



# THE RELUCE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE COXSWAIN'

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## SOME STRANGE LAPSES OF A LOVER.

But before there was time for me to get a distinct impression, that shy shape of cynicism had disappeared. "It was a shadow I myself cast upon her," I assured myself, and once more she seemed to me like a clear, calm lake of melted snow from the mountains. "I can see to the pure white sand of the very bottom," thought I. Mystery there was, but only the mystery of wonder. An apparition of such beauty and purity in such a world as mine. True, from time to time, there showed at the surface or vaguely outlined in the depths, forms strangely out of place, those unshelved waters. But I either refused to see or refused to trust my senses. I had a fixed ideal of what a woman should be; this girl embodied that ideal.

"If you'd only give up your cigarettes," I remember saying to her when we were a little better acquainted, "you'd be perfect."

She made an impatient gesture. "Don't!" she commanded almost angrily. "You make me feel like a hypocrite. You tempt me to be a hypocrite. Why not be content with what you are? Is a human being? And how could I—a woman not an idiot—be alive for twenty-five years without feeling—a thing or two? Why should any man want me?"

"Because to know I to be spattered and stained," said I. "I get enough of people who know, down town. Up town—I want a change of air. Of course, you think you know the world, but you haven't the remotest conception of what it's really like. Some times when I'm with you, I begin to feel mean and a scoundrel. And the feeling grows on me until it's all I can do to restrain myself from rushing away."

She looked at me critically. "You've never had much to do with women, have you?" she finally said slowly in a musing tone.

"I wish that were true—almost," replied, on my mettle as a man, and resisting not without effect the impulse to make some vague "confessions"—boastings disguised as penitential admissions—after the customary masculine fashion. She smiled—and one of those disquieting shapes seemed to me to be floating lazily and repellently downward, out of sight. "A man and a woman can be a great deal to each other, I believe," she said, "married, and all that—and remain as strange to each other as if they had never met—more hopelessly strangers."

"There's always a sort of mystery," I conceded. "I suppose that's one of the things that keep married people interested."

She shrugged her shoulders—she was in evening dress, I recall, and there was on her white skin that intense, transparent, bluish tinge one sees on the new snow when the sun comes out.

"Mystery!" she said impatiently. "There's no mystery except what we ourselves make. It's useless—perfectly useless," she went on absently. "You're the sort of a man who, if a woman cared for him, or even showed friendship for him by being frank and human and natural with him, he'd punish her for it by—by despising her." I smiled, much as she smiled, at the efforts of a precocious child to prove that it is a Methusalem in experience.

"If you weren't like an angel in comparison with the others I've known," said I, "do you suppose I could care for you as I do?"

I saw my remark irritated her, and I fancied it was her vanity that was offended by my directness. "I've known," said I, "do you suppose I could care for you as I do?"

In my stupidity of imagining her not human like the other women and the men I had known, but a creature apart and in a class apart, I stood day after day gazing at her, and wondering how I could open it, how penetrate even to the courtyard of that vestal citadel. So long as my old-fashioned beliefs, the good women were more than human and had women less than human had influenced me only to a sharper lookout in dealing with the one species of woman I then met, I was, with no harm to me resulted, but on the contrary good—whatever got into trouble through walking the world with sword and sword arm free! But when, under the spell of a girl, I was struck the "superhuman goodness" part of my theory down out of the clouds and made it my guardian and guide—really, it's a miracle that I escaped from the net into which my lunacy pitched me headlong. I was not content with idealizing only her; I went on to seeing good, and only good, in everybody! The millennium was at hand; all Wall Street was my friend; whatever I wanted would happen. And

when Roebuck, with an air like a benediction from a bishop backed by a cathedral organ and full choir, gave me the tip to buy coal stocks, I canonized him on the spot. Never did a Jersey "jay" in Sunday clothes and tallowed boots respond to a bonoaster's greeting with a gladder smile than mine to that pious old past-master of craft.

I will say in justice to myself, though it is also in excuse, that if I had known him intimately a few years earlier, I should have found it all but impossible to fool myself. For he had not long been in a position where he could keep wholly detached from the crimes he committed for his benefit and by his order, and where he could disclaim responsibility and even knowledge. The great lawyers of the country have been most ingenious in developing corporate law in the direction of making the corporation a complete and secure shield between the beneficiary of a crime and its consequences; but before a great financier can use this shield perfectly, he must build up a system—he must find lieutenants with the necessary coolness, courage and cunning; he must teach them to understand his hints; he must encourage them, not to point out to him the disagreeable things involved in

last no time; he easily forced one mining property after another into a position where its owners were glad—were eager—to sell all or part of the wreck of it "at a fair price" to him and Roebuck and "our friends." It was as the result of one of these moves that the great Manassas mines were so hemmed in by ruinous freight rates by strike troubles, by floods from broken machinery, and mysteriously leaky dams, that I was able to buy them "at a fair price"—that is, at less than one-fifth their actual value at the time, and for a long time afterward—I did not know, on my honor did not suspect, what was the cause, the sole cause, of the change of the coal region from a place of peaceful industry, content with fair profits, to an industrial chaos with ruin impending.

