# The ..... REFORMER

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

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

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"Thank you," he said gratefully. "I will come and talk it over with you."

As he finished and turned his face again toward Miss Cranston he encountered Luella's glance. She instantly looked down. Once again, toward the close of the dinner, Gordon intercepted her look as it swept past all the guests and stayed just a moment with him.

Just now it all happened John Gordon never knew. The last course had been served. There was the inevitable settling back of people who had successfully observed one of the rites of polite society and were ready to enjoy the programme of the evening in another stereotyped direction.

The voice of Archie Penrose rose over the well modulated conversation:

"It's a dangerous move for any one to make, I think, professor. The classes are too much at war now. All these anarchists ought to be hunted out of society like wild beasts. She is encouraging anarchy when she encourages those people to discuss their views."

"Miss Andrews"—the bland voice of Professor Emory smote John Gordon like a blow—"is not encouraging anarchy, Mr. Penrose. You do not understand the exact situation. The men she invites into Hope House to discuss government may be mistaken as to many theories of government, but the free speech that Miss Andrews encourages among them is not dangerous to society. As I understand it, she discourages all expressions of violence and is really doing good service to the city in educating a group of men who might be dangerous into good citizens."

"Bless you, professor!" John Gordon said to himself. "You are a formal, pedantic, heartless, professional sociologist, with no more real knowledge of the humanity you are writing about than a mummy, but I'll forgive all that for what you have just said. You

*What was that form lying half on the floor?*

may be of no real account as a sociologist, but you are fair to your own logic, fair as a mathematical problem."

The voice of Archie Penrose rose again. Argument had no weight with him.

"But I say this is a dangerous woman. She makes the people discontented with their surroundings and creates bitterness between classes."

"I don't agree with you," the professor's smooth, easy voice answered again. "She is doing great good in her way, Mr. Gordon"—the professor was sitting three chairs below Gordon on the opposite side of the table—"you are surely in a position to verify my statements about this estimable woman. Set this misguided young man right in the matter. He has been misinformed by some one."

Every face at the table was turned toward John Gordon except Luella's. She looked down at the table. It was very still. Penrose was red and nervous. Just how he had precipitated the discussion Gordon did not know until several weeks afterward. It was enough that the only subject of his personal life work was now at once the object of interest to all these people. It was the last situation in the world he would have chosen for himself, but it had been thrust upon him through no seeking of his own. In the hush that waited his answer to the professor Gordon saw a blue eyed woman digging with bleeding hands at a ruin out of which ghastly faces peered, and it was the vision of a whole life that for fifteen years had flung itself down into the tragedy of humanity to save it regardless of suffering to itself.

"Miss Andrews," he said quietly, but his soul was shaken with the passion of his long repressed feelings, "is to my mind the most gifted, most useful, most Christian woman in this whole city. She is today suffering more, giving more and doing more to right the wrongs of our boasted civilization than any other woman of my acquaintance. The man who says she is dangerous to society does not know what he is saying. Miss Andrews is the superior of every person here at this table in all the gifts and graces of the highest developed womanhood."

He need not have said that last sentence. It was not at all necessary. But his spirit was at high tension. The contrast between the selfish, heartless, luxurious, even vicious social life represented by some of the persons at that table in addition to Archie, Penrose and the patient, loving sacrificing life of the head of Hope House voiced his indignant assertion. Luella did not look up. She sat as cold and still as a statue.

Mrs. Penrose, with a tact that did her great credit, broke the silence by asking just the right question. Just what it was Gordon himself did not remember when he went all over the scene afterward; but, whatever it was, it led the [illegible] to a description of Hope House settlement, and John Gordon found himself doing what he had designed to Mrs. Penrose he would not do—he was recounting out the story of Bowen street and Tommy Randolph and Mrs. Caylah and Lucie and all the heart breaking conditions of the pale children in the tenements.

