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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvii | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1900 | No 4

Clean-up Sale Continued!

Balance of January Devoted to Bargain Selling.

Our stock is still too large for invoicing and must be further reduced.

CLOCKS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

Special Clean-up Prices on Silks, Dress Goods, Table Linens, Crashes, Underwear and Hosiery.

ALL WINTER GOODS SACRIFICED.

REMNANT SALE.

Hundreds of Remnants of all kinds of Dry Goods and all odd lots at bargain prices.

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Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.

Sacrifice Sale

Continued to

Saturday, Jan. 20th.

Owing to the fact of there being no issue of the county papers between Xmas and New Year, consequently our out-of-town friends and patrons were not aware of this **MONEY-SAVING Opportunity!** So for their benefit and also for those in the city who did not attend or were not waited on, we will continue to sell all goods as advertised in our circular of last week. Except the price on Jackets and Capes, we have reduced the price lower than those quoted in our circular of last week.

With the longest, coldest part of winter yet to come, if you need a warm winter garment, such as a Jacket, Cape, Collarette or Scarf—a stylish Hat to go with them—you can now purchase both for less money than formerly you would pay for one.

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Statement of a Neighbor is to be Believed.

Nothing so Convincing as What Persons Whom We Know and Respect, Say.

There is nothing so convincing as the statements of people whom we know and respect. If your neighbor tells you something, you know it is true; no neighbor will deceive another. So that is the way with Kid-ne-oids. The statements of people living right here in Pennsylvania are published so that you may ask these people and find out the great good Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are doing.

Mr. O. J. Zimmerman, 14 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa. says:—"I had a severe pain in my back just over the kidneys and at times it would be a sharp piercing pain. I was so nervous I could not sleep. I tried different kinds of kidney remedies for my trouble, but none of them gave me relief, until I took Morrow's Kid-ne-oids. In a few days I was greatly relieved of all my troubles. I will continue to take Kid-ne-oids."

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Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

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Butler, Pa.

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Money loaned on approved security.
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IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER VII.

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.

The body of Loreen lay in state at the Page mansion on the avenue. It was Sunday morning, and the clear, sweet air, just beginning to breathe over the city the perfume of opening blossoms in the woods and fields, swept over the casket from one of the open windows at the end of the grand hall. The church bells were ringing, and the people on the avenue going by to service turned curious, inquiring looks up at the great house and went on, talking of the recent events which had so strangely entered into and made history in the city.

At the First church Henry Maxwell, bearing on his face marks of the scene he had been through the night before, confronted an immense congregation and spoke of it with a passion and a power that came so naturally out of the profound experiences of the day before that his people felt for him something of the old feeling of pride they once had in his dramatic delivery. Only this was a different attitude, and all through his impassioned appeal this morning there was a note of sadness and rebuke and stern condemnation that made many of the members pale with self accusation or with inward anger.

For Raymond had awakened that morning to the fact that the city had gone for license after all. The rumor at the Rectangle that the second and third wards had gone no license proved to be false. It was true that the victory was won by a very meager majority, but the result was the same as if it had been overwhelming. Raymond had voted to continue another year the saloon. The Christians of Raymond stood condemned by the result. More than a hundred Christians, professing disciples, had failed to go to the polls, and many more than that number had voted with the whisky men. If all the church members of Raymond had voted against the saloon, it would today be outlawed instead of crowned king of the municipality. What had been the fact in Raymond for years. The saloon ruled. No one knew that. What would Jesus do?

And the woman who had been brutally struck down by the very hand that had assisted so eagerly to work her earthly ruin—what of her? Was it anything more than the logical sequence of the whole horrible system of license that for another year the saloon that received her so often and compassed her degradation, from whose very spot the weapon had been hurled that struck her dead, would by the law which the Christian people of Raymond voted to support open its doors, perhaps tomorrow, and damn with earthly and eternal destruction a hundred Loreens before the year had drawn to its bloody close?

