



# THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CURSE" (Copyright 1905 by the RANDY-PRESS CO. CHICAGO)

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

But my vanity was not done with me. Led on by it, I proceeded to have one of those ridiculous "generous impulses"—I persuaded myself that there must be some decency in this liberality, in addition to the prudence which I flattered myself was the chief cause. "I have been unjust to Roebuck," I thought. "I have been misjudging his character." And incredible though it seems, I said to my own good deal of genuine emotion: "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Roebuck. And, instead of trying, I want to apologize to you. I have you have spoken hard things against me. I had better have been attending to my own conscience, instead of criticizing yours."

"Thank you, Blacklock," said he, in a voice that made me as if I were a little boy in the crossroads church, (believing I could almost see the angels floating above the heads of the singers in the choir behind the preacher. "Thank you," I said, not surprised that you have misjudged me. God has given me a great work to do, and those who do His will in this wicked world must expect martyrdom. I should never have had the courage to do what I have done. He has done through me, had He not guided my every step."

to conduct myself on that particular occasion an inmate's thought, I should have got on without the least trouble.

It was with a sigh of profound relief that I sank upon the chair between Miss Ellery and Mrs. Langdon, safe from danger of making "breaks," so I hoped, for the rest of the evening. But within a very few minutes I realized that my little misadventure had uncovered me. My hands were trembling so that I could scarcely lift the soup spoon to my lips, and my throat had got so far beyond control that I had difficulty in swallowing. Miss Ellery and Mrs. Langdon were each busy with the man on the other side of her; I was left to my own reflections, and I was not sure whether this made me more or less uncomfortable. To add to my torments I grew angry with myself. I looked up and down and cross the big table, noted all these self-satisfied people perfectly at their ease; and I said to myself: "What's the matter with you, Matt? They're only men and women, and by no means the best specimens of the breed. You've got more brains than all of 'em put together, probably; is there one of 'em that can get a job at good wages if thrown on the world? Do you

the impatient glances of his wife, while he talked on and on with Miss Ellery.

At last Langdon arose. It irritated me to see her color under that indifferent fascinating smile of his. It irritated me to note that he held her hand all the time he was saying good-by, and the fact that he held it as if he'd as lief not be holding it hardly lessened my longing to rush in and knock him down. What he did was all in the way of perfect good manners, and would have jarred no one not supersensitive, like me—and like his wife. I saw that she, too, was frowning.

In an aimless sort of way Miss Ellery after the Langdons had disappeared, left the drawing-room by the same door. Still aimlessly wandering, she drifted into the library by the hall door. As I rose, she lifted her eyes, saw me, and drove away the frown of annoyance which came over her face like the faintest haze. In fact, it may have existed only in my imagination. She opened a large, square silver box on the table, took out a cigarette, lit it and holding it, with the smoke lazily curling up from it, between the long slender first and second fingers of her white hand, stood idly turning the leaves of a magazine. I threw my cigar into the fireplace. The slight sound as it struck made her jump, and I saw that, underneath her surface of perfect calm, she was in a nervous state full as tense as my own.

"You smoke?" said I.

"Sometimes," she replied. "It is soothing and distracting. I don't know how it is with others, but when I smoke my mind is quite empty."

"It's a nasty habit—smoking," said I.

"Do you think so?" said she, with the slightest lift to her tone and her eyebrows.

"Especially for a woman." I went on, because I could think of nothing else to say, and would not, at any cost,

thing she probably wished me to think vaguely pleasant.

"You are the first woman I ever knew," I went on, "with whom it was hard for me to get on any sort of terms. I suppose it's my fault. I don't know the game yet, but I'll learn it. If you'll be a little patient; and when I do, I think I'll be able to keep up my end."

She looked at me—just looked. I could not begin to guess what was going on in that gracefully-poised head of hers.

"Will you try to be friends with me?" said I with directness.

She continued to look at me in that same steady, puzzling way.

"Will you?" I repeated.

"I have no choice," said she slowly.

I flushed. "What does that mean?"

She threw a hurried and, it seemed to me, frightened glance toward the drawing-room. "I didn't intend to offend you," she said in a low voice. "You have no right to feel anything but friendship for you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said I. And I was; for those words of hers were the first expression of appreciation and gratitude I had ever got from any member of that family which I was holding up for ruin. I put out my hand, and she laid hers in it.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do to earn your friendship, Miss Anita," I said, holding her hand tightly, feeling how lifeless it was, yet feeling, too, as if a flame of warmth were being passed through me, were lighting a fire in every vein.

