

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

CITY CLERK HAS BOOKS.

Taylorville Council Dismisses One Man Engaged, But Clerk Remains.

Taylorville.—The special investigating committee of the city council met to take action on the refusal of City Clerk Campbell to allow the persons engaged to check up his books.

NEW SHORTAGE IN DIXON CASE.

1900 Missing at Office Where Young Woman Kept Books.

Bloomington.—A new chapter in the case of Miss Dixon was developed when the local agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance company of Chicago made a statement concerning her connection with the company here as stenographer and bookkeeper.

Husband Guilty; Wife Would Die.

Decatur.—Her husband found guilty of performing a criminal operation on his 13-year-old stepdaughter, a crime in which she herself is suspected with having been an accomplice.

J. S. Wren Sentenced.

Bloomington.—John S. Wren, ex-county superintendent of schools, was sentenced to the county jail for three months and fined \$200 for malfeasance in office.

Fire Destroys Town's Jail.

Martinsville.—Fire of an incendiary origin was discovered in the city jail, and before it was under control destroyed the following: City jail and hall; L. C. Snavely's two-story brick, damaged \$900; Al. Rowe, two-story brick, damaged \$500; James Lindsay, farm, \$600; H. H. McNary, residence destroyed, loss \$1,000.

Dramshop Held a Nuisance.

Monmouth.—An important ruling was made by Judge Clendenin in the recent trial of John W. Galt for violation of the dramshop act.

Home at Havana Burns.

Havana.—Fire completely gutted the fine residence property occupied by John Lindley and family.

Ball Man to Run for Mayor.

Bloomington.—Edward Hoiland, president of the "Three I" league, and for ten years an alderman of the Fifth ward, announced his candidacy for mayor of Bloomington, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

Kill Otter in Southern Illinois.

Mount Vernon.—Marion Graff and Coe Melvin killed an otter in the great south of the city in Perry county. Otters are almost extinct in the waters of this part of the state.

FATHER SUES LIQUOR MEN.

Alleges Defendants Indirectly Caused Death of His Son.

Springfield.—Benjamin F. Baker of Mechanicsburg began suit in the circuit court against Philip Durkin, a saloon keeper at Dawson. Retech Bros., brewers, are also made defendants in the suit, which is brought to recover \$5,000 for the death of Robert L. Baker.

Robert Baker was a boy 15 years old. He was driving a carriage at a funeral. The day was cold and before he returned to his home in Mechanicsburg he stopped and warmed himself in Durkin's saloon.

LABOR PICKET IS FREED.

Supreme Court Renders Decision of Much Importance.

Springfield.—The supreme court released J. A. McBride, convicted in Chicago of assaulting a nonunion worker at the Goodman Manufacturing company's plant. McBride was a picketer, and an injunction had been issued against interference with men who were working at the plant.

It was not denied that McBride had committed the assault, but the supreme court holds that the evidence does not warrant the conviction that he was violating the injunction.

Politician Convicted.

Kankakee.—Evanglist William Sunday, formerly a professional baseball player, conducted a phenomenal



Len Small.

revel of religion here. Among his converts is former State Treasurer Len Small, a man of previous moral life and good habits.

Busse Wins Nomination.

Chicago.—As a result of the Republican primaries held here, Fred A. Busse, postmaster of Chicago, will be the unanimous choice of the party for mayor at the spring election.

Butter Suit Is Begun.

Chicago.—The first of 41 suits brought by the pure food commission against violators of the law regulating the manufacture and sale of butter and its substitutes was begun in Municipal Judge Joseph's court in the case of John W. Armitage versus the defendant.

Nine Miners Hurt in Blast.

Collinsville.—Nine coal miners were injured, two seriously, by the explosion of a compressed air tank 200 feet below the surface in Lumaghi mine No. 2 near here.

Woman's Love Held Worth \$500.

Vandalia.—The suit of David S. Kramer against former State Senator G. E. V. Fletcher, who is accused of having altered the affection of Kramer's wife, was won by Kramer. The jury awarded him \$500.

Sentenced to 20 Years in Jail.

Beleville.—Edward Hitek was found guilty in the circuit court of murdering Phineas Jewett at East St. Louis and was sentenced to 20 years in the penitentiary.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE COST' etc.

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

"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 now come his fat 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. It is your job to get the money, that man goes to the district attorney with information that lands you in the penitentiary, that puts your company out of business."

"That's true enough," said I. "But I'm in a position for the moment where I can get 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!"

"But I've been thinking of you and your bank! The law doesn'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."

"You mustn't blame him, Blacklock," said Corey earnestly, for he was a pretty good friend to those he liked, as friendship goes to finance. "He happened to hear. You know the Langdon boys a sharp watch on operations in their stock."

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 news papers 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 pronouncement 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 Ellerly to dine with me; so we proceeded, 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



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

first impulse was to send word that I couldn't keep the engagement. "But I must dine with Sam," 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 as 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."

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.

"As I 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."

"Mother," said I, my common sense smothering 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 emerged, it was to say: "Something doing down town today, 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 had been before—that he was mopey 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 parrot 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 steady 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?" "What's the name of the butler came. Just left—I think that was the home step—wishes to speak to you on the telephone."

I had given Ellerly's as one of the places at which I might be found, should it be necessary to consult me. I for one wished to speak to you on the telephone. I had given Ellerly's as one of the places at which I might be found, should it be necessary to consult me. I for one wished to speak to you on the telephone."

"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 consulting the butler of the night financiers. "Yes," said I. "What does he say?"

"There has been a great deal of heavy buying for a month past. It's been a steady rise in the market. Textiles were to be deliberately rocked. 'Who's been doing it?' I asked.

"He found out only this afternoon. It's been a steady rise in the market. Textiles were to be deliberately rocked. 'Who's been doing it?' I asked. 'Who? Who?' I demanded.

"Intrepid," that is, Langdon—Mowbray Langdon!" "Who's doing this was planned carefully," continued Ball, "and is coming off according to schedule. Fearless overheard a final message Intrepid's brought from him last night. It was a warning to be ready for the assassination. Mowbray Langdon had stabbed me in the back and fled."

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Ball. "I thought you were kidding."

"I heard him ring off, but I sat there for several minutes, the receiver still in my ear. I was muttering: '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—before the assassination 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 it in his way?"

It was all dark to me; I groped my way in the dark, lighted only by a cigar, sat fumbling at the new situation. I was in no worse plight than before—that did it matter who was attacking me? In the circumstances, a non-union could not 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. I began to wonder what I could do. I began to wonder what I could do. I began to wonder what I could do. I began to wonder what I could do. I began to wonder what I could do.