SHERIFF'S SALE

Delinquent Tax 1901

By virtue of a warrant issued by the County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, commanding me to sell the several tracts or parcels of real property embraced in the delinquent tax list for the year 1901, in the manner and form as upon sale of real property on execution;

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said warrant, I will, on Saturday, the 28th day of February, 1902, A. D., commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Sheriff's office in the Courthouse at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the person who will pay the taxes, costs and accruing penalties thereon and take a certificate at the lowest rate of interest therefor, the following described real property, as appearing on the said delinquent tax roll for the said year of 1901, to-wit:

Bailey, P. P.—SW. ¼ of SW. ¼ of Sec. 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 40 acres	$ 9 78
Bailey, Ann—W. ½ of lot 3, block 12, City of Forest Grove	2 61
Barrett, Mary—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, E. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 2, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 60 acres	12 93
Bateman, Charles—W. ½ of SW. ¼, SE. ¼ of SW. ¼ of SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 26, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 150 acres	18 31
Bauer, Geo. H.—W. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 3 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres	6 37
Bernauer, Rudolph—80 acres in J. McGill, D. L. C. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., described as follows: Commencing 4.21 chains W. of NE. corner of Sec. 32, T. 1 S., R. 1 W.; thence W. 14.69 chains; thence S. 21.30 chains; thence E. 14.69 chains; thence N. 21.30 chains to beginning	10 65
Bernard, Frank—N. ¼ of lot 2, block 11, Forest Grove	1 10
Blumaur, S.—NW. ¼ SE. ¼ Sec. 16, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., and SW. ¼ Sec. 15, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 480 acres	10 70
Bowen, Chauncey W.—4½ acres in Sec. 15, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 183 of book No. 55, Records of Deeds for Washington County	2 60
Brown, M. P., and Beach, E. L.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 1, T. 2 S., R. 3 W., 80 acres	15 52
Burris, S. A., Mrs.—Commencing 42.77 chains N. and 10.34 chains W. of SE. corner of Sec. 36, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.; thence N. 4 deg. 50 min. E. 4.16 chains; thence S. 89 deg. 8 min. E. 2.50 chains; thence S. 52 deg. W. 4.15 chains; thence N. 43 deg. 8 min. W. 2.74 chains to beginning, containing 1.87 acres, in I. Kelsey D. L. C. No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and No. 57, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., less 103 feet off the north end of the above described tract, conveyed to C. T. Crow	3 95
Campbell, C. B.—Commencing at the NW. corner of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove; thence S. 128 feet; thence E. 50 feet; thence N. 128 feet; thence W. 50 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove	4 59
Campbell, R. S.—Lots 25, 26, block 12, West Portland Heights	53
Cheney, Ella R.—14 acres in Sec. 24, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 50, page 126; book 23, page 241; book 27, page 114; book 40, pages 31 and 216, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Or	13 83
Cochran, T. R., and Carr R.—Lot 5, block 8, North Side Addition to Hillsboro	1 74
Connelly, Mary A.—5 acres in Sec. 24, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 412 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	2 61
Cadwell, L. M., and Irene—Lot 4 and part of lots 1, 2, 3, block 2, Forest Grove, described as follows: Commencing at the SW. corner of block 2, Forest Grove; thence N. 302 feet; thence E. 302 feet; thence S. 302 feet; thence W. 302 feet to beginning, less tracts described in book 57, page 485; book 59, pages 159 and 200; book 58, page 115; book 62, page 328, of Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	150 43
Dailey, N. A., and George Simmons—lots 15, 16, block 1, Highland Park Addition to Hillsboro	3 24
Day, H. F., and Adams, W. H.—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 21, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 40 acres	4 09
Dean, Thomas, Sr.—1 acre in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 121 of book P, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	2 03
Dean, Thos., and Smith, C. E.—3 acres in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 323 of book No. 55, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	2 89
Doney, S. R.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 24, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 160 acres	4 65
Doughty, Franklin—25 acres in A. Harper's D. L. C., No. 51, T. 1 S., R. 3 W.; No. 41, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., and in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 296 of book No. 45, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	8 47
Dreger, G., and Strauber, F.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 19, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres	10 16
Elmer, John, and Friday, John B.—26⅔ acres in Secs. 10 and 15, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book M., page 522; book 50, page 24, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	4 32
