



THE DELUGE

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

At that time I did not myself go over the bills before the legislators of those states in which I had interests. I trusted that work to my lawyers—and, like every man who ever absolutely trusted an important division of his affairs to another, I was severely punished. One morning my eye happened to light upon a minor paragraph in a newspaper—a list of the "small bills" yesterday approved by the governor. In the list was one "defining the power of sundry commissions." Those words seemed to me somehow to spell "joker."

I got Saxe—then senior partner in Brown, Saxe & Einstein—on the phone, and said: "Just see and tell me, will you, what is the bill defining the power of sundry commissions?" The bill the governor signed yesterday?

"Certainly, Mr. Blacklock," came the answer. My nerves are, and always have been, on the watch for the looks and the tones and the gestures that are just a shade off the natural; and I feel that I do Saxe no injustice when I say his tone was, not a shade, but a full color, off the natural. So I was prepared for what he said when he returned to the telephone. "I'm sorry, Mr. Blacklock, but we seem unable to lay our hands on that bill at this moment."

"Why not?" said I, in the tone that makes an employe jump as if a whip-lash had cut him on the calves. He had jumped all right, as his voice showed. "It's not in our file," said he. "It's house bill No. 427, and it's apparently not here."

"The hell you say!" I exclaimed. "I really can't explain," he pleaded, and the frightened whine confirmed my suspicion.

"I guess not," said I, making the words significant and suggestive. "And you're in my pay to look after such matters! But you'll have to explain, if this turns out to be serious."

"Apparently our file of bills is complete except that one," he went on. "I suppose it was lost in the mail, and I very stupidly didn't notice the gap in the numbers."

"Stupid isn't the word I'd use," said I, with a laugh that wasn't of the kind that cheers. And I rang off and asked for the state capital on the "long distance."

Before I got my connection Saxe, whose office was only two blocks away, came bustling in. "The boy has been discharged, Mr. Blacklock," he began.

"What boy?" said I. "The boy in charge of the bill file—the boy whose business it was to keep the file complete."

"Send him to me, you damned scoundrel," said I. "I'll give him a job. What do you take me for anyway? And what kind of a cowardly hound are you to disgrace an innocent boy as a cover for your own crooked work?"

"Really, Mr. Blacklock, this is most extraordinary," he expostulated. "Extraordinary? I call it criminal," I retorted. "Listen to me. You look after the legislation calendars for me, and for Langdon, and for Roebuck, and for Melville, and for half a dozen others of the biggest financiers in the country. It's the most important work you do for us. Yet you shrewd and careful a lawyer as there is at the bar, want me to give you a trust that work to a fellow who, if you did, you're a damn fool."

"There's no more doubt in my mind than in yours which of those boys has you sticking on it!"

"You are letting your quick temper away with you, Mr. Blacklock," he deprecated. "Stop lying!" I shouted. "I knew you had been doing some skulduggery when I first heard your voice on the telephone. And if I needed any proof, I meek way you've taken my abuse could furnish it, and to spare."

Just then the telephone bell rang and I got the right department and asked the clerk to read house bill 427. It contained five short paragraphs. The "joker" was in the third, which gave the state canal commission the right "to institute condemnation proceedings, and to condemn, and to abolish, any canal not exceeding 30 miles in length and not a part of the connected canal system of the state."

no outlet now to any market, except the outlets the coal crowd owned?

As soon as I had thought the situation out in all its bearings, I realized that there was no escape for me now, that whatever chance to escape I might have had was closed by my uncovering to Saxe and kicking him. But I did not regret; it was worth the money it would cost me. Besides, I thought I saw how I could later on turn it to good account. A sensible man never makes fatal errors. Whatever he does is at least experience, and can also be used to advantage. If Napoleon hadn't been half dead at Waterloo, I don't doubt he would have used its disaster as a means to a great victory.

When I walked into Mowbray Langdon's office, I was like a thoroughbred exercising on a clear frosty morning; and my smile was as fresh as the flower in my buttonhole. I thrust out my hand at him. "I congratulate you," said I.

He took the proffered hand with a questioning look. "On what?" said he. It is hard to tell from his face what is going on in his head, but I think I guessed right when I decided that Saxe hadn't yet warned him.

"I have just found out from Saxe," I pursued, "about the canal bill."

"What canal bill?" he asked. "That puzzled look was a mistake, Langdon," said I, laughing at him. "When you don't know anything about

I assented. And I decided that my sharp talk to Roebuck had set them to estimating my value to them. "Sam Ellersly," Langdon presently remarked, "tells me he's campaigning hard for you at the Travelers. I hope you'll make it. We're rather a slow crowd; a few men like you might stir things up."

