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 29th day of February, 1903, 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. 29, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 40 acres..$ 2 72
Bailey, Ann—W. ½ of lot 2, 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. 3 S., R. 2 W., 60 acres..... 13 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. 4 W., 160 acres..... 18 31
Bauer, Geo. H.—W. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 3 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres..... 6 27
Bernauer, Rudolph—30 acres in J. McGill D. L. C. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., described as follows: Commencing 4.81 chains W. of NE. corner of Sec. 33, T. 1 S., R. 1 W.; thence W. 14.09 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 49
Blumaur, S.—NW. ¼ SE. ¼ Sec. 16, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., and SW. ¼ Sec. 18, 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 09
Brown, M. P., and Beach, E. L.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 1, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 80 acres..... 15 52
Burris, S. A. Mrs.—Commencing 42.77 chains N. and 10.81 chains W. of SE. corner of Sec. 26, 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. 89 deg. 8 min. W. 2.74 chains to beginning, containing 1.87 acres, in L. Kelsey D. L. C. No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and No. 57, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., less 105 feet off the north end of the above described tract, conveyed to C. T. Crow..... 3 95
Campbell, C. R.—Commencing at the NW. corner of lot 3, block 8, Forest Grove; thence S. 138 feet; thence E. 50 feet; thence N. 138 feet; thence W. 50 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 8, 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 59, page 126; book 38, page 241; book 37, page 114; book 40, pages 31 and 316, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Or..... 13 83
Cochran, T. R., and Carr R.—Lot 5, block 2, 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.....
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 58, pages 159 and 230; book 58, page 115; book 62, page 328, of Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 150 43
Dailey, N. A., and George Sumner—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 06
Deaff, 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. 34, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 160 acres..... 4 06
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..... 19 16
Elmer, John, and Friday, John R.—286¾ acres in Secs. 10 and 15, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book M., page 532; book 50, page 24, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 4 32
Erickson, Maranda—Lots 22, 23, block 12, Hyde Park..... 50
Finney, A.—Commencing 99¾ 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 2, 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
Frelr, Anna—NW. ¼ of SE. ¼ Sec. 9, T. 2 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. 2 W., and No. 42, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 34 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 2 33
Gretzschel, Ernest—N. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 23, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 20 acres..... 4 55
Hanson, C. W.—Lot 27, block 12, West Portland Heights..... 85
Heath, Rachel, heirs of—W. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 6, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 80 acres. 14 95
Hill, Sarah A.—N. ½ of NE. ¼ Sec. 3, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 81½ acres..... 5 72
Hendershott, William—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 32, T. 1 S., R. 3 W., 40 acres..... 4 85
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 68
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 6, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 40 acres..... 2 66
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. 28, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres..... 11 86
Kenny, Edw. P.—S. ½ of SW. ¼, NE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 10, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres..... 11 57
Kilner, George H.—44 acres in I. Butler D. L. C. No. 48, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., as described on page 375 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 191 feet W. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 83 feet; thence E. 49 feet; thence N. 206 feet; thence W. 95 feet; thence S. 115½ 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. 58 feet; thence W. 58 feet; thence S. 60¼ feet; thence W. 46¼ feet; thence S. 198 feet; thence E. 104¼ 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 409 of book No. 28, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 2 30
