

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.



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

After awhile Rollin was called out, and Rachel and Virginia began to talk of other things. "By the way, what has become of Jasper Chase?"

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

"Virginia"—Rachel spoke with the frankness that had always existed between the two friends—"Jasper Chase told me the other night that he—in fact—he proposed to me—or he would if"—Rachel stopped and sat with her hands clasped on her lap, and there were tears in her eyes.

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

"I am glad for you," said Virginia quietly. "Why?" asked Rachel, a little startled.

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

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

When Rachel had left the house, Virginia sat in the hall thinking over the confidence her friend had just shown her. There was something still to be told. Virginia felt sure from Rachel's manner, but she did not feel hurt that Rachel had kept back something. She was simply conscious of more on Rachel's mind than she had revealed. Very soon Rollin came back, and he and Virginia, arm in arm, as they had lately been in the habit of doing, walked up and down the long hall.

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

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

"It is certainly a very good example of self sacrifice," replied Rollin, a little stiffly. Virginia looked at him a little sharply.

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

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

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

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

Rollin suddenly stopped. He seemed deeply agitated. He took his arm from Virginia's and walked down to the end of the hall. Then he returned, with his arms behind him, and stopping near his sister, he said: "Virginia, have you not learned my secret?"

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

"I have never loved any one but Rachel Winslow. Rollin spoke calmly enough now. "That day she was here when you talked about her refusal to join the concert company, I asked her to be my wife, out there on the avenue. She refused me, as I knew she would, and she gave as her reason the fact that I had no purpose in life, which was true enough. Now that I have a purpose, now that I am a new man, don't you see, Virginia, how impossible it is

for me to say anything? I owe my very conversion to Rachel's singing, and yet that night while she sang I can honestly say that for the time being I never thought of her voice except as God's message. I believe all my personal love for her was for the time merged into a personal love to God and my Saviour." Rollin was silent. Then he went on with more emotion. "I am still in love with her, Virginia, but I do not think she could ever love me." He stopped and looked his sister in the face with a sad smile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"4. All questionable advertisements would be impossible."

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

"So far as I have gone," said Norman, again looking up. "I am of the opinion that Jesus would employ practically some form of co-operation that would represent the idea of mutual interest in a business where all were to move together for the same great end. I am working out such a plan, and I am confident it will be successful. At any rate, once introduced 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 win the school, the young 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, if

ways regardless of its effect on his subscription list."

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

"8. Jesus would not issue a Sunday edition."

"9. He would 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 prizefights, long accounts of crimes, scandals in private families or any other human events which in any way would conflict with the first point mentioned in this outline."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the arrangements had been made between Virginia and Edward Norman, he found himself in possession of the sum of \$500,000, exclusively his to use for the establishment of a Christian daily paper. When Virginia and Henry Maxwell had gone, Norman closed his door and, alone with the Divine presence, asked like a child for help from his all powerful Father. All through his prayer as he 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 nightly 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, as at 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 vile contents into the lives of fresh victims to take the place of those rescued by the evangelist, and the devil recruited his ranks very fast.

Henry Maxwell did not go abroad. Instead of that he took the money he had been saving for the trip and quietly arranged a summer vacation for a whole family living down in the Rectangle which had never come outside of the mind of the man. 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 glow 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 Victoria'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 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 definitely closed this course, urged on by his disappointment and loss.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Destroying our Forest.

We have published much in these columns about the destruction of our Southern forests, and have urged people who own timber lands to husband them as one of the sources of future wealth. Scores of other papers in the South have done the same. What effect this may have had we do not know, but probably little, if any, if we judge from the rapidity with which our timber lands are passing into the possession of lumbermen. There are few of us who have any idea of the extent of the havoc done upon our pine forests, but the following which we find in the Charleston News and Courier will give some idea:

"These are sad days for the forest, in this part of the country, says the lumber editor of the Dixie Magazine. 'It is a glorious harvest for the lumbermen,' and is 'filling their pocketbooks,' but 'the sacrifice is great.' How great it is he explains: 'A reasonable estimate of the pine cut from Southern forest during the first ten months of the present year would reach a total of seven hundred million feet. That is a deal too much to express in figures. Let us put it another way, for no one can realize the immensity of a million feet, to say nothing of seven hundred million. The vision of the mind's eye is limited. Let me say, then, that the Southern pine cut for the first ten months of 1899 amount to eighty thousand carloads. If placed one after the other the cars would make a train reaching from Savannah to Cincinnati—seven hundred miles. Or, to put it in another way if this lumber was cut into inch boards it would lay a board walk ten feet wide around the world—a matter of seventeen thousand miles.'

"This represents the destruction effected in only ten months, and the rate of slaughter is 'increasing every day.' The end is not distant, of course."