All this, with a voice that rang and trembled and broke in sobs of anguish for the result, did Henry Maxwell pour out upon his people that Sunday morning, and men and women wept as he spoke. Donald Marsh sat there, his usual erect, handsome, firm, bright, self confident bearing all gone, his head bowed upon his breast, the great tears rolling down his cheeks, unmindful of the fact that never before had he shown outward emotion in a public service. Edward Norman near by sat, with his clear cut, keen face erect, but his lip trembled and he clutched the end of the pew with a feeling of emotion that struck deep into his knowledge of the truth as Maxwell spoke of it. No man had given or suffered more to influence public opinion that last week than Norman. The thought that the Christian conscience had been aroused too late or too feebly lay with a weight of accusation upon the heart of the editor. What if he had begun to do as Jesus would long ago? Who could tell what might have been accomplished by this time? And up in the choir Rachel Winslow, with her face bowed on the railing of the oak screen, gave way to a feeling she had not yet allowed to master her, but it so unfitted her for her part that when Henry Maxwell finished and she tried to sing the closing solo after the prayer her voice broke, and for the first time in her life she was obliged to sit down sobbing and unable to go on.

Over the church in the silence that followed this strange scene, sobs and the noise of weeping arose. When had the First church yielded to such a baptism of tears? What had become of its regular, precise, cold, conventional order of service, undisturbed by any vulgar emotion and unmoved by any foolish excitement? But the people had lately had their deepest convictions touched. They had been living so long on their surface feelings that they had almost forgotten the deeper wells of life. Now that they had broken to the surface the people were convinced of the meaning of their discipleship.

Henry Maxwell did not ask this morning for volunteers to join those who had already pledged to do as Jesus would, but when the congregation had finally gone and he had entered the lecture room it needed but a glance to show him that the original company of followers had been largely increased. The meeting was tender. It glowed with the Spirit's presence; it was alive with strong and lasting resolve to begin a war on the whisky power of Raymond that would break its reign. Since the first Sunday when the first company of volunteers had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do the different meetings had been characterized by distinct impulses or impressions. Today the entire force of the gathering seemed to be directed to this one large purpose. It was a meeting full of broken prayers, of contrition, confession, of strong yearning for a new and better city life, and all through it ran the one general cry for deliverance from the saloon and its awful curse.

But if the First church was deeply stirred by the events of the week gone the Rectangle also felt moved strongly in its own way. The death of Loreen was not in itself so remarkable a fact. It was her recent acquaintance with the people from the city that lifted her into special prominence and surrounded her death with more than ordinary importance. Every one in the Rectangle knew that Loreen was at this moment lying in the Page mansion up on the avenue. Exaggerated reports of the magnificence of the casket had already furnished material for eager gossip. The Rectangle was excited to know the details of the funeral. Would it be public? What did Miss Page intend to do? The Rectangle had never before mingled even in this distantly personal manner with the aristocracy on the boulevard. The opportunities for doing so were not frequent. Gray and his wife were besieged by inquiries as to what Loreen's friends and acquaintances were expected to do in paying their last respects to her, for her acquaintance was large, and many of the recent converts were among her friends.

So that is how it happened Monday afternoon at the tent that the funeral service of Loreen was held before an immense audience that choked the tent and overflowed beyond all previous bounds. Gray had gone to Virginia, and after talking it over with her and Henry Maxwell the arrangements had been made.

"I am and always have been opposed to large public funerals," said Gray, whose complete, wholesome simplicity of character was one of its great sources of strength, "but the cry of the poor creatures who knew Loreen is so earnest that I do not know how to refuse their desire to see her and pay her poor body some last little honor. What do you think, Mr. Maxwell? I will be guided by your judgment in the matter. I am sure that whatever you and Miss Page think is best will be right."

"I feel as you do," replied Mr. Maxwell. "Under most circumstances I have a great distaste for what seems like display at such times, but this seems different. The people at the Rectangle will not come here to a service. I think the most Christian thing will be to let them have the service at the tent. Do you think so, Virginia?"

"Yes," said Virginia sadly. "Poor soul! I do not know but that some time I shall know she gave her life for mine. We certainly cannot and will not use the occasion for vulgar display. Let her friends be allowed the gratification of their wishes. I see no harm in it."

