# THE DELUGE

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



CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"I owe a lot to you, Matt," he pleaded. "But I've done you a great many favors, haven't I?"

"That you have, Bob," I cordially agreed. "But this isn't a favor. It's business."

"You mustn't ask it, Blacklock," he cried. "I've loaned you more money now than the law allows. And I can't let you have any more."

"Some one has been lying to you, and you've been believing him," said I. "When I say my request isn't a favor, but business, I mean it."

"I can't let you have any more," he repeated. "I can't!" And down came his fist in a weak-violent gesture.

I leaned forward and laid my hand strongly on his arm.

"In addition to the stock of this concern that I hold in my own name," said I, "I hold five shares in the name of a man whom nobody knows that I even know. If you don't let me have the money, that man goes to the district attorney with information that lands you in the penitentiary, that puts your company out of business and into bankruptcy before to-morrow noon. I saved you three years ago, and got you this job against just such an emergency as this, Bob Corey. And, by God, you'll toe the mark!"

"But we haven't done anything that every bank in town doesn't do every day—doesn't have to do. If we didn't lend money to dummy borrowers and over-certify accounts, our customers would go where they could get accommodations."

"That's true enough," said I. "But I'm in a position for the moment where I need my friends—and they've got to come to me. If I don't get the money from you, I'll get it elsewhere—but over the cliff with you and your bank! The laws you've been violating may be bad for the practical banking business, but the're mighty good for punishing ingratitude and treachery."

He sat there, yellow and pinched, and shivered every now and then. He made no reply.

Presently I shook his arm impatiently. His eyes met mine, and I fixed them.

"I'm going to pull through," said I. "But if I weren't, I'd see to it that you were protected. Come, what's your answer? Friend or traitor?"

"Send round in the morning and get the money," said he, putting on a resigned, hopeless look.

I laughed. "I'll feel easier if I take it now," I replied. "We'll fix up the notes and checks at once."

"But it's too late," he said. "You can't deposit to-day."

"I've made special arrangements with them," I replied.

His face betrayed him. I saw that at no stage of that proceeding had I been wiser than in shutting off his last chance to evade. What scheme he had in mind I don't know, and can't imagine. But he had thought out something, probably something foolish that would have given me trouble without saving him. A foolish man in a tight place is as foolish as ever, and Corey was a foolish man—only a fool commits crimes that put him in the power of others. The crimes of the really big captains of industry and generals of finance are of the kind that puts others in their power.

"Buck up, Corey," said I. "Do you think I'm the man to shut a friend in the hold of a sinking ship? Tell me, who told you I was short on textile?"

"One of my men," he slowly replied, as he braced himself together.

"Which one? Who?" I persisted. For I wanted to know just how far the news was likely to spread.

He seemed to be thinking out a lie.

"The truth!" I commanded. "I know it couldn't have been one of your men. Who was it? I'll not give you away."

"It was Tom Langdon," he finally said.

I checked an exclamation of amusement. I had been assuming that I had been betrayed by some one of those tiny mischances that so often throw the best plans into confusion.

"Tom Langdon," I said satirically. "It was he that warned you against me?"

"It was a friendly act," said Corey. "He and I are very intimate. And he doesn't know how close you and I are."

"Suggested that you call my loans, did he?" I went on.

"You mustn't blame him, Blacklock; really you mustn't," said Corey earnestly, for he was a pretty good friend to those he liked, as friendship goes in finance. "He happened to hear. You know the Langdons keep a sharp watch on operations in their stock. And he dropped in to warn me as a friend. You'd do the same thing in the same circumstances. He didn't say a word about my calling your loans. I—to be frank—I instantly thought of it myself. I intended to do it when you came, but"—a sickly smile—"you anticipated me."

"I understand," said I good-humoredly. "I don't blame him." And I didn't then.

