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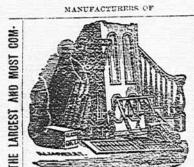
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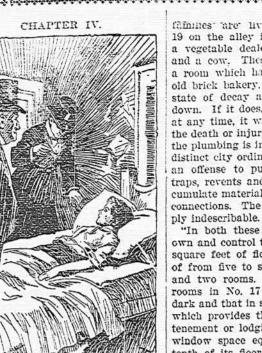
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By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

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



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He struck the match and held it up. ISS ANDREWS had come into the room and up to the table before John Gordon raised his head. "These names"-

"You found them. Of course I intended you should. I am sorry for you." Miss Andrews spoke sadly. "Sorry for me! Sorry for teem, Miss Andrews! I am not altogether surprised to find my father's name here, out Mr. Marsh"-

He was silent a moment. "Mr. Marsh?" Miss Andrews asked, and John Gordon, who had been wondering if he could tell Miss Andrews anything about Luella, realized that she was in total ignorance of Luella and her father.

"Mr. Marsh is senior member of the firm of Marsh, Lyon & Humber, electricians. He is an old friend of my father. I have known him since I was boy and always respected him. It was a great surprise to me to find his name here.'

"Why should it be?" Miss Andrews uestioned calmly. "Business in many of its regular methods is not noted for a refined and loving expression of the Golden Rule. Most of the names in that list are names of men who fare sumptuously every day and are counted among the best citizens." "I've made up my mind what to do," John Gordon said irrelevantly. "I am

"And what?" "I won't promise until I have seen him. But you know better than I do that the city ordinances are violated a dozen times in the Waterside district The overcrowding, the plumbing, the absence of lighting, are all in direct violation of every ordinance on the subject. Scores of the tenants complained that their landlords refused to do any-

going to see my father, and"-

thing." Miss Andrews said nothing, but she eyed John Gordon with her customary calmness. It was the calmness of one who has been through the entire hell of political apathy and municipal incompetency and criminal neglect and

still preserves its equanimity. "Let me know the result of your interview, please," she finally said as John Gordon lapsed into a silent brood-

ing. He went into the business city next day and entered the bank of which Rufus Gordon was president with a feeling that he strove to subdue and the prayer that he might not be provoked into saying some things that

burned in his heart. At the same time when he was once in his father's presence he bogan to doubt his ability to discuss the facts calmly. Mr. Rufus Gordon showed no surprise at the sight of his son, although the two had not met since that event-

ful day when John Gordon had taken somewhat formal leave of his home. "Will you take a seat?" Rufus Gora loan.

came at once to the point of his errand. "Father, we have decided each to go

his own way, but that does not mean that we are never to have anything more to do with each other, does it?" "When you are tired of your present foolishness, you can come back." There Gordon's manner of relenting in his tone and attitude. The lips trembled slightly, and the eyes rested for just an instant on the son's face before

coming back to the apparently indifferent gaze that had been directed at the table. "I have not come to talk of that, father. It is impossible for me to change my purpose. What I have come to see you about is this: You control some tenant property in Waterside dis-

trict, Bowen street, two blocks south of Hope House. Do you know from personal knowledge the condition of that property?" Instantly over Rufus Gordon's face

swept an angry wave of color. "It is none of your business! This is part of your contemptible meddling as

a reformer in other people's affairs!" "But it is my business! It is the business of every man. Father, do which was near by. you know the horrible condition of that property and the awful condition of the people living there?" Rufus Gordon made no answer, but

the anger was evidently deepening in him. John Gordon waited a moment. All his accumulated passion growing out of what he had seen and heard during that one short week in Hope House was in danger of rising like a torrent against his own father. But when he spoke it was with an carnestness that revealed his attempt at self mastery.