So the arrangements were made with some difficulty for the service at the tent, and Virginia, with her uncle and Rollin, accompanied by Henry Maxwell, Rachel, President Marsh and the quartet from the First church, went down and witnessed one of the strange scenes of their lives. It happened that that afternoon a noted newspaper correspondent was passing through Raymond on his way to an editorial convention in a neighboring city. He heard of the contemplated service at the tent and was present that afternoon. His description of it was written in a graphic style that caught the attention of very many readers the next day. A fragment of his account belongs to this part of the history of Raymond:

"There was a very unique and unusual funeral service held here this afternoon at the tent of an evangelist, Rev. John Gray, down in the slum district known as the Rectangle. The occasion was caused by the killing of a woman during an election riot last Saturday night. It seems she had been recently converted during the evangelist's meetings and was killed while returning from one of the meetings in company with other converts and some of her friends. She was a common street drunkard, and yet the services at the tent were as impressive as any I ever witnessed in a metropolitan church over the most distinguished citizen.

"In the first place, a most exquisite anthem was sung by a trained choir. It struck me, of course, being a stranger to the place, with considerable astonishment to hear voices like those one naturally expects to hear only in great churches or concerts at such a meeting as this, but the most remarkable part of the music was a solo sung by a strikingly beautiful young woman, a Miss Winslow, who, if I remember rightly, is the young singer who was sought for by Crandal, the manager of National Opera, and who for some reason refused to accept his offer to go on the stage. She had a most wonderful manner in singing, and everybody was weeping before she had sung a dozen words. That, of course, is not so strange an effect to be produced at a funeral service, but the voice itself was one of ten thousand. I understand Miss Winslow sings in the First church and could probably command almost any salary as a public singer. She will probably be heard from soon. Such a voice could win its way anywhere.

"The service, aside from the singing, was peculiar. The evangelist, a man of apparently very simple, unassuming style, spoke a few words, and he was followed by a fine looking man, the Rev. Henry Maxwell, pastor of the First church of Raymond. Mr. Maxwell spoke of the fact that the dead woman had been fully prepared to go, but he spoke in a peculiarly sensitive manner of the effect of the liquor business on the lives of men and women like this one. Raymond, of course, being a railroad town and the center of the great packing interests for this region, is full of saloons. I caught from the minister's remarks that he had only recently changed his views in regard to license. He certainly made a very striking and yet it was in no sense an inappropriate address for a funeral.

"Then followed what was perhaps the queer part of this strange service. The women in the tent, at least a large part of them up near the coffin, began to sing in a soft, tearful way, 'I was a wandering sheep.'

"Then, while the singing was going on, one row of women stood up and walked slowly past the casket, and as they went by each one placed a flower of some kind on it. Then they sat down, and another row filed past, leaving their flowers. All the time the singing continued softly, like rain on a tent cover when the wind is gentle. It was one of the simplest and at the same time one of the most impressive sights I ever witnessed. The sides of the tent were up, and hundreds of people who could not get in stood outside, all as still as death, with wonderful sadness and solemnity for such rough looking people. There must have been a hundred of these women, and I was told many of them had been converted at the meetings just recently. I cannot describe the effect of that singing. Not a man sang a note, all women's voices, and so soft and yet so distinct that the effect was startling.

"The service closed with another solo by Miss Winslow, who sang 'There were ninety and nine,' and then the evangelist asked them all to bow their heads while he prayed. I was obliged, in order to catch my train, to leave during the prayer, and the last view I caught of the scene as the train went by the shops was a sight of the great crowd pouring out of the tent and forming in open ranks while the coffin was borne out by six of the women. It is a long time since I have seen such a picture in this unpoetical republic."

If Loreen's funeral impressed a passing stranger like this, it is not difficult to imagine the profound feelings of those who had been so intimately connected with her life and death. Nothing had ever entered the Rectangle that had moved it so deeply as Loreen's body in that coffin, and the Holy Spirit seemed to bless with special power the use of this senseless clay, for that night at the meeting he swept more than a score of lost souls, mostly women, into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

It should be said here that Henry Maxwell's statement concerning the opening of the saloon from whose window Loreen had been killed proved nearly exactly true. It was formally closed Monday and Tuesday while the authorities arrested the proprietor, charged with the murder, but nothing could be proved against any one, and before Saturday of that week the saloon was running as regularly as ever. No one on the earth was ever punished by earthly courts for the murder of Loreen.

