Capyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon ********* CHAPTER I.



HE great city rose The roar of its traf-

fic was persistent and spoke in various voices the language of bitter toil, of physical energy and of careless pleasure seeking. At no time in all his life had he seemed to feel the burden of his responsibility for others as at this moment. He had come to the place where he could no longer endure the strife between duty and inclination, between personal ease and personal ministry to a world that offered him little expectation of reward as he ministered to it. The struggle which had led up to his final precipitation of the crisis had been a struggle almost empty of bitterness, but overflowing with pain. He was conscious as he stood on the steps of his father's house, about to turn his back on all the traditions of his father's name and business, that there swas no hatred in his soul and no resentment in his heart. What he was about to leave did not find as much place in his mind as what he was about to seek. He was not troubled over any loss to himself, but he faced with a deep seriousness worthy of the event certain well defined questions relative to his future. As he finally went down the steps and became a part of the human current that flowed down the street the city seemed to absorb him into its turbulent mysteriousness and to bear him along, a part of its restlessness, a portion of its eternal destiny.

Rufus Gordon looked over at his son. "I don't see that the trip has hurt you any. You look heartier, John, than I ever saw you before."

in spite of us sometimes remind us "It has been a great trip for me, fathat there is a human brotherhood. ther," replied John Gordon, returning his father's look earnestly, "and I am very grateful to you for it. The ocean voyage toned me up wonderfully." theaters, concerts, gayeties, self, self,

"Just what you needed." The older man spoke with a heartiness that self-while the city grows up in its poseemed to cause the younger to shrink back a little in his chair as if in anticipation of something different. "I remember the first time I went across. I was just about as much run down as you were when you finished at the university. Six months in Germany and Switzerland made a new man of me. But we've missed you, John-Mary

John Gordon looked out of the window before he answered. "You've been very kind to me. You

have always been kind to me. All that makes it hard for me to say something I ought to say." The father looked sharply at the son,

and there was a moment's pause. "Well, go on," Rufus Gordon said as his son seemed to wait for him to

"In the first place," John Gordon began slowly, "I must refuse your offer

of a position in the bank. I cannot by any possibility accept it." There was another expressive silence

between the two men, and Rufus Gordon shut his eyes firmly together, while his face hardened gradually.

"I received your letter just before sailing from Liverpool, father," John Gordon continued, "and I believe I appreciate your plan for my future. But it is all impossible. I am going to disappoint you in every particular, but that is because you cannot understand"-

Rufus Gordon made no movement of any kind, not even when his son stopped abruptly and looked over at him as if expecting a reply. To one who knew him as his son did the utter absence of any sign of emotion in the face of what was in reality a tremendous blow at his family pride indicated simply the hard, unyielding nature

"Of course 1 don't expect you to unfashionable avenue. When he finally derstand-I anticipate nothing. But turned around and faced his father you have brought me up to tell the again, he was astonished to see him truth, and I am simply telling it now rising from his chair and coming over as it must be told, when I say that I cannot and will not accept the life toward him. In all his knowledge of you mapped out for me in your letter. his father, John Gordon had never known him before to exhibit so much

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MEST CHARLES BE TO CONTROL TO SEE THE SECRETARY OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

it would be werse than a mockery for understood the event. Afterward, in me to attempt such a career. It would going over the scene, John Gordon be death to my where nature. It would could not avoid a feeling of suspicion as to its genuineness, but he had never every conviction that has ever promptknown his father to play a part, and in fact, considered him quite incapable Bufus Gordon finally spoke after his

son had been silent a long time. "We've been ever all this mere less before. I hoped your trip abread would take some of your feelishness out of you. It seems it hasn't. Well,

what do you expect to do?" The question was blunt. It was more -it was brutal.

John Gordon rose and began walking up and down. His father sat lookmg at nim coldiy, but curiously, as it studying some peculiar characteristic that for the first time had begun to affect him.

"Father," John Gordon finally exclaimed, "you will never understand my choice. I wondered all the way home whether it was worth while to try to explain myself. But you have a right to know why I refuse your offer and why I make choice of the career I must follow."