After I had completed my business at the National Industrial, I went back to my office and gathered together the threads of my web of defense. Then I wrote and sent out to all my newspapers and all my agents a broadside against the management of the textile trust—it would be published in the morning, in good time for the opening of the stock exchange. Before the first quotation of textile could be made thousands on thousands of investors and speculators throughout the country would have read my letter, would be believing that Matthew Blacklock had detected the textile trust in a stock-jobbing swindle, and had promptly turned against it, preferring to keep faith with his customers and with the public. As I read over my pronunciamiento aloud before sending it out, I found in it a note of confidence that cheered me mightily. "I'm even stronger than I thought," said I. And I felt stronger still as I went on to picture the thousands on thousands throughout the land rallying at my call to give battle.

XVII.

ANITA BEGINS TO BE HERSELF.

I had asked Sam Ellersly to dine with me; so preoccupied was I that not until ten minutes before the hour set did he come into my mind—he or any of his family, even his sister. My first impulse was to send word that I couldn't keep the engagement. "But I must dine somewhere," I reflected, "and there's no reason why I shouldn't dine with him, since I've done everything that can be done." In my office suite I had a bath and dressing-room, with a complete wardrobe. Thus, by hurrying a little over my toilet, and by making my chauffeur crowd the speed limit, I was at Delmonico's only twenty minutes late.

Sam, who had been late also, as usual, was having a cocktail and was ordering the dinner. I smoked a cigarette and watched him. At business or at anything serious his mind was all but useless; but at ordering dinner and things of that sort, he shone. Those small accomplishments of his had often moved me to a sort of pitying contempt, as if one saw a man of talent devoting himself to engraving the Lord's Prayer on gold dollars. That evening, however, as I saw how comfortable and contented he looked, with not a care in the world, since he was to have a good dinner and a good cigar afterward; as I saw how much genuine pleasure he was getting out of selecting the dishes and giving the waiter minute directions for the chef, I envied him.

"You must come over to my rooms after dinner, and give me some music," I said.

"Thanks," he replied, "but I've promised to go home and play bridge. Mother's got a few in to dinner, and more are coming afterward, I believe."

"Then I'll go with you, and talk to your sister—she doesn't play."

He glanced at me in a way that made me pass my hand over my face. I learned at least part of the reason for my feeling at disadvantage before him. I had forgotten to shave, and as my beard is heavy and black it has to be looked after twice a day. "Oh, I can stop at my rooms and get my face into condition in a few minutes," said I.

"And put on evening dress, too," he suggested. "You wouldn't want to go in a dinner jacket."

I can't say why this was the "last straw," but it was.

"Bother!" said I, my common sense smashing the spell of snobbishness that had begun to reassert itself as soon as I got into his unnatural, unhealthy atmosphere. "I'll go as I am, beard and all. I only make myself ridiculous, trying to be a sheep. I'm a goat, and a goat I'll stay."

That shut him into himself. When he remerged, it was to say: "Something doing down town to-day, eh?"

A sharpness in his voice and in his eyes, too, made me put my mind on him more closely, and then I saw what I should have seen before—that he was moody and slightly distant.

"Seen Tom Langdon this afternoon?" I asked carelessly.

He colored. "Yes—had lunch with him," was his answer.

I smiled—for his benefit. "Aha!" thought I. "So Tom Langdon has been fool enough to take this paroquet into his confidence." Then I said to him: "Is Tom making the rounds, warning the rats to leave the sinking ship?"

"What do you mean, Matt?" he demanded, as if I had accused him.

I looked steadily at him, and I imagine my unshaven jaw did not make my aspect alluring.

"What did Tom say about me?" I inquired.

"Oh, almost nothing. We were talking chiefly of—of club matters," he answered, in a fair imitation of his usual offhand manner.

"When does my name come up there?" I said.

He flushed and shifted. "I was just about to tell you," he stammered. "But perhaps you know?"

"I TOOK IT AS THOUGH I WERE AFRAID THE SPELL WOULD BE BROKEN."

"Know what?"