No one in all Raymond, including the Rectangle, felt Loreen's death more keenly than Virginia. It came like a distinct personal loss to her. That short week while Loreen had been in her home had opened Virginia's heart to a new life. She was talking it over with Rachel the day after the funeral. They were sitting in the hall of the Page mansion.

"I am going to do something with my money to help these women to a better life." Virginia looked over to the end of the hall where the day before Loreen's body had lain. "I have decided on a good plan, as it seems to me. I have talked it over with Rollin. He will devote a large part of his money to the same plan."

"How much money have you, Virginia, to give in this way?" asked Rachel. Once she would never have asked such a personal question. Now it seemed as natural to talk frankly about money as about anything else that belonged to God.

"I have available for use at least $450,000. Rollin has as much more. It is one of his bitter regrets now that his extravagant habits of life before his conversion practically threw away half that father left him. We are both eager to make all the reparation in our power. 'What would Jesus do with this money?' We want to answer that question honestly and wisely. The money I shall put into The News is. I am confident, in line with Jesus' probable action. It is as necessary that we have a daily Christian paper in Raymond, especially now that we have the saloon influence to meet, as it is to have a church or a college. So I am satisfied that the $500,000 that Mr. Norman will know how to use so well will be a powerful factor in Raymond to do as Jesus would do.

"About my other plan, Rachel, I want you to work with me. Rollin and I are going to buy up a large part of the property in the Rectangle. The field where the tent now is has been in litigation for years. We mean to secure the entire tract as soon as the courts have settled the title. For some time I have been making a special study of the various forms of college settlements and resident methods of Christian work and institutional church work in the heart of great city slums. I do not know that I have yet been able to tell just what is the wisest and most effective kind of work that can be done in Raymond, but I do know this much—my money (I mean God's, which he wants me to use) can build wholesome lodging houses, refuges for poor women, asylums for shopgirls, safety for many and many a lost girl like Loreen. And I do not want to be simply a dispenser of this money. God help me! I do want to put myself into the problem. But do you know, Rachel, I have a feeling all the time that all that limitless money and limitless personal sacrifice can possibly do will not really lessen very much the awful conditions at the Rectangle as long as the saloon is legally established there. I think that is true of any Christian work now being carried on in any great city. The saloon furnishes material to be saved faster than the settlement or residence or rescue mission work can save it."

Virginia suddenly rose and paced the hall. Rachel answered sadly and yet with a note of hope in her voice:

"It is true; but, oh, Virginia, what a wonderful amount of happiness and power can come out of this money! And the saloon cannot always remain here. The time must come when the Christian force in the city will triumph."

Virginia paused near Rachel, and her pale, earnest face lighted up.

"I believe that too. The number of those who have promised to do as Jesus would is increasing. If we once have, say, 500 such disciples in Raymond, the saloon is doomed. But now, dear, I want you to look at your part in this plan for capturing and saving the Rectangle. Your voice is a power. I have had many ideas lately. Here is one of them. You could organize among the girls a musical institute. Give them the benefit of your training. There are some splendid voices in the rough there. Did any one ever hear such singing as that yesterday by those women? Rachel, what a beautiful opportunity! You shall have the best of opportunity in the way of organs and orchestras that money can provide, and what cannot be done with music to win souls there into higher and better and purer living?"

Before Virginia had ceased speaking Rachel's face was perfectly transfigured with the thought of her life work. It flowed into her heart and mind like a flood, and the torrent of her feeling overflowed in tears that could not be restrained. It was what she had dreamed of doing herself. It represented to her something that she felt was in keeping with a right use of her own talent. "Yes," she said as she rose and put her arms about Virginia, while both girls in the excitement of their enthusiasm paced the hall—"yes, I will gladly put my life into that kind of service. I do believe that Jesus would have me use my life in this way. Virginia, what miracles can we not accomplish with humanity if we have such a lever as consecrated money to move things with!"

