

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

Perhaps two persons could not be found anywhere less capable of understanding a girl like Virginia than Mame and Rollin. Rachel, who had known the family since she was a girl, sympathized with Virginia's, could not help thinking of what confronted Virginia in her own home when she once decided in the course which she honestly believed Jesus would take. Today as much as she recalled Virginia's outbreak in the front room, she tried to picture the scene that would at some time occur between Mame, Page and her granddaughter.

"I understand that you are going on the stage, Miss Winslow. We shall all be delighted, I'm sure," said Rollin, bringing one of the pauses in the conversation, which had not been animated. Rachel colored and felt annoyed.

"Who told you?" she asked, while Virginia, who had been very silent and served, suddenly raised herself and appeared ready to join in the talk.

"Oh, we hear a thing or two on the street! Besides, every one saw Cranford, the manager, at church two weeks ago. He doesn't go to church to hear the preaching. In fact, I know other people who don't either, not when there's something better to hear."

Rachel did not color this time, but she answered quietly:

"You're mistaken. I'm not going on the stage."

"It's a great pity. You'd make a hit. Everybody is talking about your singing."

This time Rachel finished with genuine anger.

Before she could say anything Virginia broke in.

"Whom do you mean by 'everybody'?"

"Whom? I mean all the people who hear Miss Winslow on Sunday. What other time do they hear her? It's a great pity, I say, that the general public outside of Raymond cannot hear her voice."

"Let us talk about something else," said Rachel a little sharply. Mame Page glanced at her and spoke with a gentle courtesy.

"My dear, Rollin never could pay an indirect compliment. He is like his father in that. But we are all curious to know something of your plans. We claim the right from old acquaintance, you know. And Virginia had already told us of your concert company offer."

"I supposed, of course, that was public property," said Virginia, smiling across the table. "It was in The News yesterday."

"Yes, yes," replied Rachel hastily. "I understand that, Mame. Page. Well, Virginia and I have been talking about it. I have decided not to accept, and that is as far as I have gone yet."

Rachel was conscious of the fact that the conversation had up to this point been narrowing her hesitation concerning the company's offer down to a decision that would absolutely satisfy her own judgment of Jesus' probable action. It had been the last thing in the world, however, that she had desired to have her decision made in any way so public as this. Somehow what Rollin Page had said and his manner in saying it had hastened her judgment in the matter.

"Would you mind telling us, Rachel, your reasons for refusing the offer? It looks like a good opportunity for a young girl like you. Don't you think the general public ought to hear you? I feel like Rollin about that. A voice like yours belongs to a larger audience than Raymond and the First church."

Rachel Winslow was naturally a girl of great reserve. She shrank from making her plans or her thoughts public. But with all her repression there was possible in her an occasional sudden breaking out that was simply an impulsive, thoughtful, frank, truthful expression of her most inner personal feeling. She spoke now in reply to Mame Page in one of those rare moments of unreserve that added to the attractiveness of her whole character.

"I have no other reason than a conviction that Jesus would do the same thing," she said, looking in Mame Page's eyes with a clear, earnest gaze.

Mame Page turned red, and Rollin stared. Before her grandmother could say anything Virginia spoke.

Her rising color showed how she was stirred. Virginia's pale, clear complexion was that of health, but it was generally in marked contrast to Rachel's tropical type of beauty.

"Grandmother, you know we promised to make that the standard of our conduct for a year. Mr. Maxwell's proposition was plain to all who heard it. We have not been able to arrive at our decisions very rapidly. The difficulty in knowing what Jesus would do has perplexed Rachel and me a good deal."

Mame Page looked sharply at Virginia before she said anything.

"Of course I understand Mr. Maxwell's statement. It is perfectly impracticable to put it into practice. I felt confident at the time that those who promised would find it out after a trial and abandon it as visionary and absurd. I have nothing to say about Miss Winslow's affairs, but"—she paused and continued with a sharpness that was new to Rachel—"I hope you have no foolish notions in this matter, Virginia."

"I have a great many notions," replied Virginia quietly. "Whether they are foolish or not depends upon my right understanding of what he would do. As soon as I find out I shall do it."

