



# THE PELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CASINO" (Copyright 1921 by the BAKER-BROOK COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

I issued a clear statement of the situation; I showed in minute detail how the people standing together under the leadership of the honest men of property could easily force the big banks to consent to an honest, just, rock-founded, iron-bult reconstruction. My statement appeared in all the morning papers throughout the land. Turn back to it; read it. You will say that I was right. Well—

Toward two o'clock Inspector Crawford came into my private office, escorted by Joe. I saw in Joe's steamed, green-gray face that some new danger had arisen. "You've got to get out of this," said he. "The mob in front of our place fills the three streets. It's made up of crowds turned away from the suspended banks."

I remembered the sullen faces and the blases as I entered the office that morning earlier than usual. My windows were closed to keep out the street noises; but now that my mind was up from the work in which I had been absorbed, I saw that it was filled with many voices, even through the thick plate glass.

"We've got 200 policemen here," said the inspector. "Five hundred more are on the way. But—really, Mr. Blacklock, unless we can get you away, there'll be serious trouble. Those damn newspapers! Every one of them denounced you in a fury against you."

"I went toward the door," I said. "Hold on, Matt," cried Joe, springing at me and seizing me. "Where are you going?"

"To tell them what I think of them," replied I, sweeping him aside. For my blood was up, and I was enraged against the poor cowardly—

"For God's sake don't show yourself!" he begged. "If you don't care for your own life, think of the rest of us. We've fixed a route through buildings and narrow streets up to Broadway. Your electric is waiting for you there."

"It won't do," I said. "I'll face 'em—it's the only way."

I went to the window, and was about to throw up one of the sunblinds for a look at them; Crawford stopped me. "They'll stone the building and then storm it," said the inspector. "It will be at once, by the route we've arranged."

"Even if you tell them I'm gone, they won't believe it," replied I.

"We can look out for you," said Joe, eager to save me, and caring nothing about consequences to himself. But I had unsettled the inspector.

"Send for my electric to come down here," said I. "I'll go out alone and get it in and drive away."

"That'll never do!" cried Joe. "You're right, Mr. Blacklock. It's a bare chance. You may take 'em by surprise. Again, some fellow may yell and throw a stone and—" He did not need to finish.

Joe looked wildly at me. "You mustn't do it, Matt!" he exclaimed. "You'll precipitate a riot, Crawford, if you permit this."

But the inspector was telephoning for my electric. Then he went into the adjoining room, where he commanded a view of the entrance. Silence between Joe and me until he returned.

"The electric is coming down the street," said he.

I rose. "Good," said I. "I'm ready."

"Wait until the other police get here," advised Crawford.

"If the mob is in the temper you describe," said I, "the less that's done to irritate it the better. I must go out as if I hadn't a suspicion of danger."

The inspector eyed me with an expression that was highly flattering to my vanity.

"I'll go with you," said Joe, starting up from his stupor.

"No," I replied. "You and the other fellows can take the underground route, if it's necessary."

"It won't be necessary," said I to the inspector. "As soon as I'm rid of you and have my additional force, I'll clear the streets." He went to the door. "Wait, Mr. Blacklock, until I've had time to get out to my men."

Perhaps ten seconds after he disappeared I, without further words, put on my hat, lit a cigar, shook Joe's vest, trembling hand, left in it my private keys and the memorandum of the combination of my private vault. Then I sallied forth.

I had always had a ravenous appetite for excitement, and I had been in many a tight place, but for the first time there seemed to me to be an equilibrium between my internal energy and the outside situation. As I stepped from my street door and glanced about me, I had no feeling of danger. The whole situation seemed so simple. There stood the electric, just across the narrow stretch of sidewalk, and I saw the 200 police, under Crawford's orders, scattered everywhere through the crowd; and good-naturedly jostling and pushing to create distraction. With-

taxes than ever, and a vaster and more expensive and more luxurious army of the nation.

The people had risen for financial and industrial freedom; they had paid its fearful price; then, in senseless panic and terror, they flung it away. We have read that one of the inscriptions on Apollo's temple at Delphi was: "Man, the fool of the force." Truly, the gods must have created us for their amusement; when Olympus falls, they ring up the curtains on some such screaming comedy as was that. It "makes the fancy chuckle, whilst the heart doth ache."

CHAPTER XXXIV. "BLACK MATT'S" TRIUMPH.

My enemies could it be widely believed that "Wild Week" was my deliberate contrivance for the sole purpose of enriching myself. They got me a reputation for almost superhuman daring, for satanic astuteness, for cold-blooded calculation. I do not deserve the admiration and respect that my success-worshipping fellow countrymen lay at my feet. True, I did greatly enrich myself; but not until the Monday after Wild Week.

