

Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COXSWAIN"

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"I can't take that big bundle along with me, Joe," said I. "Besides, it ain't safe. Put it in the bank and send me a check."

"Not on your life," replied Healey with a laugh. "The suckers we trimmed gave checks, and I tucked 'em into cash as soon as the banks opened. I wasn't any too spry, either. Two of the damned sneaks consulted lawyers as soon as they sobered off, and tried to stop payment on their checks. They're threatening proceedings. You must take the dough away with you, and I don't want a receipt."

"Trimming suckers, eh?" said I, not able to decide what to do.

"Their fathers stole it from the public," he explained. "They're drunken little snobs, not fit to have money. I'm doing a public service by relieving them of it. If I'd a got more, I'd feel that much more—he vented his light, cool, sarcastic laugh—more patriotic."

"I can't take it," said I, feeling that, in my present condition, to take it would be very near to betraying the confidence of my old friend.

"They lost it in a straight game," he hastened to assure me. "I've had a brace box or crooked wheel for four years." This with a sober face and a twinkle in his eye. "But even if I had helped chance to do the good work of teaching the boys to take care of their money, you'd not refuse me. Up town and down town, and all over the place, what's business, when you come to look at it sensibly, but trading stolen goods? Do you know a man who could honestly earn more than ten or twenty thousand a year—good clean money by good clean work?"

"Oh, for that matter, your money's as clean as anybody's," said I. "But you know I'm a speculator, Joe. I have my downs—and this happens to be a stormy time for me. If I take count for it or even to pay dividends on it for—maybe a year or so."

"It's all right, old man. I'll never give it a thought till you remind me of it. Use it as you would use your own."

"I've got to put it behind somebody's luck—why not yours?"

He finished doing up the package, then he seated himself, and we both looked at it through the smoke of our cigars.

"It's just as easy to deal in big snags as in little, in large matters as in small, isn't it, Joe," said I, "once one gets in the way of it?"

"Do you remember—away back there—the morning," he asked musingly—"the last morning—you and I got up from the straw in the stable over at Jerome's? Park—the stable they let us sleep in?"

"And went out in the dawn to roost on the rails and spy on the speed trials of old Rover? Yes, I remember."

"Exactly," said Joe, and we looked at each other and laughed. "We in rags—gosh, how chilly it was that morning! Do you remember what we talked about?"

"No," said I, though I did.

"I was proposing to turn a crooked trick—and you wouldn't have it. You persuaded me to keep straight, Matt. I've never forgotten it. You kept me straight—showed me what a fool a man was to load himself down with a petty larceny record. You made a man of me, Matt. And then those good looks of yours caught the eye of the bookmaker's girl, and he gave you a job at writing sheet—and you worked me in with you."

"So long ago it seemed, yet near and real, too, as if I were there, conscious of every sound and motion, even of the fantastic shapes taken by our up-curling smoke. How far I was from the 'rill bird' of those happy-go-lucky years, when a meal meant quite as much to me as does a million now—how far from all that, yet how near, too. For was I not still facing life with the same courage, the same eagerness of excitement of each new day with its new deal? We went on in our reminiscences for a while; then, as Joe had a little work to do, he stepped out into the house, took a bite of supper with young Melville, had a little go at the tiger, and toward five in the clear June morning emerged into the broad day of the streets, with the precious bundle under my arms and a five hundred dollar bill in my waistcoat pocket.

"Give my win to me in a single bill," I said to the banker, "and blow yourself off with the change."

Joe walked down the street with me—for companionship and a little air before turning in, he began to imagine a desire to keep his eye on his treasure a while longer had something to do with his taking that early morning stroll. We passed several of those former figures that I saw through the streets, with their waisting streets to bed or to work. Finally, there came by an old, old woman—a scrub-woman, I guess, on her way home from cleaning some body's house. Beside her was a thin little boy, pushing along on a crutch. I stopped

leap that would land me either in wealth and power or in the bottomless abyss.

Instead of continuing to sell textiles, I covered as far as I could; and I bought so eagerly and so heavily that, more than Langdon's corps of rockers, I was responsible for the stock's rally and start upward. When I say "eagerly" and "heavily" I do not mean that I acted openly or without regard to common sense. I mean simply that I made no attempt to back up my followers in the selling campaign I had urged them into; on the contrary, I bought as they sold. That does not sound well, and it is no better than it sounds. I shall not dispute any one who finds this action of mine a betrayal of my clients to save myself. All I shall say is that I was business, that in such extreme cases—and is—right under the code, the private and real Wall street code.