"Excuse me, ladies," said Rollin, rising from the table. "The conversation is getting beyond my depth. I shall retire to the library for a cigar."

He went out of the dining room, and there was silence for a moment. Mame Page waited until the servant had brought in something and then asked her to go out. She was angry, and her anger was formidable, although checked in some measure by the presence of Rachel.

"I am older by several years than you, young ladies," she said, and her traditional type of bearing seemed to Rachel to rise up like a great frozen wall between her and every conception of Jesus as a sacrifice. "What you have promised in a spirit of false emotion, I presume, is impossible of performance."

"Do you mean, grandmother, that we cannot possibly act as Jesus would, or do you mean that if we try to we shall offend the customs and prejudices of society?" asked Virginia.

"It is not required. It is not necessary. Besides, how can you act with any?"

Mame Page paused, broke off her sentence and then turned to Rachel.

"What will your mother say to your decision? My dear, is it not foolish? What do you expect to do with your voice anyway?"

"I don't know what mother will say yet," Rachel answered, with a great shrinking from trying to give her mother's probable answer. If there was a woman in all Raymond with great ambitions for her daughter's success as a singer, Mrs. Winslow was that woman.

"Oh, you will see it in a different light after wise thought of it! My dear," continued Mame Page, rising from the table, "you will live to regret it if you do not accept the concert company's offer or something like it."

Rachel said something that contained a hint of the struggle she was still having, and after a little she went away, feeling that her departure was to be followed by a painful conversation between Virginia and her grandmother. As she afterward learned, Virginia passed through a crisis of feeling during that scene with her grandmother that hastened her final decision as to the use of her money and her social position.

Rachel was glad to escape and he by her. A plan was slowly forming in her mind, and she wanted to be alone to think it out carefully. But before she had got two blocks she was annoyed by Rollin Page walking beside her.

"Sorry to disturb your thought, Miss Winslow, but I happened to be going your way and I have an idea you might not object. I've been walking here for a while, and you haven't objected."

"I did not see you," replied Rachel.

"I wouldn't mind that if you only thought of me once in awhile," said Rollin suddenly. He took one last nervous puff of his cigar, tossed it into the street and walked along with a pale face.

Rachel was surprised, but not startled. She had known Rollin as a boy, and there had been a time when they had used each other's first name familiarly. Lately, however, something in Rachel's manner had put an end to that. She was used to his direct attempts at compliment and was sometimes amused by them. Today she honestly wished him anywhere else.

"Do you ever think of me, Miss Winslow?" asked Rollin after a pause.

"Oh, yes, quite often!" said Rachel, with a smile.

"Are you thinking of me now?"

"Yes, that is—yes, I am."

"What?"

"Do you want me to be absolutely truthful?"

"Of course."

"Then I was thinking that I wished you were not here."

Rachel bit his lip and looked gloomy. Rollin had not spoken anything as he wished.

"Now, look here, Rachel—oh, I know that's forbidden, but I've got to speak some time—you know how I feel. What makes you treat me so hard? You used to like me a little, you know."

"Did I? Of course we used to get on very well as boy and girl, but we are older now."

Rachel still spoke in the light, easy way she had used since her first annoyance at seeing him. She was still somewhat preoccupied with her plan, which had been disturbed by Rollin's appearance.

They walked along in silence a little way. The avenue was full of people. Among the persons passing was Jasper Chase. He saw Rachel and Rollin and bowed as he went by. Rollin was watching Rachel closely.

"I wish I were Jasper Chase. Maybe I'd stand some show then," he said moodily.

Rachel colored in spite of herself. She did not say anything and quickened her pace a little. Rollin seemed determined to say something, and Rachel seemed helpless to prevent him. After all, she thought, he might as well know the truth one time as another.

"You know well enough, Rachel, how I feel toward you. Isn't there any hope? I could make you happy. I've loved you a good many years."

"Why, how old do you think I am?" broke in Rachel, with a nervous laugh. She was shaken out of her usual poised manner.

"You know what I mean," went on Rollin doggedly, "and you have no right to laugh at me just because I want you to marry me."