Had ever man such an audience? It is not often the reformer can reach the men and women of society. He talks to the crowd, vaguely conscious all the time that the rich, cultured, leisure classes either do not care or do not know or do not understand and never go to hear him.

But for over half an hour Gordon said his say. He spared not one syllable of horrors. The guests paled at his description of the fire and shuddered at the picture of the child's arm thrust up out of the ruins and circling Rafton's neck in a convulsive death agony. Luella looked up once. Her eyes glowed with a feeling that John Gordon interpreted into deep compassion, and his heart bounded. For a moment he lost control of himself. Then he went on steadily.

When he was through, Mrs. Penrose quietly signaled for the company to rise. In the other rooms, as the guests seated themselves at card tables for the rest of the evening, different ones took up the topic and a certain unusual hush pervaded the perfumed atmosphere that was a stranger to the gossiping company.

Mrs. Penrose passed out by Gordon.

"You made a deep impression," she said half admiringly, half seriously "I had no idea you could talk so well."

"I did not intend"—

"Of course not. All the better. Archie got his answer. So did we." She laughed a little cynically. "It will do us good. Did I not tell you we need reforming—worse than the slums?"

To Gordon's great relief Mary came up and said she felt uneasy for her father, and begged Mrs. Penrose to excuse her.

"You will go home with me, John won't you? I came with the Cranstons Father needs me. He did not look well when he came home this evening."

"It must be serious if Mary is ready to leave this early," he thought. But he was glad to escape the formality of the rest of the evening. As he went out with his sister he had a view of Luella seated listlessly at the table where young Penrose was.

On the way home Mary seemed uneasy. She was suffering also from a headache and sharply accused her brother of lugging his reform business into the company's talk. John Gordon was silent. Afterward he learned that young Penrose's attention to Luella was the real source of Mary's bad feelings.

As they mounted the familiar steps he felt strangely oppressed, as if some new or unexpected trouble was about to come into his life. The excitement incident to his defense of Miss Andrews had given way to a dull depression that weighed him down and gave him a foreboding.

One of the servants was in the hall. He said that Mr. Gordon had gone into the library early in the evening and had given orders not to be disturbed.

John and Mary went into the reception room. The library was next. They entered it side by side.

What was that form lying half on the floor, half on one of the leather cushioned chairs?

Gordon sprang forward as Mary cried out. They lifted him and laid him on the couch. A frightened servant appeared at the door. But John Gordon knew as he looked into the stern old face that the soul of Rufus Gordon had gone to God, who gave it, to give account of the deeds done in the body, whether they were good or whether they were bad.

## CHAPTER IX.

*"What right have you to talk to me so?"*

"EARTH to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," said Paul Falmouth as he stood by the grave of Rufus Gordon. "Here to await the general resurrection in the last day and the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ."

John Gordon, with his sister and their aunt, Mrs. Hester Wayland, Rufus Gordon's only sister, stood on the other side of the grave. Mary was heavily dressed in mourning and clung to John Gordon's arm sobbing. Falmouth offered a brief prayer, pronounced the benediction and then came around to the three and shook hands silently. The crowd of acquaintances that had known the distinguished financier departed, discussing as they went the future of the business interests left by the death, and its relation to the man who was a stranger to most of the men in the city, except as they read of his eccentric career at Hope House.

"Strange how a man of Gordon's exact methods can neglect such a thing. I remember now there was Judge Lewis of the circuit court neglected," etc.

"Gordon isn't the first man to put off attending to a matter of that sort. I suppose the estate goes in absence of a will to his son?" one of the visiting friends of the broker questioned.

"Yes, and the son is a crank. I'm told! Been living in the slums for a fad." The speaker got into his automobile, and he and his friends were soon speeding toward the city at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Gordon's fad was a slum. The broker's fad was a racing machine. There are fads and fads.

"I think I could give a guess at Gordon's failure to make a will," quietly remarked another financier, who had been present at the funeral.

His companion gave him a questioning look.

"He didn't have much of anything to will," was the answer.