"That—Hasn't Tom told you? He has withdrawn—and—you'll have to get another second—if you think—that is—unless you—I suppose you'd have told me, if you'd changed your mind?"

Since I had become so deeply interested in Anita, my ambition—ambition!—to join the Travelers had all but dropped out of my mind.

"I had forgotten about it," said I. "But, now that you remind me, I want my name withdrawn. It was a passing fancy. It was part and parcel of a lot of damn foolishness I've been indulging in for the last few months. But I've come to my senses—and it's 'me to the wild,' where I belong, Sammy, from this time on."

He looked tremendously relieved, and a little puzzled, too. I thought I was reading him like an illuminated sign. "He's eager to keep friends with me," thought I, "until he's absolutely sure there's nothing more in it for him and his people." And that guess was a pretty good one. It is not to the discredit of my shrewdness that I didn't see it, was not hope, but fear, that made him try to placate me. then what the Langdons had done. But Sammy was saying, in his friendliest tone:

"What's the matter, old man? You're sour to-night."

"Never in a better humor," I assured him, and as I spoke the words they came true. What I had been saying about the Travelers and all it represented—all the snobbery, and smirking, and rotten pretense—my final and absolute renunciation of it all—acted on me as I've seen religion act on the fellows that used to go up to the mourners' bench at the revivals. I felt as if I had suddenly emerged from the parlor of a dive and its stench of sickening perfumes, into the pure air of God's heaven.

I signed the bill, and we went afoot up the avenue. Sam, as I saw with a good deal of amusement, was trying to devise some subtle, tactful way of attaching his poor, clumsy little suction-pump to the well of my secret thoughts.

"What is it Sammy?" said I at last. "What do you want to know that you're afraid to ask me?"

"Nothing," he said hastily. "I'm only a bit worried about—about you and textile. Matt,"—this in the tone of deep emotion we reserve for the attempt to lure friends into confiding that about themselves which will give us the opportunity to pity them, and, if necessary, to sheer off from them—"Matt, I do hope you haven't been hard hit?"

"Not yet," said I easily. "Dry your tears and put away your black clothes. Your friend, Tom Langdon, was a little premature."

"I'm afraid I've given you a false impression," Sam continued, with an overeagerness to convince me that did not attract my attention at the time. "Tom merely said, 'I hear Blacklock is loaded up with textile shorts,'—that was all. A careless remark. I really didn't think of it again until I saw you looking so black and glum."

That seemed natural enough, so I changed the subject. As we entered his house, I said:

"I'll not go up to the drawing-room. Make my excuses to your mother, will you? I'll turn into the little smoking-room here. Tell your sister—and say I'm going to stop only a moment."

Sam had just left me when the butler came. "Mr. Ball—I think that was the name, sir—wishes to speak to you on the telephone."

I had given Ellersly's as one of the places at which I might be found, should it be necessary to consult me. I followed the butler to the telephone closet under the main stairway. As soon as Ball made sure it was I, he began:

"I'll use the code words. I've just seen Fearless, as you told me to."

Fearless—that was Mitchell, my spy in the employ of Tavistock, who was my principal rival in the business of confidential brokerage for the high financiers. "Yes," said I. "What does he say?"

"There has been a great deal of heavy buying for a month past."

Then my dread was well founded—textiles were to be deliberately rocketed. "Who's been doing it?" I asked.

"He found out only this afternoon. It's been kept unusually dark. It—"

"Who? Who?" I demanded.

"Intrepid," he answered.

Intrepid—that is, Langdon—Mowbray Langdon!

"The whole thing was planned carefully," continued Ball, "and is coming off according to schedule. Fearless overheard a final message Intrepid's brother brought from him to-day."

So it was no mischance—it was an assassination. Mowbray Langdon had stabbed me in the back and fled.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Ball. "Is that you."

"Yes," I replied.

"Oh," came in a relieved tone from the other end of the wire. "You were so long in answering that I thought I'd been cut off. Any instructions?"

"No," said I. "Good-by."

