



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE COAST' Copyright 1925 by the DORRIS-KING COMPANY

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

"Possibly," said I, with no disposition to combat views based on I knew not what painful experience. "But I don't care for that sort of liking—from a woman, or from a dog."

"It's the only kind you'll get," retorted he, trying to control his agitation. "I'm an old man, I know human nature—that's why I like dogs. You'll take that kind of liking, or do without."

"Then I'll do without," said I. "Give her an income, and she'll go. I see it all. You've flattered her vanity by showing your love for her—that's the way with women. They go crazy about themselves, and forget all about the man. Give her an income and she'll go."

"I don't think I can," said I. "And you would, if you knew her. But, even so, I shall lose her in any event. For, unless she is made independent, she'll certainly go with the last of the money she has, the remainder of a small legacy."

The old man argued with me, the more vigorously, I suspect, because he found me resolute. When he could think of no new way of solving his case—his case against Anita—he said: "You are a fool, young man—that's clear. I wonder such a fool was ever able to get together as much property as report credit for you with. But—you're the kind of fool I like."

"Then—you'll indulge my folly?" said I, smiling. He threw up his arms in a gesture of mock despair. "If you will have so," he replied. "I am curious about this piece of mine. I want to see her. I want to see the woman who can resist you."

"Her mind and her heart are closed against me," said I. "And it is my own fault—I closed them."

"Put her out of your head," he advised. "No woman is worth a serious man's while."

"I have few wants, few purposes," said I. "But those few I pursue to the end. Even though she were not worth while, even though I wholly lost hope, still I've not given her up. I couldn't—that's my nature. But she is worth while. And I could see her, slim and graceful, the curves in her face and figure that made my heart leap, the aureole about her petal-like skin, the mystery of the soul lurking from her eyes."

After we had arranged the business—or, rather, arranged to have it arranged through our lawyers—he walked down to the pier with me. At the gangway he gave me another searching look from head to foot—but vastly different from the inspection with which our interview had begun. "You are a devilish handsome young fellow," said he. "Your pictures don't do you justice. And I shouldn't have believed any man could overcome in one brief sitting such a prejudice as I had against you. On her. She must be even below the average."

since. "A sore subject with all the Langdons," thought I. "It must be very sore, indeed, to make a man who is all manners, neglect them."

"I am strong and secure," said I to myself as I strode through the wonderful canyon of Broadway, whose walls are those mighty piles of finance and commerce from which business men have been ousted by cormorant "captains of industry." I must use my strength. How could I better use it than by flustering these vultures on their roosts, and perhaps bringing down a bird or two?

I decided, however, that it was better to wait until they had stopped rattling their beaks and claws on my shell in futile attack. "Meanwhile," I reasoned carefully, "I can be getting good and ready."

Their first new move, after my little talk with Langdon, was intended as a mortal blow to my credit. Melville requested me to withdraw mine and Blacklock and Company's accounts from the National Industrial Bank; and the fact that this huge and powerful institution had thus branded me was slyly given to the financial reporters of the newspapers. Far and wide it was published; and the public was expected to believe that this was one more and drastic measure in the "campaign of the honorable men of finance to clean the Augean Stables of Wall Street." My daily letter to investors the next morning led off with this paragraph—the first notice I had taken publicly of their attacks on me!

"In the effort to discredit the only remaining uncontrolled source of financial truth, the big bandits have ordered my accounts out of their chief gambling-house. I have transferred the accounts to the Discount and Jeopard National, where Leonidas Thornley stands guard against the new order that seeks to make business a synonym for crime."

Thornley was of the type that was dominant in our commercial life before the "managers" came—just as song birds were common in our trees

The Effect of the Aeroplane on War

By W. T. STEAD, London Journalist.

It is not probable that the chief use of the aeroplane in warfare will be to fight other aeroplanes, but rather to drop high explosives upon ships and fortresses. If the airship can be navigated with as much certainty as ships can be steered and propelled at sea, there seems to be some reason to fear that it will within a short space of time convert the navies of the world into scrap iron. Half a dozen aeroplanes floating in midair over battleships at anchor in a roadstead or a harbor would be able to drop bombs charged with high explosives on the decks of the floating fortresses. They would get the range, so to speak, for their aerial torpedoes by dropping hand grenades, and then a single well placed projectile might put the greatest warship out of action. The peril of the Dreadnought from the submarine is as nothing to the danger from this overhead bombardment. For the submarine is not worth much on the high seas, and ships in docks or inclosed harbors are safe from its attack. To aeroplanes ships in docks would be more exposed than if they were lying outside in the open.

It may be that the sovereignty of the sea, which secures England's immunity from invasion, may be destroyed by bolts from the blue. In that case, as we no longer should be able to rely upon our fleets to defend our shores, the advocates of universal military service would have everything their own way.

It is probable that the use of the aeroplane may entirely revolutionize the art of war. For example, the defense of fortresses would become almost impossible if the besiegers could at any hour-of the day or night with comparative impunity drop huge shells charged with high explosives in the heart of the citadel or rain down Greek fire upon the enemies' arsenals and ship yards. All fortified places are constructed on the assumption that no attack will be made on them from above.

