

ST. LOUIS IS NOW FLOODED

Greatest of the Mississippi Flood Has Reached that City and There is a High Stage

OVER THIRTY FEET DEEP

Five Feet More May Come and the Situation is Rather Critical in that Vicinity.

The Mississippi river flood has arrived at St. Louis now and the situation is critical. This morning's Globe-Democrat tells of the present situation as follows:

The Mississippi River at St. Louis passed the danger mark of 30 feet last night, and the flood, heralded for several days by high water in the Missouri and tributaries, assumed a threatening aspect. Behind the 30 feet is a certainty of a further rise of 8 feet by tomorrow, if the Weather Bureau predictions are correct, and indications of a still higher crest. While Forecaster Burrows at St. Louis last night would not predict a 35-foot stage, he fears it is a possibility.

With a 35-foot stage Wednesday and Thursday, St. Louis would witness a repetition of the flood damage of June, 1908. While there is no likelihood of the high water of the big flood in June, 1908, being reached or any recurrence of the tremendous havoc wrought at that time, the 35-foot stage means heavy property damage along the St. Louis river front and the flooding of the commercial buildings along the down town levee.

In East St. Louis, Madison and Venice 35 feet will overflow a large acreage of low-lying ground without levee protection, and work heavy damage, especially to railroad terminals. Alarm over the flood was marked in East St. Louis yesterday, and in several churches, prayers were said for deliverance from high water. Rivermen inclined to the belief the crest will be reached at about 33 feet, and if this proves correct the danger is minimized.

Railroad Traffic Crippled.

The Missouri River on its rampage has flooded hundreds of acres of wheat fields between St. Charles and its mouth, and yesterday the reports of damage came from many points in this section. The Meramec River got out of its banks in St. Louis county yesterday, and swept away considerable harvest wheat. Farmers used boats in the roads at several points. Railroad traffic into St. Louis yesterday from the West was even worse crippled yesterday by the floods than on Saturday. Washouts have tied up several roads. Nearly all trains from the west were late, many of them hours behind, having reached St. Louis over defunct routes. Only one road, the Missouri Pacific, had a line through from St. Louis to Kansas City.

According to Weather Forecaster Burrows, a stage of at least 33 feet is in sight, and a large quantity of water from the Osage River is still to be heard from, which will bring it even higher. He will not be able to determine the crest of the flood until this water is heard from, but said the river would reach a mark of between 33 and 32.5 feet by to-morrow morning. There will be about 31.5 feet this morning, he says, and about 32.5 by to-night. The river reached a stage of 30.8 at 7 o'clock last night. It rose steadily

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at the rate of about an inch and a half in the afternoon, greatly exceeding the morning rise, on account of the water coming down from Hermann. In the river, as predicted, passes the 32-foot stage tonight it will flood the buildings along the levee. Merchants occupying these buildings were on the watch yesterday, ready to move their stocks out of the basements and first floors as soon as it becomes apparent that the water will enter the buildings, and many of them watched all night. A number of merchants whose basements were already flooded by the water backing through sewers were moving their stocks yesterday.

Rivermen Agree with Bureau. The river passed the danger mark, 30 feet, yesterday afternoon, and a majority of veteran river men concur with the Weather Bureau in predicting 33 feet or better before the crest is past.

At Glasgow, which the Weather Bureau has been watching closely, the river level was practically at a standstill at noon yesterday. It only rose one-tenth inch between 6 o'clock in the morning and noon, when the gauge registered 25 feet. This would indicate the crest of the flood out of the Grand River. At Hermann the gauge at noon registered 24.5, and the river is still rising at the rate of three-fourths of a foot to the hour. Upon the morning, a rise of 1.3 feet in twenty-four hours. The crest of the flood in June, 1908, at this point was 28.2. The river is rising at Gratton, but this is caused by back water from the Missouri.

The current in the river as it passes here is very strong, about nine miles an hour, and large quantities of driftwood and debris are coming down. The wind yesterday confined this drift to the East Side.

On account of the strong current and the driftwood, owners of small pleasure craft were afraid to venture out yesterday and none were on the river. The excursion boats, however, took out large crowds of excursionists to view the flood. They reported that large areas of farm land on both sides of the river are submerged and the crops destroyed. The water is over the tops of the corn in the field, they say.

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For Tired Nerves. A soothing drink for tired nerves is a cup of scalded milk.

That Was Easy.

It was in an Italian settlement kindergarten. The children were marching like soldiers, when Giovanni suddenly stopped and called out. "George Wash—him soldier, too!" and pointed with his very dirty little hand to a picture of Washington, who, mounted on his horse, was holding his hat in his hand acknowledging the greetings of the populace.

"Why do you suppose George Washington has his hat in his hand?" asked the kindergarten, stopping to draw for the hundredth time a lesson in courtesy.

