

The REFORMER

By CHARLES M. SHELTON,
Author of "In His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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But for the present he was overwhelmed by the result. He had put Luella Marsh into the altar place of a proud man's affection. Every day since the time she had pledged her heart to his he had thanked God for what had been given him. Her apparent response to his ambitions, especially noticeable in her correspondence during his absence, had exhilarated him. To find now that she would not trust her life to him because he had chosen a career of hardship and loss of physical things struck him the severest blow he had ever experienced. The failure on the part of his father and sister to understand or sympathize became insignificant compared with this event. As he walked along he began to torture himself with questions. Had he made a mistake in taking her answer as final? Had he, as she said, no right to make such a test? Was it asking too much of any woman to ask her to leave a home of luxury to which she had been accustomed from birth and go to one in surroundings that were repulsive to her? And then she had confessed that she did not love the people as he did, but—that was an un-



"I do not ask you to marry me unless you can trust everything to me."

pardonable sin? Yet he had felt when she said it as if an impassable gulf had suddenly been dug between them. Had he acted as a man should act who has so much at stake as in this case? The torture of these questions was so keen that after walking several blocks he turned to go back. "I must see her again," he kept saying. "I cannot let it end here." He went up the steps and rang the bell. The servant who came to the door eyed him curiously. "Miss Marsh has gone out," she said, and John Gordon at first did not believe her until he remembered that the carriage was standing at the curb when he left Luella and that she had said something about going out to the park before tea. He slowly went down the steps, and when he was on the sidewalk he paused. Perhaps in all his life he had never felt so lonely as at that moment. The consciousness that his father and sister and now the woman who had promised to be his wife had repudiated his life smote him with a sense of personal abandonment that was keen and searching. For a moment he felt so completely alone that he let go of every motive for action. The city and the overwhelming thought of his misery and sin and selfishness enraged him. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!" he cried out, and nothing at that moment would have saved John Gordon except the fact that what he had mentioned to his father and sister and Luella as his religious experience was the greatest fact so far in his career. As he stood still there at the foot of the steps gradually his spirit grew calmer. The consciousness of God in his life grew stronger. The purpose of his ambition cleared. And after a little while he started on, knowing that his life work would not be changed in his main intent by anything that had so far happened. Only as he went on he also knew that he could not and would not be the same man and do the same things in some parts of his earthly vision as if Luella Marsh had decided to walk with him in the way. It was also quite clear to him that without being able to give a good reason for it he was not closing the chapter with Luella yet. He certainly entertained the idea of her still coming into his life. It was not from his interview with her that he drew any such hope. But he knew that he did not yet consider her action as final, or possibly it was his own action that was not final. He stopped at a corner, and the sight of a street name on a car going by decided his next movement. "I'll go and take tea at Hope House," he said to himself, and took the car, noting, by the time that he would reach the house just as the little family of residents were in the habit of sitting down to their evening meal. Hope House stood in the midst of its desert of tenements and its corner sa-