"I'm not, but it is useless for you to speak—Rollin," said Rachel after a little hesitation and then using his name in such a frank, simple way that he could attach no meaning to it beyond the familiarity of the family acquaintance. "It is impossible." She was still a little agitated by the fact of receiving a proposal of marriage on the avenue, but the noise on the street and sidewalk made the conversation as private as if they were in the house.

"Would you—that is—do you think—if you gave me time I would—"

"Given Up"



to die several times, yet I am spared to tell how I was saved," writes Mrs. A. A. Stowe, 217 N. 4th St., San Jose, Cal. "I had valvular heart trouble so severe that I was pronounced 'gone' two different times. The valves of my heart failed to work properly, and circulation was so sluggish that the slightest exertion produced fainting. There is no hope," said my physician, so I decided to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and the result I consider miraculous. I am satisfied it saved my life."

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"No!" said Rachel. She spoke firmly. Perhaps, she thought afterward, although she did not mean to, she spoke harshly.

They walked on for some time without a word. They were nearing Rachel's home, and she was anxious to end the scene.

As they turned off the avenue into one of the quiet streets Rollin spoke suddenly and with more manliness than he had yet shown. There was a distinct note of dignity in his voice that was new to Rachel.

"Miss Winslow, I ask you to be my wife. Is there any hope for me that you will ever consent?"

"None in the least," Rachel spoke decidedly.

"Will you tell me why?" He asked the question as if he had a right to a truthful answer.

"I do not feel toward you as a woman ought to feel toward the man she ought to marry."

"In other words, you do not love me?"

"I do not, and I cannot."

"Why?" That was another question, and Rachel was a little surprised that he should ask it.

"Because"—She hesitated for fear she might say too much in an attempt to speak the exact truth.

"Tell me just why. You can't hurt me more than you have done already."

"Well, I don't and can't love you because you have no purpose in life. What do you ever do to make the world better? You spend your time in club life, in amusements, in travel, in luxury. What is there in such a life to attract a woman?"

"Not much, I guess," said Rollin, with a little laugh. "Still, I don't know that I am any worse than the rest of the men around me. I'm not so bad as some. Glad to know your reason."

He suddenly stopped, took off his hat, bowed gravely and turned back. Rachel went on home and hurried into her room, disturbed in many ways by the event which had so unexpectedly thrust itself into her experience.

When she had time to think it all over, she found herself condemned by the very judgment she had passed on Rollin Page. What purpose had she in life? She had been abroad and studied music with one of the famous teachers of Europe. She had come home to Raymond and had been singing in the First church choir now for a year. She was well paid. Up to that Sunday two weeks ago she had been quite satisfied with herself and her position. She had shared her mother's ambition and anticipated growing triumphs in the musical world. What possible career was before her except the regular career of every singer?

She asked the question again and, in the light of her recent reply to Rollin, asked again if she had any very great purpose in life herself? What would Jesus do? There was a fortune in her voice. She knew it, not necessarily as a matter of personal pride or professional egotism, but simply as a fact, and she was obliged to acknowledge that until two weeks ago she had purposed to use her voice to make money and win admiration and applause. Was that a much higher purpose, after all, than Rollin Page lived for?

She sat in her room a long time and finally went down stairs resolved to have a frank talk with her mother about the concert company's offer and her new plan, which was gradually shaping in her mind. She had already had one talk with her mother and knew that she expected Rachel to accept the offer and enter on a successful career as a public singer.

"Mother," Rachel said, coming at once to the point, as much as she dreaded the interview, "I have decided not to go out with the company. I have a good reason for it."

Mrs. Winslow was a large, handsome woman, fond of much company, ambitious for a distinct place in society and devoted, according to her definitions of success, to the success of her children. Her youngest boy, Lewis, ten years younger than Rachel, was ready to graduate from a military academy in

the summer. Meanwhile she had been a member of the church. Rachel's father, like Virginia's, had died while the family were abroad. Like Virginia, she found herself, under her present rule of conduct, in complete antagonism with her own immediate home circle.

Mrs. Winslow waited for Rachel to speak.

"You know the promise I made two weeks ago, mother?"

"Mr. Maxwell's promise?"

"No, mine. You know what it was, mother?"

"I suppose I do. Of course all the church members mean to imitate Christ and follow him as far as is consistent with our present-day surroundings. But what has that to do with your decision in the concert company's matter?"