Erickson, Maranda—Lots 22, 23, block 12, Hyde Park	99
Finney, A.—Commencing 99½ feet W. of NE. corner of block 8, Hillsboro; thence S. 199 feet; thence W. 31 feet; thence N. 198 feet; thence E. 31 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 8, Hillsboro	19 12
Foster, Thomas J.—Lot 6, Yerex Subdivision of Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., 20 acres	15 04
Fretz, Anna—NW. ¼ of SE. ¼ Sec. 9, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 40 acres	2 78
Fuqua, J. W.—½ acre in E. Walker D. L. C. No. 60, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., and No. 42, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 94 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	2 23
Gretzschel, Ernest—N. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 22, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 20 acres	4 25
Hanson, C. W.—Lot 27, block 12, West Portland Heights	25
Heath, Rachel, heirs of—W. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 6, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 80 acres	14 65
Hill, Sarah A.—N. ½ of NE. ¼ Sec. 3, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 84¼ acres	5 72
Hendershott, William—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 22, T. 1 S., R. 2 W., 40 acres	4 65
Huston, S. R.—Lots 10, 11, 12, Millard & Van Schuyver Tract, 30 acres	8 14
Jackson, Mary A.—N. ½ of NW. ¼, SE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 14, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 120 acres	8 63
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 6, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 40 acres	2 68
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—SE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 31, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres	8 41
Kenny, Joseph—W. ½ of NE. ¼, SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres	11 96
Kenny, Edw. P.—S. ½ of SW. ¼, NE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 36, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres	11 57
Kilner, George H.—41 acres in I. Butler D. L. C. No. 48, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., as described on page 355 of book No. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	14 71
Kinder, Maggie—NE. ¼ Sec. 8, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres	10 62
Knox, Lula F.—Commencing at a point 301 feet W. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 85 feet; thence E. 60 feet; thence N. 20¼ feet; thence W. 165 feet; thence S. 115¼ feet; thence E. 65 feet to beginning, being parts of lots 1, 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove	11 91
Knox, A. T.—Commencing at a point 150 feet W. and 115 feet N. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 86 feet; thence W. 55 feet; thence S. 66¼ feet; thence W. 46¼ feet; thence S. 19¾ feet; thence E. 101¼ feet to beginning, being part of lots 1 and 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove	5 11
Krause, Gustave—6 acres in Sec. 8, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 400 of book No. 28, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	2 30
Kuehne, Richard—106 acres, W. W. Graham D. L. C., No. 39, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 33, page 335, and book 49, page 325, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	51 48
Lamkin, Mary A.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 29, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres	7 19
Leahy, John—25 acres, in Sec. 35, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 65 of book No. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	5 96
Lemon, William—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼ of SW. ¼ Sec. 4, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 10 acres	2 09
Lucas, A. C.—N. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 3 S., R. 2 W., 80 acres	11 60
Lyon, M. C.—E. ½ of NE. ¼, E. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 27, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 160 acres	18 78
Lyon, M. C.—NE. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 34, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 40 acres	3 84
Lyon, M. C.—NW. ¼ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 35, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 120 acres	12 13
Malotte, C. T.—Lot 19, block 13, Hyde Park	53
Martins, John B.—Lots 1 and 2, Sec. 10, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 16 acres	3 56
Mayer, Andrew—Lots 14 and 15, block 13, Hyde Park	90
McDorman, J. M.—Lot 7, block 4, Thorne's Addition to Hillsboro	6 54
Montgomery, J. D.—NW. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres	12 95
Moore, Mary H.—Lots 1, 2, 3, block 3, Simmons' Addition to Hillsboro	20 76
Morrison, D. A., and E. M.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, block 3, Tongue's Addition to Hillsboro	9 14
Nelson, Martin—Lots 6, 7, 8, block 22, West Portland Heights	84
Newell, R. J. and A.—150 acres in J. B. Robinson D. L. C. No. 50, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., as described in book L, page 324, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	44 37
Parker, Rebecca—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, block D, Steel's Addition to Beaverton	7 54
