HIS STEPS.

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

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CONTINUED.

startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident that winter shows more district. plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue church and the action of Dr. Bruce and the bishop that followed the pledge to do as Jesus would do.

The breakfast hour at the settlement surrounded them. In fact, the bishop with me. She has been asking me a often said that the faculty of humor great many questions lately about the valve he had for the tremendous pressure put upon him.

This particular morning the bishop was reading extracts from a morning paper for the benefit of the others. Suddenly he paused, and his face instantly grew stern and sad. The rest looked , and a hush fell over the table.

Shot and killed while taking a lump f coal from a car. His family was freezing, and he had had no work for months. His six children and a wife packed into a cabin with three Busms on the west side. One child wrapto pl in rags in a closet.'

These were headlines that the bishop Ad slowly. He then went on and read tow detailed account of the shooting and Rie visit of the reporter to the tenement

ere the family lived. He finished, and there was silence

Mound the table. The humor of the Prour was swept out of existence by this it of human tragedy. The great city ared about the settlement. The awful harrent of human life was flowing in a dereat stream past the settlement house. and those who had work were hurrying to it in a vast throng, but " ands

were going down in current, clutch iterally in the boon of pr.

There were various commen. part of the residents. One of the newcomers, a young man preparing for the resimistry, said: "Why didn't the man

that

oply to one of the charity organizans for help or to the city? It certainis not true that, even at its worst, Mais city full of Christian people would papowingly allow any one to go without

"No: I don't believe that it would." ancelied Dr. Bruce. "But we don't know Pale history of that man's case. He may The asked for help so often before that go its way, placidly unmindful of the great sorrows of a great city and practermined to help himself. I have

own such cases this winter." "That is not the terrible fact in this office," said the bishop. "The awful heaing about it is the fact that the man ad not had any work for six months." "Why don't such people go out into

I dent. Some one at the table who had made a special study of the opportunities for work in the country answered the question. According to the investigator, the places that were possible for work in the country were exceedingly few for steady employment, and in almost every case they were offered only to men without families. Suppose a man's wife and children were ill. How could he move or get into the country? How could he pay even the meager sum necessary to move his few goods? There were a thousand reasons probably why this particular man did not go elsewhere.

"Meanwhile there are the wife and children," said Mrs. Bruce. "How awful! Where is the place, did you say?"

The bishop took up the paper. "Why, it's only three blocks from here. This is the Penrose district. I believe Penrose himself owns half of the houses in that block. They are among the worst houses in this part of the city, and Penrose is a church member."

'Yes; he belongs to the Nazareth Avenue church," replied Dr. Bruce in a low voice.

The bishop rose from the table the very figure of divine wrath. He had opened his lips to say what seldom came from him in the way of denunciation when the bell rang and one of the residents went to the door.

"Tell Dr. Bruce and the bishop I want to see them. Penrose is the name -Clarence Penrose. Dr. Bruce knows

The family at the breakfast table heard every word. The bishop exchanged a significant look with Dr. Bruce, and the two men instantly left the table and went out into the hall.

"Come in here, Penrose," said Dr. Bruce, and he and the bishop ushered the visitor into the reception room. They closed the door and were alone.

Clarence Penrose was one of the most elegant looking men in Chicago. He came from an aristocratic family of rest wealth and social distinction. He as exceedingly wealthy and had large property holdings in different parts of the city. He had been a member of Dr. Brace's church all his life. This man faced the bishop and his

He was very pale, and his lip trembled as he spoke. When had Clarence Penrose ever before yielded to such a strange emotion of feeling?