"Add to it consecrated personal enthusiasm like yours, and it certainly can accomplish great things," said Virginia, smiling, and then before Rachel could reply Rollin came in. He hesitated a moment and was passing out of the hall into the library when Virginia called him and asked some questions about his work.

Rollin came back and sat down, and together the three discussed their future plans. Rollin was apparently entirely free from embarrassment in Rachel's presence while Virginia was with them; only his manner with her was almost precise, if not cold. The past seemed to be entirely absorbed in his wonderful conversion. He had not forgotten it, but he seemed to be completely caught up for this present time in the purpose of this new life.

After awhile Rollin was called out, and Rachel and Virginia began to talk of other things.

"By the way, what has become of Jasper Chase?"

Virginia asked the question innocently enough, but Rachel blushed, and Virginia added, with a smile: "I suppose he is writing another book. is he going to put you into this one, Rachel? You know I always suspected Jasper Chase of doing that very thing in his first story."

"Virginia"—Rachel spoke with the frankness that had always existed between the two friends—"Jasper Chase told me the other night that he—in fact—he proposed to me—or he would if"—

Rachel stopped and sat with her hands clasped on her lap, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Virginia, I thought a little while ago that I loved him, as he said he loved me, but when he spoke my heart felt repelled, and I said what I ought to have said. I told him no. I have not seem him since. That was the night of the first conversions at the Rectangle."

"I am glad for you," said Virginia quietly.

"Why?" asked Rachel, a little startled.

"Because I have never really liked Jasper Chase. He is too cold and—I do not like to judge him, but I have always distrusted his sincerity in taking the pledge at the church with the rest."

Rachel looked at Virginia thoughtfully.

"I have never given my heart to him, I am sure. He touched my emotions, and I admired his skill as a writer. I have thought at times that I cared a good deal for him. I think perhaps if he had spoken to me at any other time than the one he chose I could easily have persuaded myself that I loved him, but not now." Rachel paused suddenly, and when she looked up at Virginia again there were tears on her face. Virginia came to her and put her arm about her tenderly.

When Rachel had left the house, Virginia sat in the hall thinking over the confidence her friend had just shown her. There was something still to be told, Virginia felt sure from Rachel's manner, but she did not feel hurt that Rachel had kept back something. She was simply conscious of more on Rachel's mind than she had revealed.

Very soon Rollin came back, and he and Virginia, arm in arm, as they had lately been in the habit of doing, walked up and down the long hall.

It was easy for their talk to settle finally upon Rachel because of the place she was to occupy in the plans which were being made for the purchase of the property at the Rectangle.

"Did you ever know a girl of such really gifted powers in vocal music who was willing to give her whole life to the people, as Rachel is going to do? She is going to give music lessons in the city, have private pupils to make her living and then give the people in the Rectangle the benefit of her culture and her voice."

"It is certainly a very good example of self sacrifice," replied Rollin, a little stiffly.

Virginia looked at him a little sharply.

"But don't you think it is a very unusual example? Can you imagine"—here Virginia named half a dozen famous opera singers—"doing anything of this sort?"

"No; I can't," Rollin answered briefly. "Neither can I imagine Miss"—he spoke the name of the girl with the red parasol who had begged Virginia to take the girls to the Rectangle—"doing what you are doing, Virginia."

"Any more than I can imagine Mr."—Virginia spoke the name of a young society leader—"going about to the clubs doing your work, Rollin."

The two walked on in silence for the length of the hall.

"Coming back to Rachel," began Virginia, "Rollin, why do you treat her with such a distant, precise manner? I think, Rollin—pardon me if I hurt you—that she is annoyed by it. You used to be on easy terms. I don't think Rachel likes this change."

Rollin suddenly stopped. He seemed deeply agitated. He took his arm from Virginia's and walked down to the end of the hall. Then he returned, with his arms behind him, and, stopping near his sister, he said:

"Virginia, have you not learned my secret?"