I am always more than willing to give others credit for good sense and good motives. It was not vanity, but this disposition to credit others with sincerity and sense, that led me to believe him, both as to the coal matter and as to the Travelers club. "Thanks, Langdon," I said; and that he might look no further for my motive, I added: "I want to get into that club much as the winner of a race wants the medal that belongs to him. I've built myself up into a rich man, into one of the powers in finance, and I feel I'm entitled to recognition."

VI. OF "GENTLEMEN." When I got back to my office and was settling to the proofs of the "Letters to Investors," which I published in sixty newspapers throughout the country and which daily reached upward of five million people, Sam Ellersly came in. His manner was certainly different from what it had ever been before; a difference so subtle that I couldn't describe it more nearly than to say it made me feel as if he had not until then been treating me as of the same class with himself. I smiled to myself and made an entry in my mental ledger to the credit of Mowbray Langdon.

"That club business is going nicely," said Sam. "Langdon is enthusiastic, and I find you've got good friends on the committee."

I knew that well enough. Hadn't I been carrying them on my books at a good loss for two years? "If it wasn't for—some features of this business of yours," he went on, "I'd say there wouldn't be the slightest trouble."

"Bucket-shop?" said I with an easy laugh, though this nagging was beginning to get on my nerves. "Exactly," said he. "And you know, you advertise yourself like—like—"

"Like everybody else, only more successfully than most," said I. "Everybody advertises, each one adapting his advertising to the needs of his enterprises, as far as he knows how."

"That's true enough," he confessed. "But there are enterprises and enterprises, you know."

"You can tell 'em, Sam," said I. "I never put out a statement I don't believe to be true, and that when any of my followers lese on one of my

"Material for Music Strings" Source of Supply—Great Amount Required to Meet Demand.

"One of the most generally accepted, but mistaken, ideas that is entertained by the people of this country," said S. R. Huyett, American traveling representative of a foreign manufactory of gut strings. "It is that strings used on musical instruments are manufactured from catgut. If that were true, the cats in this world would have been exterminated many years ago in supplying the market with material for musical instrument strings."

"The fact is that they are manufactured from the intestines of sheep, and in obtaining enough raw material even from these animals the manufacturers at times find difficulty. The only string made from the intestines of the feline is that used for surgical purposes—for sewing up wounds. One would be amazed to know that there are millions of musical instrument strings used in North America alone, and just think where the tabbies would be if they had to supply the consumption!"

"Another amazing thing is that there are over 700 different grades of musical instrument strings. The de-

tips, I've lost on it, too. For I play my own tips—and that's more than can be said of my 'financier' in this town. After a while I dragged in the subject. "One thing I am and will do to get myself in line for that club," I said, like a seal on promenade. "I'm sick of the crowd I travel with—the men and the women. I feel it's about time I settled down. I've got a fortune and establishment that needs a woman to set it off. I can make some woman happy. You don't happen to know any nice girls—the right sort, I mean?"

"Not many," said Sam. "You'd better go back to the country where you came from, and get her there. She'd be eternally grateful, and her head wouldn't be full of mercenary nonsense."

"Excuse me!" exclaimed I. "It'd turn her head. She'd go clean crazy. She'd plunge in up to her neck—and not being used to these waters, she'd make a show of herself, and probably drown, dragging me down with her, if possible."

Sam laughed. "Keep out of marriage, Matt," he advised, not so obtrusive to my real point as he wanted me to believe. "I know the kind of girl you've got in mind. She'd marry you for your money, and she'd never appreciate you. She'd see in you only the lack of the things she's been taught to lay stress on."

"For instance?" "I couldn't tell you any more than I could enable you to recognize a person you'd never seen by describing him."

"Ain't I a gentleman?" I inquired. He laughed, as if the idea tickled him. "Of course," he said. "Of course."

"Ain't I got as proper a country place as there is a-going? Ain't my apartment in the Willoughby a peach? Don't I give as elegant dinners as you ever sat down to? Don't I dress right up to the Piccadilly latest? Don't I act all right—know enough to keep my feet off the table and my knife out of my mouth?" All true enough; and I so crude then that I hadn't a suspicion what a flat contradiction of my pretensions and beliefs about myself the very words and phrases were.

"You're right in it, Matt," said Sam. "But—well—you haven't traveled with our crowd, and they're shy of strangers, especially as—as energetic a sort of stranger as you are. You're too sudden, Matt—too dazzling—too—"

"Too shiny and new?" said I, beginning to catch his drift. "That'll be looked after."

