting you off. I will talk the matter over with Langdon and Melville. Rest assured, my boy, that you will be satisfied." He got up, but you arm affectionately round my shoulders. "We'll all like you. I have a feeling toward you as if you were my own son. I am getting old, and I like to see young men about me, growing up to assume the responsibilities of the Lord's work whenever He shall call me to my reward."

It will seem incredible that a man of my shrewdness and experience could be taken in by such sly stuff at that—I who knew Roebuck as only a few insiders knew him, I who had seen him at work, as devoid of heart as any empty spider in an empty web. Yet I was taken in to the extent that I thought he really purposed to recognize my services, to yield to the only persuasion that could affect him—force. I fancied he was actually about to put me where I could be of

the highest usefulness to him and his associates, as well as to myself.

It was with tears in my eyes that I shook hands with him, thanking him emotionally. It was with a high chin and a proud heart that I went back to my offices. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that I was about to get my deserts, was about to enter the charmed circle of "high finance."

III. CAME A WOMAN.

In my suite in the Textile building, just off the big main room with its blackboards and tickers, I had a small office in which I spent a good deal of time during stock exchange hours. It was there that Sam Eilersly found me the next day but one after my talk with Roebuck.

"I want you to sell that Steel Common, Matt," said he.

"I'll go several points higher," said I. "Better let me hold it and use my judgment on selling."

"I need money—right away," was his answer.

"That's all right," said I. "Let me give you an order for what you need." "Thank you, thank you," said he, so promptly that I knew I had done what he had been hoping for, probably counting on.

I give this incident to show what our relations were. He was a young fellow of good family, to whom I had taken a liking. He was a lazy dog, and as out of place in business as a cat in a choir. I had been keeping him going for four years at that time, by giving him tips on stocks and protecting him against loss. This purely out of good nature and liking; for I hadn't the remotest idea he could ever be of use to me beyond helping to live things up at a dinner or late supper, or down in the country, or on the yacht. In fact, his principal use to me was that he knew how to "beat the box" well enough to shake fairly good music out of it—and I am so fond of music that I can fill in with my imagination when the performer isn't too bad.

They have charged that I deliberately ruined him. Ruined! The first time I gave him a tip—and that was the second or third time I ever saw

him—he burst into tears and said: "You've saved my life, Blacklock. I'll never tell you how much this windfall means to me now." Nor did I with deep and dark design keep him along on the ragged edge. He kept himself there. How could I build up such a man with his hundred ways of wasting money, including throwing it away on his own opinions of stocks—for he would gamble on his own account in the bucket-shops, though I had shown him that the Wall street game is played always with marked cards, and that the only hope of winning is to get the confidence of the card-makers, unless you are big enough to become a card-maker yourself.

As soon as he got the money from my teller that day, he was rushing away. I followed him to the door—that part of my suite opened out on the sidewalk, for the convenience of my crowds of customers. "I'm just going to lunch," said I. "Come with me."

He looked uneasily toward a smart little one-horse brougham at the curb. "Sorry—but I can't," said he. "I've my sister with me. She brought me down in her trap."

"That's all right," said I; "bring her along. We'll go to the Savarin." And I locked his arm in mine and started toward the brougham.

He was turning all kinds of colors, and was acting in a way that puzzled me—then. Despite all my years in New York I was ignorant of the elaborate social distinctions that had grown up in its Fifth Avenue quarter. I knew, of course, that there was a fashionable society and that some of the most conspicuous of those in it seemed unable to get used to the idea of being rich and were in a state of great agitation over their own importance. Important they might be, but not to me. I knew nothing of their careful gradations of snobbism—the people to know socially, the people to know in a business way, the people to know in ways religious and philanthropic, the people to know for the fun to be got out of them, the people to pride oneself on not knowing at all; the nervousness, the hysteria about preserving these disgusting gradations. All this, I say, was an undreamed-of mystery to me, who gave and took liking in the sensible, self-respecting American fashion. So I didn't understand why Sam, as I almost dragged him along, was stammering: "Thank you—but—I—she—the fact is, we really must get up-town."

By this time I was where I could look into the brougham. A glance—I can see much at a glance, as can any man who spends every day of every year in an all-day fight for his purse and his life, with the blows coming from all sides. I can see much at a glance; I often have seen much; I never saw more than just then. Instantly, I made up my mind that the Eilerslys would lunch with me. "You've got to eat somewhere," said I, in a tone that put an end to his attempts to manufacture excuses. "I'll be delighted to have you. Don't make up any more yarns."