Patrone, Lorenzo—11 acres in Secs. 21 and 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 421 of book No. 36; page 157, book 21, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	6 80
Patterson, Sarah E., heirs of—18 acres in Secs. 25, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and 30, T. 1 N., R. 2 W	8 19
Pike, A. W.—½ acre in William P. Hall D. L. C. No. 44, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 329 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	9 42
Pape, Anderson & Co.—59 acres in Sec. 6, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 410 of book No. 50, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	6 22
Raab, William, Lot 1 and 5 acres off of the E. side lot 4, Sec. 11, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 29 acres	4 14
Ranous, Fannie A.—Lots 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, Fruitdale, 34.61 acres	8 85
Randall, A. M., Mrs.—Lots 18, 20, 21, 22, block 12, West Portland Heights	98
Rasmussen, P. J. and E. R.—N. ½ of block 7, Finney's Addition to Hillsboro	3 21
Reghetto, D.—6¼ acres in L. Hall D. L. C. No. 42, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 81 of book No. 52, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	17 32
Reidt, William—Lot 16, block 2; lots 4, 16, block 5; lots 9, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 34, block 8; lots 1, 2, block 10; lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 24, block 11; lots 10, 11, 17, 18, 28, 29, block 12; lot 26, block 16; lots 5, 9, 16, 11, 12, 13, block 19; lots 4, 5, block 20, West Portland Heights	4 60
Reidt, William—Lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, block 14, West Portland Heights	90
Reidt, William—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 13, block 20, West Portland Heights	4 54
Rottger, Christian—Lots 7, 8, Sec. 29, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres	5 40
Rottger, Christian—NE. ¼ of SE. ¼, and lot 8, Sec. 30, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 78 acres	5 40
Seely, S. W., and wife—Lot 5, block 5, Sherwood	1 80
Semler, P. J., trustee—5 acres in Sec. 25, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 184 of book No. 43, Record of Deeds for Washington County	7 77
Sharp, M. C.—Lots 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, block 29, West Portland Heights	1 16
Shindler, G.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, block 7, West Portland Place	1 56
Shryock, C. W.—An undivided ½ interest in NE. ¼ Sec. 22, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 80 acres	6 48
Soderland, Noach—6½ acres in B. H. Catching D. L. C. No. 39, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.; No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 27 of book No. 28, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	1 42
Soderland, Noach—10 acres in Sec. 28, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 75 of book No. 28, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	3 06
Soderland, N.—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼, lot 1, Sec. 3, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 54 acres	6 92
Tate, E. R.—Lot 11, block 9, Simmons Addition, Hillsboro	3 21
Taylor, W. M.—Lots 13, 14, block 10, South Park Addition, Forest Grove	4 07
Thorpe, H. C., ½ acre, Sec. 24, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 474 of book No. 53, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	2 47
Timms, H. M.—30 acres, Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., and 53½ acres, Sec. 16, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 492 of book No. 46, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	57 13
Ulenske, Louis—6 acres in Sec. 26, T. 1 S., R. 2 W., as described on page 301 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	1 33
Walker, N. J.—8½ acres in Sec. 14, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 223 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	5 20
Watson, Joseph—Lot 21, Garden Home, 10 acres	10 113
Wehrung, Henry—Lots 1 and 2, block 1, Fairview Addition, Hillsboro	7 36
White, Samuel, SE. ¼ of SW. ¼, Section 32, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 40 acres	2 03
Wilson, Brice—SE. ¼ Sec. 21, T. 1 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres	10 72
Wilson, John, heirs of—W. ½ of SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 20, T. 2 N., R. 1 W., and 153 acres in Sec. 31, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 251 of book No. 40, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	19 40
Witham, Albert A.—N. ½ of NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 13, T. 1 N., R. 5 W., 19 acres	1 56
Young, L. A.—36 acres in Sec. 24, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., and James McGill D. L. C. No. 38, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described in book 28, page 413; book 29, page 413; book 26, page 87, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, less the following tract: Commencing at NW. corner Sec. 24, T. 1 N., R. 1 W.; thence W. 4.91 chains; thence S. 15.24 chains; thence E. 27.91 chains; thence N. 60.45 chains; thence W. 6.25 chains; thence N. 6.50 chains; thence W. 16.75 chains; thence N. 2.50 chains to beginning, containing 22 acres; tract remaining containing 4 acres	2 44
Young, Lincoln A.—8 acres, James McGill D. L. C., No. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 149 of book No. 40, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon	5 23