VII. BLACKLOCK GOES INTO TRAINING. This brings me to the ugliest story my enemies have concocted against me. No one appreciates more thoroughly than I that, to rise high, a man must have his own efforts seconded by the flood of vituperation that his enemies send to overwhelm him and which washes him far higher than he could hope to lift himself. So I do not here refer to any attack on me in the public prints; I think of them only with amusement and gratitude.

The story that rankles is the one these foes of mine set creeping, like a snake under the fallen leaves, everywhere, anywhere, in season, without a trail. It has been whispered into every ear—and it is, no doubt, widely believed—that I deliberately put old Brownell Ellersly "in a hole," and there tormented him until he consented to try to compel his daughter to marry me.

It is possible that, if I had thought of such a devilish device, I might have tried it—is not all fair in love? But there was no need for my cudgeling my brains to carry that particular fiction on my way to what I had fixed my will upon. Brownell Ellersly came to me of his own accord.

I suppose the Ellerslys must have talked me over in the family circle. However this may be, my acquaintance with her father began with Sam's asking me to lunch with him. "The governor has heard me talk of you so much," said he, "that he is anxious to meet you."

I offered to help him, and I did help him. Is there any one, knowing anything of the facts of life, who will censure me when I admit that I—with deliberation—simply tided him over, did not make for him and present to him a fortune? What chance should I have had, if I had been so absurdly generous to a man who deserved nothing but punishment for his selfish and bigoted mode of life? I took away his worst burdens; but I left him more than he could carry without my help. And it was not until he had appealed in vain to all his social friends to relieve him of the necessity of my aid, nor until he realized that I was his only hope of escaping a sharp comedown from luxury to very modest comfort in a flat somewhere—not until then did his wife send me an invitation to dinner. And I had not so much as hinted that I wanted it.

(To be Continued.)

man for strings in North America is increasing every year, especially in the south and in Mexico. There are more guitar strings sold in Mexico than any other kind, but through the south the banjo string still holds its own, despite the fact that every year has marked slight, but gradual falling off in the demand. The harp is becoming more popular, and there is a good demand for strings for this instrument."—Kansas City Journal.

Woman Kills Big Grizzly Bear. Trinidad, Col.—On the Dulung ranch in Stonewall, a large grizzly bear was shot and killed by Mrs. Dulung, wife of the county commissioner, a few days ago. Mrs. Dulung was alone on the ranch and was riding about looking after stock when she saw the bear eating a heifer it had killed. Mrs. Dulung had a Winchester and promptly killed the grizzly. She is known as a remarkably nifty woman and during her many years residence in the Stonewall has killed several bears, at one time saving her husband from what seemed sure death, when he was attacked by a female grizzly he had wounded. Mrs. Dulung killed the bear when it was within a few feet of her husband.

Mark Twain. After a while I dragged in the subject. "One thing I am and will do to get myself in line for that club," I said, like a seal on promenade. "I'm sick of the crowd I travel with—the men and the women. I feel it's about time I settled down. I've got a fortune and establishment that needs a woman to set it off. I can make some woman happy. You don't happen to know any nice girls—the right sort, I mean?"

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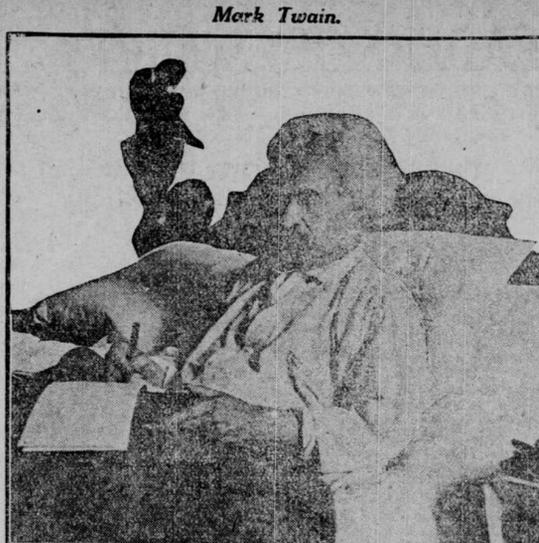
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The well-known American humorist does practically all of his writing in bed in his New York city home.

CANNON ARE SOON USELESS

STARTLING ADMISSION BY ARMY ORDNANCE OFFICER.

Gen. Crozier Says Guns at Coast Fortification Would Not Last Two Hours in Battle Because of High Velocity.

