THE DELUGE

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I.

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 Montenotte." 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:

II.

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 encircled 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 frank honesty.

How had I built up my power? By recognizing the possibilities of publicity, the chance which the broadcast sowing of newspapers and magazines put within the reach of the individual man to impress himself upon the whole country, upon the whole [illegible] world. The kings of finance [illegible] dexter- [illegible] erating [illegible] old- [illegible] 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 fadueing 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 wouldn't sell until I engaged that the National 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 [illegible] sign."

"[illegible]n't sign it," said I. [illegible] ck up a sheet of paper [illegible] fold it upon itself with [illegible] get the edges straight. [illegible]ed my meaning; he was [illegible]ars now," I went on, [illegible] been promising to [illegible]nal in some one [illegible] recognition [illegible] chairman [illegible] committee. [illegible]Mr. Roebuck. [illegible] much to do. [illegible] Manasquale [illegible] them." [illegible] fold the paper [illegible] reduced it to [illegible]his he slowly [illegible]et fingers un- [illegible] "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 chotr. 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 liven 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. He could 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-markers, unless you are big enough to become a card-marker 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 uptown."

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 Ellerslys 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 ignoramus 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 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.)

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

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

PHYSICIANS IN A PROTEST.

Object to Annual Assessment of State Medical Society.

Jacksonville.—A movement has been started in the local branch of the Illinois State Medical society against the annual assessment of one dollar per member paid for protection against malpractice suits, and the indications are that the protest raised here will be carried further. Dr. Edward Bowe, of this city, in a letter to Treasurer E. F. Baker, of the local society, in refusing to pay the assessment, severely criticises the practice, which he terms "undignified," etc. Dr. Baker took the matter up with Attorney General Stead, but the latter refused to give a decision in the case.

The thing against which many physicians are protesting is an annual assessment of one dollar levied against the members of the State Medical society to constitute a fund to assist in the defense of malpractice suits. The plan is generally favored by surgeons, but has been opposed by physicians practicing interior medicine.

FOUND GUILTY OF FRAUD.

George S. McReynolds Faces a Penitentiary Sentence.

Chicago.—Found guilty of fraudulently removing grain from warehouses, George S. McReynolds, formerly a vice president and prominent operator on the Chicago board of trade, heard in Judge Mack's court the verdict that carries with it a penalty of from one to ten years in the penitentiary. He had shipped grain from his elevators after having given Chicago banks warehouse receipts for the property as security for loans.

In the evening the board of trade directors expelled Mr. Reynolds from the board for "uncommercial conduct." The expulsion not only bars McReynolds from the floor, but carries with it the loss of his membership. He was released on $20,000 bonds.

Christian Science Believer Dies.

Carlinville.—Believing in Christian Science, L. E. Eyman, a farmer living near Greenville, refused to allow three physicians to amputate the leg of his son, whose knee was shattered by an accidental shot from a gun in the hands of his brother. The boy died within 24 hours after the accident.

The physicians told Mr. Eyman that amputation was the only chance of saving the boy's life. The father was obdurate and in his steadfast refusal to consent to the operation he was sustained by the injured son and all other members of his family. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Losses and Death on Lakes.

Chicago.—Forty-nine vessels, valued at $1,673,000 passed out of existence on the great lakes during the season of navigation just closed. Their aggregate tonnage was 43,522, indicating a carrying capacity of about 75,000 tons each trip. Unlike 1905, the season shows that steel vessels have been fortunate so far as total losses go. Only four of the 49 are of that class.

There were 534 casualties of all kinds reported. Last year the number was 740, and in 1904, 430; in 1903, 522, and in 1902, 562.

Smallpox Case at Chicago.

Chicago.—Discovery of a case of smallpox in the city, the first reported to the health authorities since August 12, is causing fumigation from this city to Galesburg and vaccination of every person with whom the man afflicted with the disease is known to have came in contact. Health and police officers of this city and Galesburg, from whence the patient came, and officials of the railroad on which he traveled are cooperating in endeavoring to trace the wanderings of the man.

New Pastor for Kilbourne.

Kilbourne.—Rev. Jasper W. Miller, of Jacksonville, has been appointed as minister of the M. E. church at Kilbourne, to succeed Rev. William O. Huyler, who resigned. Mr. Huyler has accepted a position with the construction department of the Frisco railway at Oklahoma City, Okla.

Train Kills Three Men.

Rock Island.—Three Greek railway laborers were killed at the Rock Island system's shops at Silvis, eight miles east of this city. The men jumped from one train in front of another and were killed instantly.