He slowly opened the door. "Anita," said he, "Mr. Blacklock. He's invited us to lunch."

I lifted my hat, and bowed. I kept my eyes straight upon hers. And it gave me more pleasure to look into them than I had ever before got out of looking into anybody's. I am passionately fond of flowers, and of children; and her face reminded me of both. Or, rather, it seemed to me that what I had seen, with delight and longing, incomplete in their freshness and beauty and charm, was now before me in the fullness. I felt like saying to her: "I have heard of you often. The children and the flowers have told me you were coming." Perhaps my eyes did say it. At any rate, she looked as straight at me as I at her, and I noticed that she paled a little and shrank—yet continued to look, as if I were compelling her. But her voice, beautifully clear, and lingering in the ears like the resonance of the violin after the bow has swept its strings and lifted, was perfectly self-possessed, as she said to her brother: "That will be delightful—if you think we have time."

I saw that she, uncertain whether he wished to accept, was giving him a chance to take either course. "He has time—nothing but time," said I. "His engagements are always with people who want to get something out of him. And they can wait." I pretended to think he was expecting me to enter the trap; I got in, seated myself beside her, said to Sam: "I've saved the little seat for you. Tell your man to take us to the Equitable building—Nassau street entrance."

I talked a good deal during the first half of the nearly two hours we were together—partly because both Sam and his sister seemed under some sort of strain, chiefly because I was determined to make a good impression. I told her about myself, my horses, my house in the country, my yacht. I tried to show her I wasn't an ignorant as to books and art, even if I hadn't been to college. She listened, while Sam sat embarrassed. "You must bring your sister down to visit me," I said, finally. "I'll see that you both have the time of your lives. Make up a party of your friends, Sam, and come down—when shall we say? Next Sunday? You know you were coming anyhow. I can change the rest of the party."

Sam grew as red as if he were going into apoplexy. I thought then he was afraid I'd blurt out something about who I were in the party I was proposing to change. I was soon to know better.

"Thank you, Mr.—Blacklock," said his sister. "But I have an engagement next Sunday. I have a great many engagements just now. Without looking at my book I couldn't say when I can go." This easily and naturally. In her set they certainly do learn thoroughly that branch of tact which plain people call lying.

Sam gave her a grateful look, which he thought I didn't see, and which I didn't rightly interpret—then. (To be Continued.)

TO SERVE WITH ROAST DUCK.

Baltimore Apple Bread a Favorite South-n-Dish.

Baltimore apple bread was a favorite accompaniment to duck in the old ante-bellum days, and in many old Maryland families still finds abundant appreciation. To make it, rub through a pound of sifted and warmed bread flour, two-thirds of a cup of butter and three heaping tablespoonsful sugar. Dissolve half-a compressed yeast cake in a cup of milk that has been scalded and cooled to lukewarm. Add to the flour and mix to a stiff batter. Add again three eggs well beaten and beat the batter until it blisters. It needs to be very stiff. Cover and let rise over night in a warm place. In the morning it should be nearly doubled in bulk. Divide in two portions and roll out in cakes about half an inch thick. Spread one with rather tart apple sauce, cover with the other and let them rise together about half an hour, then bake in a moderate oven well done. As soon as taken from the oven spread with more well-cooked and sweetened apple sauce, dredge lightly with sugar, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon, and set back in the oven long enough for the sugar to melt. Eat very hot.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Serve crisp celery with cold meat. It is always appreciated, and is a fine nerve tonic.

For washing coarse clothes soft soap is best, and will go further than the hard yellow soap.

To clean your pewter, first wash it in very hot water, rub with fine silver sand, and when quite dry polish with a leather.

Croquettes baked in the oven instead of fried, and serve with a rich brown sauce, are the invention of a housewife who was once a victim of dyspepsia.

The knife used for peeling a pipe-apple should not be used for slicing it, as the rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips.

Instead of a table mat under the brass kerosene lamp use a shallow Benares brass tray. For the gas or electric lamp tool-leather mats are in excellent taste.

After nailing down a carpet, and before putting in the furniture, sweep the whole surface well and then go over with a scrubbing brush slightly wetted with ammonia.

Washing Laces.