You can imagine the confused mass of transactions in which I was involved before the stock exchange had been open long. There was the stock we had been able to buy or get options on at various prices, between the closing of the exchange the previous day and that morning's opening—a stock from all parts of this country and in England. There was the stock I had been buying since the exchange opened—buying at figures ranging from one-eighth above last night's closing price to fourteen points above it. And, on the debit side, there were over a period of nearly two months—"sellings" of blocks large and small at a hundred different prices.

An inextricable tangle, you will say, one it would be impossible for a man to unravel quickly and in the frantic chaos of a wild stock exchange day. Yet the influence of the mysterious state of my nerves, which I have de-

scribed above, was so marvelous that, incredible though it seems, the moment the exchange closed, I knew exactly where I stood.

Like a mechanical lightning calculator, my mind threw up before me the net result of these selling and buying transactions. Textile common closed eighteen points above the closing quotation of the previous day; Langdon's brother had not been just a little indiscreet, I should have been as hopeless a bankrupt in reputation and in fortune as ever was repeated by the bulls of Wall street.

As it was, I believed that, by keeping a bold front, I might extricate and free myself when the coal reorganization was announced. The rise of coal stocks would square my debts—and, as I was apparently untouched by the textile furore, so far as even I, my nominal partner and chief lieutenant, knew, I need not fear pressure from creditors that I could not withstand. I could not breathe freely, but I could breathe.

When I saw I was to have a respite of a month or so, I went over to the National Industrial bank with Healey and prepared for deposit. I finished my business with the receiving teller of the National Industrial, and first vice-president. I did not need to pretend coolness and confidence; my nerves were still in that curious state of tranquil exhilaration, and I felt master of myself and of the situation. Langdon with Sam Ellery.

Tom's face was a laughable exhibit of embarrassment. Sam, really, I felt sorry for him. He should be with Tom on earth why he shouldn't be with

Tom Langdon; yet he acted as if I had caught him "with the goods" on a string of hysterical nonsense, ending with a laugh so strange that the other was disconcerted him. Drink was the explanation that drifted through my mind; but in fact I thought little about it, so full was I of other matters.

"When is your brother returning?" said I to Tom.

"On the next steamer, I believe," he replied. "He went only for the rest and the bath of sea air. With him, the winning, candid Langdon, drew me aside and said: 'I owe you an apology, Mr. Blacklock. I went to the steamer with Mowbray to see him off, and he asked me to tell you about my new dividend rate—though it was not to be made public for some time. Anyhow, he told me to go straight to you—and I—frankly I forgot it.' Then, with the winning, candid Langdon smile, he added, indignantly: 'The best excuse in the world—yet the one nobody ever accepts.'"

"No apology necessary," said I with the utmost good nature. "Two or three personal calls in a textile. My house deals on commission only, you know—never on margins for myself. I'm a banker and broker, not a gambler. So long as you're not alarmed by the news of the big increase, and insisted on bringing suit to stop it. But I'm going to urge them now to let the matter drop."

Tom tried to look natural, and as he succeeded fairly well. His glance, however, wouldn't fix steadily on my gaze, but circled round and round like a cat at its toilet.

"Oh! ah! Blacklock!" he exclaimed, with purring cordiality—and I knew he had heard of the big deposit.

"Oh, I was just calling on Tom," he replied rather laughingly.

Then Melville himself came in, brushing back his white tufted brows and licking his lips with a black cat at its toilet.

"Oh! ah! Blacklock!" he exclaimed, with purring cordiality—and I knew he had heard of the big deposit.

"Oh, I was just calling on Tom," he replied rather laughingly.

"I saw that his offensive friendliness contrasted with his brother's toils. He stared sullenly at the carpet until he caught me looking at him with twinkling eyes. He made a valiant effort to restrain his smile and succeeded in twisting his face into a knot that seemed to hurt him as much as it amused me.

"Well, good-by, Tom," said I. "Give my regards to your mother when he lands and tell him his going away was a mistake. A man can't afford to trust his important business to under-stoppers." This with a face free about it. Then to Sam: "See you to-night, old man, and I went away, leaving Lisa looking from one to the other as if he felt that there was dynamite about not exactly locate it. I stopped with Melville to talk coal for a few minutes—at my ease, and the last man on earth to be suspected of hanging by the crook of one finger from the edge of the precipice.