"To catch de penines," was Tony's prompt reply.—Harper's.

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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[CONTINUED.]

"Law!" he observed, started, but amused. "I didn't know there were folks here. Reckon you'll have to excuse me. Here, son!" he called, tossing the towel into Michele's hands and walking over to the table. Hawcastle, Lady Creech and Horace stared unbelievably. Ethel hid her face, with another little shudder, as Pike, without removing his dust coat, sat down opposite the German.

"You are a true patriot," laughed Von Grollerhagen. "You allow no profane hand to cook your national dish. I trust you will be as successful with that wicked motor of mine."

"Lord bless your soul, doc, I've put a self binder together after a pony-engine had bucked it halfway through a brick depot," said Pike genially, tucking his napkin inside the collar of his shirt and falling to on the ham and eggs. At the table where sat the Hawcastle party there were expressions of pained agony.

"You have studied mechanics at the university, then?" went on Von Grollerhagen. "Is it not so?"

"University?" returned Pike. "Not much! On the old man's farm."

Hawcastle turned at once to Horace. "Without any disrespect to you, my dear fellow, what terrific boundaries most of your fellow countrymen are!"

Horace mentally writhed under the veiled taunt, but turned quickly with an assent in effect.

"Do you wonder that sis and I have emancipated ourselves?" he asked, and the noble earl, with a softened glance as he thought of the dollars, replied blandly. "Not at all, my dear boy," and turned once more to his paper.

Von Grollerhagen glanced at the three with slight amusement and held out the caviare to Pike.

"Can I persuade you to try one of my national dishes," he asked—"caviare?"

"Caviare?" replied Pike. "I've heard of it, but I thought it was Russian."

"It is also German," answered the other, recovering himself from the start he had given. "Will you not?"

Daniel looked him straight in the eye quizzically.

"I'd never get into the legislature again if any of the boys heard of it," he remarked, "but I guess I'm far enough from home to take a few chances."

Quite slowly and hesitatingly he placed some of the caviare in his mouth and then turned a vacant and pained look upon the German. The latter smiled and observed quizzically:

"You do not like it? I am sorry. Here! A taste of the vodka will destroy the caviare."

Mariano quickly filled a glass and passed it to Daniel, who seized it eagerly. This time he sat bolt upright in the chair and exhibited real distress. Then he quickly seized another forkful of the caviare and ate it hurriedly.

"But I thought you did not like the caviare?" said the German.

Daniel breathed quickly for an instant, and the flush died from his face.

"That was to take away the taste of the vodka," he said weakly, and Von Grollerhagen lifted his head and laughed heartily.

"I lift my hat to you, my friend," he said, and Pike looked at him genially.

"You never worked on a farm, did you, doc?" he asked, and the German admitted that such a pleasure had been denied him.

"I guess that's right," went on Daniel reflectively. "Talk about things to drink! Harvest time and the women folks coming out from the house with a two gallon jug of ice cold butter-milk."

Horace shuddered convulsively, and Von Grollerhagen asked:

"You still enjoy those delights?"

"Not since I moved up to our county seat and began to practice law, ten years ago," Pike answered. "Things don't taste the same in the city."

and I don't know what all. If anybody wants our money for nothing, he's got to show energy enough to steal it. Doc, I wonder a man like you doesn't emigrate."

"Bravo!" cried Von Grollerhagen, with keen delight, while Hawcastle turned with an angry gesture to Horace.

"Your countryman does seem to be rather down on us!"

Horace flushed with mortification and returned:

"This fellow is distinctly of the lower orders. We should cut him as completely in the States as here."

CHAPTER IX. RECOGNIZED.

THE German was frankly enjoying his guest's conversation and quaint mannerisms and went on:

"I wonder you make this long journey, my friend, instead of spending your holiday at home."

Pike looked up in astonishment. "Holiday! Why, I never even had time to go to Niagara falls. I'm here on business."

Ethel, who was still standing by the cottee, looked at her friend with pained entreaty, and Horace, catching Lady Creech's basilisk eye fixed on him, reddened with mortification.

Daniel carefully folded his napkin and sat back.

"I expect it's about time for me to go and find the two young folks I've come to look after," he said.

"You are here for a duty, then?" asked the German quizzically.

"I shouldn't be surprised if that was the name for it," answered Pike, rising. "Yes, sir; all the way from Indiana!"

Both Ethel and Horace started in horrified amazement and looked at each other with stricken terror on their faces. If this should—

"I-I can't stand this. I shall go for a stroll," said Horace hysterically and rose from the table, while Hawcastle looked at Pike fixedly.

"By Jove!" he said slowly.

"I expect, doc," went on Pike calmly, "that I won't be able to eat with you this evening. You see—you see I've come a mighty long way to look after

"Reason! Why, yes, I'm her guardian!" her, and she—that is, they will probably want me to have supper with them."