"How's that?" The exclamation expressed great surprise. "Gordon was one of the solid men of the city."

"It may be. But, mark my prophecy, the old man lost his cunning along toward the last. Those who watched him closest saw signs of breaking down in him more than a year ago. He went too heavily into L. and D. stock. Conway's deal last spring turned out bad for Gordon. No one knows how hard he was hit at the time, but—you watch developments. If the son gets the house and lots out of what's left, he will do well."

"He was not"—

"The old man was strictly honorable in his relation to all trusts. All he lost was his own, so far as that goes. But I am much mistaken if he did not lose just about everything."

During the week that followed Rufus Gordon's affairs gradually became common material for gossip on the street. Ten days after the body of the "wealthy banker" had been put in the ground the business world knew that, with the exception of his home and a small annuity belonging to his daughter, the wealth of Rufus Gordon had vanished, dissipated in that kind of speculation which borders on gambling so closely that the most conscientious business men cannot always decide where legitimate business ends and the gambling den begins.

Down at Hope House Paul Falmouth, who had come into contact with Miss Andrews during some week his people had volunteered for her, was talking over John Gordon's affairs when he came into the library. Miss Andrews was called out, and the two men were left together. Since Barton's death Gordon had drawn toward Falmouth. There was something very wholesome and helpful about the man when one came to know the real man beneath the scholarly, refined, deeply sensitive nature.

"Then your father's death will really make little difference with your future?"

"Very little if any," Gordon answered gravely. "Mary is going abroad for a year with Aunt Hester. Poor Mary! She is just about broken down with all that has happened."

"Then you will keep on here?"

"Yes. There is nothing else for me to do. Father's business passes into the receiver's hands. Practically all he had, or all we supposed he had, is gone. Aunt Hester will take Mary into her home when they return."

Falmouth was silent a moment. Then he leaned over and put a hand on John Gordon's arm.

"Do you know I have had a great temptation of late, especially since the fire"—he was looking out of the window—"to give up my parish and come down here with you?"

Gordon's face lighted up. "That would be a great thing for us! But"—

"But a cowardly thing for you to do? You are right," Falmouth said quietly. "Why should I run away from the hard work where I am? And yet, Gordon, no man knows, unless he has been in the ministry, the enormous demands on the profession. I am not speaking in boastfulness or complaint when I say that no profession requires such constant and varied exercise of all the power of manhood. Do you wonder, Gordon, that the ministry sometimes grows discouraged as it faces a labor that in the nature of the case can never be completed in any sense and has the vision of an ideal that no church or parish ever yet realized? And then of late I am haunted by a doubt as to the value of a great deal that I am doing. It is not the hard work I am beginning to dread; it is the fear that it is wasted power and that the organized church of today ought to be changing much of its practice in order to do what Christ wants done."

"Would you mind telling me something in detail what you mean? Give me a page out of your day's work."

Gordon asked with genuine interest. Falmouth was going through a crisis in his church life, and Gordon was beginning to have more than a very strong personal feeling for him.

"It will be talking shop," Falmouth smiled sadly and hesitated.

"That's pardonable between friends," Gordon answered, with a look that showed the minister a little further into his affectionate nature.

"Well, you understand, all right," with an air of relief. "Take yesterday as an example. The morning started off with a heartbreaking correspondence that took about forty minutes. Then I worked on my Sunday morning sermon for an hour. At the end of that time I had to leave the study to hunt up a boy whose mother wrote me about his being sick at a boarding house on River street. I had to go in the tenering temples of exhalements that filled every minute of my afternoons for the next two weeks. I found the young fellow in desperate condition, brought about by his own sin. It was a case that could not be turned over to others. I stay[illegible] and tried to see him often in order to meet the appeal of that mother. Back to my study in time to write a little on an address for next meeting of our local association. Home to dinner. Funeral at 2 o'clock. The place happened to be quite near the church, and I was put asked to go out to the cemetery. The people were strangers to me and were in great trouble. Went back to the study to get word to our visiting committee to see this family as soon as possible. By the time that was done I started for the county hospital on Burke street to visit one of my church members, very seriously ill there. At 5 o'clock I was back at the church, where a committee of my Endeavor society had a special meeting to revise their constitution and to plan for the winter's campaign, and wanted my presence and advice. Owing to the failure of part of the committee to be prompt it was 6:20 before I left the church.