Therefore it is by no means improbable that the forthcoming conference at The Hague may find itself occupied with a subject which has no place on the official programme. The question will arise, if in view of the fact that the aeroplanes have been discovered which renders existing methods obsolete, shall we attempt to prevent its use, or shall we be driven to admit that war itself has become practically impossible? In other words, has the aeroplane brought us face to face with the situation to which the discovery of Vril brought the nations in Lytton's "The Coming Race"?

Systematics in Religion

By REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

Nature has her beauty through the emphasis of that system and method which the poet indicates are the source of his inspiration and ardor. For life means system and order; death means confusion and chaos. The tangle of Sodom, stuffed with soot and ashes, represent the disregard of systematic growth. The harvests are, indeed, "the lyric thoughts of God, falling from His almighty solitude," yet they fall at stated periods. The seasons are the notes flying forth from the strings of Nature's lyre as God's solemn hands wander over the possibilities of beauty, yet these notes have their ordained intervals. David's prayer and song, rising at morning and noon and evening, do but repeat Nature's plan and method.

If in Nature's realm system has perfected our flowers and fruits, the history of our great writers tells us that in the realm of literature systematic toil has polished our most perfect poems and perfected all great philosophies. Drudgery hath gifts to bestow beyond the wealth of earth's most famous instructors. Were we to search out the secret of earth's greatest writers we would find that these votaries have, like David, lingered morning, noon and night in the temple of art, of eloquence or of sweet song. It has been affirmed that in the realm of eloquence man must wait the coming of his nobler moods, that the greatest artists are born, not trained; that the highest eloquence represents certain critical and unexpected moments that of necessity can neither be anticipated nor prepared for. But fortunately the history of our orators is not hidden, and it tells of no orator or statesman whose supreme gifts have not represented systematic practice. For material riches without begin with meditation and the enrichment and culture of the soul within, and each hero and saint of the spiritual life has said with David: "Evening and morning and noon will I pray." When the multitudes cease to flow into the sanctuary to bathe themselves in God's divine ether, to wash the grime from the soul's garments, to sharpen the dulled instruments of the spirit, that moment the bloom and beauty will begin to pass from our arts, our literature, our music, our laws, and the very springs of civilization will dry up. The soul is in its highest mood only when it enters regularly and systematically into the sanctuary, and there, through adoring worship, strengthens that golden cord that binds it to the throne of love.

Rules for Perennial Youth

By DR. COHEN, Noted London Specialist.

What man or woman, growing old, would not give a fortune for the renewal of youth? With a little care they might have kept it for ten or a dozen years longer, but its value was not realized until too late.

Up to the age of 23 or 25 in the case of men, and 18 or 20 in the case of women, the framework of the body is being formed and the diet should be generous. After the thirtieth year has been passed it is no longer necessary to eat to make more tissues, but only to preserve equilibrium of weight and strength. Yet at that time eating is a pleasure highly appreciated. Therefore, most men and women eat too much, and this is the time of life when indigestion is diet produce disease with especial frequency.

Do not eat heavy suppers. Drink little or no alcohol. Avoid rich meats and pastry. Do not grow fat by eating too much. Fat people seldom reach a good old age. The youthful old man is lean. Lessen your food continually as you grow older. Overeating produces all the diseases that make one old. Underfeeding shortens life. Just enough and a trifle over is the ideal.



"BUT I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN CROOKED ENTERPRISES NOW."

to his ingenuity; he was not to be deprived of the pleasure of telling. So I was compelled to listen; and, being in an indulgent mood, I did not spoil his pleasure by letting him see or suspect my unbelief. If he could have looked into my mind, as I stood there in an attitude of patient attention, I think even his self-complacency would have been put out of countenance.

With his first full stop, I said: "I understand perfectly, Langdon. But I haven't the slightest interest in crooked enterprises now. I'm clear out of all you fellows' stocks. I've reinvested my property so that not even a panic would trouble me."

until the noisy, bawling, thieving sparrows drove them out. His oldest son was about to marry Joe's daughter—Alva. Many a Sunday I have spent at his place near Morristown—a charming combination of city comfort with rural freedom and fresh air. I remember, one Sunday, saying to him, after he had seen his wife and daughters off to church: "Why haven't you boys and girls of yours?"

"I don't want my girls to be sought for money," said he. "I don't want my boys to rely on money. Perhaps I've seen too much of wealth, and have come to have a prejudice against it. Then, too, I've never had the chance to get rich."

CHAPTER XXVIII. A HOUSEWARMING.

Joe's daughter, staying on and on at Dawn Hill, was chief lieutenant. If not principal, in my conspiracy to drift Anita day by day further and further into the routine of the new life. Yet neither of us had shown by word or look that a thorough understanding existed between us. My part was to be unobtrusive, friendly, neither indifferently nor eager, and I held it to be my duty to say as little as possible with Anita; Alva's part was to be herself—simple and natural and sensible, full of life and laughter, mocking at those moods that betray us into the absurdity of taking ourselves too seriously.

(To be Continued.)