lons and vauvauville lints use an oasis of refuge and strength. Saloons to right and left and front and rear, with piles of betes and wood and rubbish flung together in chaotic, tumbled heaps, with openings for human beings who streamed in and out of court and alley and doorway or sat in pallid, huddled masses on the stoops or curbing formed the frame in which Hope House was set, unique and alone. John Gordon left the car one block from Hope House and walked down past five saloons in the block until he came to the arched entrance of the house. Going into the little court, he breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of the familiar slender tubs that stood against the outer wall of the court, and marvelled at their ability to blossom with such freshness in such surroundings. "If saloons ever had any fragrance in this part of the city, they must almost smell of beer and sewer gas," he said to himself as he went on into the broad hall that opened on the court. He was by no means a stranger to Hope House. Since his return from abroad he had been a frequent visitor and had been welcomed with that inner welcome that springs from well known common purposes. "You are just in time!" called out a quiet but cheerful voice as John Gordon stepped into the doorway of the dining hall. "Miss Manning is absent. You may take her seat by me." "I count myself fortunate," John Gordon replied as he took the seat, returning the greetings of those at the table. "We were talking about you," said the head of the house, with her quiet but earnest manner. "I'm sorry to interrupt the conversation," replied John Gordon. "No interruption, we assure you. We are glad you came in, for you are the only person who can answer a question Mr. Ford just asked." "Rather a personal question, Mr. Gordon," said Ford, a student from the university, who was a resident of several months' standing. "The question I asked Miss Andrews was this: 'What is Mr. Gordon going to do? Will he possibly come in here with us?'" John Gordon did not answer the question at once. He knew the complete freedom of the social atmosphere of Hope House, especially at meal-times, and understood well that his silence would not be misconstrued as discourtesy. He looked around the circle of earnest, friendly faces at the table, and his gaze included, as it had many times before, the room itself, with its high, dark wainscoting, its few but choice portraits, its plain but attractive homelike-ness; but, as on every other occasion, his look finally came back to the face of the head of the house, for she was the genius of the place. Grace Andrews was in her thirty-sixth year. At the time John Gordon first met her at Hope House she had been in charge of the settlement for twelve years. Twelve years of association with desperate human problems such as those that swarmed like the people themselves had left on her face marks of that human, divine calmness that all great women bear who have loved the people. If Grace Andrews did not impress strangers or visitors as being great in any real sense, it was because the look of her face spoke of a quiet peace that so many people superficially associate with meekness, but do not consider as an element of power. The residents of Hope House understood all that, and the oldest residents understood it better than the youngest and had more unquestioned reverence for the greatness of Grace Andrews than those who had less knowledge of her. It was with a deepening consciousness of what this woman was and of her wonderful life and influence that John Gordon came into her presence. He had met her during his university career when some special studies had taken him down to Hope House. And one of the first places he had visited on his return from abroad had been the dining room with its fellowship life presided over by that central figure that dominated the entire group. It was at that first meeting that he had frankly told her and the residents something of his religious experience and its bearing on his life work. It was that frank confidence that had led up to the question by Ford. "Well?" Miss Andrews finally said as John Gordon seemed ready to speak after looking at her so intently. During his silence the conversation at the table had gone on in a quiet but natural fashion. Every one in Hope House always gave every one else perfect freedom for his personality, and no one felt at all disturbed when John Gordon did not reply at once to the student's query. They all paused in their talk when he spoke. "I've been thinking of it. I would count it an honor to be part of your family." He spoke to Miss Andrews, but included all the table with a gesture. "I'm still in some doubt concerning my future. I am sure you are enough interested in me to care to know that I have left my own home. I am just at present without a permanent place of abode. Perhaps you would be willing to take me in."