Sheriff's Assessment.

Beavert, Jane—Commencing 80 rods E. ¼ Sec. corner on W. side Sec. 23, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.; thence S. 160 feet; thence W. 130 feet; thence N. 160 feet; thence E. 130 feet to beginning, ¼ acre	2 31

Said sale will be made subject to redemption, as per statute of Oregon.

J. W. SEWELL,
Sheriff and ex-Officio Tax Collector for Washington County, Oregon.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 29th day of January, 1902.

The Reformer

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

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

Copyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon

Mary had risen and was going back into the other room singing gayly,

"For it lies at the depth of the heart,"

when John Gordon spoke again.

"Father, will you wait here a few moments? I wish to have a little talk with Mary. And I would like to finish our conference," he hesitated, but Rufus Gordon answered as he went over to a writing desk, "I'll be here when you are through." He sat down and began to write, while John and Mary went together into the next room.

"Mary, I want to talk seriously with you," John Gordon began as Mary commenced to sing in a mocking tone,

"The sadness that grows with the years"—

"No! No! Listen to me once, just this once, Mary, with seriousness. You know we have played together and lightly treated the world all these years. But it cannot go on forever. I have come to a place, Mary, where I must choose between father and you and the work of my life. It is no playing matter now."

"Why, what are you going to do?"

It was the same question his father had asked and it presented again the same mental difficulty to John Gordon. If his father failed to understand his son's motives, his sister was, if anything, far less capable of knowing what her brother had in mind.

"I am going—I am going to—God help me, I do not yet know all—but I cannot live this life any longer. What do we do, Mary, but make playtime of life? And the people are beginning to wake up from their sleep of the ages and stretch their limbs with more and more consciousness of power. We shall be playthings to them, if we do not love them and go to work. That is all we shall be fit for—playthings—that is all we have ever done—play—and it is murder to play all the time in a world like ours."

"What's the matter with you, John? What makes you act so? You talk like one of these socialists, these horrid men that are always making so much fuss about rich people and—and

"John, will you go with me this evening?"

all that!" Mary spoke with a touch of petulance as near excitement or anger as she generally became under strong temptation.

"I am one, Mary," replied John Gordon quietly.

"What! A socialist! You! John Gordon!" The girl spoke in genuine astonishment. And with a gesture of real fear she moved away and stood looking at him as if seeing something new and strange in him.

"You don't need to be afraid of me, Mary," John said with a slight smile. "I can't explain it all to you. But all my views have changed within the last few months. It is not possible for me to continue the business that father has built up. He has been so deeply set upon it that I know my refusal to make his plans my own has angered him beyond forgiveness. You know father well enough to know that I cannot expect anything from him in the way of encouragement in the career I have planned."

"Why, you have not told me at all what you plan to do!" exclaimed his sister hopelessly.

"I am going to work for the people! I am going to"—

John Gordon paused as a vision of his future, mistlike, but in rugged outline, grew on the screen of his imagination. "The people!" There it was: Ignorant, some of it, but hourly rising into a desperate intelligence, which, undirected, would prove its own and the city's destruction. "The people," toiling, sweating, acting figures in the great human drama that were neither supernumeraries nor leading parts, but so vital to the whole movement of the tragedy that it all was destined to sweep on to its final act, with them as resultant cause! "The people," vague, but certain, full of unwritten histories, but making all history possible, and bearing in face and attitude the weal or woe of republics! "The people," driven in herds one day, leading the masses the next, while all problems of life surged up and down the thronging highways, entanglements caused by murderous greed, by inherited customs, by the physical passions that know no education of refinement due to civilization! "The people," born of the soil, but molded by the city, some of it to starve and riot and drink and grow indifferent to the very wrongs that made it what it was, and he, John Gordon, the son of Rufus Gordon, the great financier, the man of "deals" and "combines" and "operations"—and he, John Gordon, was going to devote his young manhood to "the people," to the training and directing of this misdirected giant, because the smiled at its strange possibility, because he had grown to love it, a love taught him by personal religious experience, so real, so profound, that he knew it dug a gulf as deep as space between his father and his sister and himself. Nothing but a similar experience on their part could ever fill the gulf, nothing but a similar miracle of regeneration could ever make him understood by them.