"Nos. 17 and 19, owned by you, father, contain seventeen families. with the air of one who has succeeded They are, as I suppose you know; front in every business enterprise he ever and rear tenements. They are both undertook. As a man of large wealth, horribly out of repair and absolutely of university training and some degree unfit for human habitation. Take the of culture, of which perhaps he was I am prepared to negotiate loans case of the plumbing. There are no unduly conscious, he was reckoned revents to any of the pipes, and only among the solid business men of the one waste pipe has a trap. That is of city and was always proud to see his no value because of the condition of name used in that connection. the catch basins, which are below ground and have simply become so John Gordon asked in a low tone. clogged with grease that they are cesspools that overflow the court and even

families are living. Back of No. 19 on the alley is a stable in which a vegetable dealer keeps two horses and a cow. These are directly under a room which has been added to the old brick bakery, that is in a terrible state of decay and threatens to fall down. If it does, as it is liable to do at any time, it will certainly result in the death or injury of the tenants. All make such a complete change in her the plumbing is in direct violation of a life as such a course would demand. It distinct city ordinance which makes it an offense to put in piping without traps, revents and catch basins to accumulate material that clogs the sewer | and I"connections. The overcrowding is sim-

ply indescribable. "In both these tenements that you own and control there is less than 200 square feet of floor area for families of from five to seven, living in three and two rooms. There are six bedrooms in No. 17 that are absolutely dark and that in spite of the ordinance which provides that every room of a tenement or lodging house must have window space equal to at least onetenth of its floor area. These rooms not only do not have one-tenth window space, but they do not have any at all. They are simply dark rooms, the only light and air that ever enter them being what can get in through the door, which in many cases opens on a middle room, which in turn has no light or air except what can enter through a shaft between the front and rear tenements only six feet wide and into which the tenants throw their garbage because the boxes in front are broken and overflowing. Father, these human beings are rotting in these inhuman surroundings, and no language can convey the awful horror of child life, the cruel torture of mother life compelled to give birth to children, to nurse sick babies, to prepare meals, to endeavor to obtain sleep or rest, in the heart of overpowering odors, all in less space and with less light and air than a human being would grant to a suffering dumb animal. Father, the property owners of tenement buildings in this city are paying less attention to immortal creatures made in God's image than they pay to sick cats or imported toy dogs or blooded race horses. And, oh, father, for the sake of all born without playgrounds, of these under the stress of the inhuman crowd- neglect. ing, will you not do something? You and disease. But new buildings, covbe put up and be made to pay better lives of children for the future. You

could"-Are you lecturing at me?" Rufus | There was not a qui tend to it!"

John Gordon took a step nearer and gazed with painful intentness into his father's face.

"Then do you mean to say, father, that you will not raise a finger to right these great wrongs? Will you not"-"I will attend to my affairs as I think best and without any meddling

from any one!" "But, father, all this has nothing to do with our difference of opinion as to least?

my choice of a career. It is simply an appeal in the name of a common humarity. Will you not do this much at Will you go down to Bowen street and see things for yourself?" "I will not! My agent attends to all the business."

"Have you ever been there? Have you ever looked at the misery with your

own eves?" "It is none of your business!" Rufus Gordon started up in his chair and confronted his son. This time the man's cheeks had a deep red spot on them, and his fingers twitched nervously. The stoop of his shoulders, the wrinkles about his eyes, the whole pose and attidon spoke with the cold politeness he tude, revealed to John Gordon even might have shown any man who had | more than during that memorable inin all probability come to negotiate for | terview when his father had refused to give his sanction to his son's choice John Gordon remained standing and the aging of vital forces that once had

seemed incapable of weakness. repressed the words that trembled on ly broke by saying: his lips. If he spoke, he knew he would say too much. After all, was he his I must tell you I never have seen the father's judge? Yet it the property property you describe." owners refused to act what redress, what hope for the future? It was a owner!" was the faintest suggestion in Rufus horrible commercial system that permitted, with the municipal authorities' sanction or indifference, the brutal violation of ordinances that were on the statute books, but never executed, spit upon by officers and citizens alike, a

mockery to all decent government. For a minute father and son faced each other silently. Then John Gordon turned and without another word went

heart was sore within him. "My own father! My own father!" dimmed his eyes and sobs choked his throat as he said the words.

Nevertheless, with that fixity of purpose which always ignored private ers?" feelings in the face of public duty, he considered his morning task only just begun. He must see Mr. Marsh, and he walked straightway to his office,

Mr. Marsh had just come, and when John Gordon appeared at the door of his private office he greeted his visitor heartily, saying as he motioned Gordon to a chair: "Glad to see you. Where have you been lately? Been on the point of dropping you a note asking you to come and dine. You and Luella haven't quarreled, have you? Come to thing of it, she's looked rather sober lately.'

Mr. Marsh was a large, handsome man of fifty-two. His manner was hearty, his whole bearing confident.