He spoke somewhat lightly, but not without a certain seriousness, and all seemed to understand. Miss Andrews glanced at him quickly and said with a real tone of sympathy: "We would not only give you a hearty welcome, Mr. Gordon, but we would ourselves be glad to have you with us." "Thank you," he replied gratefully. "I would not come into the house, of course, except as one who would take the position of a learner. I have everything to learn and nothing to contribute. You would have to teach me the simplest duties of a resident, Miss Andrews. I at least would be a very willing and obedient pupil!" "I have no doubt of that," she replied, with a smile. "But the people who act that way are dangerously apt to be in a position to teach their teachers in time." "I shall never be able to teach the teacher in Hope House," said John Gordon earnestly. Miss Andrews laughed, and the faintest tinge of color appeared on her cheeks. "We are all learners here. Let him who has not learned something today hold up his hand. Not a hand in sight. Oh, we are all in the primary class! The people are the alphabet of God. And we have not yet learned the alphabet." The talk gradually circled the table, while John Gordon continued to tell Miss Andrews something in detail of the interview with his father and sister. After the meal was over the residents scattered to their work, but half a dozen with Miss Andrews and John Gordon lingered a few minutes in the library and living room, which opened out of the wide hall, next the old-fashioned staircase which went up near the center of the room, for Hope House had formerly been an old family mansion, and it stood now in its solitary refinement of interior in complete contrast to every building in the dismal district now ruled and ruined by the human ruins that pleaded day and night for rebuilding until the souls of the residents grew weary with the burden, and God either grew daily farther away or closer by. In proportion as the workers in the settlement grew more and more to love the people or more and more to lose faith in their redemption. When John Gordon finally went away, he had practically promised to become a permanent resident of Hope House. Something of John Gordon's family history was known to most of the residents, and there was enough of the romantic and unusual in such a decision as his to stir the imagination of the earnest young men and women who had thrown in their lot with Hope House and what it stood for in the city. When John Gordon came out from the arched way and turned into the street, it was after 9 o'clock. He walked along for half a dozen blocks, trying to realize what his life work would be in such a place. Whatever else it would be, he knew it would be a life that would demand inexorably all the manhood possible. As he stopped and looked back down the street and realized its wretchedness, its discomfort, its squalor, its moral filth, his heart cried out for strength, his soul felt compassion and anger and longing, and his love of the people, to his intense satisfaction, grew in spite of what they were and because of what they were. He was still standing there, absorbed in his thought of future possibilities, when a man put his hand on his shoulder and said familiarly: "John, do you want good company? I'm with you if you do." "David!" cried John Gordon in astonishment. "How do you happen to be here?" "Studying life, eh?" said David Barton as he put his arm within his friend's and walked on. "But how does it happen that you?" "Having a week's vacation. Harris told me I'd better go to Colorado. Been down here every night." John Gordon walked on in deepening astonishment. "Come up to the rooms and let us have a talk," said Barton, and John Gordon quietly agreed. They took a car and after riding two miles left the car, walked two blocks and came out on Park Boulevard, where David Barton, managing editor of the Daily News, had apartments. When they were seated, David Barton turned a sharp, nervous, but kindly face toward John Gordon. "Surprised to see me down in the region of Hope House? Great place, isn't it? Worth more than a trip to the Rockies to go through the show?" "Do you mean to say you have never been down around Hope House before?" "I've been there several times, my son." "Do you know Miss Andrews?" "Knew her before you were out of high school." "You never told me." "Why should I tell you everything at once?" "Several years is not at all once," replied John Gordon, with a smile. For answer the older man gravely said after a pause: "How old are you, John?" "Thirty." "And I'm forty. The pace is killing me. Harris says I may last five years more. I doubt it. He is evidently anxious to keep me going the five years. Do I look bad?" He thrust his pale, nervous face forward, and John Gordon was almost shocked at his friend's manner. It was so much moved that he rose and went over and laid his hand on the other man's arm. "David, you're not well. Why don't you take Harris' advice and go out to Colorado, not for a week, but for a year?" "As bad as that?" David Barton said dryly. "I think I'm good for five years. But tell me about yourself."