"After supper I had a wedding over on Park avenue. Mrs. Falmouth was unable to go with me on account of the illness of one of our boys. When I left the wedding party, it was 9 o'clock. As I was getting into the carriage to go home a messenger boy brought a message asking me to call at the hospital, as my parishioner was in a critical condition and might die before morning. I went at once and stayed until midnight, when the patient's condition grew better, and I left for home. When I reached home, I found my wife sitting up with the boy, who had become quite sick. I sent her to bed and stayed up with the child until he was better. Early this morning I was sent for by the family at whose place the funeral was held, asking me to call this morning, as one of the members of the family was in a serious condition. I called, and when I got to my study it was after 10 o'clock. It is Wednesday, and only a part of my next Sunday morning sermon is completed. I have not even selected a text for the evening sermon. The subject of my prayer meeting is 'Best Methods of Modern Bible Study.' I have partly prepared the service. I have three committee meetings tomorrow afternoon and an address in the evening on the 'Duty of Good Citizens in the Coming Municipal Campaign.' This is before the mass meeting arranged by the committee of fifty. There are five or six families in my parish in great need of my personal visitation, and two deaths occurred yesterday, which means funeral services tomorrow. My assistant has been on the sick list for nearly a month, and the church, of course, cannot well supply his place, although volunteers are doing some of his work. I am not complaining, Gordon. I have some of the best men and women in the city in my church membership. They are loyal and true, and any man might well be proud of their friendship.

"I am not complaining either about the bewildering number of calls on my time and sympathy from strangers and people entirely outside of my parish. It is a compliment to the ministry that the un-Christian part of the community turns to the church and the preacher for comfort and help. All these things I accepted when I entered the profession. I would be a fool to act the baby now that heavy burdens of trouble in other people's lives are rolled upon me. It is all a part of the profession which I deliberately chose. A doctor might as well complain that his work brings him face to face all the time with physical pain as the minister complain that his work brings him constantly into the presence of sin sickness and spiritual ruin. This is what every true ministry means and always will mean, and the man who wants to shirk all that had better never enter the business of preacher and pastor. But the doubt that lately has begun to torment me is the doubt that all this that I am doing in and through the church is worth while doing through that organization. My ideals are constantly disappointed. With the exception of the minority that can be found in almost every church I am obliged to confess that my views of the real work a church ought to do are not accepted by my people, and I am going on with the pressure on me of all this miscellaneous machinery of service, tormented with the question, Is the church, after all, the best organization for doing work for humanity, or is the church even approximately doing the things that most need to be done? It is not the service that I shrink from. I am only filled with a great longing to serve in the place where it will amount to something."

"You are tired out." John Gordon laid his hand affectionately on Paul Falmouth's arm. He did not know just what else to say. His thought of the church had coincided too closely with the minister's to enable him to come to the defense of the church as it seemed to need defense in the face of Falmouth's doubts.

The minister smiled at Gordon rather sadly.

"I may be tired at present, but that does not account for my present position. Don't let it vex you," he added quickly. "I ought not to have delivered my little woe here. This house is the center of its own peculiar sorrows. God forbid that I should introduce into it my own selfish egotism or even my personal struggles for light in my own darkness."

"Always room for one more, I am sure," Gordon protested, but Falmouth shook his head and refused to continue the discussion. He had risen to go when Miss Andrews entered with a glow on her face that struck both men as a new look.

"Read that!" she said, putting a letter into Gordon's hand.