"Luella has not told you, then?" "Told me what?"

spoké in astonishment.

"Why-why-why, how is that, Gordon? You are old enough to know your ewn minds." "I thought so. sir." John Gordon replied almost bitterly, "but Luella

thinks otherwise. She will never be

my wife.' "It's not so serious a break as that?" The older man spoke with great kindness and came nearer. He was really fond of Gordon, and the unexpected news affected him deeply. "Yes, sir. To make a long story short,

asked Luella to go into Hope House is a resident with me. She refused and" "Into Hope House! And you expected her to live there with you?"

"I certainly asked her to. Whether I expected her to or not, I am not quite so certain." "You asked too much!" The words

came sharp and incisive, and John Gordon at first shrank back as if from a "You had no right to expect a blow. girl brought up as Luella has been to was unreasonable."

"Perhaps it was," replied John Gor-"Nevertheless I made it, don quietly.

"You have come to ask my intercession with Luella? I am sorry, but I don't think I can ever grant it. As I say, your demand is unreasonable. I don't object so much to the reform business I have heard you discuss, but there are extremes I cannot sanction. I would never wish to see my daughter living in such surroundings as those of Hope House."

"I have not come to ask you to make any intercession for me, Mr. Marsh. The matter between Luella and myself has been settled by her own refusal, and I am not going to trouble her or you by any pleading."

"Why-why"- Mr. Marsh seemed unable to frame a sentence that fitted the occasion, and John said calmly: "What I came to see you about, Mr. Marsh, is a matter connected with certain tenement property on Bowen street, in the Waterside district, near Hope House. I have been making certain investigations there, and in the course of them I find that you own or control tenements Nos. 91 and 97."

Mr. Marsh struck a bell on his desk, and when a clerk appeared he asked him to bring a volume from the safe. When it was brought and the clerk had gone out, he turned over the pages until he came to a certain number.

"Ninety-one and 97. That's right. Fronting Bowen street and in the Warerside district. Well?" John Gordon paused a moment.

had not the remotest inkling as to Mr. Marsh's probable action. His experience with his father had given him reason to believe that what Miss Andrews had said about the Golden Rule in business was only too true. Besides, this tortured life, of these children if that experience had not come to him there remained the deadening fact mothers who struggle to keep decent of the tenements themselves, which and these girls who go down to ruin preached powerfully of the landlord's

"These tenements, Mr. Marsh, are can do it. The old buildings can be simply a disgrace to civilization. I do destroyed. They never can be repaired. not like to believe that you know the They are simply alive with vermin real facts about thera, and I have come here today to ask you as a man, ering the legal space on the lot, could with a man's feelings and with a man's powers, to help right some of than the old ones. You could save the the dreadful wrongs that humanity suffers in those buildings."

Mr. Marsh did not move a muscle. Gordon suddenly interrupted, his fat of color on his face to indicate to John flabby face white with passion. "I Gordon whether he was angry or indifknow my own business, and I will at- ferent or interested, and the first question he asked when John Gordon paused did not reveal to Gordon the

man's feelings. "Why don't you go to the board of health and make a complaint?" "Will you go with me, Mr. Marsh? But I don't go there first because you, as the owner of the property, can, if you will, make most of these wrong conditions right. Take, for example, the double decker, the dumbbell tenement No. 97. That is simply an instance of the worst form of tenement building in existence. There is nothing to compare with it, not even in the cities of the old world. The testimony of as high an authority as Jacob Riis says, 'The committee after looking in vain throughout the slums of the old world cities for something to compare the double deckers with declared that in their setting the separateness and sacredness of home life were interfered with and evils bred, physical and moral, that conduce to the corrup-

tion of the young.' That this is true must be evident, Mr. Marsh, to any man who knows the construction of these houses. And as owner of one of them you must be more or less familiar with their evils, and I plead with you to help remove them as far as nossible." There was a moment of very embar-

John Gordon clinched his hand and rassing silence, which Mr. Marsh final "To be very frank with you, Gordon,

