



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COAL MINE" (REVISED 1905 by the RANDOLPH COMPANY)

DANGER SIGNALS.

At that time I did not myself go over the bills before the legislatures 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." It was one "defining the power of sundry commissions." Those words seemed to me somehow to spell "joker." But why did I call up my lawyers to ask them about it? It's a mystery to me. All I know is that, busy as I was, something inside me compelled me to drop everything else and hunt that "joker" down.

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

"Certainly, Mr. Blacklock," came the answer. My nerves are, and always have been, a trifle shaky. I was looking at 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, of the natural. So I was prepared for what he said when he returned to the telephone. "I'm sorry, Mr. Blacklock, but we were unable to lay our hands on that bill at this time."

"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. "The house bill No. 427, and it's apparently not here."

"The hell you say!" I exclaimed. "Why?" "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 way to the other side 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 said. "I'm sure it was lost in the mail, and I'm stupidly didn't notice the gap in the numbers."

"Stupid isn't the word I'd use," said I, with a laugh that was full of the kind that cheers. And I rang off and asked for the state capitol 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.

"That 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 bound 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 Mowbray, 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, as a shareholder and partner, as there is at the bar, want me to believe you trusted that work to a boy! If you did, you're a damn fool. If you didn't, you're a damn scoundrel. There's no more doubt in my mind than in yours which of those horses has you sticking on it."

"You are letting your quick temper get away with you, Mr. Blacklock," he deprecated. "Stop lying!" I shouted. "I knew you had been doing some skullduggery when I first heard your voice on the telephone. And if I needed any proof, the neck yard you've taken my abuse would 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 take and sell any abollish, any canal not exceeding 30 miles in length and not a part of the connected canal system of the state. "When I hung up the receiver I was so absorbed that I had forgotten Saxe was waiting. He made some slight sound. I wheeled on him. I needed a vent. If he hadn't been there I should have smashed a chair. But there was he and he was the big boss of my private office and would have kicked him out through the ante-room into the outer hall, had he not gathered himself together and run like a jack-rabbit.

owner, I know your little jaw ends my little canal." "Still I don't know what you're talking about," drawled he. "You are always suspecting everybody of double-dealing. I gather that this is another instance of your infirmity. Really, Blacklock, the world isn't wholly made up of scoundrels."

"I know that," said I. "And I will even admit that its scoundrels are seldom made up wholly of scoundrels. Even Roebuck would rather do the decent thing, if he can do it without endangering his personal interests. As for you—I regard you as one of the decentest men I ever knew—outside of business. And even there, I believe you'd keep your word, as long as the other fellow kept his."

"Thank you," said he, bowing ironically. "This flattery makes me suspect you've come to get something."

"On the contrary," said I. "I want to give you something. I want to give you my coal mine."

"I thought you'd see that my offer was fair," said he. "And I'm glad you have changed your mind about quarreling with your best friends. We can be useful to you, you to us. A break would be silly."

"That's the way it looks to me," 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 mat-

ter 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."

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."

"Fucks-shit!" 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 enterprise, as far as he knows how."

Responsibility of Public Schools to Children

By THOMAS F. HARRINGTON, M. D.

THE unprecedented activity to-day in philanthropic, charitable and social policies finds its expression in the home-school alliance in medical inspection, in school nurses, in feeding school children, and in the care of the abnormal child. Each of these functions belongs to the home. Is the school then an usurper when it attempts to fulfill any or all of these duties?

As physicians, we know that mental and physical defects among school children exist to a surprising extent, that many of these defects are remediable with a great gain to the child, that underfeeding is more prevalent than is supposed, that many of these poorly fed children could overcome the handicap of a bad start if boldly nutrition was kept somewhere near actual requirements.

No remedy can be most effective until the cause of the evil is known. These causes exist in both the school life and the home life of the child. At home we find the materialistic influences of modern social life, the indifference or neglect of guardians, the disregard for rightful authority, the results of genuine poverty, and finally the impossibility for the home to keep in touch with the school.

Causes inherent in the school are the multiplication of the branches taught the absence of individualization, the lack of data whereby the relative physical and mental development of each child is known, the grading system, and lastly the absence of any connecting link between the home and the school.

Any measures to correct or minimize the evils in school curricula are obviously within the rights of the school—in fact it is a duty. When, however, the school points out the defects of individual pupils, groups of pupils, or in the home life of such, it has gone as far as moral or legal right allows. To attempt to carry out by force the measures of relief suggested, no matter how good in themselves, would be usurpation.

It is possible, nevertheless, to carry instruction and persuasion into homes where force and coercion would not be tolerated, and where example and precept can accomplish incalculable good for the home, the school, the individual and the state. Nurses under school supervision only can do this without the usurpation of the home, or the manufacture of paupers. To develop and strengthen home authority should be the end sought.

Thos. F. Harrington



KEEP OUT OF THE MARRIAGE, MATT, HE ADVISED.

Grilling of the Imaginative Writer

By ANNIS RUSSEL, Actress.

The words "press agent" call to mind a particularly energetic, nervous person, with enthusiastic imagination—an embryonic Jules Verne, so to speak, who bases his wonder tales upon the doings of play-fer-look, rather than the exploits of science.

So accustomed have the reading public become to the exploits of the press agent that when a legitimate bit of news is printed it is regarded with suspicion.

Why I must needs be exploited, as a hunter of great game, a jiu-jitsu expert, or a trapeze genius before I can achieve Shakespearian success is beyond me.

The press agent would have me lose jewels that he might, with the romance of Dumas, describe their value, and then, with the ingenuity of Poe, discover them on my mantelpiece, where perchance I had placed them while walking in my sleep. If I really had lost diamonds and possessions rare I would hasten to the police, maintaining strictest silence.

I maintain that such chronicling is not relevant to my profession. It is sufficient for me that I be known for the results I accomplish in my work, and not as a sideshow wonder who also appears in the performance.

I further maintain that my private life is of no interest to the world at large. I speak not of myself alone, but of actors as a professional class. A lawyer is known as a lawyer and refers you to the results that he has achieved before the bar. Who cares whether he eats cream or Worcester-shire upon his strawberries? A doctor achieves his reputation through the cures he effects, not because his idle hours are consumed in collecting pictorial post-cards. But the actor! Alas! he is pursued with a demonic persistency.

I know in making these objections that I cannot seriously affect the future of those to whom I object, for, even if I were able to dispose of the exaggerating profession, the versatile and energetic ones who fill it would bob up in some equally lucrative capacity before the day was ended.

Why Married Women Should Not Teach

By DR. WILLIAM J. GALLIVAN, Ex-President of Boston School Committee.

There are strong reasons why married women should not be employed as teachers in the public schools. One might cite President Roosevelt's admonitions concerning "race suicide" as perhaps the chief reason.

The woman who marries becomes at once bound to an obligation greater than any other. Her paramount, her all-important duty is to her home. It is the first duty which she must consider, and it takes precedence of all other considerations. Marriage as a kind of agreeable comradeship, involving few or no domestic responsibilities other than those which hired service might render is no marriage at all.

It is absurd for any woman who marries and contemplates the rearing of a family to hope to engage in employment so exacting as that of a teacher in the public schools without sacrificing the interests of the home. Indeed, it may be said that a married woman cannot possibly be a good wife and mother and a good teacher in the public schools at the same time. She will be deficient in one regard or the other. Motherhood imposes upon her the obligation of teaching her own little flock of pupils, and she will find that she has all that she should undertake to perform this duty properly.

William J. Gallivan