The horror was closing fast around the other party, and they simply stared.

"Do not trouble for me," observed the German. "Your young people—they have a villa?"

"No," answered Pike with a smile. "They're right here in this hotel."

Horace, with fear lending wings to his scattered senses, sprang to his feet and began to walk toward the grove. Pike looked up.

"I'd better ask," he said, and then, observing Horace, went on addressing him: "Hey, there! Can you?"—He stared as the young man, paying no attention, proceeded on his way. Pike raised his voice.

"Excuse me, son, ain't you an American?" As Horace paid no more attention he turned to Mariano. "Here, waiter! Tell that gentleman I want to speak to him!"

Mariano sprang after the retreating Horace.

"Pardon, m'sieu, the gentleman, he wish to speak to you."

Horace whirled in an angry flash. "What gentleman?" he demanded, and Pike regarded him calmly.

"I thought from your looks," he proceeded quietly, "you might be an American."

Horace plighted himself squarely before his interrogator.

"Are you speaking to me?" he demanded haughtily.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Pike genially. "Ain't you an American?"

"I happen to have been born in the States," replied Horace aggressively, and Pike smiled quizzically.

"I shall ask her," he began weakly and shamefacedly, "if she will consent to an interview."

Pike looked at him in amazement in his turn.

"Interview!" he said. "Why, I want to talk to her!"

Hawcastle, with some of his finer feelings aroused, picked up his sister-in-law with his eyes, much as a clever hostess picks up her feminine guests at dinner, and arose, turning to Ethel.

"This shall make no difference to us, my child," he said, and turning sharply, took Lady Creech by the arm and left the terrace. Pike looked at Horace pityingly.

"Don't you understand?" he said. "I'm her guardian!"

For a fleeting instant Horace stared at him and then dropped his chin and walked away.

"I shall never hold up my head again," he said.

The sudden horror of the revelation that Horace had drawn forth bore down upon Ethel's mind with a crushing weight.

To her artificialized understanding the disgrace was more than she could ever hope to bear, and Horace's expressed thought that he should never be able to hold up his head again was but a vivification of her own.

Surely it would have been bad enough, she told herself, if this fearful thing had come upon them privately, but to have it appear in the full light of day and in the very hearing of the family of the man she was about to marry was too cruel.

And with an inward groan she leaned for a moment against the terrace wall where the countess had left her. When the first astonishment had passed and she had time to realize what had occurred, events that had seemed but fleeting impressions rose up before her in all their vivid nakedness. Mme. de Champigny had looked at her with astute contempt, she was sure, and she dimly remembered seeing the look of horrified amazement upon the patrician features of the Earl of Hawcastle.

Then, with an awakened resentment, the fighting blood of the sturdy plebeian Simpson stock, the stock that had upheld its end in the battle against oppression in several wars, came back to her with a rush, and she decided to see this awful man and give him to understand that he must go away at once and never insult her again by his uncouth and vulgar presence. Such business as had to be transacted could be done through an intermediary.

With a bracing of her spirit she stepped forward resolutely and came up close behind Pike as he stood with drooping jaw gazing in perplexity after the retreating Horace. Ethel cast a look of loathing upon the straight back of the guardian of her peace and ground her little boot heel into the stone flagging. She glanced up and saw that the common German was looking at Pike with grave sympathy and even understanding, and instantly she hated him for it. Then she saw him take his cap from the obsequious Mariano and turn away. When he had gone she said in a low voice:

"I am Miss Granger-Simpson."

CHAPTER X. THE HUMILIATION.

INSTANTLY Pike turned with a lithe twist of his lank body and half lifted his hand as if he expected a blow. Then his arm dropped again, and he stood looking at her in calm and interested fashion. As he stared his expression changed to one of mingled tenderness and pride, and when he spoke there was a world of pathos in his voice.

"Why," he said in a low, astonished tone—why, I knew your pa from the time I was a little boy till he died, and I looked up to him more'n I ever looked up to anybody in my life, but I never thought he'd have a girl like you. He'd be mighty proud if he could see you now."

She turned from him in a smothered rage and then faced him again with cold disapproval in her tone.

"Perhaps it will be as well if we avoid personal allusions," she said resolutely. "This man should have no opportunity for bringing up those vulgar, half forgotten family reminiscences if she could help it. He misled a trifle wily."

"I don't just see how that's possible," he answered, and she waved her hand indignantly.

"Will you please sit down?" she said, and Pike made an awkward bow.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly, with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands.

"Are—are you really my guardian?" she asked at last, with a trace of heat.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied meekly, with the faintest accent on the last word, and obediently took the chair that Horace had vacated so precipitously. She shuddered at the word he had used and glanced nervously at the hat he was holding in his hands.

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