Once the railways and mining companies were all on the verge of bankruptcy, Roebuck and his "friends" were ready to buy, here control for purposes of speculation, there ownership for purposes of permanent investment. This is what is known as the reorganization stage. The processes of high finance are very simple—first, buy the comparatively small holdings necessary to create confusion and disaster; second, create confusion and disaster, buying up more and more wreckage; third, reorganize; fourth, offer the new stocks and bonds to the public with a mighty blare of trumpets which produces a boom market; fifth, unload on the public, pass dividends, issue unfavorable statements, depress prices, buy back cheap what you have sold dear. Repeat ad infinitum; for the law is for the laughter of the strong, and the public is an eager ass. To keep up the fiction of "respectability," the inside ring divides into two parties for its campaign—one party to break down, the other to build up. One takes the profits from destruction and departs, perhaps to construct elsewhere; the other takes the profits from reconstruction and departs, perhaps to destroy elsewhere. As their collusion is mere-



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ly tacit, no conscience need twitch. I must add that, at the time of which I am writing, I did not realize the existence of this conspiracy. I knew, of course, that many lawless and savage things were done, that there were rascals among the high financiers, and that almost all financiers now and then did things that were more or less rascally; but I did not know, or did not suspect, that high finance was through and through brigandage, and that the high financier, by long and unrelenting practice of brigandage, had come to look on it as legitimate, lawful business, and on laws forbidding or hampering it as outrageous, socialistic, archaic, "attacks upon the social order!"

Roebuck had given me the impression that it would be six months, at least, before what I was in those fatuous days thinking of as "our" plan for "putting the coal industry on a sound business basis" would be ready for the public eye, when he sent for me shortly after I became engaged to Miss Ellersly, and said: "Melville will publish the plan on the first of next month and will open the subscription books on the third—a Thursday." I was taken by surprise and was anything but pleased. His words meant that, if I wished to make a great fortune, now was the time to buy coal stocks, and buy heavily—for on the very day of the publication of the plan every coal stock would surely soar. Buy I must; not to buy was to throw away a fortune. Yet how could I buy when I was gambling in textile up to my limit of safety, if not beyond?

I did not dare confess to Roebuck what I was doing in textile. He was bitterly opposed to stock gambling, denouncing it as both immoral and unbusinesslike. No gambling for him! When his business was in such a straitsight (?) informed him that my stock was going to be worth a great deal more than it was then quoted at, he would buy outright in large quantities; when the market fell, and foresight of the fellow who has his self marked the cards warned him that a stock was about to fall, he sold outright in large quantities. And I felt that, if he should learn that I had staked a large part of my entire fortune on a single gambling operation, he would straightway cut me off from confidence, would look on me as too deeply tainted by my own career as a "bucket-shop" man to be worthy of full rank and power as a financier. Financiers do not gamble. Their only vice is greed largely.

All this was flashing through my mind while I was thanking him. "I am glad to have such a long forewarning," I was saying. "Can be of value to my investors? My investors are perfect—I can buy anything and in any quantity without starting rumors and drawing the crowd." "When his business was in such a straitsight (?) informed him that my stock was going to be worth a great deal more than it was then quoted at, he would buy outright in large quantities; when the market fell, and foresight of the fellow who has his self marked the cards warned him that a stock was about to fall, he sold outright in large quantities. And I felt that, if he should learn that I had staked a large part of my entire fortune on a single gambling operation, he would straightway cut me off from confidence, would look on me as too deeply tainted by my own career as a "bucket-shop" man to be worthy of full rank and power as a financier. Financiers do not gamble. Their only vice is greed largely.

Whether it is peculiar to me, I don't know—probably not—but my memory has constituted that it takes an indelible and complete impression of whatever is sent it by my eyes and ears; and just as by looking closely you can find in a photographic plate the sunburnt face of the man you glance, so on those memory plates of mine I often find long afterward many and many a detail that escaped me at the time. It is this that makes the impression. On my memory plate of that moment in my interview with Roebuck, I find details so significant that my falling to note them at the time has been a constant source of guard my interests. For instance, I find that just before he spoke those words declining my assistance and implying that he had already in reserve, this being the case, he opened and closed his hands several times, finally closed and clinched them—a sure sign of energetic nervous action, and is that instance a sign of energy of deception, because there was no reason in his remark and no reason for energy. I am not superstitious, but I believe in palmistry to a certain extent, and the more are the hands a sensitive recorder of what is passing in the mind.