"Never saw it! And you are the

"The lots came into my possession just before I went abroad five years ago. My agent was instructed to put

up tenements on the lots. The actual work was done while I was away. It certainly does not sound very humane or even businesslike, but the fact is I have never been down to look after the property. Davis is very prompt with his remittances, and the tenements away, but as he walked down the have been good paying investments. steps of the massive stone building his From his specifications and plans as he submitted them from the contractor I understood the buildings were subhe repeated over and over, and tears stantial, and they certainly have proved a source of steady and handsome income. You say they are called dumbbell tenements or double deck-

> John Gordon sat still, looking at the man in wonderment mingled with indignation. That a business man with the reputation of Mr. Marsh could actually be guilty of such indifference and neglect was almost beyond belief. It was not until other events threw light on the subject that Gordon fully understood the shrinking that Mr. Marsh had from contact with any form

> of human degradation and misery. As John Gordon remained silent Mr. Marsh uttered a short laugh and said uneasily:

"I don't wonder you think it very queer that I have never been down there. Of course I have trusted Davis | due to the defective sidewalks and that implicitly. At the same time I have of necessity been ignorant of conditions. You regard them as bad?" "Bad! They are simply beyond any

description. It is useless for me to attempt it. Mr. Marsh." Gordon spoke with tremendous carnestness, for there was one word that Marsh had dropped that gave him hope. "You said it did gutter. not sound very humane to say you had never seen that property. Will you go with me and look at it? I cannot tell you the facts. If I were to give them to you as they are, I am actually ball. Over the steps of the tenement through the hall at the top of the flight when they entered Hope House he brella on its handle to drain.

in this city who do not know the horrors that are congested in and around Bowen street and Long avenue and High lane. But if you have any heart in you you cannot be unmoved by the sight down there. In the name of the suffering babies and little children I beg of you, Mr. Marsh, come with me and see with your own eyes. You lost a little child once, Mr. Marsh. I remember Luella telling me, your firstborn son. In the name of that sacred memory will you take an interest in the dying innocent children in your

own tenements?" In his sudden appeal to this long distant but never forgotten experience John Gordon made the one plea that perhaps could have moved Philo Marsh sufficiently to overcome his repugnance to every form of human suffering. He emained silent a moment; then, lifting his eyes to Gordon, he said gravely: "Very well, I'll go with you. When

shall we go?" "I will suit my time to your convenience. I would like to have you note the conditions by day and night. I can go with you any time." "Say tomorrow afternoon and night,

"Will you take dinner with Miss Andrews at Hope House?" John Gordon ventured to say.

Mr. Marsh hesitated. "Why, yes, I will if it is customary." "I know Miss Andrews will welcome

you. Tomorrow at 2, if that will suit you, I will meet you here, and we can inspect the tenements, take dinner at 6 and go out again for a look at night. Thank you.'

John Gordon spoke with quiet but deep satisfaction. He had scored an important point. How important he did not know, but it was a vital beginning to any influence he might hope to exert over the property owners. As he started to go out, Mr. Marsh

spoke slowly:

"About Luella? There is no prospect of an agreement between you?" "Not any that I can see."

"I'm sorry." The words were genuine, and John Gordon was touched by them.

"Thank you, Mr. Marsh!" He shook hands firmly and went out with a tear in his eye, but it was not the same as that which the interview with his own father had provoked.

"Thank God! He seems to have a heart, at least!" John Gordon exclaimed as he went down into his Gehenna again. Between 2 and 3 o'clock the next day

Mr. Marsh and John Gordon were in Bowen street and standing in front of the building on lot 91, known as the "dumbbell tenement," which, according to one famous tenement house commission, "is the one hopeless form of tenement construction. It cannot be well ventilated; it cannot be well lighted; it is not safe in case of fire; direct light is only possible for the rooms at front and rear. The middle rooms must borrow what light they can from dark hallways, the shallow shafts and the rear rooms. Their air must pass of stench was a dead chicken swarming through other rooms or tiny shafts, and cannot but be contaminated before it reaches them." (New York tenement commission, 1894.)

John Gordon could not help noticing the shrinking manner of Mr. Marsh. The man seemed to be under an influence that could not be fear or even compassion. It was rather a mingling of disgust and physical dread. "Shall we go in?" John Gordon said, looking at his companion curiously.