Mary had gone over to the piano and was humming the tune she had been singing when she interrupted the talk between father and brother. After a moment John Gordon went over and put his hand on his sister's shoulder.

"All through?" she said, turning about from the piano.

There were tears in John Gordon's eyes as he looked down at her. When he spoke, it was very gently.

"It all means, of course, that I am going away. Do you understand that, Mary? This will not be my home any more. It will not be possible for me to live here and do"—

"It's all very strange to me, John," said his sister. "You have every chance in the world and you prefer to throw it away for—for a lot of people who don't care."

"They will care."

"What good if they do, John?" His sister suddenly turned toward him very much as his father had, and laid her hand on his arm. "John, the people will not care. What can you do? Surely we are not to blame for all the wrong in the city. I heard what you said to father. It is simply absurd to think that we are responsible for the way things go. And it is nonsense to think you can do anything. Think how it will look in print! 'John Gordon, the reformer! John Gordon, the socialist!'"

"Don't, Mary! It will be hard enough without your sneer."

"I did not mean to sneer." She seemed honestly grieved, and he instantly leaned over and kissed her cheek. But even as he did so he knew she had turned away from him a little, and when he raised his head she did not look up or return his caress. He still stood by her silently, realizing each moment more keenly the chasm that stretched between them owing to his religious experience.

"Where are you going to live? You say you cannot live here with us any more?" his sister finally asked.

"I don't know."

"Will you live with the people?"

"It is possible."

"It is absurd. I don't understand."

"You cannot." He said it with a sadness that realized the futility of explanations.

"And of course Luella will go with you! She is such a lover of the people!"

"Luella!"

"You have forgotten her?"

"No!" And yet he had—at least he had absorbed all his thought for the time about his home relations and had not reckoned on facing this question of the relation which would exist between himself and the woman who had promised to be his wife when he had asked her as John Gordon, son of Rufus Gordon. What would she say now to John Gordon, reformer?

He sat down and put his hands over his face, while Mary watched him curiously, very much as the father had done.

"Luella is very proud. Still, she might enjoy living in the slums and studying problems. She is full of contradictions."

"That is true," John Gordon whispered to himself as he lifted up his face.

"Luella thinks a good deal of you, John."

"That is true, too," he whispered to himself again.

"Still, when you think how Luella has been brought up you can't be surprised if she should refuse to do some things, especially if they mean loss of social standing. Love must be reasonable."

"And unreasonable," said John Gordon, with a faint smile. "Love beareth all things."

Mary Gordon stared at her brother. "Of course anything is possible. But Luella"—

She smiled to herself and then stared at her brother, and then carelessly turned about and began to sing:

"Oh, the sadness that grows with the years!"

John Gordon turned toward the other room, but before he had gone out Mary rose and came quickly up to him.

"This is not goodby, John?"

"Yes." He turned and looked at her earnestly.

"Of course"—she hesitated—"of course the reason I don't show more feeling is because I cannot believe you are really going to leave us for good. You will try the reforming business a little while, and after you have learned that you cannot do anything you will come back and let father work out his plan for you, which, I must say, is far more sensible than what you propose. So I don't intend to say goodby, John, and I hope Luella will be as good to you as I am."

She instantly went back to the piano, sat down and began to sing and play gayly. John Gordon looked at her for a moment, then went into the other room and found his father still writing there. He went up to the desk and waited until his father laid down his pen.

"Well?" he said as he lifted his head and looked up at his son. "You have something more to say?"

There was not a hint in the tone or manner to suggest to John Gordon any affection or feeling. He was not surprised. He had not expected anything. But he put out his hand toward his father almost like one who is sinking and sees some floating object swept out of reach on a receding wave.

"You understand, father, that I do not ask anything of you. Grandmother's share of the Waller estate is due me next year. I will take care of myself until then."

Rufus Gordon did not speak, and John Gordon continued:

"All this—my action is and always will be strange to you, father. The religious experience through which I passed while abroad makes any other course impossible for me. As I said to you before, the life we have been living in this city seems now to be a monstrous life for civilized people to live. The term Christian has no meaning at all unless it means service, sacrifice, sharing in some real sense with the world's needs. The civilization which means simply getting all it can out of the world instead of putting all it can into it is a civilization that cannot be called Christian. My soul is unable to rest, my life cannot go on with such contradictions torturing it. That is the reason, father, that our ways divide. Would to God that we could see and walk together!"