"This affair of the shooting-you understand. You have read it. The family lived in one of my houses. It is a terrible event. But that is not the primary cause of my visit." He stammered and looked anxiously into the faces of the other two men. The bishop still looked stern. He could not help feeling that this elegant man of leisure could have done a great deal to alleviate the horrors in his tenements, possibly have pre-This fact was impressed upon the vented this tragedy, if he had sacrificed bishop and the settlement workers in a some of his personal case and luxury to better the condition of the people in his

Penrose turned to Dr. Bruce.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, and there was almost a child's terror in his voice, "I came to say that I have had an experience so unusual that nothing but the supernatural can explain it. You was the one hour in the day when the remember I was one of those who took whole resident family found a little the pledge to do as Jesus would do. I breathing space to fellowship together. thought at the time, poor fool that I It was an hour of relaxation. There was, that I had all along been doing the was a great deal of good natured re- Christian thing. I gave liberally out of partee and much real wit and enjoyable my abundance to the church and charfun at this hour. The bishop told his ity. I never gave myself to cost me any best stories. Dr. Bruce was at his best suffering. I have been living in a perin anecdote. This company of disciples fect hell of contradictions ever since I was healthily humorous in spite of the took the pledge. My little girl, Diana, atmosphere of sorrow that constantly you remember, also took the pledge was as God given, as any other, and in poor people and where they lived. I was his own case it was the only safety obliged to answer her. Two of her questions last night touched my sore. Did I own any houses where those people lived? Were they nice and warm like ours? You know how a child will ask questions like these. I went to bed tormented with what I now know to be the divine arrows of conscience. I could not sleep. I seemed to see the judgment day. I was placed before the Judge. I was asked to give account of my deeds done in the body. How many sinful souls had I visited in prison? What had I done with my stewardship? How about those tenements where people froze in winter and stifled in summer? Did I give any thought to them, except to receive the rentals from them? Where did my suffering come in? Would Jesus have done as I had done and was doing? Had I broken my pledge? How had I used the money and the culture and the social influence I possessed? Had I used them to bless humanity, to relieve the suffering, to bring joy to the distressed and hope to the desponding? I had received much. How much had I given?

"All this came to me in a waking vision as distinctly as I see you two men and myself now. I was unable to see the end of the vision. I had a confused picture in my mind of the suffering Christ pointing a condemning finger at me, and the rest was shut out by mist and darkness. I have not had sleep for 24 hours. The first thing I saw this morning was the account of the shooting at the coalyards. I read the account with a feeling of horror I have not been able to shake off. I am a guilty creature

before God." Penrose paused suddenly. The two men looked at him solemnly. What power of the Holy Spirit moved the soul of this hitherto self satisfied, elegant, cultured man who belonged to the social life that was accustomed to tically ignorant of what it

suffer for Jesus' sake? Into that room came a breath such as and the bishop laid his hand on the shoulder of Penrose and said: "My brother, God has been very near to you. Let us thank him."

The bishop prayed. Then Penrose quietly said, "Will you go with me to that

For answer both Dr. Bruce and the bishop put on their overcoats and went out with him to the home of the dead Penrose. From the moment he stepped into that wretched hovel of a home and faced for the first time in his life a despair and suffering such as he had read of, but did not know by personal contact, he dated a new life. It would be another long story to tell how, in obedihis tenement property as he knew Jesus would do. What would Jesus do with true answer to this question can easily tell what Clarence Penrose began to do.

Now, before that winter reached its bitter climax many things occurred in the city that concerned the lives of all the characters in this history of the disciples who promised to walk in his steps.

It chanced, by one of those remarkable coincidences that seem to occur preternaturally, that one afternoon, just as Felicia came out of the settlement able gathering at the hall of the settlewith a basket which she was going to leave as a sample with a baker in the Penrose district, Stephen Clyde opened the door of the carpenter shop in the basement and came out of the lower door in time to meet Felicia as she reached the sidewalk.

"Let me carry your basket, please," he said.

"Why do you say 'please?" asked

Felicia, handing over the basket. "I would like to say something else replied Stephen, glancing at her shyly and yet with a boldness that frightened him, for he had been loving Felicia more every day since he first saw her, and especially since she stepped into the shop that day with the bishop, and for

ly, falling into the trsp.
"Why," said Stephen, turning his
fair, noble face full toward her and
eying her with the look of one who

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universe, "I would like to say, 'Let me carry your basket, dear Felicia,

Felicia never looked so beautiful in ner life. She walked on a little way without even turning her face toward him. It was no secret with her own beart that she had given it to Stephen some time ago. Finally she turned and said shyly, while her face grew rosy and her eyes tender. "Why don't you say it, then?"

