# The ..... REFORMER

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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"Thank you," he replied gratefully. "I would not come into the house, of course, except as one who would take the position of a lawyer. I have everything to learn and nothing to contribute. You would have to teach me the simplest duties of a resident. Miss Andrews, I'm afraid you'll be a very willing and excellent pupil."

"I'm not sure of that," she answered, looking at him. "But the people here are dreadfully in need of help, and I suppose you are willing to learn, even if you are a beginner."

"I'm willing to learn anything," he said, "but I'm afraid I'm not much of a beginner. I've had a good deal to do with people, even more than I like, perhaps. But I'm willing to learn, and I'm willing to help in any way I can."

"Then you will be welcome," she said, with a smile that made her face very attractive. "I'm sure you will be a great help to Mr. Gordon. He has been here almost from the beginning, and he knows the people as few do. He has been a great blessing to them, and I'm sure he will be glad to welcome you as a fellow worker."

"Thank you," said John Gordon simply.

"Shall we go, then?" asked David Barton, impatiently. He was evidently annoyed at the interruption of his plans, and his whole manner changed. His sharp, nervous alertness was smothered out of his face. His glance swept over the room while John Gordon was endeavoring to express his appreciation of Miss Andrews' kindness, and Barton's moods were well known to his friend.

"Yes, I believe I have wearied you long enough with my plans and experiences," he said, rising. "The only man I know who would be glad to hear me speak to-night is Harris, and I don't have much faith in him. At the same time, I believe in you, John. I would recommend you at the people. Come to see them. John, I love the people. I am one of them. Tonight as I was shivering and waiting in those holes I could have died for them. But the martyr's stuff is not in me to do for them except by proxy. Let me tell you, John, you are going at the thing backwards. What do you want to go 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 hounds that own the tenements and saloons and vaudeville 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 spoiling with the entire success of last year's campaign. He'll be glad to go over with the administration of sheriff in the coming contest. I tell you, John, there's an unspeakable pack in this city and this winter and Harris and the News will be the means for the entire upheaval. The people will be with us. The press is the only power that can reach the people en masse. They laugh at its editorials and don't care for its influence. It really has no influence with them."

For the first time David Barton seemed disturbed. The frank criticism of his friend concerning the News in respect to its printed matter had not moved him. But this last statement touched a tender spot. Barton's pale cheeks flushed, and he struck the table with his clinched fist.

"Better not tell Harris that! He has an idea that his paper runs the town. He thinks his editorials make public sentiment."

"He's wrong!" John Gordon spoke decidedly. "His editorials have no such power. They are rated along with the rest of the paper. The fact is the yellow journalism works out its own destruction inevitably. Its days are already numbered."

"Our circulation is increasing."

"All the bigger fall when it comes," replied John Gordon briefly, and then they were both startled by a voice from the doorway of the room adjoining.

"Beg pardon, Barton, I couldn't make you hear, though I knocked twice."

Barton turned his head as a man came into the room and exclaimed, "Mr. Harris!" at the same time nodding a questioning look to Gordon. "Wonder how much he heard?"

Harris walked up to the table and coolly helped himself to a cigar from a little Clarence pot and lighted it at the cigar jet.

"Mr. John Gordon, Mr. Harris," said Barton, who had fully recovered his usual indifferent attitude by this time.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Gordon," said Harris, puffing out a very long white head. John Gordon took it, although instinctively he felt a most intense dislike for the man.

He was of a thin, wiry physique, smooth faced, a bloodless complexion, straight lips and cold gray eyes. His manner was perfectly self possessed, and neither Gordon nor Barton could detect any sign on his face that he had overheard a syllable of their talk before he entered. He was faultlessly dressed and had the general appearance of a man who has exhausted a large part of his interest in life on account of a large number of intense experiences. At the same time there was a serious alertness about him that was very noticeable. He was not blase in the ordinary use of that word. He evidently had boundless faith in himself. John Gordon had no difficulty in telling why the man produced such a dislike in him. It was because of his absolute egotism.