The letter was from Mrs. George Effingham.

My Dear Miss Andrews—Pardon my delay in answering your beautiful letter. My husband has been very ill, and the care of him has confined me constantly at his bedside. I am not quite as young as I used to be and begin to feel the weight of my years on my body, though my soul is still young and vigorous, thank God.

My poor Mr. Barton has passed on. I shall enjoy having time enough to make his acquaintance over there. He was a brave and noble soul and is now enjoying his reward. I do not know that you were at all acquainted with him, of course, but it was, as you know, through his correspondence that I first was induced to think of your particular work as a worthy place into which a little money might go for humanity's sake. In one sense, therefore, he is the real donor of whatever seems to come from me.

On condition that my name is not used anywhere on any buildings that may be erected and also on condition that the papers do not get hold of the matter and ask for my photograph, with a biographical sketch, I would like to give $50,000 to Hope House to use in any way you and your workers think best. When you have used that up, I will give another hundred thousand to be spent in the same or in any other manner you may decide.

Now, my dear friend, don't draw up any resolutions of thanks. Just simply cash the check I have today deposited with the Bank of Commerce and use it as quick as you can to help these poor little children. I don't see, myself, what you can do to better or brighten their lives very much. You had to plead earnestly to see that the tenement house conditions themselves were getting worse all the time. If you put in parks and playgrounds, it will only help the situation in the way of relieving misery. It won't remove the cause of misery, will it? But the Lord knows that in this world of all kinds of trouble we are to do the best we can under conditions as they are and hope some time to get deep enough down to humanity's sin and suffering so as to reach the real causes of human trouble and remove them. When we get to that place, I am convinced we shall simply find that God and man have got to work together like good friends to bring about results.

With the best of wishes to you in your noble work and with prayers that those children may have some good times to make up for all they suffer, I am heartily your friend,

MRS. CAPT. GEORGE EFFINGHAM.

John Gordon had read the letter aloud so that Falmouth could hear, as Miss Andrews said she wanted him to know the good news. When Gordon finished, Falmouth exclaimed: "Well, if that isn't a tonic to restore one's faith in humanity! Two hundred thousand dollars! Why, Miss Andrews, you can work miracles with all that money!"

"I could use a million without touching much more than the edge of all this misery," she said quickly, and then added with a self accusing tone: "God forgive me! What am I saying? This great gift from this old lady will save hundreds—yes, thousands—of lives. We can work miracles with it. We can do wonders, Mr. Gordon."

She was trembling with unusual emotion. It is nothing to be wondering about, good men and women in the cities. This great soul is beginning to see some gleam of light piercing the heavy blackness of childhood. Her soul is straining at the thought of the lessening of even some small degree of pain and anguish, as they have smitten her these many, many dreary years.

"It's like a story," Gordon said, while his eye gloamed and his figure tingled with the excitement of the news. "The first time I saw the old lady I had a dim idea that she was not real, but a sort of incarnation of some character in a novel that was too good to be simple fiction. After reading her letters I am sure my theory is true."

"Then maybe the check she mentions as being in the bank is fiction, too," Falmouth suggested. "And the next thing you know the old lady will vanish, and you will have to hunt for her in the pages of some colonial romance to which she has returned."

"Heaven forbid!" Gordon answered gravely, as if he actually feared it might be true.

Miss Andrews smiled. "I was in the Bank of Commerce this morning and was informed of the deposit there. So whether Mrs. Captain George Effingham is real or not, her check is certified as good for the amount." She laughed at the look of actual relief in John Gordon's face.

"It seems too good to be true," Gordon said, returning the laugh. "If I were an author, I would put the old lady into a book, if she has not already been immortalized. But you cannot persuade me that she is just ordinary flesh and blood."

Before night every one in Hope House knew of the great gift of $200,000 to the settlement. The little group of residents at the supper table was in a fine state of excitement. Plans were discussed for redemption of surroundings that would have shamed the wildest tales of Aladdin and the slaves of the magic lamp. Miss Andrews, seated at the head of the table, looked ten years younger. One of the young women spoke of it to John Gordon.