I rang the Ellery's bell at half-past nine that evening. The butler faced me with eyes not down, as they should have been, but on mine, and his full of servile indignation which he had been prompted by what he had overheard in the family.

"Not at home, sir," he said, though I had not spoken.

"I was provoked and not expecting the standard, neither had I skill, nor desire to acquire skill, in reading family barometers in the faces of servants. So, I was for brushing past him and entering where he was, but he barred the way.

"Beg pardon, sir, Mr. Ellery is in the study," he said, though I had not spoken.

"I was provoked and not expecting the standard, neither had I skill, nor desire to acquire skill, in reading family barometers in the faces of servants. So, I was for brushing past him and entering where he was, but he barred the way.

"How did you come out?" she asked eagerly.

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GALESBURG IN FIGHT ON VICE.

Massmeeting at Courthouse Hears City Administration Criticized.

Galesburg—A massmeeting attended by hundreds of voters was held in the circuit courtroom to arouse sentiment favorable to election of city officers pledged to enforce the law strictly and impartially. Chas. W. Williams, a well-known horseman, whose race-track operations a few years ago were the sensation in sporting circles, presided.

Addresses were made by President Fisher of Lombard college, John McClelland of Knox college, John M. Vivion, Attorney Roy Arnold, ex-State Treasurer M. O. Williamson, Alderman H. H. Dittler, Mayor Rev. C. Vincent and others, all favoring better law enforcement.

The city administration was criticized for its alleged permitting of gambling and violation of law by saloons.

BOY CHOKES SELF WITH DESK.

Fordville, Ill., Lad Who Feared Arrest for Theft Commits Suicide.

Carterville—With a 200-pound roller top desk roving across his throat, John Smith, 15 years old, was found dead in the Fordville church near here. The boy feared arrest for theft, and had been hiding. He had raised one end of the desk, and his neck caught in the foot rest connecting the two sections, and the weight of the desk choked him to death. Evidently he had intended to cut his throat in case the first plan failed. In his hand was held tightly a sharp knife.

Court Quiz on Jury Scandal.

Paris—When Judge Thompson in the circuit court was inquiring into the charge that Jaros Connerly and Williams left the jury room to go on a spree, Attorney Dundas charged that Ely Dodds, another member of the jury, was assaulted by either Connerly or Williams in the jury room and forced to sign a verdict for the defendant, the Big Four railroad, the \$10,000 damages suit. Williams and Connerly told the court they had been drinking, but denied being drunk. Charles Hixon, another juror, told the court he smelled liquor on the breath of several jurors that night. He also said both whisky and beer were in the jury room.

Killed by Interurban.

Bloomington—An unknown man was killed here by the last car on the interurban coming in from Decatur. The accident happened at 1:30 o'clock March 6.

The motorman saw the man lying on the tracks, his head inside the rails, and used every effort to stop the car, but he could not. The body was badly mutilated.

The scene of the accident was within half a block from where an unknown man was killed by the same car a week ago. It is thought that both cases the victims were intoxicated.

Dr. E. J. James Re-elected.

Urbana—Dr. E. J. James was re-elected president of the University of Illinois for a term of two years by the trustees at their annual meeting. A new body of trustees was organized as follows: President, L. H. Kerrick, Bloomington; secretary and registrar, W. H. Pillsbury, controller, S. W. Shattuck, treasurer, H. A. Haugan, Chicago.

For A. V. Hill, Chicago, who the university was selected to fill the newly created chair of assistant professor of ceramics. S. A. Bullard, of Springfield, the retiring president, quit the board after a service of 15 years.

Engineers' Pay Increased.

Bloomington—The new schedule of pay and working regulations for engineers, following the recent conference in Chicago, was announced by the Chicago & Alton railroad. Passenger engineers will receive four dollars per hundred miles, and freight \$4.65. Switch engineers at Chicago, East St. Louis and Kansas City will receive \$7.75 per day of ten hours, and at other points \$7.00. This is a uniform increase of ten per cent.

Death Was Accidental.