"May I?" cried Stephen, and he was o careless for a minute of the way he held the basket that Felicia exclaimed: 'Yes! But, oh, don't drop my goodies!'

"Why, I wouldn't drop anything so precious for all the world, 'dear Felicia,' " said Stephen, who now walked on air for several blocks, and what else was said during that walk is private correspondence that we have no right to read, only it is matter of history that day that the basket never reached its destination and that over in the other direction late in the afternoon the bishop, walking along quietly in a rather secluded spot near the outlying part of the settlement district, heard a familiar voice say, "But tell me, Fe-

licia, when did you begin to love me?" "I fell in love with a little pine shaving just above your ear that day I saw you in the shop." said the other voice, with a laugh so clear, so pure, so sweet,

The pext moment the suop sarned the corner and came upor them. "Where are you going with that basket?" he tried to say sternly.

"We're taking it to-where are we taking it to, Felicia?" "Dear bishop, we are taking it home

to begin"-"To begin housekeeping with," anished Stephen, coming to the rescue. "Are you?" said the bishop. "I kope you will invite me in to share. I know

what Felicia's cooking is. "Bishop, dear bishop," said Felicia, and she did not pretend to hide her before swept over Henry Maxwell's happiness, "indeed you shall always be church and through Nazareth Avenue, the most honored guest. Are you glad?"

"Yes, I am," replied the bishop, interpreting Felicia's words as she wished. Then he paused a moment and said gently, "God bless you both!" and went "Yes, yes," sobbed Penrose. He sat his way, with a tear in his eye and a down on a chair and covered his face. prayer in his heart, and left them to their joy.

Yes; shall not the same divine power of love that belongs to earth be lived and sung by the disciples of the man of sorrows and the burden bearer of sins? Yes, verily! And this man and woman man's family. This was the beginning shall walk hand in hand through this of a new and strange life for Clarence great desert of human wee in this city. great desert of human woe in this city. strengthening each other, growing more loving with the experience of the world's sorrows, walking in his steps even closer yet because of this love, bringing added blessings to thousands of wretched creatures because they are to have a home of their own to share ence to his pledge, he began to do with with the homeless. "For this cause," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "shall a man leave his father and mother and tenement property if he owned it in cleave unto his wife," and Felicia and Chicago or any other great city of the Stephen, following the Master, love him world? Any man who can imagine any with deeper, truer service and devotion because of the earthly affection which heaven itself sanctions with its solemn blessing.

Now, it was a little after the love story of the settlement became a part of its glory that Henry Maxwell of Raymond came to Chicago with Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page and Rollin and Alexander Powers and President Marsh, and the occasion was a remarkment, arranged by the bishop and Dr. Bruce, who had finally persuaded Mr. Maxwell and his fellow disciples of Raymond to come on to be present at

this meeting.

The bishop invited into the settlement hall meeting for that night men out of work, wretched creatures who had lost faith in God and man, anarchists and infidels, freethinkers and no thinkers. The representatives of all the city's worst, most hopeless, most dan-gerous, deprayed elements faced Henry Maxwell and the other disciples when the meeting began, and still the Holy Spirit moved over the great, heaving weeks now they had been in many ways thrown into each other's company.

"What else!" saked Falicia in. woman at the meeting that night had seen the settlement motto over the door, blasing through the transparency set up by the divinity student, "What Would Jesus Do?"

And Henry Maxwell, as for the first time he stepped under the doorway.

was touched with a deeper emotion than he had felt in a long time as he thought of the first time that question had come to him in the piteous appeal of the shabby young man who had appeared in the First church of Raymond at the

morning service. Was his great desire for Christian fellowship going to be granted? Would the movement begun in Raymond actually spread over the country? He had come to Chicago with his friends partly to see if the answer to that question would be found in the heart of the great city life. In a few minutes he would face the people. He had grown very strong and calm since he first spoke with trembling to that company of workingmen in the railroad shops, but now, as then, he breathed a deeper prayer for help. Then he went in. and with the bishop and the rest of the disciples he experienced one of the great and important events of the earthly life. Somehow he felt as if this meeting would indicate something of an answer to his constant query, "What would Jesus do?" and tonight as he looked into the faces of men and women who had for years been strangers and enemies to the church his heart cried out, "O my Master, teach thy church how to follow thy steps better!" Is that prayer of Henry Maxwell's to be answered? Will the church in the city respond to the call to follow him? Will it choose to walk in his steps of pain and suffering? And still over all the city broods the Spirit. Grieve him not, O city, for he was never more ready to revolutionize this world than now!