Washington.—That the 12-inch gun in use at most of the coast fortifications of the United States would not last through an engagement of two hours, the period that would elapse from the time the leading vessel of a fleet would come within the range until the last vessel would pass beyond the range of the guns, is the statement made by Brig. Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance, whose annual report has been made public by the war department.

Gen. Crozier believes that it is of the utmost importance that a method be devised whereby the necessary gun powder can be obtained at less expense than that involved in using the high velocities of projectiles now employed, with the accompanying rapid wearing away of the rifling in such a manner as to destroy the accuracy of the gun after a few rounds. The 12-inch gun will last about 60 rounds, and as it is capable of firing for a considerable interval at the rate of 45 rounds an hour, it can be seen that the limit of the life of this gun could be reached in less than an hour and a half.

Similar statements can be made with regard to guns of smaller caliber, says the report, although as the caliber diminishes the admissible velocity increases. By lowering the velocity of the 12-inch projectile from 2,500 to 2,250 feet a second the life of the gun is increased to 200 rounds. The penetration of armor is reduced by the process, that of the 12-inch gun at 10,000 yards coming down from about ten and one-half inches to about nine inches and the range at which its projectile would penetrate 12 inches of armor plate being reduced from about 8,000 yards to about 6,000 yards.

The chief of ordnance states that it appears that by using in the situations requiring the greatest power a 14-inch gun with 2,150 feet a second velocity of projectile, instead of the 12-inch gun, with 2,500 feet a second

initial velocity, the army would have a better gun and one which would last four times as long. Gen. Crozier says that the staff board for the revision of the report of the Endicott board on coast defenses recommended this gun and that the department has decided to use it in place of the 12-inch weapon in situations in which the highest power is required.

Gen. Crozier says that plans and specifications are in preparation for the army smokeless powder factory, for which congress at its last session appropriated \$165,000, and that upon the selection of the site the work of construction will be pushed to completion, but the site has not been selected.

In speaking of small arms the general states that the machine rifle, 1903 model, was supplied to the regular troops in the United States for their use in target practice. The improved rifle of 1905 model, with knife bayonet and rear sights, has been issued to the troops in the Philippine islands and will be issued to the troops in the states and the first issue will be recalled. As a result of tests during the year some changes have been made in auto-loading magazine rifles which may render them satisfactory for service use. The manufacture of small arms ammunition is somewhat more expensive than formerly, owing to the increase in the cost of brass and lead.

Among the changes made in the equipment issued to cavalry, infantry and artillery during the year was that in the cup, which formerly was made of steel heavily tinned and which now is made of aluminum, adopted after an extensive service trial.

Gen. Crozier states that a number of militia batteries have been provided with the new three-inch field artillery material and others are being rapidly furnished with it.

Hornets Attend College. Norman, Okla.—A swarm of hornets taking possession of the laboratory of the University of Oklahoma gave the class in pharmacy a vacation. An effort was made to drive the hornets out, but after several men had been badly stung the door was closed and the room turned over to the stingers. Finally burning sulphur was placed in the room and the unwelcome visitors were ejected.

Gets \$10 for Saving Train. New Concord, O.—George Patterson, a student in Muskingum college, received a check for \$10 from the Baltimore & Ohio a few days ago. Patterson was walking on the railroad last June when he discovered a broken rail, flagged an incoming passenger train and saved 95 persons from a plunge over a high embankment into the river.

Slaughter in the Ocean. In the sea there are no vegetarians. Fish live on each other, and the whole ocean is one great slaughter-house, where the strong prey endlessly upon the weak.

Kermitt to Hunt in Maine. New York.—Kermitt Roosevelt is soon to go on a hunting trip on Matamoras lake, Aroostook county, Maine, where William Sewell, President Roosevelt's old Maine woods guide and western ranch superintendent, has been building new camps. Some time ago Sewell invited the president to come on a hunting trip, but thus far the head of the nation has been too busy to accept. He may, it is said, come later in the season.

Sermon in Two Lines. It is supposed that there will be a back door to heaven for the hired girls.—Toledo Blade.

TURN SOIL BY STEAM

ENGINES NOW USED ON PLOWS IN PARTS OF KANSAS.

As a Result Farmers Are Able to Plant More Wheat Than They Can Harvest—Work for Hundreds of Strangers.

Kansas City.—The steam plow has become a familiar object in western Kansas. Managers of the big implement houses here say that about 250 outfits have been sold in the last 12 months and that about 600 are in use on the western and central Kansas plains wherever the fields are large enough and the ground level enough to permit their operation.