Litchfield—Coroner Purinton conducted an inquest over the remains of Fred Brock, who was shot while hunting. The result of the inquest was that the verdict that deceased came to his death by a gunshot wound accidentally fired by his own hand while hunting.

The burial of the victim of the accident occurred at Elkhart, where a large concourse of people followed the remains to the grave.

Lundin Back to Rock Island.

Rewanee—Arthur Lundin, star twirler of the Rock Island league, leaves two years ago, was released by the Keanece regular team at his request and accepted the offer of his old berth in the Rock Island team.

Found Dead, Thought Murdered.

Litchfield—Bird McElfresh, a prominent young man of this city, was found dead by the roadside near town. Numerous tracks in the mud where he lay indicate that he met with foul play.

PEORIA MEN ARE INDICTED.

Grand Jury Returns True Bills Against Four Prominent Citizens.

Peoria—In the most sensational report ever returned in this county the grand jury indicted three former county officials and the present city clerk of Peoria on charges of grafting. The report shows that in the last four years these officials have stolen over \$75,000 from the funds of the county and city.

The indictments are the result of eight weeks of investigation, during which time it was discovered that men high in the confidence of the public had been guilty of criminal deception.

The men indicted for grafting were:

Robert Joos, city clerk; embezzlement and malfeasance in office.

D. E. Babbs, former deputy; falsifying public records.

R. M. Conkey, former deputy; embezzlement.

Sherman Hunt, former deputy; extortion.

Besides these officials the grand jury returned 13 indictments against Dan F. Raum, one of the best known attorneys in Peoria county and a man who has occupied a high social position. He is charged with forgery of mortgages by which he gained \$15,000 from his friends.

Albert W. Habb, a member of the board of trade, was indicted on six counts charging him with conducting a bucket shop.

All of the persons indicted were able to give bond. They have employed attorneys and say they will fight the charges.

In a long report which accompanied the indictments the grand jury scathingly censured county and city officials for being negligent and allowing such careless handling of city and county funds. The board of supervisors, which allowed fictitious bills drawn by former Sheriff Potter, received the most censure. A complete audit of county and city books was recommended and a new system adopted.

An expert auditor was employed and it is estimated that the city lost \$40,000 to \$60,000. The biggest part of this money was saloon licenses which were not turned into the city treasurer.

Following so closely upon the exposure of former Superintendent of Schools Newton C. Dougherty who stole \$60,000 from the school funds, the present report of the grand jury has caused a sensation in the city and there is a demand for a house cleaning in all offices.

Party lines in the campaign in the city which is now on and reform has been taken as the watchword in the political field.

The trials of the men indicted will take place at the present term of court.

Accident Victim Brought Home.

Petersburg—H. M. Levering and Percy Dixon arrived here with the remains of Con Levering, who was killed in a mine accident at Cripple Creek, Col.

Mr. Levering had been employed at the mine three years to a day and was engaged in checking the last car; the load of ore of the day, prior to his departure for the mine, he having intended to sever his connection in the mine on the day he was killed.

Farmer Takes Poison.

Ashland—William Watts, a prosperous farmer, 51 years of age, committed suicide. He had one mile north of town. At his home, one mile north of town, he had good-bye to his wife and stepped into the next room to take a glass of whisky as usual. Before medical aid could reach him he was dead. For the past year he has been in ill health and this fact is advanced as the cause for his act.

Alton Depot at Atlanta Burns.

Atlanta—The C. & A. depot was found to be on fire on the night of March 6. Flames were issuing from the roof when discovered, but the prompt work of the fire department prevented the total destruction of the building, although it was badly water soaked. This is one of the oldest buildings along the C. & A., having been erected 50 years ago.

Co-Operative Store Proves Failure.

Decatur—The board of directors of the bankrupt co-operative store, closed the affairs of the concern. Creditors were paid on a basis of 92 cents on the dollar. The store was started three years ago at the time of the street car strike. There were 230 stockholders and their loss is estimated at \$4,000.

Forger Gets Big Sum.

Decatur—The police are looking for Lee Brown, of Bennett, who, it is said, cleaned up about \$100 on forged checks. Saloonkeepers were the principal victims although one bank suffered to the extent of \$65.

Brown was known to all of his victims, who, in the case of his brother-in-law, John Breen, which was signed to the checks, was good for all the money called for. It was several hours later that the forger developed and Brown had plenty of time to escape.

(To be Continued.)