"Wait a moment," cried Marsh. want to look at the street." The two men stood still, and the older for the first time in his life saw a sight that he had never dreamed could exist in a civilized city that was at least

nominally Christian. It would be impossible to picture Bowen street by means of a photograph. No skill of the photographer or artist could reproduce the scene, and human language is as weak as the

brush or camera to tell the story. The street swarmed with children. It was midsummer and the day itself was hot, but not one of the hottest of the season. There was not a tree or shrub or flower, not a bit of grass, not even a weed to relieve the dull, sickening look of sun smitten brick and wood

and stone. In front of every other house stood a garbage box, or what had once been one. The majority of these boxes were rotting heaps of boards without covers, overflowing with wet stuff composed of decaying vegetables, the sweepings from the tables of the people and the litter of paper, tin cans and refuse that had not been disturbed by inspectors or garbage wagons for several weeks. There was not a whole piece of sidewalk on either side of the street. Pieces of rotting plank stood on end or lay partly over the alleys, in some cases thrust down between the decaying timbers, sticking above the regular level, a hideous menace, a miserable object lesson, out of hundreds more, of the mournful fact of municipal incompe-



"It is none of your business!" tency and debauchery of machine polities. Mr. Marsh learned afterward that more than 1,500 suits were pending. against the city for serious injuries the sum total of damages claimed was more than \$22,500,000. (See proceedings of regular meeting of Chicago city council Jan. 8, 1900.) The children in the street were playing, quarreling, digging in the garbage boxes, in many instances picking bits of decayed lemons, bananas and oranges out of the

One group of boys was tormenting a miserable cat. Another group was yelling at a police officer who had just ordered them out of the street, where they had been trying to have a game of baby. In the dim light which filtered "Refuses to marry you?" Mr. Marsh | arraid you would not believe me. entrances, some of them high enough | the two men could hardly make out | gave him careful attention.

to be designated "stoops," women holding sick babies or little girls staggering under the load of a child two or three sodden, unkempt, disheveled, tired out into a human hell, where no alleviating give one ray of hope for the future.

The only buildings in front of which there were no steps were the saloons. These averaged five to a block and one on each corner. The corner saloons, with a few exceptions, also had attached to them vaudeville halls, with storing lamp signs, "Free Vaudeville," hung out over the entrances.

It has been said that no living being ever successfully described Bowen street so that a person who never saw It could have even the faintest conception of its truth. Mr. Marsh had never seen anything like it, and all his reading had never given him any idea whatever of the reality. He stared at it all now in a bewildered, almost to a doorway opening on a corridor frightened manner that grasped only a part of the terrible significance of it

Finally he turned to John Gordon and said with a tone in which irritation was the dominant note:

"Why don't some of these children go over and play in the Hope House playgrounds instead of rolling in this awful filth? I understood you to say that Hope House had a playground." John Gordon looked at Mr. Marsh at first with a feeling of indignation, which rapidly changed to one of sad-

ness. "How many children can play in a space shut in and bounded by a lot less than 50 feet wide and 100 feet long? It is crowded to overflowing now. Do can't do anything for him. Better you know how many years Miss An- leave him be." drews pleaded and begged and prayed and turned mountains of selfish indif- is the owner of the building. He wants ference and commercial greed to get

that little playground?" "I have no idea. Hadn't we better go inside now?" Mr. Marsh replied feebly. "Let's get through with it. I dull indifference which has long ago had no idea it was all so horrible. Of course this is unusually bad, isn't it?" "There are fifty other streets as bad

or worse within two miles of Hope House. "Why don't they get new garbage boxes at least?" Mr. Marsh exclaimed in the same irritated manner. He had begun by being sick at the sight of the fearful conditions. He was now grow-

ing angry. "Who do you mean by 'they,' Mr. Marsh?" John Gordon said, with some bitterness. "The landlords? The city ordinance makes it obligatory on the landlords to furnish and keep in good repair garbage boxes sufficient in size to accommodate the number of families in their tenements."

Mr. Marsh looked at the box in front of his own double decker and said

nothing It was a rotten apology for what had once been a small box. It had only three sides and no cover. It was filled to overflowing, and crowning the heap with maggots. It was a fair sample of every other box in Bowen street, and in its loathsome and naked uncleanness it stood there in the blaze of the pitiless sun a dumb but ghastly and overwhelming witness against the cultured indifference of the men who are not willing to be their brother's keepers so long as they can live luxuriously on their brother's needs at a distance from all suffering and responsibility.

They went into the narrow court to separated the rear from the front of the building, and John Gordon pointed out the deadly nature of the construction.