All through the western portions of the wheat belt big traction engines, with wheel tires nearly a yard wide, are at work pulling the gang plows and turning up the soil at the rate of 30 acres a day, with two men working each outfit. These two men, working in the old way, could plow only about six acres a day, so that the steam plow has increased the efficiency of labor fivefold in this one character of farm work.

These outfits cost about \$1,900, but the expense of plowing averages only about 40 cents an acre, as compared with an expense of 75 cents to \$1.50 an acre when the work was done by a man with a team. Therefore, a farmer who owns 1,000 acres of wheat land can save enough in a few years to pay for a steam plow.

Kansas City dealers say that about half the steam plows in the west are owned by large farmers, and the remainder belong to the thrashing machine men who run the plows in the spring and the late fall when they are not thrashing grain.

The rush to get the fall plowing finished while the ground is in good condition has prompted some farmers to run their steam plows at night, with a great glaring headlight streaming across the fields, as well as in the daytime.

The only objection to the steam plow is that it enables farmers to plant more wheat than they can harvest. In portions of central and western Kansas, where the farms are large and the population is comparatively sparse, a favorable fall for plowing and planting, and a steam-plowing outfit at hand result in such large areas of wheat that when the harvest season comes the task of gathering the crop must wait on the incoming hundreds of strangers to labor for a few weeks in the harvest fields.

MAN WITH TEN CHILDREN. Rival Candidate Has to Yield to President's Choice. Bloomington, Ill.—James M. Courtright, the newly appointed postmaster of Normal, the educational suburb of this city, is the father of ten children. His predecessor and rival candidate for the position, C. S. Need, could boast of but two. After a strenuous fight for the place, both candidates having a strong backing, President Roosevelt personally selected Courtright.

Need is related to the law partner of Vespasian Warner, United States commissioner of pensions, and secured a former appointment largely through the influence of Col. Warner. It was taken for granted that as Col. Warner is still friendly to Need, the latter had every likelihood of reappointment.

There was great surprise, therefore, when the announcement was made that Courtright had been chosen, and it was not generally known that he was an aspirant.

The Normal office pays \$2,300 yearly. Postmaster Courtright is an intense admirer of President Roosevelt, and believes in large families. He is very proud of his ten boys and girls.

MARRIED THE SAME MAN TWICE. Wife Finds Husband is Bigamist, and Asks to Be Freed from Him. New Orleans.—The suit filed by Mrs. Coralie Amelia Bernier in the New Orleans district court, asking for the formal annulment of her marriage, develops the remarkable fact that, although she twice married the same man, she was yet unwedded. Mrs. Bernier married, in 1902, in St. Bernard's parish, a man calling himself Loys M. Lemoine. Some years after the marriage she discovered that this was an assumed name, and that Lemoine was Louis M. Thompson in reality.

Fearing that the marriage under a false name might invalidate their marriage, she insisted on a second marriage under the true name, and this was solemnized in Mandeville less than two months ago. The publication of the marriage brought out the fact that Thompson had one wife already in Helena, Ark., and the twice married woman now asks that she be freed from him.

STORES HIS CIDER IN CISTERNS. Apple Grower Introduces New Method of Keeping Pressed Juice. Waterville, Wash.—A new method of storing cider was introduced into the apple growing section of Big Bend county. John Wardinsky, a farmer in southern Douglas county, has a dry well on his place which he lined with cement in approved sanitary manner.

This was used as a "cider cistern," placing his cider in it for storage through the winter. The well is equipped with a pump. Mr. Wardinsky formerly lived in the great apple growing sections of northwestern Arkansas, and says that it is not uncommon for farmers there to keep cider in this manner, where it is regarded with almost as much favor as storing in barrels. Con- vention for storing in the cistern method. A chemical is used to prevent the cider from acquiring too great a degree of "hardness."

CHICAGOANS BUY A LARGE RANCH. Will Build a Town on 45,000 Acre Tract of Land. Falfurrias, Tex.—On a 45,000 acre ranch, situated near here, which was recently bought by H. H. Judd, of Chicago, and 17 other equally rich men of that city, is to be built a new town, which is to be named Chicago.

The plans for laying out the future city are now being prepared by experts in that kind of work. Thirty-six thousand acres of this land is divided equally between the 18 millionaires. The remaining 9,000 acres is owned by E. C. Kelly, of Chicago, who conducted the negotiations on behalf of the other purchasers when the ranch was bought.

The new Chicago will be located in the center of the big tract. The owners will divide their lands into farms and place a farmer on every 40 acres. The whole 45,000 acres is in the ar-