"Mr. Gordon is my friend; the one I mentioned to you the other day as a possible contributor in a new department," Barton said as Harris still remained standing near the table.

Harris looked at Gordon and said carelessly:

"I understand you are going to experiment down in the slums around Bowen street."

"I may live there. I don't know about experimenting," said John Gordon coldly. He was rapidly beginning to have Miss Andrews' dislike of the word "slums" as he had already grown to have a hatred of the idea of "experimenting" with the people.

Harris walked over to a chair at the other end of the table, and after a silence which neither Barton nor Gordon seemed inclined to break he said, leaning a little forward and speaking with careful emphasis:

"Mr. Gordon, I am prepared to make you a proposition that I hope you will at least thoughtfully consider. The News now has a circulation of 700,000 copies a day. That means that practically 2,000,000 people read it. At least half the population of the city read my paper. It is especially true of the workingmen, the poor and the people of the street and the shop. The boulevard may not take the News. Granted."

Gordon, looking at the newspaper owner, thought he could detect just a shadow of resentment under the apparent indifference. "But the slums take it and read it. I'd rather have the solid reader any time. The boulevard does not make anything nor itself, but the slum makes conditions. Now, then, this is my proposition. I will give you the entire control of a page of the News to write up the conditions of the city where you expect to live or work. May I ask whether Mr. Barton has not told you?"

"I expect to live as a resident in Hope House."

Harris's manner with its repressed contempt was considerable. He expected to detect some sense of shame when Barton had told his friend of where he was going to live, but there was no sign of that. Barton was a queer fellow, that was all Harris could say to himself.

"Well, don't keep anything back. The News itself—you know my ideas about it. The paper is full of sensation. It is unreliable. It is not long-suffering, but any thoughtful man is specific."

"What difference does that make if you have your own page to do with it as you like?"

Barton spoke with apparent indifference concerning his friend's estimate of journalism, as if he either acknowledged the truth of Gordon's statement or did not care to argue it.

"Of course it makes a good deal of difference. Do you think Harris is sincere in his reform movements? Is he using the paper to help the people or is he simply taking up popular causes because he is shrewd enough to see that it is good policy for the News?"

Barton looked at John Gordon quizzically.

"Do you know Harris?"

"I've seen him, but I don't know him."

"Neither do I. He's put $2,000,000 into the News and the paper has made at least half that in the time it has been going. He's proud as Lucifer and has Lucifer's ambition. He's willing to do anything except get into jail for the paper, and he'd probably do that if it would increase the circulation. But what difference does it make to you, John, so long as you have full swing in your own department?"

"I don't know that my work will really be helped by going into print. To tell the honest truth, I have no faith in Harris, and I have a contempt for his journalistic methods. Now look here."

John Gordon picked up from the table a copy of the News and began reading some of the headlines.

"'Microbes In Car Straps' Menace to Traveling Public' Danger Explained by Professor Rohrer of the University'

"'The Richest Woman In the World' Her Daily Routine' Over $500,000 Worth of Gems In Her Hair at the Court Ball'

"'The Cost of One Day's Stress For Two Fourteenth Street Bloods' Itemized Account'

"'Mrs. Brown Calls Mrs. Jones a Liar' They Have a Scrap' Time of It in the Back Yard' The Neighbors Take a Hand'

"'Theological Seminary at the University' Professors Do Not Agree' Future Ministers Taught That Hell Never Existed'

"'The Newest Fad' Society's Craze For Electrical Massage' The Latest Developments'

"'The Tallest Woman In America' Her Feet, Legs, Hands etc'

"'Electrocuted in the City Hall' A Full Exposure of Dr. Lemmon's Experiments' Policeman Murphy Scores a Hit at Alderman Bowers' Burn on the Light'

"'Intemperance' Ice Cream' As Epidemic Luxury' Men Have Had a Close Call'

"'Terrible Mistake' of an Old Father' Presents Himself Into a Vat of Boiling Lard'"

"You're killing your self."