The scarlet poured into her face and neck, and on a wave, until I thought it would break through to me. She watched her hand away and from her face streamed proud resentment. God, how I loved her at that moment!

"Anita! Mr. Blacklock!" came from the other room, in her mother's voice. "Come in here and save us old people from boring each other to sleep."

She turned swiftly and went into the other room, I following. There were a few minutes of conversation—a monologue by her mother. Then I ceased to disregard Ellery's loss and less covert yawns, and rose to take leave. I was seeking for her eyes were fixed on me, as if by some compulsion, some sinister compulsion. I left in high spirits. "No matter why or how she looks at you," said I to myself. "All that is necessary is to get yourself noticed. After that the rest is easy. You must keep cool enough always to remember that under this glamour that intoxicates you, she's a woman, just a woman, waiting for a man."

XI. ANITA.

On my first day in long trousers I may have been more ill at ease than I was that Sunday evening at the Ellerys', but I doubt it.

When I came into their big drawing-room and took a look around at the assembled guests, I never felt more at home in my life. "Yes," said I to myself, as Mrs. Ellery was greeting me and as I noted the friendly interest in the glances of the women, "this is where I belong. I'm beginning to come into my own."



As I look back on it now, I can't refrain from smiling at my own simplicity—and snobbishness. For, so determined was I to believe what I was working for was worth while, that I actually fancied there were upon these really ordinary people, ordinary in looks, ordinary in intelligence, some subtle marks of superiority that made them at a glance superior to the common run. This ecstasy of snobbishness deluded me as to the women only—for, as I looked at the men, I at once felt myself their superior. They were an inconsequential, patterned lot. I even was better dressed than any of them, except possibly to more advantage, and if he showed because of his manner, which, as I have probably said before, is superior to that of any human being I've ever seen—man or woman.

"You are to take Anita in," said Mrs. Ellery. With a laughable sense that I was doing myself proud, I crossed the room easily and took my stand in front of her. She shook hands with me politely enough, Langdon was sitting beside her; I had interrupted their conversation.

"Hello, Blacklock!" said Langdon, with a quizzical, satirical smile with the eyes only. "It seems strange to see you at such peaceful pursuits. His glance traveled over me critically—and that was the beginning of my trouble. Presently he rose, left me alone with her.

"You know Mr. Langdon?" she said, obviously because she felt she must say something.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "We are old friends. What a tremendous world is really a swell." This with enthusiasm.

She made no comment. I debated with myself whether to go on talking to Langdon. I decided against it because all I knew of him had to do with matters down town—and Monson had impressed it upon me that there was a taboo in the drawing-room. I ruminated my brain in vain for another and suitable topic.

She sat, and I stood—she tranquil and beautiful and cold, I every instant more miserably self-conscious. When the start for the dining-room was made I offered her my left arm, though I had carefully planned beforehand just what I would do. She—without hesitation and, as I know now, out of sympathy for me in my suffering—was taking my wrong arm, when it flashed on me like a blinding blow in the face that I ought to be on the other side of her. I got red, tripped in the far-spreading train of Mrs. Langdon, tore it slightly, tried to get to the other side of Miss Ellery by walking in front of her, recovered myself somehow, stumbled round behind her, walked on her train and finally arrived at her left side, conscious in every red-hot atom of me that I was making a spectacle of myself and that the whole company was enjoying it. I must have seemed to them an idiot in a boor; in fact, I had been about a great deal among people who knew how to behave, and had I never given the matter of how

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let this conversation, so hard to begin, die out.

"You are one of those men who have one code for themselves and another for women," she replied.

"I'm a man," said I. "All men have the two codes."

"Not all," said she after a pause.

"All men of decent ideas," said I with emphasis.

"Really?" said she, in a tone that irritated me by suggesting that what I said was both absurd and unimportant.

"It is the first time I've ever seen a respectable woman smoke." I was on, powerless to change the subject, though conscious I was getting tedious. "I've read of such things, but I didn't believe."

"That is interesting," said she, her tones suggesting the reverse.

"I've offended you by saying frankly what I think," said I. "Of course, it's none of my business."

"Oh, no," replied she carelessly. "I'm not in the least offended. Prejudices always interest me."

I saw Ellery and his wife sitting in the drawing-room, pretending to talk to each other. I understood that they were leaving me alone with her deliberately, and I began to suspect she was in the plot. I smiled, and my courage and self-possession returned as summarily as they had fled.