Virginia looked bewildered. Then over her face the unusual color crept, showing that she understood.

"I have never loved any one but Rachel Winslow," Rollin spoke calmly enough now. "That day she was here, when you talked about her refusal to join the concert company, I asked her to be my wife, out there on the avenue. She refused me, as I knew she would, and she gave as her reason the fact that I had no purpose in life, which was true enough. Now that I have a purpose, now that I am a new man, don't you see, Virginia, how impossible it is for me to say anything? I owe my very conversion to Rachel's singing, and yet that night while she sang I can honestly say that for the time being I never thought of her voice except as God's message. I believe all my personal love for her was for the time merged into a personal love to God and my Saviour." Rollin was silent. Then he went on with more emotion, "I am still in love with her, Virginia, but I do not think she could ever love me." He stopped and looked his sister in the face with a sad smile.

"I don't know about that," said Virginia to herself. She was noting Rollin's handsome face, its marks of dissipation nearly all gone now, the firm lips showing manhood and courage, the clear eyes looking into hers frankly, the form strong and graceful. Rollin was a man now. Why should not Rachel come to love him in time? Surely the two were well fitted for each other, especially now that their purpose in life was moved by the same Christian source.

She said something of all this to Rollin, but he did not find much comfort. When they closed the interview, Virginia carried away the impression that Rollin meant to go his way with his chosen work, trying to reach the fashionable men at the clubs and, while not avoiding Rachel, seeking no occasion for meeting her. He was distrustful of his power to control his feelings, and Virginia could see that he dreaded even the thought that his love was still the same.

The next day she went down to The News office to see Edward Norman and arrange the details of her part in the establishment of the paper on its new foundation. Henry Maxwell was present at this conference, and the three agreed that, whatever Jesus would do in detail as editor of a daily paper, he would be guided by the same general principles that directed his conduct as the Saviour of the world.

"I have tried to put down here in concrete form some of the things which it has seemed to me Jesus would do," said Edward Norman. He read from a paper lying on his desk, and Henry Maxwell was reminded again of his effort to put into written form his own conception of Jesus' probable action and also of Milton Wright's attempt in his business.

"I have headed this, 'What Would Jesus Do as Edward Norman, Editor of a Daily Newspaper In Raymond.'

"1. He would never allow a sentence or a picture in his paper that could be called bad or coarse or impure in any way.

"2. He would probably conduct the political part of the paper from the standpoint of nonpartisan patriotism, always looking upon all political questions in the light of their relations to the welfare of the people, always on the basis of 'What is right?' never from the basis of 'What is for the best interests of this or that party?' In other words, he would treat every political subject from the standpoint of the advancement of the kingdom of God on the earth."

Edward Norman looked up from the reading for a moment. "You understand that is my interpretation of Jesus' probable action on political matters on other newspaper men who may have a different conception of Jesus' probable action from mine. I am simply trying to answer honestly, 'What would Jesus do as Edward Norman?' and the answer I find is what I have put down."

"3. The end and aim of a daily paper conducted by Jesus would be to do the will of God. That is, his main purpose in carrying on a newspaper would not be to make money or gain political influence, but his first and ruling purpose should be so to conduct his paper that it would be evident to all his subscribers that he was trying to seek first the kingdom of God by means of his paper. This purpose would be as distinct and unquestioned as the purpose of a minister or a missionary or any other unselfish martyr in Christian work anywhere.

"4. All questionable advertisements would be impossible.

"5. The relation of Jesus to the employees on the paper would be of the most loving character."

"So far as I have gone," said Norman, again looking up, "I am of the opinion that Jesus would employ practically some form of co-operation that would represent the idea of mutual interest in a business where all were to move together for the same great end. I am working out such a plan, and I am confident it will be successful. At any rate, once introduce the element of personal love into a business like this, take out the selfish principle of doing it for the sake of personal profits to a man or company, and I do not see any way except the most loving personal interest between editor, reporters, pressmen and all who contributed anything to the life of the paper, and that interest would be expressed not only in the personal love and sympathy, but in a sharing with the profits of the business.

