

# The . . . REFORMER

By CHARLES M. SHAWN.  
Author of "Hi-De-Ho," "Robert Bush's Seven Days," Etc.



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"Yes, the city will kill her. It will kill her. I tell you!" cried out Barton in a gurgling burst of rage.

"The world kills all its prophets and reformers in one way or another," said John Gordon, softly. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. The world people that smother Miss Andrews will say she is doing a wicked work, death comes to her escape to the poor, because she dares to expose the

whole system."

"She is right, father," said David.

"The world is a bad place. It kills without mercy. It kills without pity, going on the mere whims of the herd."

"I always thought it was better to be born into the world than to be born out of it."

"I always thought the world was good, but now I know better."

"I always thought Miss Andrews was right, but now I know better. She is right, but she is not alone in her opinion."

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the people that crucified Jesus. It was the scribes and Pharisees."

"The people yelled, 'Crucify him!'

"The rabble, you mean."

"What's the difference?"

"I don't know exactly, but the rabble is not the people."

"Mighty fine distinction," Barton muttered again. "Of course you can't

drown gravity, although she was always calmly serious."

She quietly, but with the same manner of doubtful hesitation, put the book in his hands and went into the hall to answer a summons.

John Gordon opened the volume and began to run down the names in the list. He was alone at the time, and in thinking back over the experience he was able to recall the strange sensation he had of isolation from every friend, even Barton, whom he had not seen for several days. This feeling of isolation was so unusually strong that he had to fight against the falsehood that there was no tie of friendship in his work, that he stood alone in the struggle for humanity.

Name after name of agents or firms or companies having control of the property around Hope House had been read by him, and he had not reached the block he had been studying, for his interest deepened every moment as he recognized familiar names, familiar in the commercial and social world.

He turned over a page and came to the section marked "Waterside," and the second name he read was "Rufus Gordon," with numbers indicating ownership of several of the worst houses in the block. He read the name with heightened color and went on, and near the top of the opposite page he saw the name of Philis H. March and numbers enclosing him with own for half a dozen tenements. Climbing to the bottom of the page, he discovered the same name again as the owner of property which, by reference to the map of the appendix, he identified, by comparison with his own draft of the block, as saloon and gambling property.

"Linella's father?" The idea that for years the woman to whom he had given his affections had lived in the luxury of her home, kept in the possession of her husband, the man who had sold her into prostitution, was too much for him to bear. "How dare they do this to me?" he said, clutching the book in his hands. "They must be punished for this!"

"Hemp of difference to them, though. I suppose you know that even the potties don't get in Miss Andrews' way so much as the people themselves. They don't know enough to make the general good of greater concern than their private good. They're an ungrateful lot, the people are."

"Not all of them. But even if they were, I don't know as that is any reason for letting them alone. Jesus probably knew that only one of the ten lepers would return to give thanks, yet he healed them all."

"They must be mighty ashamed of themselves by this time," said Barton wearily. "Good instantly noted it."

"You're tired out. Not another word tonight. Can't I do anything for you? No? You will call me if you need me?"

"Yes, of course. You know where your old room is. Just make yourself at home. I give orders to William when your things come to get your room ready. Sound sleep to you."

In the morning the friends breakfasted at a clubroom near by, where Barton had bachelor quarters at table, and John Gordon noted with concern the face of Barton, which showed marks of wakefulness.

"I coughed once or twice just to keep in practice. And at 6 o'clock I went off again just as a reminder of getting up time. But don't you worry. I'll be all right when I get used to it."

He laughed lightly and accompanied Gordon part way down into the city, leaving him at the point where the Hope House district began, after exacting a promise from him that he would take dinner with him at 7 that evening.

John Gordon went at once to Hope House and had a conference with Miss Andrews.

"There is no reason why I should not begin my work at once," Gordon said.

"The trouble is—Miss Andrews spoke with a slight smile—"you are not like the average resident. More than half of my people during the last ten years have left me to enter their life work. Now I understand."

"This is my life work," said Gordon gravely.

"It is a matter of both life and death to Gordon. But let us arrange a definite programme," she added, as if disturbed by some idea of going to the conference. "How would you like a tenement house tour to begin with?"

"I will do whatever you suggest. I am sure that whatever it is, it will be just the right thing to do."

"Here is a programme for you. Will you always be an anarchist?"

"I hope so."

"Very well." She hesitated a moment. "Suppose you go out with Ford. He is making a report of the black market in Bowen street. You can sleep in."

"I was silent a moment.

"Mr. March?" Miss Andrews asked, and John Gordon, who had been wondering if he could tell Miss Andrews anything about Lucia, realized that she was in total ignorance of Lucia and her father.

"These names—" "You found them. Of course I intended you should. I am sorry for you." Miss Andrews spoke sadly.

"Sorry for me. Sorry for them. Miss Andrews, I am not altogether surprised to find my father's name here, but Mr. March?"

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