Not until I had pondered on men and events with the assistance of the newspapers my detective protectors and jailers permitted to be brought aboard—until the last hope of turning Wild Week to the immediate public advantage had sputtered out like a lost man's last match, did I think of benefiting myself, of seizing the opportunity to strengthen myself for the future. On Monday morning I said to Sergt. Mulholland: "I want to go ashore at once and send some telegrams."

"The sergeant is one of the detective bureau's 'dress-up' men." He is by nature phlegmatic and cynical. His experience has put over that a veneer of weary politeness. We had become great friends during our enforced inseparable companionship. For Joe, who looked on me somewhat as a mother looks on a brilliant but erratic son, had, as I soon discovered, elaborated a wonderful programme for

me. I had not yet become intelligent and competent enough to be free, then and now, and I did I abandon the hopeless struggle.

And I did not go over to the bandits; I simply resumed my own neglected personal affairs and made Wild Week at least a personal triumph.

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

CHAPTER XXXV. "BLACK MATT'S" TRIUMPH.

My enemies could it be widely believed that "Wild Week" was my deliberate contrivance for the sole purpose of enriching myself. They got me a reputation for almost superhuman daring, for satanic astuteness, for cold-blooded calculation. I do not deserve the admiration and respect that my success-worshipping fellow countrymen lay at my feet. True, I did greatly enrich myself; but not until the Monday after Wild Week.

Not until I had pondered on men and events with the assistance of the newspapers my detective protectors and jailers permitted to be brought aboard—until the last hope of turning Wild Week to the immediate public advantage had sputtered out like a lost man's last match, did I think of benefiting myself, of seizing the opportunity to strengthen myself for the future. On Monday morning I said to Sergt. Mulholland: "I want to go ashore at once and send some telegrams."

"The sergeant is one of the detective bureau's 'dress-up' men." He is by nature phlegmatic and cynical. His experience has put over that a veneer of weary politeness. We had become great friends during our enforced inseparable companionship. For Joe, who looked on me somewhat as a mother looks on a brilliant but erratic son, had, as I soon discovered, elaborated a wonderful programme for

me. I had not yet become intelligent and competent enough to be free, then and now, and I did I abandon the hopeless struggle.

And I did not go over to the bandits; I simply resumed my own neglected personal affairs and made Wild Week at least a personal triumph.

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

me. I had not yet become intelligent and competent enough to be free, then and now, and I did I abandon the hopeless struggle.

And I did not go over to the bandits; I simply resumed my own neglected personal affairs and made Wild Week at least a personal triumph.

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

There is nothing of the spectacular in my make-up. I have no belief in the value of martyrs and martyrdom. Can't you see, then, that my humble opinion never have been—

# Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

## GAS MERGER IS HELD ILLEGAL.

Company in Joliet, Aurora and Other Cities May Be Dissolved.

Joliet—Attorney General Stead, in an opinion received, expresses the view that the Western United Gas & Electric company, a combination formed in 1905 to take over the gas plants of Joliet, Aurora and a number of other cities in northern Illinois, is a combination in violation of trust laws of Illinois. In accordance with this advice and under instructions of the Joliet city council, State Attorney Heise is preparing to bring suit to have the corporation dissolved.

The attorney general holds that the late 1887 provision of the constitution of gas companies within one city only, and not those of different cities. The Western United Gas company is capitalized at \$4,500,000, with a bond issue of like amount.

Col. Copley, of Aurora, is the head of the concern. He says the best lawyers in the state have passed upon the consolidation and that the courts will hold that it is legal.

## MAY HEAD W. R. C.

Mrs. Brown, of Havana, Candidate for Presidency of Order.

Havana—Mrs. Amanda M. Brown, of this city, is the candidate for the national presidency of the Woman's Relief corps. Having obtained the reinforcement of the encampment at



Decatur, her candidacy is made good. Last year she secured the endorsement of the convention at Chicago. The election in which she is a candidate will be held at Saratoga, N. Y., next September. Mrs. Brown is the former state president of the Woman's Relief corps and is now a department chancellor, in which capacity she is acting in Decatur. Having served the several offices and been a prominent worker, she is well qualified for the office of national president.

## Secure Leases on Oil Lands.

Medora—The work of securing 10,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Medora has been commenced by the Medora Oil & Gas company, recently organized, a branch association of the Western Illinois Oil & Gas company, of St. Louis. It is announced that the first well will be sunk in the Medora field within 60 days from the securing of leases.

At Shipman, near here, excitement is intense, incident to the discovery of natural gas at a depth of 418 feet, and experts declare the pressure is sufficient to supply every house in Shipman with fuel and light. They assert that there are indications of encountering oil at a depth of from 800 to 1,000 feet.

## Minister Given Important Task.

Waukegan—Rev. William E. Toll, who has been chosen archdeacon and intrusted with the raising of the endowment fund of \$100,000, has been attached to the Episcopal diocese of Chicago since 1881. He is at present rector of this parish. Before coming to this city he was for eight years in

## ASK TRUE BILL FOR TATE.

Authorities in Peoria Will Put Charges Before the Grand Jury.