The cry was wrung from him by a sharp and sudden pain that took account of the fact of blood kinship. It was the cry of human fellowship, the exclamation of a personality that had always placed great stress on the value of companionship. But there was no cry from the man who sat coldly looking at him. Rufus Gordon was a father, but he was also that personification of the net product of our un-Christian methods—he was crystallized selfishness—none the less selfish because civilized, all the more selfish because it was more effective in civilized form. Ignorant self is not so destructive as educated self.

"Is there anything more?" Rufus Gordon asked the question as a business proposition to close an interview that was taking valuable time needed for more important transactions.

"Nothing more except that I hope you will—you will not bear any hard feelings toward me. Oh, father!" John Gordon suddenly exclaimed, taking a step toward the impassive figure. "You said you loved me. Cannot you believe in me and the life I have chosen?"

For a moment over the hard face there swept a tremor. It was gone in a moment and Rufus Gordon answered slowly:

"You have chosen. When you change your mind, you may come and see me about it."

"I shall never change my mind."

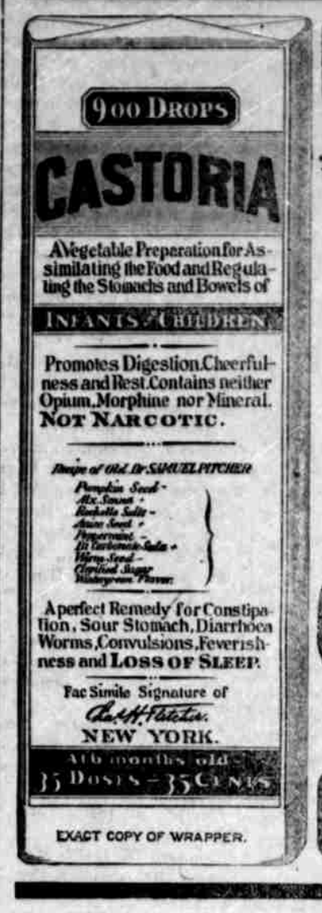
"That is all, then?"

"Yes, except that my love for you and Mary is still the same. Some time, when you have felt what I have, you will believe as I do."

Rufus Gordon made no answer, and John Gordon slowly turned to leave the room.

"I will arrange to have my things taken over to Barton's. I am going to stay with him until I arrange for my permanent quarters."

He left the room and went upstairs, where he busied himself with packing the few possessions he had brought home with him from abroad. During



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CHAPTER II.

"Studying life, eh?" said David Barton.

ARE you quite sure you understand the situation, Luella?"

John Gordon asked the question gravely, but his look did not betray any anxiety yet. He had been talking to Luella Marsh for several minutes. His face also was grave, almost solemnly so, but there was a growing expression of uneasiness upon it as she turned her head toward her lover.

"I think so—yes," she said slowly.

"In other words, you mean no," said John Gordon, smiling slowly.

Luella Marsh returned the smile and then became instantly grave again.

"I would like to ask you a few more questions. May I?"

"Of course."

"Then I don't know that I am quite it all his highly imaginative and even poetical nature took account of the prosaic and matter of fact way in which he was taking leave of the house where he was born and of the home in which he had been reared. There had been no melodramatic disinheritance of him by his father, although he knew him well enough to know that the life he had chosen, directly contrary to his father's lifelong wishes, practically swept him outside the financial thought, so far as Rufus Gordon was concerned. The impossibility of staying in a home, with all its acts of disobedience to the greatest rule of life, was what made the removal of John Gordon absolutely imperative. That this removal was taking place without the outward spoken words of tragedy made the real action no less real or painful.

