THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"We'll fix it up later, Blacklock," said he.

"All right," said I. And from that minute I was almost silent. It was something in her tone and manner that silenced me. I suddenly realized that I wasn't making as good an impression as I had been flattering myself.

When a man has money and is willing to spend it, he can readily fool himself into imagining he gets on grandly with women. But I had better grounds than that for thinking myself not unattractive to them, as a rule. Women had liked me when I had nothing; women had liked me when they didn't know who I was. I felt that this woman did not like me. And yet, by the way she looked at me in spite of her efforts not to do so, I could tell that I had some sort of unusual interest for her. Why didn't she like me? She made me feel the reason. I didn't belong to her world. My ways and my looks offended her. She disliked me a good deal; she feared me a little. She would have felt safer if she had been gratifying her curiosity, gazing in at me through the bars of a cage.

Sam—not without hesitation, as I recalled afterward—left me with her, when I sent him to bring her brougham up to the Broadway entrance. As she and I were standing there alone, waiting in silence, I turned on her suddenly, and blurted out: "You don't like me."

She reddened a little, smiled slightly. "What a quaint remark!" said she.

I looked straight at her. "But you shall."

Our eyes met. Her chin came out a little, her eyebrows lifted. Then, in scorn of herself as well as of me, she locked herself in behind a frozen haughtiness that ignored me. "Ah, here is the carriage," she said. I followed her to the curb; she just touched my hand, just nodded her fascinating little head.

"See you Saturday, old man," called her brother friendlily. My lowering face had alarmed him.

"That party is off," said I, curtly. And I lifted my hat and strode away.

As I had formed the habit of dismissing the disagreeable, I soon put her out of my mind. But she took with her my joy in the taste of things. I couldn't get back my former keen satisfaction in all I had done and was doing. The luxury, the tangible evidences of my achievement, no longer gave me pleasure; they seemed to add to my irritation.

I worked myself up, or rather, down, to such a mood that when my office boy told me Mr. Langdon would like me to come to his office as soon as it was convenient, I snapped out: "The hell he does! Tell Mr. Langdon I'll be glad to see him here whenever he calls." That was stupidity, a premature assertion of my right to be treated as an equal. I had always gone to Langdon, and to any other of the rulers of finance, whenever I had got a summons. For, while I was rich and powerful, I held both wealth and power, in a sense, on sufferance; I knew that, so long as I had no absolute control of any great department of industry, these rulers could destroy me should they decide that they needed my holdings or were not satisfied with my use of my power. I was surprised when Langdon appeared in my office a few minutes later.

He was a tallish, slim man, carefully dressed, with a bored, weary look and a slow, bored way of talking. I had always said that if I had not been myself I should have wished to be Langdon.

His expression, as he came into my office, was one of cynical amusement, as if he were saying to himself: "Our friend Blacklock has caught the swollen head at last." Not a suggestion of ill humor, of resentment at my impertinence—for, in the circumstances, I had been guilty of an impertinence. Just languid, amused patience with the frailty of a friend. "I see," said he, "that you have got Textile up to 85."

He was the head of the Textile trust, which had been built by his brother-in-law and had fallen to him in the confusion following his brother-in-law's death. As he was just then needing some money for his share in the National Coal undertaking, he had directed me to push Textile up toward par and unload him of two or three hundred thousand shares—he, of course, to repurchase the shares after he had taken profits and Textile had dropped back to its normal 50.

"I'll have it up to 98 by the middle of next month," said I. "And there I think we'd better stop."

"Stop at about 90," said he. "That will give me all I find I'll need for this Coal business. I don't want to be bothered with hunting up an investment."

I shook my head. "I must put it up to within a point or two of par," I declared. "In my public letter I've been saying it would go above 95, and I never deceive my public."

He smiled—my notion of honesty always amused him. "As you please," he said, with a shrug. Then I saw a serious look—just a fleeting flash of warning—behind his smiling mask; and he added carelessly: "Be careful about your own personal play. I doubt if Textile can be put any higher."

It must have been my mood that prevented those words from making the impression on me they should have made. Instead of appreciating at once and at its full value this characteristic and amazingly friendly signal of caution, I showed how stupidly inattentive I was by saying: "Something doing? Something new?"