"I'm glad of this chance to get better acquainted with you," said I. "I've wanted it ever since I first saw you. As I put this to her directly, she dropped her eyes and murmured some

CERTAIN organizations of employers who have been unsuccessful in their efforts to discredit labor organizations, to curtail their power, and to nullify their efforts to secure better conditions for the toiling masses; who have failed in their campaign of constant litigation and persecution in the courts to disrupt one single international union, are now seeking to create a sentiment in favor of compulsory arbitration.

Our rights as labor unions proceed from our rights as individuals, and we contend that our legal rights to act collectively should go as far as our individual rights. Confronted as we are to-day by immigration unprecedented in history, and by the constant army of unemployed, we realize that it is folly for individuals to make terms with the great corporations who conduct the most of the business of the country.

Collectively we can in some instances successfully combat them. Under present conditions we are not very likely to extract anything unreasonable from society. Very few who work for wages in the cities of the land will ever own their own homes, ride in their own carriages, or properly educate their children. We want all these things which go to make life pleasant.

From whence shall the power to compel arbitration proceed. From the courts? Had the workers, the same influence in appointments to the bench as those who in this connection we must consider as our adversaries, we might consent. There are so few decisions on record from the courts favoring our contentions that we do not wish to add to their power; the gap is being drawn tighter daily to prohibit the collective action which is our constitutional right. True, labor disputes are some times venial to the general public, but without strife it is impossible to secure better conditions, and we do not wish to lose one atom of the rights still accorded us.

To sum up the matter: Compulsory arbitration might reduce the membership of labor unions to a state which might be called involuntary servitude. I can conceive of no practical plan whereby this can come to pass without giving undue advantage to the property-owning and privileged classes of the community.

We must admit that labor is a necessity; employers may be considered as a necessary evil. We, in our desire for better living; they, in their desire for profits, must necessarily clash at times. Out of all these things come good in the end.

## Compulsory Arbitration a Menace to Organized Labor



By ARTHUR M. WATSON, Secretary Carpenters' District Council, Boston.

That which first strikes the traveler who has heard so much of the American girl is the utter impossibility of distinguishing her from the married woman. The fact that is so often commented on in Europe, that she goes about alone and unattended, is not the whole cause of the confusion. The similarity goes much farther. They wear the same jewels and the same toilets; they enjoy the same liberty of laughing and talking; they read the same books; they have the same gestures, the same full-blown beauty and, thanks to the invention of the chaperon, there is not a theater or restaurant party or tea to which they do not go alone and at the invitation of any man of their acquaintances.

The younger the chaperon is the better she is liked. The young widow or the "grass widow," that is, the young wife separated, divorced or simply living away from her husband, fills the conditions of the role to perfection.

That is to say, three young girls, sitting in company with three young men and the said chaperon at Delmonico's, or taking tea with another young man, are as free as if they had no one to answer for them except themselves. This habit of governing themselves without control is responsible for their remarkable self-assurance.

The divorce suits which the newspapers publish in full prove that this young person had as much good sense as she had beauty. For my part, and after having studied human conditions closely, I believe that for a young man of 20 or 25 the best chances of happiness are to be born of a good English family and to study at Oxford, but for a young girl it is to be born an American, with a father who made his fortune in mines, railways or land speculation, and enter New York or Washington society under the wing of excellent sponsors.

## That Fortunate American Girl

By PAUL BOURGET, Famous French Novelist and Academician.



Can a church or party be organized in New York city out of the millions who have neglected or forsaken the paths of their fathers' religion?—a church so vital in all respects that it will attract those who have never entered a church door?

Many people will have many different beliefs, and this state of affairs will always exist; but why can we not respect these petty differences when they stand in the way of progress, and at the same time organize for mutual inspiration and helpfulness? Are honest atheists, infidels, moralists, Spiritualists, Jews, Christians and Ethical Culturists always to remain at odds with each other?

I would like a church or party broad enough to interest and hold all intelligent thinkers whether orthodox or unorthodox, so long as they believed in being kind and helpful. I want to take the hand of the believer in Darwin, Huxley, Emerson, Paine and Ingersoll along with the hand of the noble mother whose only faith is in Christianity. I want to cement all these various shades of opinion by the divine power of love—to have them all join in singing the songs of a common brotherhood.

I want a plain, common-sense church—a people's church free of all superstition, hypocrisy and dead-century rules—an institutional-industrial society that shall stand for the greater advancement of civic and ethical knowledge—a militant, twentieth-century organization that should by the power of intelligent co-operation drive out the rule of gold and bring in the Golden Rule.

## Plea for New National Church

By JOHN AUGUSTUS WALL, President National Church.

"I could tell you what I think of you in a very few words."

"True, you could, Maria," responded Mr. Meekman. "But you won't, Maria, you won't."