But I was then too intent upon my dilemma carefully to study a man who had also been so intent upon his confidence in me. I left him as soon as he would let me go. His last words were, "No gambling, Matthew." No gambling, the opportunity God is giving you. Be content with the just profits from investment. I have seen gamblers come and go, many of them able men—very able men. But they have come and gone, and there are they! And I have remained and have increased. I feel that I can trust you. You began as a speculator, but success has steadied you, and you have put yourself in the firm ground where we see the solid men into whose hands God has given the development of the abounding resources of this beloved country of ours.

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I emerged to issue orders that soon threw into the National coal venture I had not staked on, falling market, a net for textiles. I was not content—as the pious gambling-hater, Roebuck, had begged me to be—with buying only what stock I could pay for, I went straight on, borrowing for many times the amount I could have bought outright.

The next time I saw Langdon I was full of enthusiasm for Roebuck. I can see his smile as he listened.

"I had no idea you were an expert on the trumpets of praise, Blacklock," said he finally. "A very shrewd observation," he said, "rather dangerous—don't you think? The player may become enchanted by his own music."

"I try to look on the bright side of the coin," said I, "even of human nature."

"Since when?" drawled he. I laughed—a good, hearty laugh. For this shy reference to my affair of the hands was a relief to me, and I felt fully in long retrospect the look he gave me.

"As soon as a man falls in love," said he, "trustees should be appointed to take care of his affairs. It is very dangerous—don't you think? The player may become enchanted by his own music."

Langdon's handsome face suddenly darkened, and I thought I saw in his eyes the gleam of a very angry man. "You're wrong there, old man," I replied. "I've never worked harder or with a clearer head than since I learned that you had been arrested, and ended lamely 'other things in life.'"

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# Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns

## SCARLET FEVER IN SCHOOL.

Thirteen Cases Reported in Illinois Institution for Girls at Geneva.

Geneva.—The state training school for girls in this city is threatened with an epidemic of scarlet fever, and health officers have placed the institution under strict quarantine. There are now 13 cases at the institution, and more are probable, as a large number of the girls have been exposed. There are more than 300 girls in the school. All patients are being removed to an isolated cottage as soon as discovered.

Officers of the school have kept the matter quiet but the truth about it is generally known and much caution is being exercised. A girl brought from Chicago last week is thought to have caused the infection. Dr. F. M. Marshall, who is in the care of the patients, says the cases are a mild form of scarlet fever.

## PLAN FOR MEET IN MAY.

Macoupin County High School and Oratorical Society Hold Session.

Carlinville.—The Macoupin County High School and Oratorical Society held their annual meeting at the St. George hotel in this city. It was decided that the next meeting would be held at the fair grounds at this place on Saturday, May 11, 1917. The following representatives were present at the meeting: Prof. E. J. Walters, Vinton; Prof. F. E. Wolfe and Ernest Whittier, Girard; Prof. J. E. Woodruff and Fred Hoch, Carlinville; Prof. W. J. Bailey and Clarence Orr, Auburn; Prof. L. T. Shaw and O. B. Wise, Bunker Hill.

## Havana to Have Two Schools.

Havana.—Considerable discussion has been aroused over the advisability of using the walls of the Central school building, which was gutted by fire, in the construction of a new building. The walls were but little damaged by the fire, and the firemen constantly flooded the fire. Experts from other cities who have examined the walls say it is one of the finest pieces of masonry in the state and it is doubtful if better walls could be erected. The most important question arising is whether the capacity of the walls is large enough for the different grades which will occupy the building. Two wars schools are desired by a large number of people instead of a central building.

## Synods Are Rearranged.

Decatur.—The joint committee of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and the Presbyterian church met here to arrange for the rearranging of synods under the new plan of church union. The Presbyterians have had ten synods in Illinois and the Cumberland Presbyterian church 11. Under the combination the total is 12. The Cairns synod is divided, the northern part being known as Cairns synod and the northern Ewing synod. The dividing line is the boundary line of Hamilton, Jackson and Williamson counties. Cairns synod will comprise 13 counties and Ewing 11. Schuyler synod was renamed Rushville synod.