"Do you notice how handsome Miss Andrews looks tonight? She must have been a remarkably striking woman ten years ago."

"Not more so than now, do you think?" Gordon did not intend that the head of the house should hear, and supposed that the noise of general conversation at table had made it impossible for her to catch either the question or the answer. But a faint color appeared in Miss Andrews' cheeks as she turned to the young woman and said, with a laugh, "When I was as young as you, my dear Miss Hammond, I assure you I was quite noted for my good looks."

"We all think you have renewed your youth, Miss Andrews," Gordon spoke, and Ford led off a pleasant ripple of applause by saying "Hear! Hear!"

"Thank you all." The head of the house seemed genuinely embarrassed and looked more interesting than ever on account of it. "At this rate another $100,000 gift would put me back in my teens."

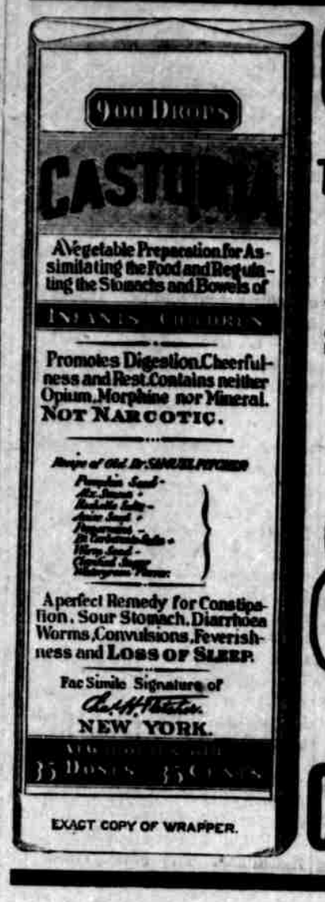
She spoke lightly, and her blue eyes filled with wonderful light, so beautiful in its expression of joy over the new opportunity to help suffering humanity that the whole company was affected by it, and for the first time since coming to Hope House John Gordon was asking himself whether Miss Andrews had ever had a romance in her life.

The question went without an answer; indeed it was not much more than a vague suggestion prompted by Miss Andrews' appearance during the evening of that eventful day, and the next moment Gordon was busy talking over the innumerable plans and projects eagerly discussed at the table for using to best advantage the wonderful gift from the old sea captain's widow.

"It all comes back to parks and playgrounds," was Miss Andrews' summing up when they had all had their say about the disposal of the money. "My heart has ached long enough at the sight of childhood's misery. We can lessen its duration even if we cannot remove its cause. I know some of you people have got model tenements on the brain. That's all right and good enough, but it's not the end and aim of our work entirely. Let us give starved nature a chance at nature itself. The first hundred thousand for breathing spaces, flowers, water, grass, trees; the next for buildings, additions to Hope House—what you will."

So the next day Gordon and Ford, with Miss Andrews and Miss Hammond, who, next to Miss Andrews, had been the longest at Hope House, sat down to make a definite and positive plan for the transformation of the burliest out district into an oasis for the desert of Bowen street that still swarmed with wretched and desperate humanity.

The evening that was marked by Hope House as a turning in its affairs large enough to be called a crisis Mrs. Constance Penrose was having a sharp interview with her nephew, Archie Penrose.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"You are your own master of course," Mrs. Penrose was saying to her nephew, who lounged carelessly in one of the bow windows of the drawing room, "but at the rate you are going you will soon exhaust your resources. You are a spendthrift not only of your money, but of your health, which is worth more than money."

"Oh, that's all right, Aunt Constance," Archie answered, yawning. "I know when to stop."

"Every gambler has said the same thing."

"I'm no gambler, aunt."

"You are. You stake your reputation and the good name of the family every time you put your health and money up against the world, the flesh and the devil. If you have no respect for your own name, you ought to have some for mine."