"There is no direct sunlight in any of these rooms that open on the court. All light and air must enter either where we did or come in from the top! He uttered the word in time to prevent Mr. Marsh from stumbling over a

projection in the shape of a raised platform built out from the side wall, shortening the distance between the main walls of the court. The use of the platform was, as he afterward ken bedstead and a ragged, filthy matlearned, to furnish a little additional room for hanging out clothes, which were suspended above the platform on a series of racks. The floor of the court or passageway

between the two wings of the "dumbbell" was slippery with filth of every description. In the semidarkness which and strings all over the ceiling, and been stolen." prevailed in spite of the sun's glare Mr. Marsh, looking in horror at the outside could be seen pale, tired wo- sight, in that brief moment, not too a week or two later I called again at men with sallow, dirty faces, peering | brief to tell one whole story of the | the studio, noticed a peculiar odor and out from doorway and window. The tenement house hell, saw countless discovered the old fowl wrapped up in heat was stifling, as not a breath blew swarms of bugs and vermin crawling in at either end of the passage, and the odor was overpowering. Mr. Marsh hesitated.

"I don't know that I care to go in," he said almost in a tone of fear. "Too late to back out now, Mr. Marsh. Come! It will do you good. Make you more contented with your home on the boulevard," John Gordon He greeted the group of women in

greeting civilly enough, for he was faint" wearing his regular inspector's badge, authorized by the board of health, and besides all that he had already in the course of his brief study made friends in the block the doorway plunged them into dark-

the passage. It was on the lot when your agent looked over the space, and he built up | deathly pale and actually sick. to the limit and a little more. In fact, he broke six distinct ordinances in using up the space that ought to have been left open between the new building and the old. But that was nothing to him, for it added six feet to the double decker, and that meant twelve additional bedrooms. Have care here. Some of the stair treads are broken." Mr. Marsh uttered an ejaculation, and Gordon stopped.

"I feel ill. I don't believe I can go on, Gordon. This is terrible. It is past belief that human beings can live in such conditions." "They don't all live, sir. Some of them die. But it's almost as bad to

die in here as to live. You ought to see a funeral in one of these tenements." "God forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh emphatically. "Honestly, Gordon, it may seem absurd to you, but I am growing sick from the awful stench here. I doubt my ability to go on." Gordon made no answer. After a

"All right. I'll try to stand it." Without any reply John Gordon, still keeping his hand on his companion's arm, began to go up the stairs. Under their feet they could feel the slimy filth that had accumulated for weeks. Half way up something passed them going down. It was a little girl about eight years old carrying in her arms a

moment Mr. Marsh said feebly:

this child of the tenements, burdened long years before the time with a huhumanity that turned that awful street | mournful creature, a woman in gravity and a child in years, bending your bit of cheer or relief was inserted to dirty face over the gasping little sister in your slim arms, sitting on the steps late into the night with the bundle that may actually die in your arms, and no one but yourself feel much grief if it does. Child of the tenements, you do not know it, but it is a beautiful world that God has made. There are trees and flowers and clear water and perfumed zephyrs and grass dotted with bloom. But oh, for you, little sister, who shall reveal its beauty, who shall

lakes?

tenements, in the great city by the At the top of the stairs John Gordon paused a moment and then turned to disagreeable human suffering. the left and led his companion along looking out on the airshaft. A railing over it were a number of persons, mostbies, others doing some kind of work. One woman at the end of the corridor was preparing some dish for supper. The stench that rose from the court below was made doubly intolerable by the smoke from the chimneys of the homes.' rear tenements on the adjoining lot, which drifted into the corridor and

swept into every doorway. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Caylor. is the little boy today?" "Poorly, sir. Will you go in and see

him?" Then she glanced suspiciously at Mr. Marsh and added: "But you "This is Mr. Marsh, Mrs. Caylor. He

to see some of the rooms. We can go in?" The woman's face lighted up just for a second, then all died out to that

lost all hope of anything better farther on. "I don't care," she answered with sullen indifference.

John Gordon at once turned into the room, and Mr. Marsh reluctantly followed. There were two windows, but both opened on the corridor. Gordon walked across to an opening and turned to beckon to Mr. Marsh, who had stopped. "I want you to see a specimen of a

dark bedroom, Mr. Marsh. You don't need to visit more than one. But it is worth knowing that there are hundreds more like this one." Mr. Marsh came across to Gordon's side.