There is scarcely a day that an announcement is not made of the sale (if sale it can be called) of some immense tract of timber land, at a merely nominal price. A few days ago we noted the sale in Northern Florida, of 600,000 acres, at the beggarly price of one dollar an acre. This was land owned by a railroad company which was doubtless induced to make the sale at the figures by the prospect of the money it would make in hauling the cut lumber to market.

If that land was adapted to cultivation, divided up into tracts for farms, and the timber preserved, it would be some day in the near future worth millions of dollars. This is but an illustration of the many that are constantly occurring, showing how our forest are passing into our hands, and how our people are parting with for a trifle, which if held would become immensely valuable.—Wilmington Star

Statement From Hester.

New Orleans, Jan 3.—Secretary Hester of the New Orleans cotton exchange issued today a statement that shows the amount of cotton brought into sight for the four months from September to the close of December to have been 5,591,076 bales, against 7,725,549 last year and 7,296,533 year before last.

Foreign exports for the first four months of the season have been 2,568,435 bales, showing a decrease under last season of 1,616,194.

Stocks at the seaboard and the 29 leading southern interior markets at the close of December were 1,898,939, against 2,052,361 the same date last year.

A young man of Chatham, N. J., has become insane from injuries sustained in a foot ball game. But foot ball makes a good many young men insane without any previous injury. There is a good deal of insanity in the whole business.

An English paper remarks that England "needs a Stonewall Jackson." She will keep on needing him for there isn't any Stonewall Jacksons living just now, and they don't breed them over there.

The electric light is but twenty years old, but it has girdled the earth and now lights the world, and Edison, its inventor, is still young.

It is said that John L. Sullivan, the once famous bruiser, made and spent \$1,000,000 in the six or seven years he was before the public. Another illustration of "he lost and his money soon parted."

Five years ago a Pennsylvania man lost his speech. He unexpectedly found it a few days ago when he slipped on a banana peeling fell down, got mad and got up swearing.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, back ache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Haverhill, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents at J. E. W. DeLoane's Drug store. Every bottle guaranteed. 3

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Schedule No. 4.—In effect 12.01 a. m., Sunday, December 24, 1899.



Between Camden S. C., and Blacksburg, S. C.

Table with columns WEST, EAST, 2d cl, 1st cl, 3d cl, 3d cl, Eastern time, 1st cl, 2d cl, 3d cl. Includes stations like Camden, Dekalb, Westville, Kershaw, Heath Springs, Pleasant Hill, Lancaster, Riverside, Springdale, Catawba Junction, L. Sile, Rock Hill, New Port, Tizab, Yorkville, Sharon, Hickory Grove, Smyrna, Blacksburg.

Between Blacksburg, S. C., and Marion, N. C.

Table with columns WEST, EAST, 2d cl, 1st cl, 3d cl, 3d cl, Eastern time, 1st cl, 2d cl, 3d cl. Includes stations like Blacksburg, Earls, Patterson Springs, Shelby, Lattimore, Mooreboro, Henrietta, Forest City, Rutherfordton, Millwood, Golden Valley, Thermal City, Glenwood, Marion.

West. Gaffney Division. East.

Table with columns 1st Class, EASTERN TIME, 1st Class, 15 | 13 | STATIO-S, 14 | 16. Includes stations like Blacksburg, Cherokee Falls, Gaffney.

*Daily except Sunday. Train No. 32 leaving Marion, N. C., at 5 a. m., making close connection at Blacksburg, S. C., with the Southern train No. 36 for Charleston, N. C., and all points East and connecting with the Southern's vestibule going to Atlanta, Ga., and all points West, and will receive passengers going East from train No. 10, on the C. & N. W. R. R., at Yorkville, S. C., at 8:45 a. m., and connects a Camden, S. C., with the Southern's train No. 78, arriving in Charleston, S. C., at 11 p. m. Train No. 34 with passenger coach attached leaving Blacksburg at 5:30 a. m., and connecting at Rock Hill with the Southern's Florida train for all points South. Train No. 33 leaving Camden, S. C., at 12:50 p. m., after the arrival of the Southern's Charleston train, connects at Lancaster, S. C., with the L. & C. R. R., at Catawba Junction, S. C., with the S. A. L. going East, at Rock Hill, S. C., with the Southern's train, No. 31, for Charlotte, N. C., and all points East. Connects at Yorkville, S. C., with train No. 20 on the C. & N. W. R. R., for Charleston, S. C., at Blacksburg with the Southern's vestibule going East and the Southern's train No. 25 going West, and connecting at Marion, N. C., with the Southern's both East and West. SAMUEL HUNT, President. A. TRIPP, Superintendent. S. B. LUMPKIN, Gen'l. Passenger Agent.