I heard him ring off, but I sat there for several minutes, the receiver still to my ear. I was muttering: "Langdon, Langdon — why — why—why?" again and again. Why had he turned against me? Why had he plotted to destroy me—one of those plots so frequent in Wall street—where the assassin steals up, delivers the mortal blow, and steals away without ever being detected or even suspected? I saw the whole plot now—I understood Tom Langdon's activities, I recalled Mowbray Langdon's curious phrases and looks and tones. But—why—why—why? How was I in his way?

It was all dark to me—pitch-dark. I returned to the smoking-room, lighted a cigar, sat fumbling at the new situation. I was in no worse plight than before—what did it matter who was attacking me? In the circumstances, a novice could now destroy me as easily as a Langdon. Still, Ball's news seemed to take away my courage. I reminded myself that I was used to treachery of this sort, that I deserved what I was getting because I had, like a fool, dropped my guard in the fight that is always on every-man-for-himself. But I reminded myself in vain. Langdon's smiling treachery made me heart-sick.

Soon Anita appeared—preceded and heralded by a faint rustling from soft and clinging skirts, that swept my nerves like a love-tune.

I think my torment must have somehow penetrated to her. For she was sweet and friendly—and she could not have hurt me worse! If I had followed my impulse I should have fallen at her feet and buried my face, scorching, in the folds of that pale blue, faintly-shimmering robe of hers.

"Do throw away that huge, hideous cigar," she said, laughing. And she took two cigarettes from the box, put both between her lips, lit them, held one toward me. I looked at her face, and along her smooth, bare, outstretched arm, and at the pink, slender fingers holding the cigarette. I took it as if I were afraid the spell would be broken, should my fingers touch hers. Afraid—that's it! That's why I didn't pour out all that was in my heart. I deserved to lose her.

"I'm taking you away from the others," I said. We could hear the murmur of many voices and of music.

(To be Continued.)

## MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD

**Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 13, 1907**

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Genesis 1:26-2:3; Memory verses, 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."—Gen. 1:27.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.—Man as the Child of God, is made in the image of God: v. 26; Gen. 5:1; 9:6; Col. 3:10; James 3:9. The offspring of God: Mal. 2:10; Acts 17:26, 28; Psa. 100:3; 1 John 3:1, 2. A little lower than the angels: Psa. 8:5, 6. Made to have dominion: v. 28; Psa. 8:6. The many places where God is called our Father. Passages showing how the moral image may be restored, as Rom. 8:14; Matt. 5:9; 1 John 3:2, 10.

**Comment and Suggestive Thought.**

V. 27. "So God created man." He formed his body, but he created his spirit, made in the image of God; he put into man something that was not in the world before. "Breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." This means more than the inbreathing of animal life. "Seeing that our author speaks of an inbreathing by God only in the case of man, and not in the case of animals, it would seem that in it is meant to consist the specific pre-eminence of man over the animals, that which in vss. 26, 27 is called the image of God; i. e., that by this inbreathing, affecting man personally, is meant the communication, not merely of the physical, but, at the same time, of the mental vitality of man, the communication of the spirit."—Dillmann. "Male and female created he them," both alike are made in the image of God, both alike are his children. How he made them is told in the second story. (Gen. 2:18, 21-24.) It was "not good that man should be alone." None of the animal creation, not even the highest ape, was near enough to him to be his companion, and the mother of the new human race. No man could develop into his best while alone. Either it would be necessary to create a woman in the same way as Adam was created, or in some other and better way to supply the needed companion.

**The Dominion of Man.**

V. 28. "And God blessed them," by giving them children, and dominion, and noble work, and food. It would be a blessing, a happiness, to live. The joy of God himself was bestowed upon his children. "Be fruitful." As God delighted in his work of creation so that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:7), so he would have his children blessed in filling the earth with people. "And have dominion over the fish . . . and . . . every living thing." These are by nature subordinate to man; and by his higher nature man would have the power to benefit the lower animals, supply them with food and care, and give them a larger usefulness and a higher and happier life than they could have without man. This is true of all well-cared-for domestic animals to-day. "Man's relation to the beasts is that of Providence," says George Adam Smith. "And subdue it." "Bring it under cultivation, master all its forces, possess themselves of its resources, subject it and all that it contains to their use. This, man is gradually learning to do in the advancement of knowledge and the progress of science and the arts."—Green.