"I've left home, and I'm going to take up residence in Hope House." "No! What! Live there?" David Barton seemed to pay no attention to the fact of his friend's leaving home. "I've been there tonight and made definite arrangements with Miss Andrews. I must go there in order to fit myself for my work." "Your work?" "Yes; for the people," replied John Gordon simply. "Pooh! The people!" David Barton snuffed contemptuously. "Who knows who the people are? He stopped suddenly, and his whole manner changed. His sharp, abrupt, indifferent alertness was smothered out of his face like a candle. He rose and walked through the room while John Gordon, who understood his moods quite well, listened in astonishment. "John, listen to me. I believe I know something of your plans and ambitions. You're the only man I know who would do what you propose to do. I don't have much faith in it. At the same time I believe in you, John. I spoke contemptuously of the people, but in my heart, John, I love the people. I am one of them. Tonight as I saw children roiling in those holes I could have died for them. But the martyr's stuff is not in me to die for them except by proxy. Let me tell you, John, you are going at the thing backward. What do you want to do and live in Hope House for? Miss Andrews is doing splendid work, but even her efforts don't accomplish anything. Conditions are as bad there now as they were twelve years ago. It's good flesh and blood thrown to the lions while the politicians and the gang look on and laugh at the human helplessness. Why, it is simply an outrage on civilization that a city like this lets a woman like Miss Andrews die by martyrdom in that infernal hell on earth and never gives her the financial and social support she ought to have. And the bounds that own the tenements and saloons and vauvauville property live in luxury and pose as leaders in society and allow conditions to be created that roll a stream of desperate human problems over Miss Andrews that will kill her in a few years. Yes, kill her!" David Barton spoke with a savage energy that made John Gordon shudder. But when Barton had been silent a moment he continued in a calmer tone to make a proposition to John Gordon that John was totally unprepared for. "Instead of going into Hope House why don't you come into the News? I can speak for Harris that he will give you full swing on the reform page of your own. You can have it all your own way. I'll help you with special stories and pictures that will make the property owners around Riverside street squirm. Harris is savage with the mayor because of last year's campaign. He'll be glad to get even with the administration by showing up the rotten concern. I tell you, John, there's an earthquake going to rattle the city all this winter, and Harris and the News will be one name for the earthquake. The old man is just in the mood for pushing the reform business in the name of the people. He will agree to anything I say. The press is the only real power left in the city anyhow. Think of what you can do for the people with the News back of you. We can make a special business of the slum holes and make it mighty interesting for some of the old moneybags of this God-forsaken metropolis. Don't answer at once. At any rate, give me time to cough." David Barton sat down close by John Gordon and had a coughing spell that lasted a few minutes. John Gordon silently watched him, steadily excited by the offer just made to him. Could he accept it? Was it not one of those opportunities that men have come to them but once? What could he not do for the people if a whole page of a great, powerful, practically boundless wealthy paper were at his disposal? The material he could put before the public! The conditions he could expose! The wrongs he could right! The lives he might save! The possibilities grew larger every moment he thought of it. David Barton finally ceased coughing and spoke again. "Well, will you come into the News? What do you say?" But John Gordon did not answer at once. Suddenly he had thought of Luella Marsh. If she would not marry him as a resident of Hope House, would she not be proud to be the wife of a writer on one of the most powerful dailies of the world? And the same object would be gained for the people. But how about his declaration that he must know the people by direct knowledge gained by living among them? Yet could he not do that in some way and still be this modern lever of the press under the problem? He faced his friend with strong feeling. The day had been full of events for him, but this closing event affected him in some ways deeper than all the rest. (To be continued.)

CONDENSED STORIES.

Anecdotes of W. S. Stratton, the Cripple Creek Millionaire.

Winfield Scott Stratton, who made millions through his lucky discovery of gold at Cripple Creek on July 4, 1891, never cared to burden his memory with the details of his bank account. In fact, he could at no time, without reference to his clerks, make even an approximate estimate of his cash balance. One day Stratton was visited by a man who wanted him to subscribe to a very worthy charity. The object for which the money was desired appealed strongly to the bonanza king. He nodded approval and smiled as his caller dilated upon the benefits that would accrue to the people among whom the proposed charity was to do its work. The subscription solicitor, realizing that Stratton was greatly impressed, ventured to ask for a thousand dollar check. "That's not enough," returned Stratton without hesitation. "I'll give you a check for five times that sum, but only upon one condition." "And what is that?" "Only that I have money enough in the bank to meet the check. Wait till I telephone." In a few moments Stratton learned from his bank that he had a balance of \$380,000. "Dear me," he observed to his visitor as he hung up the telephone receiver, "I didn't know I had so much ready cash. In that case I'll give a check for \$10,000."

Used a Pole of His Own.

"Mr. Shaw, the telephone company is going to place a pole in front of my residence. I won't have it. What shall I do?" These outbursts greeted the present secretary of the treasury one day some years ago as he was seated in his office. "Unless you can occupy the ground in front of your residence until the company leaves, I see no redress," remarked Mr. Shaw. "Have you any men in your employ?" "Yes; two Polish gardeners," answered the irate property owner. "Then place into the hole a Pole of your own," suggested the secretary. When questioned about the story, the citizen explained that he got his Pole there first, and the company moved on.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Delaying the Play.