"This is more terrible than I ever dreamed," he said in a whisper. "Nothing when you get used to it, sir. Let's step in. There isn't much to

had just left. Gordon felt his way until his hand touched something, and then he said gently: "Louie, how are you today?" "Not very well. That you, Mr. Gor-

They entered the room, which was

absolutely dark except for the light

that entered through the room they

"Yes. I've brought you something. Here. Catch on, little man." "It's fine!" the thin eager voice exclaimed. "Don't tell mother. She'll take it away." "No, no, Louie. She won't. The doc-

don?"

said reassuringly, and then he was silent. Mr. Marsh was close by, and both men stood still a moment. In the stillness a distinct rustling sound could be heard. It was like the rustling of tissue paper or the scratch-

tor will let you have it," John Go

ing of small mice.
"What's that?" Mr. Marsh asked. "Wait a minute; I'll show you," Gordon answered quietly. "Shut your eyes, Louis. I'm going to light a match." He struck the match and held it up. The pale light revealed in the few seconds that the match burned a bro-

tress on which lay a child about ten once been papered before the double some of it had blocked up the winlot. This paper now hung in festoons been here, so the bird cannot have over the paper. It was that that had Wills, "now I know how it all hap-

made the noise. The match flickered and went out. There was a moment of silence, broken by Gordon, who said cheerfully: "All right, Louis! Keep up good heart. I'll try to get in and see you

"Thank you, Mr. Gordon." Mr. Marsh pulled at Gordon's arm. "For God's sake, Gordon, let's get the doorway, and they returned his out of here. I'm growing sick. I shall "Come out into the fresh air!" Gor-

tomorrow."

don said ironically. They went out into the corridor, and Mr. Marsh in his eagerness to get out of the building did not even stop to Almost the first step they took from reply to several of the women who had learned from Mrs. Caylor that he ness. Gordon had hold of Mr. Marsh's owned the double decker and crowded arm and was silent until they came to up to complain about the garbage boxes the first flight of stairs at the end of and the drainpipes. While Gordon was talking with Mrs. Caylor about "Have to be a little careful here, Louis, Mr. Marsh went down, hurried sir," be cautioned. "This is an old as fast as he dared through the lower part, joining your part from the rear. | court, and when John Gordon came out he found him seated on the outer steps,

> Gordon grimly eyed him. "It's only 4 o'clock. We'll have time to do the other. There are some features of No. 97 that are peculiar. would like to have you see them." "I cannot go, Gordon. It's out of the question. I am too ill." are looked upon as guardian angels,

"Let's go over to Hope House, then," John Gordon said gravely. Mr. Marsh, with difficulty, walked over to Hope House. On the way Gordon said:

"There is an ordinance which says that there shall be spaces between front and rear tenements, graduated according to the height of the building. If the tenement is one story high, there must be ten feet between front and rear; if two stories, fifteen feet; if four stories, twenty-five feet, etc. Your agent deliberately ignored this law and built your double decker so as to cover all the space. In doing so he deliberately established a condition that permitted of no light in a dozen bedrooms like the one we went into. More than that, he created conditions that breed anarchy, for if the rich and cultured citizens of this municipality for their own gain selfishly trample on the laws of the city what can they expect from the poor and the desperate

ciety?" "I'm too sick to discuss it," Mr. Marsh groaned. Gordon saw that he was actually suffering severely, and

It was only a temporary indisposition, however, and after resting an man responsibility, robbed of play- hour Mr. Marsh recovered sufficiently years younger filled up the picture of ground and childhood and thrust into a to sit up and expressed some mortifiworld of suffering and discomfort. Poor cation at the way he had behaved But his manner was very grave, and the experience of his visit to the building was evidently making a profound

impression on him. To Gordon's disappointment, Miss Andrews had been called away and was not present at the evening meal. Mr. Marsh was able to be at the table with the residents and was a close listener to the talk, although he said little.