At last John Gordon spoke slowly:

"David, do you know how much you have tempted me?"

"Are you mad?"

"I'm not so sure. The offer is full of possibilities. Still"

"Well, don't keep anything back. The News itself—you know my ideas about it. The paper is full of sensation. It is unreliable. It is not long-suffering, but any thoughtful man is specific."

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"I am prepared to make you a proposition."


# Dropsy

Neuralgia of the Heart For Years.

Pain Went From Heart to Head.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine Cured.

"About three years ago my sister was badly affected with heart trouble and neuralgia of the heart that we did not expect to live. Although we had a first class physician she grew worse under his care. She had a swollen dropsical look and frequent spells of neuralgia pain at heart when she would render the most heartrending moans and shrieks. At times she would go from her heart to her head and a lump would appear on her temple as large as an egg. One night she went to bed and ran into the back yard in great pain; she was not conscious of it at the time and was brought back to the house by others. I bought her a bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure which helped her greatly. She afterward used five or six bottles and has never been troubled. I had used your medicine with great success myself. I know that Nervine and Heart Cure not only saved my sister's life but saved me from insanity and weak nerves. For nervous I could not bear the slightest noise or movement around me and I had palpitation and pain in the heart, choking sensations, dizzy and fainting smothering spells when I could not get my breath; I was so nervous I would cry like a child and at one time I thought I was losing my mind. Now I am entirely free from insanity."—KATIE VOSS, Cedar Creek, Pa.

All druggists sell and recommend Dr. Miles' Remedies. Book on Nervous and Heart Diseases sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.


face, with its great, glowing forehead toward John Gordon.

The grim death had closed its long hand on Barton's heart, and the stubborn cynicism of his life Barton refused to acknowledge its mastery, although, confirmed victims of consumption have acknowledged himself that death would be could not shake him off.

John Gordon mournfully gazed at the recumbent figure on the bed.

"Forgive me, David. I have been so busy over my own plans that I have not thought of you. Who have you let me know about"—

"Oh, let's talk of your matters. They can wait. Besides, don't you think it is not the thing to talk to sick men about their condition? Don't you believe that I have anything to say about Harris' offer?"

"I have decided not to accept," replied John Gordon quietly.

"That's plump. Say why."

John Gordon did not answer.

"I've already told you partly why. Harris confirms my opinion of him as to his insincerity. He simply wants to use the fact of my connection with Hope House to get a feature story less sensational for the News."

"You didn't take to him very strongly, did you?" Barton chuckled.

"I found myself in dance of him."

"Still, Harris has his merits. He's the most egotistic man I ever knew, but with the exception of you and perhaps a dozen other men of my faults, he's interesting. He's a thing." Barton repeated "In particular, John. I don't see how you can't carry on the department and make things around Bowen street hum for reform if you have me to help you. If you expect me to come along and give you a column daily to boost your reforms you'll have to wait till angels are in the newspaper business. That is the last thing I don't know any more about quaintance so far has been in that direction."

"There's another reason given for refusing Harris," John Gordon spoke thoughtfully. "I know the people before I go to live or write about them. I must spend at least ten years in seeing, hearing, thinking. I am not much in writing unless I know what the hell I am talking about."

"No; I don't know."

"He said: 'I have a conviction of one class being the root of all social evil, the neglected people.' The mass was the key to reclamation of the whole method that would that quite remarkable met him to know all around slums. I wish they had a voice. Now, you are in the newspaper business. The final way that I have to live among the people at least until I write with some degree of knowledge page of democratic principles papers for publication especially to get the public mind to do it."

"You speak hopelessly," said Barton, with a slight sneer in his voice. "Finding no help in Harris or the News, you are ready to throw up the whole thing. You are not that kind of a man, John Gordon. You have too much at stake."

John Gordon paused a moment.

"Of course we shall differ as to the things we place at stake. What was valuable and important for the rich drunkard is not necessarily so for the poor."

To be continued next week.

The plague of [illegible] The destroyer of [illegible]