But he had already gone further than his notion of friendship warranted. So he replied: "Oh, no. Simply that everything's uncertain nowadays."

My mind had been all this time on those Manasquale mining properties. I now said: "Has Roebuck told you that I had to buy those mines on my own account?"

"Yes," he said. He hesitated, and again he gave me a look whose meaning came to me only when it was too late. "I think, Blacklock, you'd better turn them over to me."

"I can't," I answered. "I gave my word."

"As you please," said he.

Apparently the matter didn't interest him. He began to talk of the performances of my little two-year-old Beachcomber; and after 20 minutes or so, he drifted away. "I envy you your enthusiasm," he said, pausing in my doorway. "Wherever I am, I wish I were somewhere else. Whatever I'm doing, I wish I were doing something else. Where do you get all this joy of the fight? What the devil are you fighting for?"

He didn't wait for a reply.

I thought over my situation steadily for several days. I went down to my country place. I looked everywhere among all my belongings, searching, searching, restless, impatient. At last I knew what ailed me—what the lack was that yawned so gloomily from everything I had once thought beautiful, had once found sufficient. I was in the midst of the splendid, terraced pansy beds my gardeners had just set out; I stopped short and slapped my thigh. "A woman!" I exclaimed. "That's what I need. A woman—the right sort of woman—a wife!"

IV.

A CANDIDATE FOR "RESPECTABILITY."

To handle this new business properly I must put myself in position to look the whole field over. I must get in line and in touch with "respectability." When Sam Ellersly came in for his "rations," I said: "Sam, I want you to put me up at the Travelers Club."

"The Travelers!" echoed he, with a blank look.

"The Travelers," said I. "It's about the best of the big clubs, isn't it? And it has as members most of the men I do business with and most of those I want to get into touch with."

He laughed. "It can't be done."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh—I don't know. You see—the fact is—well, they're a lot of old fogies up there. You don't want to bother with that push, Matt. Take my advice. Do business with them, but avoid them socially."

"I want to go in there," I insisted. "I have my own reasons. You put me up."

"I tell you, it'd be no use," he replied, in a tone that implied he wished to hear no more of the matter.

"You put me up," I repeated. "And if you do your best, I'll get in all right. I've got lots of friends there. And you've got three relatives in the committee on membership."

At this he gave me a queer, sharp glance—a little fright in it.

I laughed. "You see, I've been looking into it, Sam. I never take a jump till I've measured it."

"You'do better wait a few years, until—" he began, then stopped and turned red.

"Until what?" said I. "I want you to speak frankly."

"Well, you've got a lot of enemies—a lot of fellows who've lost money in deals you've engineered. And they'd say all sorts of things."

"I'll take care of that," said I, quite easy in mind. "Mowbray Langdon's president, isn't he? Well, he's my closest friend." I spoke quite honestly. It shows how simple-minded I was in certain ways that I had never once noted the important circumstance that this "closest friend" had never invited me to his house, or anywhere where I'd meet his up-town associates at introducing distance.

Sam looked surprised. "Oh, in that case," he said, "I'll see what can be done." But his tone was not quite cordial enough to satisfy me.

To stimulate him and to give him an earnest of what I intended to do for him, when our little social deal had been put through, I showed him how he could win $10,000 in the next three days. "And you needn't bother about putting up margins," said I, as I often had before. "I'll take care of that."

He stammered a refusal and went out; but he came back within an hour, and, in a strained sort of way accepted my tip and offer.