"Do you feel equal to a little work this evening, Mr. Marsh?" Gordon asked after the residents had adjourned to the library and had begun to scatter

discover to you its glory, O child of the for their several duties. "I think so; yes," Mr. Marsh answered. He was really ashamed of his

inability to endure unusual sights of "Then perhaps we had better visit one of the vaudeville halls. I want you to see how the saloon, as a political inran around this corridor, and leaning stitution, comes in to supplement the absence of home life. Perhaps it will ly women, some of them holding ba- help you to understand better, if you want to, why the tenement house conditions are not interfered with and why it is to the interest of the politician that the people suffer as far as endurance will go in the matter of no

> At 9 o'clock, in company with an officer in citizen's clothes who was detailed to look after Hope House district. Gordon and Marsh entered one of the vaudeville halls joining a corner saloon on Bowen street. Mr. Marsh was unusually excited. His university training, his exclusive, refined culture, his sensitive habits, were all the exact opposite of everything he had felt and seen since he entered Hope House district. He went in with Gordon, and they took seats in the rear of the sawdust covered floor in a hall that would hold 200 persons. They faced a gaudily painted curtain, which let down in front of a small stage. The hall rapidly filled up with men and boys. The air was heavy with the fumes of beer and tobacco. The night was sultry, and at the saloon bar, which was visible through the doorway opening into the hall, could be seen a long line of men and women drinking, while others stood behind the line reaching their hands over for glasses or waiting their turn to get up to the bar itself.

Three violins, a harp and a piano began to play, and the curtain went up. At that very moment in Christian homes all over America good women kneeled at clean beds by the side of pure hearted little children to repeat the evening prayer to the good God. But will the time speedily come when little voices shall swell the thunder of the good God's wrath against an institution that carries into homeless deserts of the great cities the plague of death, the foul touch of lost virtue for the sake of gold?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MISSING FOWL.

An Experience With an Absentminded English Artist. Wills invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. I accepted, reminding him that as he was absentminded he had better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket he wrote the date on his shirt cuff. When the appointed evening arrived I went to his studio. The door was opened by Wills, and I could see that he had forgotten all about the appointment. "Ah, old fellow," he exclaimed, "do not be too hard on me. The cuff went to the wash, and the date with it. But there

is a fowl in the pot boiling here," continued Mr. Wills. "Just come in and wait a few minutes." I had my misgivings, but walked inside and sat down upon the only chair not crowded with paint, brushes and palettes. After waiting for about twenty minutes, feeling deucedly hungry, I groaned. This had the effect of reminding Wills that I was present. He exclaimed in a dreamy voice, "The years old. The walls of the room had fowl must be boiled by this time," and coming forward he lifted the lid of the decker had been constructed so that pot and peered inside. "It is very odd," he remarked, "but I cannot see dows that had once opened on the rear | the fowl. Extraordinary! No one has

Well, the long and short of it is that a piece of brown paper. "Ah!" said pened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor-Lady G .about sittings for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas and forgotten all about it. But now,

old fellow, do shut up!"-London Mail.

The Parsee. The Parsee, untrammeled by his surroundings, is seen in Bombay in all his wealth of height and dress. The men are, without exception, tall, finely formed and stately and possess a robustness and beauty quite at contrast with their Hindoo neighbors.

Their street costume is a peculiar

long white cotton gown, wide trousers

of the same material and color and a

tall miter shaped hat. They have a

general reputation for sobriety, frugali-

ty and sagacity, and they seem to thoroughly understand the accumulation of fortunes, in this respect resembling the Hebrews. The wealthiest residents of Bombay are Parsees. Where Cobras Are Held to Be Sacred. The Hindoos on account of their superstition are very loath to destroy a cobra. It appears prominently in their mythology, and it is venerated both as a symbol of a malicious and destructive power and also a beneficent one.

a male infant auspiciously shaded by a cobra will come to the throne. Hard Work.

According to Mr. A. K. Forbes, cobras

and there is a Bengalese tradition that

Mrs. A.-I'm surprised that your husband earns so little if he works as hard as you say. What does he do? Mrs. B.-The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years. Easy to Meet. "Have you any trouble in meeting your creditors, old chap?"

everywhere, old bov."

A Wet Umbrella. Never leave an umbrella standing on the point in the ordinary way when

"No difficulty whatever. I meet 'em

wet. The water trickles down, spoiling the silk and making the wires rusty. It is also a mistake to open it and leave it standing, as this stretches the silk, and the ignorant but hatred of all somaking it baggy so that it is impossible to fold it smoothly. The proper way is to shake out as much of the water as possible, then stand the um-