Rufus Gordon gave no sign of assent, but his son went on speaking with growing feeling that at times rose into genuine passion; yet at no point did he lose control of himself either in voice or in manner.

reject my plans for you." He stopped suddenly, and John Gor-"I am not judging you, father, when don, looking eagerly and with growing I say that a life that is content to exastonishment into his father's face, pend its greatest energies in money noted for the first time signs of growmaking is a life that has not only no ing age in the deep wrinkles about the attractions for me, but it has a positive eyes, the bent shoulders and a slight repulsion. To spend the day in a combut noticeable shaking of one hand as petitive strife that seeks to get more the long white fingers fumbled at the and more, largely at the expense of watch chain. He had never before enthe weak and helpless; to spend night tertained the idea that his father was after night in dressing up in fine clothan old man. Rufus Gordon had al multitude of ambig- ing and being amused, to live only with ways been so upright of carriage, so uous canyons lead- those select companions who are able firm and steady on his feet, so decided ing off into unex- to dress and eat as well as we are, to in his movements, that none of his acplored distances. be practically ignorant of and absoquaintances had yet thought of age in lutely indifferent to the conditions of their thought of him. What he now thousands of human beings in this saw had something to do with the great city, to have no ideals higher manner in which John Gordon anthan a commercial standard and no swered his father's question. passions beyond the physical appe-"My plans, father? I have nonetites-all this is a growing horror to that is, none that you would call by We live in a beautiful house." that name. Perhaps as far as I have John Gordon glanced around the room, gone my plans are summed up in my which was furnished with elegance and great good taste, with only here love for the people." "Love for the people?" Rufus Gorand there a suggestion of a barbaric don repeated the words and took a step lapse into the vulgarity of over display. toward his son. "You love the people, "We have servants, carriages, yachts, then, more than your old father! For summer residences-luxuries of all dethe people you would de what you scriptions. Out of all the wealth of would not do for me! And who are the our lives we give a fraction of income people? Masses of the envious, the desto so called charity. We are all three perate, the thriftless, the irresponsible. of us church members. We pay a large Are we to blame for their condition? sum nominally to church expenses. We do not give anything of our per-

we live? How much of service pre-

senting real sacrifice have we ever

given to help solve any of its real hu-

man problems? We live from day to

day as if there were no such thing in

'America as poverty or intemperance

or injustice or inequality or greed or

things seems to be our daily god. The

prayers we say in church have no

meaning because we do not mean

them. The very charity we dispense

is an act of proxy which represents no

thought, no sacrifice and no human

affection. We give because it is cus-

tomary or as a means of silencing (God

pity us!) our waking consciences that

"Day after day, with monotonous

treadmill regularity, follows one func-

tion after another-receptions, teas,

litical life, rotten, Tile, uncared for by

the money grubbers so long as too

much blackmail is not levied on the

business in which we are engaged.

Practically we have said all these

years to this city, where our money

has been made: 'We care nothing for

your real life. All that we want out of

you is a living for ourselves, a luxuri-

ous living. Let the preachers and the

philanthropists and the professional

reformers see to all the painful and

disagreeable details of human misery

and social wrong. We are too busy

with our money making to be dis-

turbed by cries for justice or righteous-

ness.' Father, you know this is the

sort of life you plan for me to perpetu-

ate. Your ambition for me is to have

me enter the bank, to become an ex-

pert in finance, to marry and manage

a luxurious, proud, exclusive establish-

ment and train my children to follow

on in the same path, keeping the name

of the Gordons as a social and finan-

cial word to speak in the city and in

select circles as a synonym for distin-

guished wealth and high breeding, un-

mixed with any vulgar association

with common humanity. I say such a

career fills me with horror. I feel as if

all these years I had been living under

the condemnation of an angry God,

and I cannot and I will not any longer

live such a life. You have no right to

ask me to do it. I have no right to at-

"Is that your answer to my ques-

tion? I asked you what you were go-

Rufus Gordon had not moved a mus-

cle during his son's talk, and he spoke

now in an easy, contemptuous manner.

John Gordon came up to the side of

the table opposite his father and looked

keenly across at him. Then he turned

away and went over to one of the

great windows and looked out on the

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tempt it."

ing to do."

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child murder. The wealth that buys,

You talk of social wrongs. But who makes them possible but the people sonal lives or personal enthusiasm to church or Christian work. The whole themselves?" John listened in astonishment. In all of our family life has revolved about their conversation his father had never burselves-our eating, dressing, enterbefore spoken so. There was a strain taining and money making. What almost of mildness in his manner. have we ever done for this city where

"John," he continued with a softening of accent and manner that deepened the son's astonishment, "you cannot do anything. I said I did not understand you or your motives. I know enough, however, to know that if you go out into the world to do the things of which you dream, you will miserably fail, and the result will be pain and disgrace for me, for us all. I love you, John. Perhaps you have not known this. But"-

Rufus Gordon turned and walked back to the place where he had been sitting by the table. When he lifted his face again toward John Gordon, it was the same cold, proud, bard face with which he had listened to his son's indictment of his own and his father's social selfishness.