Koehne, Richard—106 acres, W. W. Graham D. L. C., No. 39, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 53, page 355, and book 49, page 225, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 11 48
Lambin, Marc A.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres..... 7 19
Leahy, John—25 acres in Sec. 15, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 45 of book No. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 5 36
Lemon, William—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼ of SW. ¼ Sec. 4, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 10 acres..... 2 99
Lucas, A. G.—N. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 1 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..... 2 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 12
Malotte, C. T.—Lot 13, block 13, Hyde Park..... 53
Martins, John R.—Lots 1 and 2, Sec. 19, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 78 acres..... 3 36
Mayer, Andrew—Lots 14 and 15, block 11, Hyde Park..... 90
McDorman, J. M.—Lot 7, block 4, Thorne's Addition to Hillsboro..... 6 24
Montgomery, J. D.—NW. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres..... 13 95
Moore, Mary H.—Lots 1, 2, 3, block 3, Simmons' Addition to Hillsboro..... 20 78
Morrison, D. A. and E. M.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, block 3, Tongue's Addition to Hillsboro..... 9 14
Nelson, Martha—Lots 6, 7, 8, block 22, West Portland Heights..... 84
Newell, R. J. and A.—199 acres in J. R. Robinson D. L. C. No. 59, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., as described in book L, page 324, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 44 27
Parker, Rebecca—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, block D, Steel's Addition to Beaverton..... 7 51
Patrona, 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 31, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 6 60
Patterson, Sarah E., heirs of—18 acres in Secs. 25, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., and 30, T. 1 N., R. 2 W..... 8 19
Pike, A. W.—½ acre in William F. 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.—29 acres in Sec. 6, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 419 of book No. 54, 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., 20 acres..... 4 14
Ranous, Fannie A.—Lots 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, Fruitdale, 34.61 acres..... 8 25
Randall, A. M. Mrs.—Lots 19, 20, 21, 22, block 12, West Portland Heights..... 98
Rasmussen, F. J. and R. R.—N. ½ of block 7, Finney's Addition to Hillsboro..... 3 21
Reghetto, D.—6½ acres in L. Hall D. L. C. No. 43, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 81 of book No. 52, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 17 93
Reidt, William—Lot 16, block 2; lots 4, 18, block 5; lots 8, 21, 22, 23, 24, 33, 34, block 8; lots 1, 2, block 10; lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 21, block 11; lots 10, 11, 17, 18, 28, 29, block 12; lot 26, block 16; lots 5, 9, 10, 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 18, block 30, 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 50
Semler, P. J. A., 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 20, 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. 32, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 80 acres..... 5 48
Soderland, Noach—6½ acres in R. 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. 26, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 76 of book No. 26, 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. E.—Lot 11, block 9, Simmons Addition, Hillsboro..... 3 21
Taylor, W. M.—Lots 13, 14, block 30, 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.—39 acres, Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., and 53½ acres, Sec. 15, 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 23
Walker, N. J.—8½ acres in Sec. 14, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 322 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 5 20
Watson, Joseph—Lot 21, Garden Home, 10 acres..... 10 13
Wehrung, Henry—Lots 1 and 2, block 1, Fairview Addition, Hillsboro..... 7 56
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. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres..... 10 72
Wilson, John, heirs of—W. ½ of SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 2 N., R. 4 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. 58, 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. 4.31 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. 2.70 chains to beginning, containing 32 acres; tract remaining containing 4 acres..... 2 44
Young, Lincoln A.—8 acres, James McGill D. L. C., No. 58, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 149 of book No. 40, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 5 22