Sold Liquor Without License.

Carlinville.—Nikalo Zmijanoc, of Mount Olive, was brought to this city, where he was fined $200 by County Judge J. B. Vaughn for selling liquor without a license. In default of payment he was placed in the county jail.

Mail Carrier Hangs Self.

Medora.—Despondent on account of ill health, John F. Wagner, 35 years old, a mail carrier at Greenfield, Ill., committed suicide by hanging himself from the limb of an apple tree. He leaves a family.

AGREE TO STOP PROSECUTION.

Relatives of Daniel Raum to Make Good $50,000 of Forgeries.

Peoria.—At a conference of the family of Daniel Raum, the forger attorney, and several of his friends whom he robbed of several thousand dollars it was agreed to stop any further prosecution if all debts were settled. Ira Copley, a brother-in-law, said that relatives would stand good to the extent of $50,000.

It is thought with the exception of his wife's money, which he spent, this amount will cover his losses. If the state's attorney will agree to the plan Raum may be freed from his obligation. State's Attorney Schules says that he intends to prosecute Raum and that if he is insane he should be sent to an asylum. His friends say that he is not recovering from his temporary insanity and that they wish to have him adjudged insane and sent to a private asylum.

FOR A TWO-CENT RATE.

State Grange on Record for Reduction—Oppose Present Primary Laws.

Peoria.—The State Grange went on record as favoring a flat two-cent rate on railroads in the state; reciprocity; against sending free garden seeds from the department of agriculture; in favor of the election of senators by popular vote; referendum and popular vote on legislative acts; local option; against ship subsidy, and for the repeal of the Illinois primary election and the passage of the direct primary act.

Pastor Admits Immorality.

Decatur.—The Rev. E. L. James, former pastor of the Baptist church here, was arrested at St. Joseph, Mo., under an indictment for immoral conduct, and was placed in the county jail here. He confessed his guilt to the police. It is thought by friends the man is insane. Having been robbed of an overcoat at St. Joseph, the police recovered it, and when James called at headquarters for the garment he told the officers about the Decatur trouble and was arrested. He did not think it right that they should hold him, saying that he had not injured any one.

Revenue Officer Attacked.

Joliet.—John Grant, internal revenue collector for this district, was the victim of a murderous assault while on official duty in a saloon at Rutland, in La Salle county. He was attacked by Angelo Scavalaetti, owner of the saloon, and his brothers, and was badly beaten and robbed. Steps will be taken to arrest Scavalaetti and the other assailants. Grant found that the saloon keeper was not conceling some of the revenue stamps. He took possession of two of these stamps and this led to the attack.

Bank Embezzler Is Guilty.

Peoria.—President Conrad Tuppen, on trial for embezzling funds of the Teis Smith bank at Pekin, was found guilty. Attorneys for the defense immediately filed notice of appeal. The case is a celebrated one and has occupied the courts for three weeks at Pekin. The bank failed for $500,000 and Tuppen was found guilty on one charge of the indictment—accepting funds after the bank was insolvent.

Suspected Murderer Gets Sentence.

Kewanee.—William Nagle, of Rock Island, suspected of the murder of Carl Brady on Island B, near Rock Island, a year ago, was found guilty of burglary. Nagle could not be tried on a murder charge, as the supreme court held that the lapse of four months without trial after indictment gave him immunity. A change of venue to Henry county was taken from Rock Island county.

Aged Minister Dead.

Chicago.—Rev. John Varty, a member of the Methodist clergy for nearly 30 years, died at the residence, 229 South Campbell avenue, aged 62 years. He was a member of the Wisconsin conference for many years, but retired several years ago on account of ill health. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, Mrs. J. A. West, of Champaign, Ill.

Train Kills Two in Few Yards.

Elgin.—While the engineer on a fast Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad train was exerting every effort to bring it to a quick stop to pick up the body of Charles Church, whom the engine had just struck and killed, it ran over and also killed August Lange. Both men had been walking on the track and met sudden death scarcely 1,000 years apart.

Unidentified Man Killed by Train.

Bloomington.—An unidentified man, aged about 45 years, was killed by a train near here. A receipt signed by Gordon & Morrison, jewelers, Chicago, in favor of John Ronan, Chenoa, Ill., was found in his pocket.

Pekin Doctor a Suicide.

Pekin.—Dr. G. E. Barnes, a prominent Pekin business man, committed suicide by shooting. His body lay in his office for 12 hours before it was discovered. The cause was worry over financial affairs.