To wash laces make a suds with naphtha soap and tepid water, put the laces in it and let them soak for half an hour; then souse them around and squeeze between the hands to get the water out. Make fresh suds souse laces around again, but do not rub lest you break the meshes; squeeze, then rinse in two waters, with a few drops of dissolved gum arabic in the last water. If the lace is cream or ecru add a few drops of orange dye to the last water, or, if pure white, a few drops of bluing. Spread on a sheet to dry; when nearly dry pull gently into shape and roll from one end, keeping edges even; then wrap in a damp cloth and let lie for half an hour and press with a not too hot iron.

A Good Soda Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of lard or butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, five ounces of currants, ditto sultanas, a piece of candied lemon peel, a quarter of an ounce of caraway seeds, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, add half a pint of milk. Wash and dry the currants and sultanas. Rub the lard into the flour, add all the dry ingredients, well mix them, and make into a dough with the milk. Add the vinegar, and if necessary a little more milk; beat well. Place in a well greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour and a half or two hours. The object of the vinegar is to take off the taste of the carbonate of soda.

Comfort in Kitchen.

In every kitchen there should be a very high chair and a very low one. Economy of strength is true wisdom on the part of a worker, and much standing and constant fatigue—and sometimes actual illness—may be avoided by the use of proper chairs. Plain ironing, mixing of puddings, and many other tasks may be done as well when sitting on a high chair or stool as when standing; and the low chair is useful for sitting in to shell peas or string currants, when it is convenient to have a bowl in one's lap, and another bowl or basket on the floor beside one.

To Make a Dull Piano Bright.

Alcohol is used by workers in factories to remove the dull appearance from highly polished surfaces of pianos, but the putting on of this liquid must be carefully done, or the finish will be burned, and the case have to be dressed and polished the same as it was when new. This process is costly, so if alcohol is rubbed on the dull spots with a soft cotton or flannel cloth only a little of the liquid should be used. Put on with a light stroke across the surface, then should follow a brisk rub with a soft silk or cheesecloth rag.

To Curl Ostrich Feathers.

To curl ostrich feathers start a quick fire of fine kindlings on top of the stove or hearth; when the wood is in a good blaze throw say two good tablespoons of salt over it, and as soon as the blaze is dying down hold the feather over the coals, turning constantly to keep from singeing.—Good Housekeeping.

Creamed Chestnuts.

Put a pound of large chestnuts into boiling water, and cook until they will peel; then shell them and simmer in rich milk enough to cover them until they are soft and the milk is thick. Do not attempt to remove the inner skin of the nuts, as it holds them in shape.

GIRL WOULD SERVE IN NAVY

One of Cleveland's most patriotic residents is a 15-year-old girl, Grace Mullen, who wants the government to admit girls to the United States navy. Miss Mullen wrote to the navy department upon the subject and expressed the hope that patriotic girls would be given the same encouragement as boys to serve Uncle Sam upon the seven seas. Her letter has not been answered.



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MOONSHINING IN NEW YORK.

Illicit Stills Constantly Working in Crowded Sections of the City.

"Don't talk to me about moonshining in Kentucky," said the internal revenue agent. "There's more moonshining going on all the time in little old New York than could be done in Kentucky. In the crowded sections of the East and West sides stills spring up right along and for awhile conduct a flourishing business in the low grade whisky they manufacture."

"You see, it doesn't take much trouble to equip a still with corn and yeast and start in to make the mash which is finally turned out as a pretty poor sort of whisky. The great difficulty is in getting rid of the peculiar smoke and odor from the stills without exciting suspicion. This is usually attempted by running the still in connection with a dye shop or some other chemical enterprise as a blind. We keep watch on all such establishments and have the town well covered by sharp-eyed and sharp-nosed agents besides."

"We are constantly arresting these small moonshiners and sending them

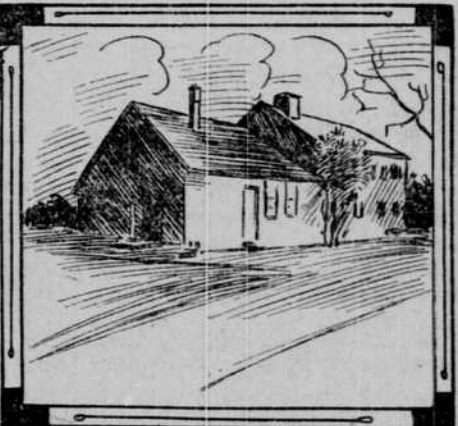
LIFE IN OCEAN DEPTHS.

Carnival of Tragedy Among the Deep Sea Fishes.