Sir Henry Irving declares that once when he was playing "Othello" in a western city his audience was composed for the most part of miners. "When we came to the handkerchief scene, where Othello demands the handkerchief of Desdemona many times," he says, "I noticed that the audience was becoming exceedingly nervous. About the third time the demand for the handkerchief was repeated a large Irishman in the rear of the house shouted, 'Wipe your nose on your sleeve, you nayger, and let the play go on.'"

Too Expensive For Him.

Magistrates of Belfast, Ireland, once announced that they would inflict a fine of 40 shillings on any person expressing in public too warm a regard for the future state of any political antagonist. A policeman subsequently came upon a man lying in dignified ease in the gutter and muttering, "To —, to —." Apparently he could get no

STARTLED

By some sudden sound she drops the vase upon the floor. She is nervous and may be told that nervousness is a luxury which only a rich woman can afford to indulge in. Nervousness has cost many a woman her position. Sometimes when women run machinery the price of nervousness is mutilation—a finger lost or perhaps the whole hand crushed. Nervousness in women is commonly but a symptom of womanly disease. It is useless in such cases to "doctor" for the nerves alone. Cure the diseases which attack the delicate womanly organism and nervousness will be cured also.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves and induces refreshing sleep.

"In the fall of 1897, I was troubled with nervousness, headache, heart trouble and female weakness," writes Miss Blanch M. Bracey, of Seta, Oswego Co., N. Y. "Last summer I wrote you and advised me to try your Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. I did so and I began to improve rapidly. Continued taking the medicine, half a dozen each of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' for the space of five months, and in less than a year had regained my former health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the muddy complexion.

St. J. & L. C. R. R. Time Table.

Went into effect Monday, October 13, 1902.