When he finally came downstairs, he found no one in the house. At first he felt strangely oppressed. Afterward he felt relieved. He had chosen his life, as he had said, and his choice had seriously begun. As he laid his hand on the door to open it the consciousness of his uncertainty regarding Luella Marsh swept out of his thought even the sense that he was actually bidding goodby to the home he had known for thirty years. Would this woman he loved as never in all his life before—would she choose the life he had chosen? She was rich, or her father was. She was gifted, an aristocrat by birth and training, a woman of strong and original personality, with many impulses not yet known even to John Gordon. He was almost startled at the sudden realization that he was in ignorance concerning her actual character so far as the present crisis was concerned. Yet he knew that according to her answer now would depend the shaping of his own future. They had become engaged while he was in his last year at the university. Then he had gone abroad, and their correspondence had evidently deepened their respect and affection. He had written her of his religious experience—not in detail, but her answers had apparently satisfied him. His choices, ambitions, longing for service, had all followed so tumultuously on the event of his religious crisis that he had not ventured to say to her in letters what he had begun to experience as a profound conviction. Every moment now, therefore, he felt with growing astonishment, confronted him with an unknown problem, although the woman in all the world to him was at the heart of all that was great and possible.

He opened the door and stepped out. The roar of the city smote his senses with new meaning as he went down the steps and entered the stream of the city's life. He would go at once to Luella Marsh. Whatever it was to be for him, suspense was not bearable. Hitherto he had emphasized his own love for her. Henceforth he must know to what extent she loved him, for humanity had now become a part of the creed of his life, and the woman who was to share all with him must love humanity as well as—himself. The people—he was one of them now. Would she love him as such, or would she cling to the traditional selfishness of her position?

Thus John Gordon, as he turned his back on his father's house, faced his future as the human current bore him on, its destiny irrevocably woven into his own.

clear in my mind as to your exact reasons for leaving your own home. Will you try to make me understand that?"

"Luella"— He paused, and for the first time a fear grew upon him that he was going to fail to make her understand the real crisis in his life. Was this the attitude of the woman who could prove to be the companion he would need? Would she hesitate and demand all these proofs and reasons, all these explanations? And yet he felt the need of her. She had thus far satisfied him, and as he faced her now there was only one prayer in his heart, and that was that she would finally cast in her lot with his and say: "Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

He began his explanation while Luella leaned her chin on her hand and watched him with deepening seriousness.

"I am thirty years old. From the time of my birth I have been used to every luxury. I have enjoyed all the elegant comforts of a rich, exclusive, proud family. My father's ambition, as you know, has always been the ambition of a man who has lived a life as remote from the common people as if he had been born in some other world. I have grown up in this atmosphere. I have known as little of the people and their real life as my father. Up to the time of my religious experience I cared as little for the people as I knew about them. Since that experience my whole object in living has changed. I find myself longing to know the people as much as I already love them. It is not enough that I love them at a distance. I must know from close personal experience their daily life. As near as possible I must partake of their sorrows, their privations, their misery. Do not answer me yet." John Gordon eagerly restrained a movement on Luella's part to interrupt with a word. "Why should I not do this, I who have all my life lasted the luxury of soft and easy physical living? There is only one thing for me to do if I accomplish my life's ambition now, and that is to leave the surroundings that are so completely opposed to all the life of the people I have come to love in order that I may know, if possible, as well as love, with intelligent power to help."

"And you ask me to leave my home as you leave yours?"

She did not look at him while asking the question, but in the silence that followed before he replied she turned her face full toward him. His answer came very calmly, but his voice in spite of him trembled a little.

"The woman who becomes my wife will make her home with me. We shall share alike whatever the future contains."

It was perhaps at this moment that Luella Marsh had her first glimpse into John Gordon's real character. She had never given him credit for much imagination or poetic feeling. In reality he had a great deal of both. But she did not change her position of serious thoughtfulness. She only turned her head a little as she said:

"Where do you intend to make your home? Will you tell me in detail?"

"I have not fully decided; probably in Hope House."

"And you expect me to live with you there?"

"If you marry me, yes." John Gordon spoke with effort. His fear had grown with every word she uttered, with every new question she put to him.

"I will never"— she began and rose to her feet. Gordon rose instantly.

"Wait a moment!" She sat down and motioned him to be seated. "Wait! I want to think awhile."

She put her hands over her face, and John Gordon waited and waited. His heart was hungry for her love, but his soul trembled for what he thought was to be her decision. As the minutes went by and she still made no motion his conviction deepened that his knowledge of her character and motives was superficial. All that he really knew was to some degree the strength of her personality. He knew she could not be moved by pleading. If she would not go with him out of a love that pleaded its own cause, John Gordon knew that no other motive would prevail.

When she finally lifted her head, she put her hands behind her and looked full and frank into his face. But what

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