

# IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

"8. Jesus would not issue a Sunday edition.

"9. He would print the news of the world that people ought to know, among the things that they do not need to know and which would not be published would be brutal prize-fights, long accounts of crimes, scandals in private families or any other human events which in any way would conflict with the first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 lately 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, 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 knelt 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 vilest 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 quiet-

ly 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 delights of sea and sky and field. It was all 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 was not poor and so had no temptation to write for money, but he was urged on by his desire for fame as much as anything. He must write this kind of matter. But what would Jesus do? The question plagued him even more than Rachel's refusal. Was he going to break his promise?

As he stood at the window Rollin Page came out of the clubhouse just opposite. Jasper noted his handsome face and noble figure as he started down the street. He went back to his desk and turned over some papers there. Then he returned to the window. Rollin was walking down past the block, and Rachel Winslow was walking beside him. Rollin must have overtaken her as she was coming from Virginia's that afternoon.

Jasper watched the two figures until they disappeared in the crowd on the walk. Then he turned to his desk and began to write. When he had finished the last page of the last chapter of his

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book, it was nearly dark. What would Jesus do? He had finally answered the question by denying his Lord. It grew darker in Jasper's room. He had deliberately chosen his course, urged on by his disappointment and loss.

"But Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven."

### CHAPTER VIII.

What is that to thee? Follow thou me.

When Rollin started down the street that afternoon that Jasper stood looking out of his window, he was not thinking of Rachel Winslow and did not expect to see her anywhere. He had come suddenly upon her as she turned into the avenue, and his heart had leaped up at the sight of her. He walked along by her now rejoicing, after all, in a little moment of this earthly love he could not drive out of his life.

"I have just been over to see Virginia," said Rachel. "She tells me the arrangements are nearly completed for the transfer of the Rectangle property."

"Yes; it has been a tedious case in the courts. Did Virginia show you all the plans and specifications for buildings?"

"We looked over a good many. It is astonishing to me where Virginia has managed to get all her ideas about this work."

"Virginia knows more now about Arnold Toynbee and east end London and institutional church work in America than a good many professional slum workers. She has been spending nearly all summer in getting information."

Rollin was beginning to feel more at ease as they talked over this coming work for humanity. It was safe common ground.

"What have you been doing all summer? I have not seen much of you," Rachel suddenly asked, and then her face warmed with its quick flush of tropical color, as if she might have implied too much interest in Rollin or too much regret at not seeing him oftener.

"I have been busy," replied Rollin briefly.

"Tell me something about it," persisted Rachel. "You say so little. Have I a right to ask?"

She put the question very frankly, turning toward Rollin in real interest.

"Yes, certainly," he replied, with a grateful smile. "I am not so certain that I can tell you much. I have been trying to find some way to reach the men I once knew and win them into more useful lives."

He stopped suddenly, as if he were almost afraid to go on. Rachel did not venture to suggest anything.

"I have been a member of the same company to which you and Virginia belong," continued Rollin, beginning again. "I have made the pledge to do as I believe Jesus would do, and it is in trying to answer this question that I have been doing my work."

"That is what I do not understand. Virginia told me about the other. It seems wonderful to think that you are trying to keep that pledge with us. But what can you do with the clubmen?"

"You have asked me a direct question, and I shall have to answer it now," replied Rollin, smiling again. "You see, I asked myself after that night at the tent, you remember—he spoke hurriedly, and his voice trembled a little—"what purpose I could now have in my life to redeem it, to satisfy my thought of Christian discipleship, and the more I thought of it the more I was driven to a place where I knew I must take up this cross. Did you ever think that of all the neglected beings in our social system none are quite so completely left alone as the fast young men who fill the clubs and waste their time and money as I used to? The churches look after the poor, miserable creatures like those in the Rectangle, they make some effort to reach the workmen, they have a large constituency among the average salary earning people, they send money and missionaries to the foreign heathen, but the fashionable, dissipated young men around town, the clubmen, are left out of all plans for reaching and Christian-

izing, and yet no class of people needs it more. I said to myself: 'I know these men, their good and bad qualities. I have been one of them. I am not fitted to reach the Rectangle people. I do not know how. But I think I could possibly reach some of these young men and boys who have money and time to spend.' So that is what I have been trying to do. When I asked, as you did, 'What would Jesus do?' that was my answer. It has been also my cross."