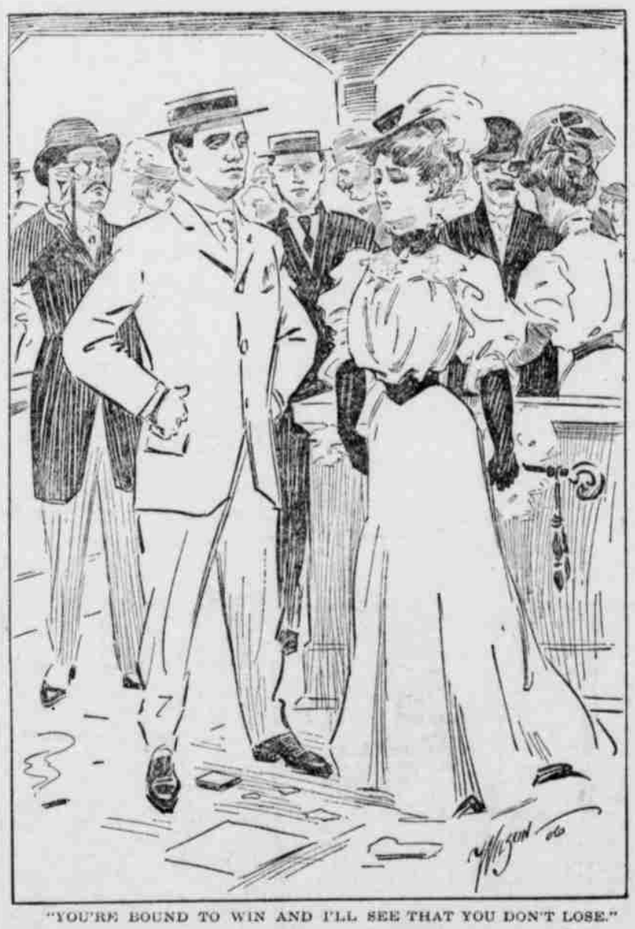
"That's sensible," said I. "When will you attend to the matter at the Travelers? I want to be warned so I can pull my own set of wires in concert."

"I'll let you know," he answered, hanging his head.

I didn't understand his queer actions then. Though I was an expert in finance, I hadn't yet made a study of that other game—the game of "gentleman." And I didn't know how seriously the frauds and fakirs who play it take it and themselves. I attributed his confusion to a ridiculous mock modesty he had about accepting favors; it struck me as being particularly silly on this occasion, because for once he was to give as well as to take.

He didn't call for his profits, but wrote asking me to mail him the check for them. I did so, putting in the envelop with it a little jog to his memory on the club matter. I didn't see him again for nearly a month; and though I searched and sent, I couldn't get his trail. On opening day at Morris Park, I was going along the passage behind the boxes in the grand stand, on my way to the paddock. I wanted to see my horse that was about to run for the Salmagundi Sweepstakes, and to tell my jockey that I'd give him $15,000, instead of $10,000, if he won—for I had put quite a bunch down.

In one of the boxes I spied my shy friend, Sammy. He was looking better than I had ever seen him. Less heavy-eyed, less pallid and pasty, less like a man who had been shirking bed and keeping up on cocktails and cold baths. He was at the rear of the box, talking with a lady and a gentleman



"YOU'RE BOUND TO WIN AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T LOSE."

As soon as I saw that lady, I knew what it was that had been hiding at the bottom of my mind and rankling there.

Luckily I was alone; ever since that lunch I had been cutting loose from the old crowd—from all its women, and from all its men except two or three real friends who were good fellows straight through, in spite of their having made the mistake of crossing the dead line between amateur "sport" and professional. I leaned over and tapped Sammy on the shoulder.

He glanced round, and when he saw me, looked as if I were a policeman who had caught him in the act.

"Howdy, Sam?" said I. "It's been so long since I've seen you that I couldn't resist the temptation to interrupt. Hope your friend'll excuse me. Howdy do, Miss Ellersly?" And I put out my hand.

She took it reluctantly. She was giving me a very unpleasant look—as if she were seeing, not somebody, but some thing she didn't care to see, or were seeing nothing at all. I liked that look; I liked the woman who had it in her to give it. She made me feel that she was difficult and therefore worth while, and that's what all we human beings are in business for—to make each other feel that we're worth while.

"Just a moment," said Sam, red as a cranberry and stuttering. And he made a motion to come out of the box and join me. At the same time Miss Anita and the other fellow began to turn away.

But I was not the man to be cheated in that fashion. I wanted to see her, and I compelled her to see it and to feel it. "Don't let me take you from your friends," said I to Sammy. "Perhaps they'd like to come with you and me down to look at my horse. I can give you a good tip—he's bound to win. I've had my boys out on the rails every morning at the trials of all the other possibilities. None of 'em's in it with Mowghli."