John Gordon was so confused by this scene and his father's manner that he stood irresolutely silent by the window. The whole incident seemed fantastically unreal, it was so unlike anything his father had ever done before. He had just turned from the window to speak when a voice in the next room began to sing:

"The sadness that grows with the years. Is a sadness that will not depart; It is close to the fountain of tears,

For it lies at the depth of the heart." The singer appeared at the doorway and called out in a clear but somewhat

"John, will you go with me this evening? Mr. Penwell sends word that he cannot go owing to a sudden sum-

mons out of town." "What is it, Mary?" John Gordon

spoke affectionately. "Ravoll in 'The Edge of the Sword.' " John Gordon looked grave, and his sister swiftly noted his hesitation. "What's the matter with you, John?

Since you returned from abroad you act so queer. Don't you want to go with me? Ravoll is perfectly splendid in the part." "The play is"- John Gordon hesi-

tated to characterize it. In reality it was rotten in its whole ethical purpose and teaching. "Everybody goes," Mary exclaimed

petulantly. "Of course, if you won't go with me, it will spoil my evening. had been expecting it so."

Rufus Gordon spoke. "I'll go with you, Mary, if you wan

"Oh, will you? That's a good father. She turned toward him, but looked over her shoulder at her brother with a gesture of rejection.

John Gordon looked at the two in silence that registered in his mind what and practically become the most painful experience of his whole life, the growing knowledge of his estrangement from all his home loves. "But I have chosen," he kept saying to himself. "I have chosen. I cannot go back now." The trifling incident of the theater and his sister's misunderstanding of his attitude toward it was only a single illustration out of a hundred other things that made the whole social career unbearable to him, The

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on every

fact that this particular play was distinguished by the acting of the most brilliant actor of the age did not reimpure and suggestive for any sell and fashion and culture of the city applauded the acting and praised the ac-

Probably neither man fully

However that may be, Rufus Gordon

now began an appeal to his son that

for the time being had considerable in-

"John," he began, holding out his

bands, although when the son stepped

forward as if to meet him affection-

ately he dropped his arms quickly to

his sides, "you are my only son, and I-

depend on you. It has been the ambi-

tion of my life to see you succeeding to

the place which I now occupy. I do not

understand what you have just been

saying. It has no meaning to me. In

that sense, what you say is very true-

we can never understand each other.

But you would have independence in

the position I offer you and for which

you have been trained. If you wanted

to experiment in these matters of social

problems, as you call them, you would

have the money and your place in soci-

side the circle in which we belong you

will have no standing and no influence.

But it is not clear to me yet what your

plans are, in case you finally decide to

ety to help you. But if you step out-

fluence over him;

tor. The press contained columns commendation for the scenery, the costumes, the spirited presentation from an artistic and dramatic point of view and a mild sentence or two of rebuke for the character of the play itself. What more could one ask by way allurement to go and see and hear something which was a little doubtful in its moral setting, but splendid in its physical and intellectual sweep of pow-

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, it 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 canno 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's What makes you act so? You talk like one of these socialists, these horrid men that are always making so much fuss about righ 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 able." 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," tolling, 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 throng-

toms, by the physical passions that 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 plano.

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 a m 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 social-

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

"I did not mean to sneer." 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 sadness that realized the futility of explanations.

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

"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 "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

"Luella thinks a good deal of you,

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 reason-

"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

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

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 besitated - "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 plano, 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

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

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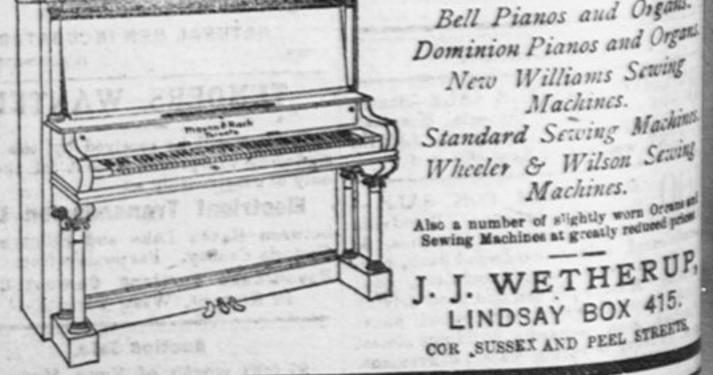
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ernment, and as there has been no

made in any of the dates pro fish, the following will hold good year as in other years: maskinonge, 15th April to 15th 19 maskinonge in Rice Lake, to 1st June; pickerel, 15th 15th May; speckled trout, 100 tember to 30th April; salmon tember to 30th April; salmon and white fish, 1st November 10 November.

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