"It has everything to do with it. After asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and going to the source of authority for wisdom I have been obliged to say that I do not believe he would in my case make that use of my voice."

"Why? Is there anything wrong about such a career?"

"No! I don't know that I can say there is."

"Do you presume to sit in judgment on other people who go out to sing in this way? Do you presume to say that they are doing what Christ would not do?"

"Mother, I wish you to understand me. I judge no one else. I condemn no other professional singers. I simply decide my own course. As I look at it, I have a conviction that Jesus would do something else."

"What else?" Mrs. Winslow had not yet lost her temper. She did not understand the situation or Rachel in the midst of it, but she was anxious that her daughter's career should be as distinguished as her natural gifts promised, and she felt confident that when the present unusual religious excitement in the First church had passed away Rachel would go on with her public life according to the wishes of the family. She was totally unprepared for Rachel's next remark.

"What? Something that will serve mankind where it most needs the service of song. Mother, I have made up my mind to use my voice in some way so as to satisfy my soul that I am doing something better than pleasing fashionable audiences or making money or even gratifying my own love of singing. I am going to do something that will satisfy me when I ask, 'What would Jesus do?' and I am not satisfied and cannot be when I think of myself as singing myself into the career of a concert company performer."

Rachel spoke with a vigor and earnestness that surprised her mother. Mrs. Winslow was angry now, and she never tried to conceal her feelings.

"It is simply absurd! Rachel, you are a fanatic! What can you do?"

"The world has been served by men and women who have given it other things that were gifts. Why should I, because I am blessed with a natural gift, at once proceed to put a market price on it and make all the money I can out of it? You know, mother, that you have taught me to think of a musical career always in the light of a financial and social success. I have been unable since I made my promise two weeks ago to imagine Jesus joining a concert company to do what I would do and live the life I would have to live if I joined it."

Mrs. Winslow rose and then sat down again. With a great effort she composed herself.

"What do you intend to do, then? You have not answered my question."

"I shall continue to sing for the time being in the church. I am pledged to sing there through spring. During the week I am going to sing at the White Cross meetings down in the Rectangle."

"What! Rachel Winslow! Do you know what you are saying? Do you know what sort of people those are down there?"

Rachel almost quailed before her mother. For a moment she shrank back and was silent.

"I know very well. That is the reason I am going. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have been working there several weeks. I learned only this morning that they wanted singers from the churches to help them in their meetings. They use a tent. It is in a part of the city where Christian work is most needed. I shall offer them my help. Mother," Rachel cried out with the first passionate utterance she had yet used, "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice. I know you will not understand me. But I am hungry to suffer something. What have we done all our lives for the suffering, sinning side of Raymond? How much have we denied ourselves or given of our personal ease and pleasure to bless the place in which we live or imitate the life of the Saviour of the world? Are we always to go on doing as society selfishly dictates, moving on its narrow little round of pleasures and entertainments and never knowing the pain of things that cost?"

"Are you preaching at me?" asked Mrs. Winslow slowly. Rachel understood her mother's words.

"No; I am preaching at myself," she replied gently. She paused a moment as if she thought her mother would say something more and then went out of the room. When she reached her own room, she felt that, so far as her mother was concerned, she could expect no sympathy or even a fair understanding from her.

She knelt down. It is safe to say that within the two weeks since Henry Maxwell's church had faced that shabby figure with the faded hat more members of his parish had been driven to their knees in prayer than during all the previous term of his pastorate.

When she rose, her beautiful face was wet with tears. She sat thoughtfully a little while and then wrote a note to Virginia Page. She sent it to her by a messenger and then went down stairs again and told her mother that she and Virginia were going down to the Rectangle that evening to see Mr.

She Was Pale as Death

Miss Cordelia Moore, of Malone, N. Y., until recently, has been a life-long invalid from palpitation of the heart and weakness of the blood.

Physicians were puzzled over her case, their most skillful efforts were baffled. Various remedies were tried without avail. The proverbial "change of climate" was advised, but the constant change wore upon her until, to quote her mother's words, "she became a living ghost." Miss Moore said: "Upon advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and before the first box was used I noticed a great change. I began to regain my appetite and felt better generally. After finishing the first box I took six more. The effect was wonderful. I grew strong and gained in flesh. I never felt better in my life than I do now. I weigh more than ever before and I consider myself cured."