Marvelous as has been man's control over the forces of nature, beyond seer's vision or poet's imagination, yet man has even now attained to but a small portion of the treasures of his kingdom, a few grains from the harvest, a few drops from the measureless ocean. But as he regains the image of God, he will gain his dominion over all nature. For it is written on the history of the world that only so fast and far as man becomes filled with the spirit of Christianity does he hold dominion over animals, or make the earth his servant.

V. 3. "And God blessed the seventh day." Made it a blessing to man, one of the greatest blessings he ever bestowed, "endowed it with a treasure of grace flowing forth from the rest of the Creator." — Delitzsch. "This institution, though, like other institutions, capable of abuse, has, nevertheless . . . operated on the whole with wonderful efficiency in maintaining the life of a pure and spiritual religion."—Prof. Driver, in Hastings' Bible Dict. "And sanctified it." "Hallowed" it. Set it apart for sacred uses. "Made it a holy day, taken out from among the common days, and devoted to God, having a special relation to a holy God."—Dillmann.

Some such institution was essential to the moral and religious development of man, the means of cultivating his higher nature, and, hence, to the best progress of his civilization—physical and mental.

The two great essential foundations of man's progress and true prosperity were ordained at the very beginning,—the family and the Sabbath. These two primeval institutions, kept sacred and wisely used, are the remedy for most of our social and moral evils.

The Sabbath is the opportunity for caring for the spiritual nature, the highest and noblest part of man.

**Practical Points.**

The same God who breathed life into the dust-made body, still breathes into the soul, defiled by sin, dead in sin, the new life of righteousness and heaven by his Holy Spirit.

The reason here given for the Sabbath is repeated in the fourth commandment to enforce and illustrate the duty of Sabbath keeping.

The glory of man is that he is made in the image of God. Herein is hope, joy, life, and immortality.

The revealed fact of our origin enables us to know what we need to know about God our Father.



**Comment That Stung.**

The marquis of Lansdown, leader of unionist peers in the British parliament, speaks rarely but always with effect. He revels in grave sarcasm. On one ocasion Lord Crewe, the liberal leader, made a speech on a subject which he desired to leave a matter for open voting among his followers. Lord Lansdowne congratulated his friend on his eloquent speech. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention not only on account of the importance of the subject but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

**Tallest American Soldier.**

The distinction of being the tallest man in the United States army belongs to Ernest D. Peck, a first lieutenant in the engineer corps. He is six feet four and a half inches in height. Lieutenant Peck is a native of Wisconsin and was graduated from the Oshkosh high school. Lieutenant Peck is now on duty at Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and has supervised the building of a military road known as Peek's Pike. He is called Pike's Peak by his comrades in the service.



Some men can't even do their duty without making a fuss about it.



Better not be witty than half-witted.

ANIMALS THAT SHED TEARS.

Travelers' Observations Have Proved That Weeping Is Common.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst, a mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. A cow sold by its mistress who had tended young soko ape used to cry from vexation if Livingston didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cummings observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even an orang-outang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.

**Mark Twain's Neat Answer.**

Eugene Ware, of Topeka, recently wrote to Mark Twain: "I picked up your last volume. I read it clear through from cover to cover; it was like a bob-tailed flush. I could not lay it down." From No. 21 Fifth avenue, New York city, Mr. Clemens answered back as follows: "Dear Mr. Ware: I am an old brass-bound, copper-riveted, fire-assayed Presbyterian, with 71 years' experience in unworldliness, and I don't understand your metaphor, but I know it was intended as a compliment and I make it cordially welcome."