"6. As editor of a daily paper today Jesus would give large space to the work of the Christian world. He would devote a page possibly to the facts of reform, of sociological problems, of institutional church work and similar movements.

"7. He would do all in his power in his paper to fight the saloon as an enemy of the human race and an unnecessary part of our present civilization. He would do this regardless of public sentiment in the matter and, of course, always regardless of its effect on his subscription list."

Again Edward Norman looked up. "I state my honest conviction on this point. Of course I do not pass judgment on the Christian men who are editing other kinds of papers today, but as I interpret Jesus I believe he would use the influence of his paper to remove the saloon entirely from the political and social life of the nation.

"8. Jesus would not issue a Sunday edition.

"9. He would place the news of the world that people ought to know. Among the things that they do not need to know and which would not be published would be brutal prizefights, long accounts of crimes, scandals in private families or any other human events which in any way would conflict with the first point mentioned in this outline.

"10. If Jesus had the amount of money to use on a paper which we have, he would probably secure the best and strongest Christian men and women to co-operate with him in the matter of contributors. That will be my purpose, as I shall be able to show you in a few days.

"11. Whatever the details of the paper might demand as the paper developed along its definite plan, the main principle that guided it would always be the establishment of the kingdom of God in the world. This large general principle would necessarily shape all the details."

Edward Norman finished reading his plan. He was very thoughtful.

"I have merely sketched a very faint outline. I have a hundred ideas for making the paper powerful that I have not yet thought out fully. This is simply suggestive. I have talked it over with other newspaper men. Some of them say I will have a weak, namby pamby Sunday school sheet. If I get out something as good as a Sunday school, it will be pretty good. Why do men when they want to characterize something as particularly feeble always use a Sunday school as a comparison when they ought to know that the Sunday school is one of the strongest, most powerful influences in our civilization in this country today. But the paper will not necessarily be weak because it is good. Good things are more powerful than bad. The question with me is largely one of support from the Christian people of Raymond. There are over 20,000 church members here in the city. If half of them will stand by The News, its life is assured. What do you think, Maxwell, is the probability of such support?"

"I don't know enough about it to give an intelligent answer. I believe in the paper with all my heart. If it lives a year, as Miss Virginia said, there is no telling what it can do. The great thing will be to issue such a paper, as near as we can judge, as Jesus probably would and put into it all the elements of Christian brains, strength, intelligence and sense and command respect by the absence of bigotry, of fanaticism, narrowness and anything else that is contrary to the spirit of Jesus. Such a paper will call for the best that human thought and action are capable of giving. The greatest minds in the world would have their powers taxed to the utmost to issue a Christian daily."

"Yes," Edward Norman spoke humbly. "I shall make great mistakes, no doubt. I need a great deal of wisdom. But I want to do as Jesus would. 'What would he do?' I have asked it daily and shall continue to do so and abide by results."

"I think we are beginning to understand," said Virginia, "the meaning of that command, 'Grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' I am sure I do not know all that he would do in detail until I know him better."

"That is very true," said Henry Maxwell. "I am beginning to understand that I cannot interpret the probable action of Jesus until I know better what his spirit is. To my mind the greatest question in all of human life is summed up when we ask, 'What would Jesus do?' if as we ask it we also try to answer it from a growing knowledge of Jesus himself. We must know Jesus before we can imitate him."

When the arrangements had been made between Virginia and Edward Norman, he found himself in possession of the sum of $500,000, exclusively his to use for the establishment of a Christian daily paper. When Virginia and Henry Maxwell had gone, Norman closed his door and, alone with the Divine presence, asked like a child for help from his all powerful Father. All through his prayer as he kneeled before his desk ran the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Surely his prayer would be answered and the kingdom be advanced through this instrument of God's power, this mighty press which had become so largely degraded to the base uses of man's avarice and ambition.

Two months went by. They were full of action and results in the city of Raymond and especially in the First church. In spite of the approaching heat of the summer season, the after meeting of the disciples who had made the pledge to do as Jesus would do continued with enthusiasm and power. Gray had finished his work at the Rectangle, and an outward observer going through the place could not have seen any difference in the old conditions, although there was an actual change in hundreds of lives, but the saloons, dens, hovels, gambling houses, still ran, overflowing their vileness into the lives of fresh victims to take the place of those rescued by the evangelist, and the devil recruited his ranks very fast.

