"What Would Jesus Do?" By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

But if the First church was deeply red by the events of the week gone Rectangle also felt moved strongly its own way. The death of Loreen not in itself so remarkable a fact. was her recent acquaintance with e people from the city that lifted her special prominence and surrounded death with more than ordinary imtance. Every one in the Rectangle that Loreen was at this moment ing in the Page mansion up on the me. Exaggerated reports of the gnificence of the casket had already mished material for eager gossip. Rectangle was excited to know the ils of the funeral. Would it be blic? What did Miss Page intend to The Rectangle had never before ngled even in this distantly personal nner with the aristocracy on the

glevard. The opportunities for doing were not frequent. Gray and his were besieged by inquiries as to at Loreen's friends and acquaints were expected to do in paying, ir last respects to her, for her acintance was large, and many of the ent converts were among her friends. so that is how it happened Monday rnoon at the tent that the funeral ice of Loreen was held before an ense audience that choked the tent overflowed beyond all previous nds. Gray had gone to Virginia, after talking it over with her and ry Maxwell the arrangements had

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

feel as you do," replied Mr. Max-"Under most circumstances I s great distaste for what seems display at such, times, but, this s different. The people at the Recwill not come here to a service. ink the most Christian thing will let them have the service at the Do you think so, Virginia?" es," said Virginia sadly. "Poor

Ido not know but that some time ll know she gave her life for mine. certainly cannot and will not use occasion for vulgar display. Let friends be allowed the gratification eir wishes. I see no harm in it." the arrangements were made with difficulty for the service at the and Virginia, with her uncle and accompanied by Henry Max-Rachel, President Marsh and the et from the First church, went n and witnessed one of the strange s of their lives. It happened that afternoon a noted newspaper corendent was passing through Rayon his way to an editorial conion in a neighboring city. He heard e contemplated service at the tent iption of it was written in a graphle that caught the attention of many readers the next day. A ent of his account belongs to this

There was a very unique and un-funeral service held here this aftat the tent of an evangelist. John Gray, down in the slum disknown as the Rectangle. The ocin during an election riot last Satnight. It seems she had been re converted during the evangelist's ngs and was killed while returnrom one of the meetings in comwith other converts and some of riends. She was a common street ard, and yet the services at the were as impressive as any I ever sed in a metropolitan church over ost distinguished citizen.

of the history of Raymond:

the first place, a most exquisite m was sung by a trained choir. It me, of course, being a stranger place, with considerable astonishto hear voices like those one natexpects to hear only in great es or concerts at such a meeting but the most remarkable part music was a solo sung by a strikbeautiful young woman, a Missow, who, if I remember rightly, young singer who was sought for indal, the manager of National and who for some reason refused ept his offer to go on the stage a most wonderful manner in , and everybody was weeping she had sung a dozen words. of course, is not so strange an be produced at a funeral servt the voice itself was one of ten d. I understand Miss Winslow in the First church and could command almost any salary as singer. She will probably be rom soon. Such a voice could way anywhere.

service, aside from the singing, aliar. The evangelist, a man of ntly very simple, unassuming poke a few words, and he was by a fine looking man, the Rev. laxwell, pastor of the First of Raymond. Mr. Maxwell the fact that the dead woman in fully prepared to go, but he possibly do will not really lessen 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 first conversions at the first conversions at the Rectangle."

I am glad for you," said Virginia

packing interests for this region, is full of saloons. I caught from the minister's emarks that he had only recently hanged 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 trouble so severe that I was prodred 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 pass ing 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 the inseless 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 was present that afternoon. His will devote a large part of his money to something that she felt was in keeping 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 was caused by the killing of a 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, 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 specal study of the various forms of college settlements and resident methods of Christian work and institutional church work in the heart 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 tween the two friends—"Jasper Chase houses, refuges for poor women, asylums for shopgirls, safety for many and told me the other night that he-in fact 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 hands clasped on her lap, and there to put myself into the problem. But do were tears in her eyes. you know, Rachel, I have a feeling all "Virginia, I thought a little while the time that all that limitless money ago that I loved him, as he said he you know, Rachel, I have a feeling all

4Given Up



to tell how I was saved," writes Mrs. A. A. Stowe, 237 N. 4th St., San Jose, Cal. "I had valvular heart nounced '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."

## DR. MILES' Heart Cure

is sold by all druggists on guarantee first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles Modical Company, Elkhart. Ind.

ing carried on in any great city. The saloon furnishes material to be saved faster than the settlement or residence stiffly. or rescue mission work can save it. Virginia suddenly rose and raced 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 into higher and better and purer liv-

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 with a right use of her own talent. 'Yes," she said as she rose and put her arms about Virginia, while both girls and she gave as her reason the fact that in the excitement of their enthusiasm [ had no purpose in life, which was paced the hall—"yes, I will gladly put true enough. Now that I have a purmy 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 that night while she sang I can honestconsecrated 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 she could ever love me." He stopped called him and asked some questions and looked his sister in the face with a

about his work. Rollin came back and sat down, and together the three discussed their future ginia to herself. She was noting Rolplans. 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 Chase of doing that very thing in his

first story. "Virginia"-Rachel spoke with the frankness that had always existed be-

-he proposed to me—or he would if"— Rachel stopped and sat with her

"Why?" asked Rachel, a little star-

"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 thought-"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,

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.

but not now." Rachel paused suddenly,

and when she looked up at Virginia

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

It was easy for their talk to settle finally upon Kachel 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

Virginia looked at him a little

"But don't you think it is a very nnusual 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 ociety leader—'going about to the The two walked on in silence for the

ength of the hall. "Coming back to Rachel," began Virginia, "Rollin, why do you treat her with such a distant, precise manuer? 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 eeply agitated. He took his arm from irginia's and walked down to the end of the hall. Then he returned, with his be done with music to win souls there 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 mongh 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. pose, 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 ly say that for the time being I never hought 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

sad smile. "I don't know about that," said Virlin's handsome face, its marks of dissipation nearly all gone now, the firm ips showing manhood and courage, the clear eyes looking into hers frankly, the form strong and graceful. Rollin was s 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

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

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," "I am glad for you," said Virginia said Edward Norman. He read from a JOMEN do suffer!

Even so-called healthy women suffer! But they are not healthy!

The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me.

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver

Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."

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

"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?' nover 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.

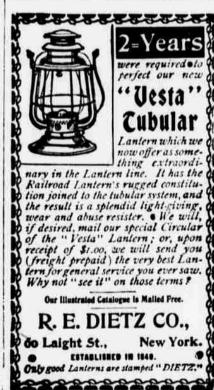
"6. As editor of a daily paper today Jesus would give large space to the work of the Christian world. He would devote a page possibly to the facts of reform, of sociological problems, of institutional church work and similar movements.

"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.

TO BE CONTINUED.







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