CHAPTER XII.

Yet lackest thou one thing. Sell all that thou asst and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And, come; follow me.

When Henry Maxwell began to speak to the souls crowded into the settlement hall that night. it is doubtful if he had ever before faced such an audience in his life. It is quite certain that the city of Raymond did not contain such a variety of humanity. Not even the Rectangle at its worst could furnish so many men and women who had fallen entirely out of the reach of the church and all religious and even Christian in-

What did he talk about? He had aleady decided that point. He told in the simplest language he could command some of the results of obedience to the pledge as it had been taken in Raymond. Evel / man and woman in that audience knew something about Jesus Christ. They all had some idea of his character, and, however much they had grown bitter toward the forms of Christian ecclesiasticism or the social system, they preserved some standard of right and truth, and what little some of them still retained was taken from

the person of the peasant of Galilee. So they were interested in what Max-well said. "What would Jesus do?" He began to apply the question to the social problem in general after finishing the story of Raymond. The audience was respectfully, to ative. It was more than that It was muinely interested. As Mr. Maxwell , ut on faces all over the hall leaned foru urd in a way very seldom seen in church audiences or anywhere else, except among workingmen or the people of the street when once they are thoroughly aroused. "What would Jesus do?" Suppose that were the motto not only of the churches, but of the business men, the politicians, the newspapers, the workingmen, the society people. How long would it take under such a standard of conduct, to revolutionize the world? What was the trouble with the world? It was suffering from selfishness. No one ever lived who had succeeded in overcoming selfishness like Jesus. If men followed him, regardless of results, the world would at once begin to enjoy a new life.

Henry Maxwell never knew how much it meant to hold the respectful attention of that hall full of disease and sinful humanity. The bishop and Dr. Bruce, sitting there, looking on, seeing many faces that represented scora of creeds, hatred of the social order, desperate narrowness and selfishness, marveled that even so soon, under the influence of the settlement life, the softening process had begun to lessen the bitterness of hearts, many of which had grown bitter from neglect and in-

difference. And still, in spite of the outward show of respect of the speaker, no one, not even the bishop, had any true conception of the pent up feeling in that room that night. Among the men who had heard of the meeting and had responded to the invitation were 20 or 80 out of work, who had strolled past the settlement that afternoon, read the notice of the meeting and had come in out of curiosity and to escape the chill east wind. It was a bitter night, and the saloons were full, but in that whole district of over 80,000 souls, with the exception of the saloons, there was not door open to the people except the clean, pure, Christian door of the settlement. Where would a man without a home or without work or without

friends naturally go unless to a saloon? It had been the custom at the settlement for a free and open discussion to follow an open meeting of this kind, and when Henry Maxwell finished and sat down the bishop, who presided to-night, rose and made the annoncement that any man in the hall was at lib to ask questions, to speak out his feel-ings or declare his convictions, always with the understanding that whoever took part was to observe the simple rules that governed parliamentary bodies and obey the three minute rule. which, by common consent, would be enforced on account of the numbers

Instantly a number of voices fro men who had been at previous n of this kind exclaimed, "Conse

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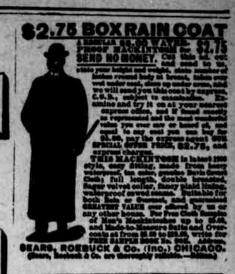
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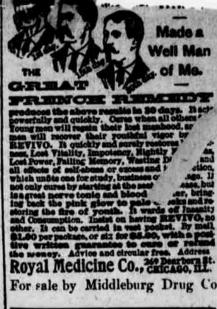
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