Rollin's voice was so low on the last sentence that Rachel had difficulty in hearing him above the noise around them, but she knew what he had said. She wanted to ask what his methods were, but she did not know just how to ask him. Her interest in his plans was larger than mere curiosity. Rollin Page was so different now from the fashionable young man who had asked her to be his wife that she could not help thinking of him and talking with him as if he were entirely a new acquaintance.

They had turned off the avenue and were going up the street to Rachel's home. It was the same street where Rollin had asked Rachel why she could not love him. They were both stricken by a sudden shyness as they went on. Rachel had not forgotten that day, and Rollin could not forget it. She finally broke a long silence by asking him what she had not found words for before.

"In your work for the clubmen, with your old acquaintances, what sort of reception do they give you? How do you approach them? What do they say?"

Rollin was silent when Rachel spoke. He answered after a moment:

"Oh, it depends on the man! A good many of them think I am a crank. I have kept my membership up and am in good standing in that way. I try to be wise and not provoke any unnecessary criticism, but you would be surprised to know how many of the men have responded to my appeal. I could hardly make you believe that only a few nights ago a dozen men became honestly and earnestly engaged in a conversation over religious questions. I have had the great joy of seeing some of the men give up bad habits and begin a new life. 'What would Jesus do?' I keep asking it. The answer comes slowly, for I am feeling my way along. One thing I have found out—the men are not fighting shy of me. I think that is a good sign. Another thing—I have actually interested some of them in the Rectangle work, and when it is started up they will give something to help make it more powerful, and in addition to all the rest, I have found a way to save some of the young fellows from going to the bad in gambling."

Rollin spoke with enthusiasm. His face was transformed by his interest in the subject which had now become a part of his real life. Rachel again noted the strong, manly, healthful tone of his speech. With it all she knew was a deep, underlying seriousness which felt the burden of the cross even while carrying it with joy. The next time she spoke it was with a swift feeling of justice due to Rollin and his new life.

"Do you remember I reproached you once for not having any purpose worth living for?" she asked, while her beautiful face seemed to Rollin more beautiful than ever when he had won sufficient self control to look up. "I want to say I feel the need of saying, in justice to you now, that I honor you for your courage and your obedience to your promise. The life you are living now is a very noble one."

Rollin trembled. His agitation was greater than he could control. Rachel could not help seeing it. They walked along in silence. At last Rollin said: "I thank you. It has been more than I can tell to hear you say that." He looked into her face for one moment. She read his love for her in that look, but he did not speak.

When they separated, Rachel went into the house, and sitting down in her room, she put her face in her hands and said to herself: "I am beginning to know what it means to be loved by a noble man. I shall love Rollin Page, after all. What am I saying? Rachel Winslow, have you forgotten?"

She rose and walked back and forth. She was deeply moved. Nevertheless it was evident to herself that her emotion was not that of regret or sorrow. Somehow a glad, new joy had come to her. She had entered another circle of experience, and later in the day she rejoiced with a very strong and sincere gladness that her Christian discipleship found room for this crisis in her feeling. It was indeed a part of it, for if she were beginning to love Rollin it was the Christian man who had won her heart. The other never would have moved her to this great change.

And Rollin as he went back treasured a hope that had been a stranger to him since Rachel had said no that day. In that hope he went on with his work as the days sped on, and at no time was he more successful in reaching and saving his old acquaintances than in the time that followed that chance meeting with Rachel Winslow.

The summer had gone, and Raymond was once more facing the rigor of her winter season. Virginia had been able to accomplish a part of her plan for "capturing the Rectangle," as she called it, but the building of houses in the field, the transforming of its bleak, bare aspect into an attractive park, all of which was included in her plan, was a work too large to be completed that fall after she had secured the property. But a million dollars in the hands of a person who really wants to do with it as Jesus would ought to accomplish wonders for humanity in a short time, and Henry Maxwell, going over to the scene of the new work one day after a noon hour with the shopmen, was amazed to see how much had been done outwardly.