"What have I done to catch all this?" Archie looked annoyed and also a little afraid. There was one person in the world who had the power to stir fear in him, and that person was his Aunt Constance.

"You have never done anything. What have you ever done, Archie Penrose, to dignify or ennoble the name you bear. To your father's credit, if he was a money grubber he at least had a business. He actually did something besides hunt for pleasure all the time. You—you have no business. You waste every energy God gave you in senseless expenditure of time and means. And, in addition to all the rest, you are fool enough to think Luella Marsh will be the wife of the most useless man in the city."

"If I am a fool to think it, am I a fool to wish for it?"

Mrs. Penrose stared.

"You don't mean to say you actually love Luella?"

"I do. I love her with all my soul."

"That's not saying much. Your soul has been reduced to the smallest common denominator."

"Aunt Constance!" The young man came out from the bow window and stood in front of her, his hands clinched and his eyes angrily blazing. "What right have you to talk so to me? How big is your own soul? What do you ever do for anybody but yourself? When it comes to wasting energy, who wastes more than you in what you call senseless ways? I may be useless and all that, but I don't toady to a lot of good for nothings like the Fourneys and the Carlisles and the Cranstons just to get into Washington circles next season." He was treading on dangerous ground now, for he had touched his aunt's real weakness as a society woman, and she was in the mood to be deeply angered at what he said. But he went on recklessly, and before he finished Mrs. Penrose had settled back again into the easy, careless attitude habitual with her.

"I know what you invited the Fourneys here for the other night when that ass Emory and Gordon got off their stuff about the slums. But all that is of no account to me. You have no business to interfere with my affairs with Luella. That's my own business. If I can get her consent, I am going to marry her."

"It is kind of you to get her consent, Archie," his aunt said, with quiet irony.

"You have no right to interfere," he said sullenly. "I don't mind saying I love her, and I am going to have her for my wife if it is possible."

"She will never have you. She loves a far better man than you ever can be, Archie Penrose."

"Who? John Gordon? He's a crank. Luella has broken with him."

"Yes, her eyes looked it the other night. Did you see how her eyes followed Gordon all the evening?"

Penrose was in a torture of jealousy. He almost cried:

"No, she didn't! I tell you she's broken with him."

"If she has, she will never marry you. Luella Marsh has too much sense to put her life into the hands of a man who never lifted his finger to help make a better world."

"You have set me the example by your own conduct," the young man sneered feebly. He walked back into the bow window and sullenly turned his back on his aunt.

"You're right, Archie," she replied calmly. "It's practically a case of pot and kettle. One is as black as the other. The guilt of nearly all unjust and wretched conditions in this city can without doubt be laid at the door of the rich people, who have the power that wealth can use, and use it for our ambitions. It is probably true that the judgment day will rightly condemn us as the cause of most of the misery Grace Andrews and John Gordon are living to relieve. We have it absolutely in our power to change political and social conditions that create nearly all the human wrongs that exist in society, and instead of exercising that great privilege we go our ways with colossal egotism and monstrous selfishness, shirking all duties and burdens of citizenship and flinging our money into a riotous and demoralizing luxury of life that inflames the passions of the poor and keeps constantly in sight the vast inequality of human existence.

"It is a fact, Archie, that we rich people, with a few noble exceptions so rare as to excite constant newspaper comment, are as a class the cause of practically all the misery of the city. We have no place for service in our programme of life. We neither know nor care for the brotherhood. We exist for our own pleasure. And I suppose it will be no more than fair that in the other world we shall long for a drop of water to cool our tongues while the Lazarus we despised here shall recline in Abraham's bosom. Do you ever think, Archie, of the time coming when things are going to be evened up, when the first shall be last and the last first? Of course God will never permit all this human injustice to continue forever, and he will see to it that our earthly selfishness shall some time or other face some kind of a judgment."

*To be Continued.*


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