From the Gazette, Malone, N. Y.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an untailing specific for such diseases as leucoderma, ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and all forms of weakness either in ladies or gentlemen.

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and Mrs. Gray, the evangelists.

"Virginia's uncle, Dr. West, will go with us if she goes. I have asked her to call him up by telephone and go with us. The doctor is a friend of the Grays and attended some of the meetings last winter."

Mrs. Winslow did not say anything in her manner showed her complete disapproval of Rachel's course, and Rachel felt her unspoken bitterness.

About 7 o'clock the doctor and Virginia appeared, and together the three started for the scene of the White Cross meetings.

The Rectangle was the most notorious district in all Raymond. It was in the territory close by the great railroad shops and the packing houses. The slum and tenement district of Raymond congested its most wretched elements about the Rectangle. This was a barren field used in the summer by circus companies and wandering showmen. It was shantied in by rows of saloons, gambling halls and cheap, dirty boarding and lodging houses.

The First church of Raymond had never touched the Rectangle problem. It was too dirty, too coarse, too sinful, too awful for close contact. Let us be honest. There had been an attempt to cleanse this sore spot by sending down an occasional committee of singers, of Sunday school teachers or gospel visitors from various churches, but the church of Raymond as an institution had never really done anything to make the Rectangle any less a stronghold of the devil as the years went by.

Into this heart of the coarse part of the sin of Raymond the traveling evangelist and his brave little wife had pitched a good sized tent and begun meetings. It was the spring of the year, and the evenings were beginning to be pleasant. The evangelists had asked for the help of Christian people and had received more than the usual amount of encouragement, but they felt a great need of more and better music. During the meetings on the Sunday just gone the assistant at the organ had been taken ill. The volunteers from the city were few and the voices of ordinary quality.

"There will be a small meeting to-night, John," said his wife as they entered the tent a little after 7 o'clock and began to arrange the chairs and light up.

"Yes; I think so," Mr. Gray was a small, energetic man, with a pleasant voice and the courage of a highborn fighter. He had already made friends in the neighborhood, and one of his converts, a heavy faced man, who had just come in, began to help in the arrangement of the seats.

It was after 8 o'clock when Alexander Powers opened the door of his office and started to go home. He was going to take a car at the corner of the Rectangle, but as he heard it he was aroused by a voice coming from the tent.

It was the voice of Rachel Winslow. It struck through his consciousness of struggle over his own question that had sent him into the Divine presence for an answer. He had not yet reached a conclusion. He was troubled with uncertainty. His whole previous course of action as a railroad man was the poorest possible preparation for anything sacrificial, and he could not yet say what he would do in the matter.

Hark! What was she singing? How did Rachel Winslow happen to be down here? Several windows near by went up. Some men quarreling in a saloon stopped and listened. Other figures were walking rapidly in the direction of the Rectangle and the tent.

Surely Rachel Winslow never was happier in her life. She never had sung like that in the First church. It was a marvelous voice. What was it she was singing? Again Alexander Powers, superintendent of the machine shops, paused and listened.

"Where he leads me I will follow. Where he leads me I will follow. I'll go with him, with him all the way."

The brutal, stolid, coarse, impure life of the Rectangle stirred itself into new life as the song, as pure as the sur-

roundings were also parted out into saloon and den and pool hall. Some one stumbling hastily by Alexander Powers said in answer to a question: "The tent's beginning to run over to-night. That's what the talent calls music, eh?"

The superintendent turned toward the tent. Then he stopped, and after a moment of indecision he went on to the corner and took the car for his home, but before he was out of the sound of Rachel's voice he knew that he had settled for himself the question of what Jesus would do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Word to Mothers.

Mothers of children afflicted with cough or a severe cold need not hesitate to administer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in any form and may be given as confidently to the babe as to an adult. The great success that has attended its use in the treatment of coughs and croup has won for it the approval and praise it has received throughout the United States and in many foreign lands. For sale by all Druggists.

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