"Mowghli!" said the young lady—she had begun to turn toward me as soon as I spoke the magic word "tip." There may be men who can resist that word "tip" at the race track, but there never was a woman.

"Mowghli!" said Miss Ellersly. "What a quaint name!"

"My trainer gave it," said I. "I've got a second son of one of those broken-down English noblemen at the head of my stables. He's trying to get money enough together to be able to show up at Newport and take a shy at an heiress."

At this the fellow who was fourth in our party, and who had been giving me a nasty, glassy stare, got as red as was Sammy. Then I noticed that he was an Englishman, and I all but chuckled with delight. However, I said: "No offense intended," and clapped him on the shoulder with a friendly smile. "He's a good fellow, my man Monson, and knows a lot about horses."

Miss Ellersly bit her lip and colored, but I noticed also that her eyes were dancing.

Sam introduced the Englishman to me—Lord Somebody-or-other, I forget what, as I never saw him again. I turned like a bulldog from a toy terrier and was at Miss Ellersly again. "Let me put a little something on Mowghli for you," said I. "You're bound to win—and I'll see that you don't lose. I know how you ladies hate to lose."

That was a bit stiff, as I know well enough now. Indeed, my instinct would have told me better then, if I hadn't been so used to the sort of women that jump at such an offer, and if I hadn't been casting about so desperately and in such confusion for some way to please her. At any rate, I hardly deserved her sudden frozen look. "I beg pardon," I stammered, and I think my look at her must have been very humble—for me.

The others in the box were staring round at us. "Come on," cried Sam, dragging at my arm, "let's go."

"Won't you come?" I said to his sister. I shouldn't have been able to keep my state of mind out of my voice, if I had tried. And I didn't try.

Trust the right sort of woman to see the right sort of thing in a man through any and all kinds of barriers of caste and manners and breeding. Her voice was much softer as she said: "I think I must stay here. Thank you, just the same."

As soon as Sam and I were alone, I apologized. "I hope you'll tell your sister I'm sorry for that break," said I.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered, easy again, now that we were away from the others. "You meant well—and motive's the thing."

"Motive—hell!" cried I in my anger at myself. "Nobody but a man's God knows his motives; he doesn't even know them himself. I judge others by what they do, and I expect to be judged in the same way. I see I've got a lot to learn." Then I suddenly remembered the Travelers Club, and asked him what he'd done about it.

"I—I've been—thinking it over," said he. "Are you sure you want to run the risk of an ugly cropper, Matt?"

I turned him round so that we were facing each other. "Do you want to do me that favor, or don't you?" I demanded.

"I'll do whatever you say," he replied. "I'm thinking only of your interests."

"Let me take care of them," said I. "You put me up at that club to-morrow. I'll send you the name of a seconder not later than noon."

"Up goes your name," he said. "But don't blame me for the consequences."

(To be Continued.)

JESUS BEFORE CAIAPHAS

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 18, 1906

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 26:57-68. Memory verses, 67, 68.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He is despised and rejected of men."—Isaiah 53:3.

TIME.—The lesson covers a period of several hours, from some time between one and two o'clock Friday morning till after sunrise April 7, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—The palace of the high priest and the hall of the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

V. 57. "They that had laid hold." The Roman soldiers, who still had the arrested man in charge. "Led him to Caiaphas." To the apartment of the acting high-priest where, instead of in its usual hall, a hastily called meeting of the Sanhedrim was held. "Scribes and elders were assembled." Chief priests also were there, as Mark mentions (14:53).

V. 58. "Peter followed him afar off." Peter's trouble came through his following afar off. "Sat with the servants" (or officers). Stood or sat among them as they clustered about the fire in the open court, whence they could see what was going on in the council chamber.

V. 59. "Chief priests . . . sought false witness." It was the religious leaders of the people who were prime movers in the trial of Jesus. But what they sought was "witness against Jesus to put him to death," and they had to seek far for witness against One who ever "went about doing good." Then, as now, only those who knew him not could say anything against him.