Henry Maxwell did not go abroad. Instead of that he took the money he had been saving for the trip and quietly arranged a summer vacation for a whole family living down in the Rectangle who had never gone outside of the foul district of the tenement. The pastor of the First church will never forget the week he spent with this family making the arrangements. He went down into the Rectangle one hot day when something of the terrible heat of the tenements was beginning to be felt and helped the family to the station and then went with them to a beautiful spot on the coast, where, in the home of a Christian woman, these bewildered city tenants breathed for the first time in years the cool salt air and felt blow about them the pine scented fragrance of a new lease of life.

There was a sickly baby with the mother—three other children, one a cripple. The father, who had been out of work until he had been, as he afterward confessed to Maxwell, several times on the verge of suicide, sat with the baby in his arms during the journey, and when Maxwell started back to Raymond after seeing the family settled the man held his hand at parting and choked with his utterance and finally broke down, to Maxwell's great confusion. The mother, a wearied, worn out woman, who had lost three children the year before from a fever scourge in the Rectangle, sat by the car window all the way and drank in the sights of sea and sky and field. It was a miracle to her, and Henry Maxwell, coming back into Raymond at the end of that week, feeling the scorching, sickening heat all the more because of his little taste of the ocean breezes, thanked God for the joy he had witnessed and entered upon his discipleship with a humble heart, knowing for almost the first time in his life this special kind of sacrifice, for never before had he denied himself his regular summer trip away from the heat of Raymond, whether he felt in any great need of rest or not.

"It is a fact," he said in reply to several inquiries on the part of his church, "I do not feel in need of a vacation this year. I am very well and prefer to stay here." It was with a feeling of relief that he succeeded in concealing from every one but his wife what he had done with this other family. He felt the need of doing anything of that sort without display or approval from others. So the summer came on, and Henry Maxwell grew into larger knowledge of his Lord. The First church was still swayed by the power of the Spirit. Maxwell marveled at the continuance of his stay. He knew very well that from the beginning nothing but the Spirit's presence had kept the church from being torn asunder by this remarkable testing it had received of its discipleship. Even now there were many of the members among those who had not taken the pledge who regarded the whole movement as Mrs. Winslow did, in the nature of a fanatical interpretation of Christian duty, and looked for a return of the old normal condition. Meanwhile the whole body of disciples was under the influence of the Spirit, and Henry Maxwell went his way that summer doing his parish work in great joy, keeping up his meetings with the railroad men, as he had promised Alexander Powers, and daily growing into a better knowledge of the Master.

Early one evening in August, after a day of refreshing coolness, following a long period of heat, Jasper Chase walked to the window of his room in the apartment house on the avenue and looked out.

On his desk lay a pile of manuscript. Since that evening when he had spoken to Rachel Winslow he had not met her. His singularly sensitive nature, sensitive to the point of irritability when he was thwarted, seemed to thrust him into an isolation that was intensified by his habits as an author.

All through the heat of the summer he had been writing. His book was nearly done now. He had thrown himself into its construction with a feverish strength that threatened at any moment to desert him and leave him helpless. He had not forgotten his pledge with the other church members at the First church. It had forced itself upon his notice all through his writing and ever since Rachel had said no to him. He had asked a thousand times, "Would Jesus do this?" "Would he write this story?" It was a society novel, written in a style that had proved popular. It had no purpose except to amuse. Its moral teaching was not bad, but neither was it Christian in any positive way. Jasper Chase knew that such a story would sell. He was conscious of powers in his way that the social world petted and admired. What would Jesus do? The question obtruded on him at the most inopportune times. He became irascible over it. The standard of Jesus as an author was too ideal. Of course Jesus would use his powers to produce something useful or helpful or with a purpose. What was he, Jasper Chase, writing this novel for? Why, what nearly every writer wrote for—namely, money and fame as a writer. There was no secret with him that he was writing this new story with that object. He