Peoria.—"Eddie" Tate, Peoria's gentleman burglar, who has been temporarily obscured from the limelight of publicity, is to be brought forth into the full glare once more. Within ten days he will be recommended for indictment in Peoria before the present grand jury. This action was decided upon and was agreed to by State's Attorney Scholes. Former Chief of Police Charles Wilson and Henry Fuller, attorney for the school board.

At the same time it was announced that at the school board meeting Monday evening action would be taken looking to the prosecution of Tate and the possible uncovering of the school board safe-robbery mystery.



## Was Murder and Suicide.

Springfield, Ill.—It is now accepted as a fact that Cora Lederbrand, the 17-year-old daughter of Joseph Lederbrand, a farmer residing ten miles east of this city, whose body, together with that of her sister, Carrie, aged seven, was found in the bottom of Sugar creek, near the Lederbrand home, with a 22-caliber revolver wound in the temple of each, killed her sister and then wading into the creek, shot herself. The revolver with which the deed was done was found on the bank of the creek by Thomas Brunk, one of the searchers.

Cora Lederbrand had been in a suicidal mood since her birth. Lederbrand is a widower and has one arm. He has an excellent reputation.

## Sterling Mayor Throws Brick.

Sterling—Mayor John L. Janzen held a car on the Sterling, Dixon & Eastern Electric railway while he personally hauled two acene loads of brick from the car to city wagons and had them carted to the city tool house. The company made repairs to its line here and the two wagon loads of brick were left. When the railway started to haul them out of town the mayor said the city needed them.

## Shoots Landlady and Himself.

Donville—Henry Mermir shot and instantly killed Mrs. Rosa Vures, of Vuresville. Mermir then turned the revolver on himself and inflicted a fatal wound. Mermir had roomed at the Vures home and was told to hunt a new rooming place. This enraged Mermir, with the result that he killed the woman.

## Ferm Combine; Pay Big Fines.

Freeport—William H. Shone and Homer Shone, of Freeport, and A. H. Winegar, of Madison, pleaded guilty to conspiracy to restrain competition in public lettings of contracts for bridges. W. H. Shone was fined \$1,000 on each of four counts, Homer \$200 on two counts and Winegar \$150.

## Robbers Blow Open Post Office Safe.

Princeton—The post office at Princeton was entered by burglars, who blew open the safe and took \$204 in stamps and money.

## Rev. William E. Toll.

charge of St. Peter's church at Sycamore, Ill., and assisted materially in the building of Waterman hall. Rev. Mr. Toll is a native of Bedford, England, and was ordained by Bishop White, house of Chicago, in 1871.

Mine Burns at Pawnee.

Taylorville—A fire broke out in the engine room of the Illinois Midland coal mine at Pawnee from an unknown source. The fire spread rapidly and the engine room was burned, but by heroic work on the part of the firemen and other helpers the boiler and the stri lying on the floor. The company was very heavy, amounting to \$15,000, and it will be some time before work by the 300 men can be resumed in the mine.

Killed by a Light Bulb.

Champaign—Grace Dillon, 18 years old, daughter of G. S. Dillon, was almost instantly killed as a result of an electric shock from an incandescent light bulb. Her sister Bertha, in an adjoining room, heard her scream and found the girl lying on the floor.

The electric light wire usually carried only 110 volts. City Electrician Inspector Caldwell investigated and could find no reason for the current being higher.

Alleged Murderer is Falling.

Bloomington.—The hearing of Thomas Baldwin, the aged merchant of Colfax, who murdered four persons here last February has been postponed until the September term owing to the feeble condition of the prisoner. He may not live to appear in court.



"GO SLOW, I CALLED TO HIM. YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY."

more would the place that harbored you."

He had both common sense and force on his side. I got into the launch. Four detective sergeants accompanied me and went aboard with me. "Go ahead," said one of them to my captain. He looked at me for orders.

"We are in the hands of our guests," said I. "Let them have their way."

We steamed down the bay and out to sea.

From Maine to Texas the cry rose and swelled:

"Blacklock is responsible! What does it matter whether he lied or told the truth? See the results of his crusade! He ought to be gibbeted! He ought to be killed! He the enemy of the human race. He has almost plunged the whole civilized world into bankruptcy and civil war." And they turned eagerly to the very autocrats who had been oppressing them. "You have the genius for finance and industry. Save us!"

If you did not know, you could guess how those patriots who were "genius for finance and industry" responded. When they had done, their programme was in effect, Langdon, Melville and Updegraff were as powerful as Octavius, Antony and Lepidus after Phillip. They had saddled upon the reorganized finance and industry of the nation heavier