STATIONS.	EAST		WEST	
	AM	PM	AM	PM
St. James	7:00	11:00	7:00	11:00
St. Louis	7:15	11:15	7:15	11:15
St. Charles	7:30	11:30	7:30	11:30
St. Ann	7:45	11:45	7:45	11:45
St. Peter	8:00	12:00	8:00	12:00
St. Mary	8:15	12:15	8:15	12:15
St. John	8:30	12:30	8:30	12:30
St. Paul	8:45	12:45	8:45	12:45
St. Anthony	9:00	1:00	9:00	1:00
St. Joseph	9:15	1:15	9:15	1:15
St. Benedict	9:30	1:30	9:30	1:30
St. Elizabeth	9:45	1:45	9:45	1:45
St. Agnes	10:00	2:00	10:00	2:00
St. Clare	10:15	2:15	10:15	2:15
St. Francis	10:30	2:30	10:30	2:30
St. Rose	10:45	2:45	10:45	2:45
St. Ann	11:00	3:00	11:00	3:00
St. Peter	11:15	3:15	11:15	3:15
St. John	11:30	3:30	11:30	3:30
St. Paul	11:45	3:45	11:45	3:45
St. Anthony	12:00	4:00	12:00	4:00
St. Joseph	12:15	4:15	12:15	4:15
St. Benedict	12:30	4:30	12:30	4:30
St. Elizabeth	12:45	4:45	12:45	4:45
St. Agnes	1:00	5:00	1:00	5:00
St. Clare	1:15	5:15	1:15	5:15
St. Francis	1:30	5:30	1:30	5:30
St. Rose	1:45	5:45	1:45	5:45
St. Ann	2:00	6:00	2:00	6:00
St. Peter	2:15	6:15	2:15	6:15
St. John	2:30	6:30	2:30	6:30
St. Paul	2:45	6:45	2:45	6:45
St. Anthony	3:00	7:00	3:00	7:00
St. Joseph	3:15	7:15	3:15	7:15
St. Benedict	3:30	7:30	3:30	7:30
St. Elizabeth	3:45	7:45	3:45	7:45
St. Agnes	4:00	8:00	4:00	8:00
St. Clare	4:15	8:15	4:15	8:15
St. Francis	4:30	8:30	4:30	8:30
St. Rose	4:45	8:45	4:45	8:45
St. Ann	5:00	9:00	5:00	9:00
St. Peter	5:15	9:15	5:15	9:15
St. John	5:30	9:30	5:30	9:30
St. Paul	5:45	9:45	5:45	9:45
St. Anthony	6:00	10:00	6:00	10:00
St. Joseph	6:15	10:15	6:15	10:15
St. Benedict	6:30	10:30	6:30	10:30
St. Elizabeth	6:45	10:45	6:45	10:45
St. Agnes	7:00	11:00	7:00	11:00
St. Clare	7:15	11:15	7:15	11:15
St. Francis	7:30	11:30	7:30	11:30
St. Rose	7:45	11:45	7:45	11:45
St. Ann	8:00	12:00	8:00	12:00
St. Peter	8:15	12:15	8:15	12:15
St. John	8:30	12:30	8:30	12:30
St. Paul	8:45	12:45	8:45	12:45
St. Anthony	9:00	1:00	9:00	1:00
St. Joseph	9:15	1:15	9:15	1:15
St. Benedict	9:30	1:30	9:30	1:30
St. Elizabeth	9:45	1:45	9:45	1:45
St. Agnes	10:00	2:00	10:00	2:00
St. Clare	10:15	2:15	10:15	2:15
St. Francis	10:30	2:30	10:30	2:30
St. Rose	10:45	2:45	10:45	2:45
St. Ann	11:00	3:00	11:00	3:00
St. Peter	11:15	3:15	11:15	3:15
St. John	11:30	3:30	11:30	3:30
St. Paul	11:45	3:45	11:45	3:45
St. Anthony	12:00	4:00	12:00	4:00
St. Joseph	12:15	4:15	12:15	4:15
St. Benedict	12:30	4:30	12:30	4:30
St. Elizabeth	12:45	4:45	12:45	4:45
St. Agnes	1:00	5:00	1:00	5:00
St. Clare	1:15	5:15	1:15	5:15
St. Francis	1:30	5:30	1:30	5:30
St. Rose	1:45	5:45	1:45	5:45
St. Ann	2:00	6:00	2:00	6:00
St. Peter	2:15	6:15	2:15	6:15
St. John	2:30	6:30	2:30	6:30
St. Paul	2:45	6:45	2:45	6:45
St. Anthony	3:00	7:00	3:00	7:00
St. Joseph	3:15	7:15	3:15	7:15
St. Benedict	3:30	7:30	3:30	7:30
St. Elizabeth	3:45	7:45	3:45	7:45
St. Agnes	4:00	8:00	4:00	8:00
St. Clare	4:15	8:15	4:15	8:15
St. Francis	4:30	8:30	4:30	8:30
St. Rose	4:45	8:45	4:45	8:45
St. Ann	5:00	9:00	5:00	9:00
St. Peter	5:15	9:15	5:15	9:15
St. John	5:30	9:30	5:30	9:30
St. Paul	5:45	9:45	5:45	9:45
St. Anthony	6:00	10:00	6:00	10:00
St. Joseph	6:15	10:15	6:15	10:15
St. Benedict	6:30	10:30	6:30	10:30
St. Elizabeth	6:45	10:45	6:45	10:45
St. Agnes	7:00	11:00	7:00	11:00
St. Clare	7:15	11:15	7:15	11:15
St. Francis	7:30	11:30	7:30	11:30
St. Rose	7:45	11:45	7:45	11:45
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St. John	8:30	12:30	8:30	12:30
St. Paul	8:45	12:45	8:45	12:45
St. Anthony	9:00	1:00	9:00	1:00
St. Joseph	9:15	1:15	9:15	1:15
St. Benedict	9:30	1:30	9:30	1:30
St. Elizabeth	9:45	1:45	9:45	1:45
St. Agnes	10:00	2:00	10:00	2:00
St. Clare	10:15	2:15	10:15	2:15
St. Francis	10:30	2:30	10:30	2:30
St. Rose	10:45	2:45	10:45	2:45
St. Ann	11:00	3:00	11:00	3:00
St. Peter	11:15	3:15	11:15	3:15
St. John	11:3			