Sheriff's Assessment.

Beavert, Jane—Commencing 80 rods E. ¼ Sec. corner on W. side Sec. 22, 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

Sfld 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, 1903.

The Reformer

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

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

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Continued From Last Week.

"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 archway 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 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. He 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 the 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 sniffed 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 magic. 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 rotting 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 backhanded. 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 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 hall 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 might 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 Lucella 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 put 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.

CHAPTER III.

"You're killing yourself."

AT last John Gordon spoke slowly.

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

"For your good."

"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 journalism that any thoughtful man respects."

"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 Roitger 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 Spree For Two Fourteenth Street Bloods! Itemized Account!"

"Mrs. Brown Calls Mrs. Jones a Liar! They Have a Scrappy Time of It In the Back Yard! The Neighbors Take a Hand!"

"Theological Set-to at the University! Professors Do Not Agree on Figures! One Teaches That Adam Never Existed!"

"The Newest Fad! Society's Craze For Egyptian Mummies! The Latest Developments!"

"The Tallest Woman In America! Her Diet, Daily Habits, etc."

"Rottenness at the City Hall! A Full Exposure of Dr. Lumme's Extravagances! Policeman Murphy Scores a Hit at Alderman Schwartz! Turn on the Light!"

"Thoroughbred Toy Dogs! An Expensive Luxury! Mrs. Near Has a Choice Collection!"

"Ghastly Suicide of an Old Sailor! Purposely Jumped Into a Vat of Boiling Acid! Full Particulars!"

"War! The Sultan Is Growing More Defiant! Orders Out Bosporus Fleet!"

"The Sandal Craze! Boots and Shoes a Back Number Soon! Pictures of Latest Styles!"

Gordon threw the paper down, and Barton laughed cynically.

"What's the matter with it? At any rate, they keep buying it. Whoever sees an Index or a Standard around Hope House? There you are! If you want to reach the people, do it through the medium that the people use. Think of over 3,000,000 readers of the News every day."

"Yes, think of it!" exclaimed John Gordon. "Think of the stuff they read that is untruth and exaggeration and hysteria about matters that are of no value. A column to 'Toy Dogs!' kept by a rich woman who spends enough money on them to save the lives of a hundred babies! It is this sort of thing that makes anarchists and criminals. All Harris wants out of a reform page is to advertise the paper. I'm almost sure of it."

"Probably!" said Barton dryly. "At the same time you can be getting in your reform work through a paper that is read by the very people you want to help."

"But it is not read nor believed in by the very people who have it in their power to help the people. David, the best people in the city don't care for the News. 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 sending a questioning flash to Gordon. "Wonder how much he heard?"

Harris walked up to the table and coolly helped himself to a cigar from a little Chinese 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, putting out a very long white hand. John Gordon took it, although instantly 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 3,000,000 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 slum takes it and reads. I'd rather have the slum reader any time. The boulevard does not make anything but 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 where? Mr. Barton has not informed me."

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

"Good!" Harris exclaimed with an eagerness that was unmistakable. "You couldn't do better. Miss Andrews of course has made her work known everywhere. She has been an occasional contributor to the News. You couldn't strike out on a more popular appeal than from that place as a center. See here. Let me block out a programme for a page that will set this city to thinking as it never thought before."

He at once outlined a series of subjects for a reform page from the social settlement viewpoint which was simply marvelous in its understanding of the conditions and the needs. Barton, with a born newspaper man's instinct, grasped the details with rapidity and showed his interest by an occasional interjection or hint that at once led off into further possibilities. Even Gordon, with his growing feeling of repulsion for the man, which increased every minute, could not resist an admiration for his great shrewdness and insight. And all the time he was blocking out the page Gordon thrilled at the vision opened up of what might be done for the people and by them if once a daily that was really theirs lived its life for theirs.

"Of course I understand," Harris had at last added, "that all this will mean a tremendous amount of work. That is what a daily paper means to everybody connected with it. But it need not mean that you would have to give up residence in Hope House. In fact, it would be better to continue your actual touch with the district so as to be able to give what you write for the paper color. I also realize that you have need of money to carry out some of these plans. That is the reason I stand prepared to make this offer. If you will undertake this work, I will pay you $500 a month and in addition help carry out some of these ideas where money is needed. I don't care to say just how much I'll give. Time enough for that when we get to it."

He stopped abruptly, and then, to the surprise of the two friends, he suddenly rose and said as he came up to the table and took his hat, which he had laid down there:

"Don't answer now. Give it consideration. Whatever you choose to arrange with Barton will be satisfactory. Barton, you'd better get out to Colorado for a month, as I advised. Knowles can manage very well for awhile longer. Good night."

He walked out, and Barton and Gordon sat silent for a moment.

"Of course he heard what you said about the paper having no influence with the best people," said Barton, with a chuckle.

"I believe he did, but his manner did not betray it except once."

To be Continued.

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