V. 60. "Found none." It was no easy matter to agree upon a charge against the blameless One. "Many false witnesses came." Unscrupulous persons, by threats or money, could be brought to give such testimony as the judges sought. But the trouble was, the accounts of such men did not agree with one another. Jewish law required that at least two witnesses must agree before one could be convicted of capital offense (Deut. 17:6).

V. 61. "Said, I am able to destroy," etc. Read what Jesus had said early in his ministry (John 2:19-21), and note how its whole spirit was altered by this report.

V. 62. "The high priest arose." Thus far every effort had utterly failed to bring to light anything against Jesus. Caiaphas, forgetting his official dignity, and leaving his official seat, stepped toward the Accused, exasperated by his silence, and determined to make him criminate himself. "Answerest thou nothing?" Jesus had maintained unbroken silence. He "endured the contradiction of sinners against himself" without one word of self-defense. Here, as elsewhere, he is our great example.

V. 63. "Jesus held his peace." For perhaps an hour he listened in silence, fulfilling Isa. 53:7. "The high priest answered." He responded to the situation into which he was forced by the persistent silence of Jesus. "I adjure thee by the living God." This was the ordinary formula of administering an oath. The action was illegal and Jesus at first protested against it (Luke 22:67-70). "Tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." The high priest asked Jesus under oath to testify concerning his claims, first, as to his Messianic vocation, and second, as to his peculiar relation to the heavenly Father.

V. 64. "Thou hast said." That is, You have stated the truth. This was equivalent to saying, as Mark renders it, "I am." "Nevertheless." More than this, "Hereafter shall ye see," etc. This would call to mind a well-known prophecy concerning the Messiah (Dan. 7:13, 14).

V. 65. "Rent his clothes." This had been originally an involuntary expression of grief, but it had now become a formal act, when one was found guilty of blasphemy.

V. 66. "What think ye?" Caiaphas appeals to the assembled Sanhedrim for a verdict. "He is guilty of death." The verdict "guilty" was unanimous. He was guilty of blasphemy, hence worthy of death (Lev. 24:16). The council then adjourned to meet at daybreak. During the interim Jesus was delivered to the care of soldiers and servants of the Sanhedrim, who subjected him to every form of indignity which their brutal instincts could devise.

Vs. 67, 68. "Buffeted him." Struck him with their fists. "Prophesy unto us." They first blindfolded him (Luke 22:64), then called upon him to display his supernatural power by naming the man who struck him.

Practical Points.

V. 58. We run into danger as soon as we permit the slightest separation between ourselves and Jesus.—John 15:4, 5.

V. 59. The world to-day seeks witness of Jesus in the lives of his professed followers.—Acts 1:8.

V. 62. A righteous character is the unimpeachable answer to calumny.—1 Pet. 3:16.

V. 63. Let us look to Christ for grace to bear reproach in silence.—Heb. 12:3.

V. 64. There come times when to remain silent would be treason to the truth.—1 Pet. 3:15.

"America" in Many Tongues.

At the Fourth of July celebration in Manila, "America" was sung (sometimes in their own language) by Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, Indians, Germans, French, Spanish, English, Italians, Australians and Americans.

ENGLISH SHOES GO UNSHINED.

London Observer Admits Truth of American Indictment.

An English reporter, fired with patriotism on seeing the assertion made by an American visitor that Londoners polished their boots less frequently than the people of any other country in the world, set out to disprove the charge.

He visited a number of well-known shoeblacks at important points in London, but what he learned all tended to confirm the allegation made by the American.

One shoeblack said he had customers who look like millionaires but get only one shine a week. After hearing similar stories from other shoeblacks the newspaper man took up a position in Piccadilly Circus and examined the boots of passersby.

He confesses that of 86 people who passed, the boots of 60 looked as if they had not been polished for a week. Twelve of them had their boots well polished, but the remaining eight had to be labeled indifferent.

After that, nothing was left but to acknowledge that the indictment of the American had some foundation.—N. Y. Sun.

Don't be forecasting evil unless it is what you can guard against. Anxiety is good for nothing if we can't turn it into a defense.—Meyrick.

The man who sows his life in the furrows of human need will reap a rich reward.—W. Smith.