## Broken Switch Joint Causes Wreck.

Peoria.—As a result of a broken switch joint a passenger train on the Burlington line ran into a trestle and ran 50 yards across the local yards and into a string of freight cars laden with grain. James Kisevetter, 1133 Ann street, Peoria, aged 48 years, who was standing beside the track at a street crossing his way to work, was killed. He stood directly in the path of the train after it escaped from the rails.

## New Hospital for Chicago.

Chicago.—Chicago will in a year have a new hospital for contagious disease patients, according to the statements of aldermen on the council's finance committee, which considered plans for a \$127,000 institution. Changes in the city code as recommended by the health committee to the council will also permit the building of private hospitals, in addition to the one to be owned by the city.

## Interurban to Cross Big Four.

Litchfield.—The Adams Express interurban has a gang of linemen busy putting in the poles and wires preparatory to crossing the Big Four tracks on State street.

## Farm Brings Big Price.

Virginia.—The Adams Express interurban has a gang of linemen busy putting in the poles and wires preparatory to crossing the Big Four tracks on State street.

## Curling Iron Burns Out Eye.

Bloomington.—While curling her hair Mrs. R. T. Hoopes had her eye against the curling iron. A point struck one eye, burning it so seriously as to destroy the sight.

## TELLS VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

C. W. Post Relates How Newspapers Helped Him.

Springfield.—C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., multi-millionaire and one of the leading manufacturers of America, delivered an address here on "Advertising," and paid an eloquent tribute to the newspaper medium of publicity. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Springfield Advertising Men's club, and Mr. Post was the principal speaker.

"Every man who has something worth while to give to the world must in some manner let the world know it or he cannot accomplish his mission," said Mr. Post. "Don't simply announce yourself, but tell what you have," was one of his admonitions. A good advertiser will talk to the people in plain terms about what he has to supply their needs, and by continuing such a policy he will ultimately build up a reputation for his product.

"Many years ago," he said, "the newspaper advertiser was looked upon as a man with a certain amount of eccentricity, but today it is a thoroughly well established fact that no large concern can long exist manufacturing and advertising an article that is not based on absolute merit. I believe the salesman who can talk winnily to a dozen customers a day is deserving of credit, but the salesman who can talk winnily to hundreds of customers and thousands of the daily and weekly newspapers and the magazine can earn dollars while the other is gathering pennies. For years the newspapers have granted me the same amount of space to sell my products. True, they have been paid, and paid heavily, beginning small and increasing until the annual expenditure on my advertising—deserving of absolute merit—but I believe the publisher, my business, now conservatively worth \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000, would be a very small affair, if it were not for all.

"Therefore I cannot forget the debt I owe the newspapers and other publications, a debt that money alone does not entirely clear off. The newspapers and magazines of America and England go to all parts of the world, and will tell the people of the world the merits of your manufactured products. This great field is open to any man and will hold him a golden harvest if he will but harness the magnificent forces placed at his command."

## Will Hang This Month.

Peoria.—Edward Clifford will hang Monday, February 24, unless the supreme court of the state intervenes. Friday has always been regarded as hangman's day. Clifford was sentenced, and received the same with a smile and a nod. The sentence came at a hard but futile fight for a new trial. Stutz announced that he would take the case to the supreme court on a writ of error.

## Revival Converts Whole Town.

Abingdon.—The four weeks revival just past at Abingdon left practically the whole place converted. When a careful canvass of houses was made it was reported that out of a population of 2,000 all but 183 professed to have been converted. The whole effort of the revival then was directed to the redemption of these few, and the campaign was kept up, with the result that nearly all were converted.

## Proposes Fenders for Autos.

Springfield.—A law providing that automobiles be equipped with fenders or fenders capable of sustaining a weight of 250 pounds is proposed in a bill introduced in the lower house of the legislature by J. W. Allison, of Easton. The fender is to extend beyond the line of the wheels on each side. The measure applies to all motor vehicles of more than 18 horsepower or ten miles speed an hour.

## Roach Goes to Penitentiary.

Springfield.—Patrick Roach, arrested by the Springfield police about six weeks ago on a charge of having committed several robberies in Elkhart, Ill., was arraigned in the circuit court at Lincoln and pleaded guilty to the charge. The judge has sentenced him to the penitentiary for a term of one year.

## Teacher Rescues Drowning Pupils.

Alto Pass.—A teacher, a 13-year-old schoolboy, broke through the ice on a deep pond while going home from school and was rescued from drowning by the principal of the school, Prof. E. G. Fergill.

## New Head for Penitentiary.

Springfield.—The trustees of the southern Illinois penitentiary have appointed E. R. T. Hoopes, of Rockford, as the new warden of the penitentiary to succeed Gen. James B. Smith, who will retire March 1.