Yet he walked home thoughtfully, and on his way he could not avoid the question of the continual problem thrust into his notice by the saloon. How much had been done for the Rectangle, after all? Even counting in Virginia's and Rachel's work and Mr. Gray's, where had it actually counted in any visible quantity? Of course he said to himself that the redemptive work begun and carried on by the Holy Spirit in his wonderful displays of power in the First church and in the tent meetings had had its effect on the life of Raymond, but as he walked past saloon after saloon and noticed the crowds going in and coming out of them, as he saw the wretched dens, as many as ever apparently, as he caught the brutality and squalor and open misery and degradation on countless faces of men and women and children, he sickened at the sight. He found himself asking how much cleansing could even a million dollars poured into this cesspool accomplish? Was not the living source of nearly all the human misery they sought to relieve untouched as long as these saloons did their deadly but legitimate work? What could even such unselfish Christian discipleship as Virginia's and Rachel's do to lessen the stream of vice so long as the great spring of vice and crime flowed as deep and strong as ever? Was it not a practical waste of beautiful lives for these young women to throw themselves into this earthly hell when for every soul rescued by their sacrifice the saloon made two more that needed rescue?

He could not escape the question. It was the same that Virginia had put to Rachel in her statement that, in her opinion, nothing really would ever be done until the saloon was taken out of the Rectangle. Henry Maxwell went back to his parish work that afternoon with added convictions on the house-brother.

But if the saloon were a factor in the problem of the life of Raymond, no less were the First church and its little company of disciples who had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do. Henry Maxwell, standing at the very center of the movement, was not in a position to judge of its power as some one from the outside might have done, but Raymond itself felt the touch of this new discipleship and was changed in very many ways, not knowing all the reasons for the change.

The winter had gone, and the year was ended, the year which Henry Maxwell had fixed as the time during which the pledge should be kept to do as Jesus would do. Sunday, the anniversary of that one year ago, was in many ways the most remarkable day the First church ever knew. It was more important than the disciples in the First church realized. The year had made history so fast and so serious that the people were not yet able to grasp its significance, and the day itself, which marked the completion of a whole year of such discipleship, was characterized by such revelations and confessions that the immediate actors in the events themselves could not understand the value of what had been done or the relation of their trial to the rest of the churches and cities in the country.

It happened that the week before that anniversary Sunday the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of the Nazareth Avenue church, Chicago, was in Raymond, where he had come on a visit to some old friends and incidentally to see his old seminary classmate, Henry Maxwell. He was present at the First church and was an exceedingly attentive and interested spectator. His account of events in Raymond, and especially of that Sunday, may throw more light on the entire situation than any description or record from other sources. Dr. Bruce's statement is therefore here given.

[Letter from Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of the Nazareth Avenue church, Chicago, to Rev. Philip S. Caxton, D. D., New York city:]

"MY DEAR CAXTON—It is late Sunday night, but I am so intensely awake and so overflowing with what I have seen and heard that I feel driven to write you now some account of the situation in Raymond as I have been studying it and as it has apparently come to a climax today. So this is my only excuse for writing so extended a letter at this time.

"You remember Henry Maxwell in the seminary. I think you said the last time I visited you in New York that you had not seen him since we graduated. He was a refined, scholarly fellow, you remember, and when he was called to the First church of Raymond within a year after leaving the seminary I said to my wife: 'Raymond has made a good choice. Maxwell will satisfy them as a sermonizer.' He has been here 11 years, and I understand that up to a year ago he had gone on in the regular course of the ministry, giving good satisfaction and drawing a good congregation to his morning preaching service. His church was counted the largest, most wealthy church in Raymond. All the best people attended it, and most of them belonged. The quartet choir was famous for its music, especially for its soprano, Miss Winslow, of whom I shall have more to say, and, on the whole, as I understand the fact, Maxwell was in a comfortable berth, with a very good salary, pleasant surroundings, not a very exacting parish of refined, rich, respectable people, such a church and parish as nearly all the young men in the seminary in our time looked forward to as very desirable.

"But a year ago today Maxwell came into his church on Sunday morning and at the close of his service made the astounding proposition that the members of his church volunteer for a year not to do anything without first asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' and, after answering it, to do what in their honest judgment he would do, regardless of what the result might be to them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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"I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then after nearly two months the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time I decided to let doctors and their medicines alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Dr. E. C. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of her Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine.

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