"All the deep sea fishes are enormous eaters," says a naturalist. "There being nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. Every faculty for killing and devouring is provided—luminescence to dazzle, swiftness and strength to overtake and overpower, knife-blade teeth for tearing, abnormally large jaws for crushing. Whatever the prey, or however large it may be, there is little trouble in swallowing it. The mouth yawns like a cavern and the stomach distends to hold a body even larger than the swallower. The appetite in fishes seems never wanting and complete digestion with some of them is only a matter of half an hour. For this reason slaughter goes on unendingly. Usually it is produced only by hunger, but some monsters, like the bluefish, even when gorged, kill for pure love of killing."

World's Poisonous Snakes. The most dangerous snake is the African mamba, the most specialized,

INVENTOR OF SEWING MACHINE



Perhaps no modern invention, except the steam engine and dynamo, has done so much for civilization as the sewing machine. The man who invented the needle with the eye in the point made the sewing machine possible. He was Elias Howe, Jr., and he is called the inventor of the sewing machine. The picture herewith shows the birthplace, and his portrait suggests that he would have been eminent in any position. Look at that head of his. A composite of Benjamin Franklin, William Penn and old John Hancock.

On the Boston and Albany railroad, about eighteen miles west of Worcester, one passes a sign to the effect that down in the valley near by was born Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine.

to jail. But enough spring up in their places for you to say with safety that, as I say, there's more moonshining going on in New York city right along than there could be in ten Kentuckys.—N. Y. Sun.

CODICIL WITH A POINT.

Jocular Bequest of David Hume to His Lifelong Friend.

A jocular bequest of David Hume to his friend John Home was curious. Home liked claret and disliked port, calling it poison, and the two friends had many discussions on the subject. They also used to have disputes as to which of them took the proper way of spelling their common family name. The philosopher, about a fortnight before his death, wrote with his own hand the following codicil to his will: "I leave to my friend, Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret at his choice and one single bottle of that liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port provided that he attests under his hand, signed John Hume, that he himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters."

Turk in Michigan University.

Herod M. Malejan, a native of Swaz, Turkey, has entered the medical department of Ann Arbor university. Mr. Malejan is an accomplished linguist. It is his intention to become an American citizen as soon as the law will allow.

Beardless Americans.

The fantastic trimming of beards into formal shapes corresponding to Elizabeth's reign, and has continued to a greater or less degree to the present day. In England now a gentleman is supposed to wear a gentiane, and until comparatively recently the growth of one was the first ambition of the youth of this country. It is hardly ten years since the American usage changed, but the revolution was so complete, when it did arrive, that nowadays, young men are almost invariably clean-shaven, and their elders are gradually yielding to the new fashion.—North American Review.

All the "Foots" She Had.

One morning a little girl, who lived in South Boston, was endeavoring to put a right shoe on her left foot, and vice versa. Her father, who was much interested in watching her fruitless trial, exclaimed: "Why, Millie, you are putting your shoes on the wrong feet."

"That's all the foots I dot, papa," replied the child.

Grave Problem for Wife.

What to Do When Husband Seems to Have Transferred Love.

There are two stock answers given by wives when they are asked the crucial question: "What would you do if your husband seemed inclined to fall in love with another woman?" One answer is: "I wouldn't do anything; I'd let him go!" and the other: "I'd flirt with some one myself." Further than this the imagination does not seem to go.

The first answer, translated, means: "If my husband could fall so far from my ideal of him he wouldn't be my husband any more. I would feel only indifference and contempt for him."

The other answer is of a different caliber: "If he sees that he is in danger of losing me he may regain his interest in me. What another man admires he may admire, too, and find that he loves me best, after all. At any rate, he will find that he cannot neglect me with impunity."

Both answers are, of course, super-

ficial and based on the feeling of the moment—the feeling of "getting even." But the woman who is in danger of losing her husband's affections will have many moments not to be evolved into sentences so clear-cut and self-sufficient. If a woman does not know that her affection is being transferred to another woman, then, indeed, the situation is simplified. If one no longer loves, everything is ended—the worst hurt is over. But in real life the woman who speaks the most proudly is the one who finds it most impossible to live up to that ultimatum of indifference. To see the one she loves daily, in all the intimate domestic happenings, to have everything speak of those cords of married life by which they are bound together, to know that there are still times when he is tender and she is dear—oh, that is not to wish him to go! He must stay and love her best, or she will die.—Harper's Bazar.