

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

NUMBER 84.

IN HIS STEPS

"What Would Jesus Do?"

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VI.

For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

Be ye therefore imitators of God, as he loved children, and walk in love even as Christ also loved you.

When Virginia left the carriage and went to Loreen, she had no definite idea as to what she would do or what the result of her action would be. She simply saw a soul that had tasted of the joy of a better life slipping back again into its old hell of shame and death, and before she had touched the drunken girl's arm she had asked only one question, "What would Jesus do?" That question was becoming with her, as with many others, a habit of life.

She looked around now as she stood close by Loreen, and the whole scene was cruelly vivid to her. She thought first of the girls in the carriage.

"Drive on. Don't wait for me. I am going to see my friend here home," she said, calmly enough.

The girl with the red parasol seemed to gasp at the word "friend" when Virginia spoke it. She did not say anything. The other girls seemed speechless.

"Go on. I cannot go back with you," said Virginia.

The driver started the horses slowly. One of the girls leaned a little out of the carriage.

"Can't we—that is—do you want our help? Couldn't we?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Virginia. "You cannot be of any use to me."

The carriage moved on, and Virginia was alone with her charge.

She looked up and around. Many faces in the crowd were sympathetic. They were not all cruel or brutal. The Holy Spirit had softened a good deal of the Rectangle.

"Where does she live?" asked Virginia.

No one answered. It occurred to Virginia afterward, when she had time to think it over, that the Rectangle showed a delicacy in its sad silence that would have done credit to the boulevard.

For the first time it flashed upon her that the immortal being who was flung like wreckage upon the shore of this earthly hell called the saloon had no place that could be called home.

The girl suddenly wrenched her arm from Virginia's grasp. In doing it she nearly threw Virginia down.

"You shall not touch me! Leave me! Let me go to hell! That's where I belong! The devil is waiting for me! See him!" she exclaimed hoarsely. She turned and pointed with a shaking finger at the saloon keeper. The crowd laughed.

Virginia stepped up to her and put her arm about her.

"Loreen," she said firmly, "come with me. You do not belong to hell. You belong to Jesus, and he will save you. Come."

The girl suddenly burst into tears. She was only partly sobered by the shock of meeting Virginia.

Virginia looked around again. "Where does Mr. Gray live?" she asked. She knew the evangelist boarded somewhere near that tent.

A number of voices gave her the direction.

"Come, Loreen. I want you to go with me to Mrs. Gray's," she said, still keeping her hold of the swaying, trembling creature, who still moaned and sobbed and now clung to Virginia as before she had repulsed her.

So the two moved on through the Rectangle toward the evangelist's lodging place. The sight seemed to impress the Rectangle seriously. It never took itself seriously when it was drunk, but this was different. The fact that one of the most beautifully dressed girls in Raymond was taking care of one of the Rectangle's most notorious characters, who reeled along under the influence of liquor, was a fact astonishing enough to throw more or less dignity and importance about Loreen herself.

The event of Loreen stumbling through the gutter dead drunk always made the Rectangle laugh and jest, but Loreen staggering along with a young lady from the society circles up town supporting her was another thing. The Rectangle viewed it with sobersness and more or less wondering admiration.

When they reached Mr. Gray's boarding place, the woman who answered Virginia's knock said that both Mr. and Mrs. Gray were out somewhere and would not be back until 6 o'clock.

Virginia had not planned anything further than a possible appeal to the Grays either to take charge of Loreen for awhile or find some safe place for her until she was sober again. She stood now at the lodging after the woman had spoken, and she was really at a loss to know what to do. Loreen sank down stupidly on the steps and buried her face in her arms. Virginia eyed the miserable figure with a feeling that she was fearful would grow into disgust.

Finally a thought possessed Virginia that she could not resist. What was to hinder Loreen from going home with her? Why should not this homeless, wretched creature, reeking with the fumes of liquor, be cared for in Virginia's own home, instead of being

consigned to strangers in some hospital or house of charity? Virginia really knew very little about any such places of refuge. As a matter of fact, there were two or three such institutions in Raymond, but it is doubtful if any of them would have taken a person like Loreen in her present condition. But that was not the question with Virginia just now. "What would Jesus do with Loreen?" was what Virginia faced, and she finally answered it by touching Loreen again.

"Loreen, come! You are going home with me. We will take the car here at the corner."

Loreen staggered to her feet and, to Virginia's relief, made no trouble. She had expected resistance or a stubborn refusal to move. When they reached the corner and took the car, it was nearly full of people going up town. Virginia was painfully conscious of the stare that greeted her and her companion as they entered, but her thought was directed more and more to the approaching scene with her grandmother.

What would Mme. Page say when she saw Loreen?

Loreen was nearly sober now, but she was lapsing into a state of stupor. Virginia was obliged to hold fast to her arm. Several times she lurched heavily against Virginia, and as the two went up the avenue a curious crowd of people turned and gazed at them. When she mounted the steps of the handsome house, Virginia breathed a sigh of relief, even in the face of the interview with her grandmother, and when the door shut and she was in the wide hall with her homeless outcast she felt equal to anything that might now come.

Mme. Page was in the library. Hearing Virginia come in, she came into the hall. Virginia stood there supporting Loreen, who stared stupidly at the rich magnificence of the furnishings around her.

"Grandmother!"—Virginia spoke without hesitation and very clearly—"I have brought one of my friends from the Rectangle. She is in trouble and has no home. I am going to care for her a little while."

Mme. Page glanced from her granddaughter to Loreen in astonishment.

"Did you say she was one of your friends?" she asked in a cold, sneering voice that hurt Virginia more than anything she had yet felt.

"Yes, I said so," Virginia's face flushed, but she seemed to recall the verse that Mr. Gray had used for one of his recent sermons, "A friend of publicans and sinners." Surely Jesus would do this that she was doing.

"Do you know what this girl is?" asked Mme. Page in an angry whisper, stepping near Virginia.

"I know very well. She is an outcast. You need not tell me, grandmother. I know it even better than you do. She is drunk at this minute. But she is also a child of God. I have seen her on her knees repentant, and I have seen her reach out its horrible fingers after her again, and by the grace of Christ, I feel that the least I can do is to rescue her from such peril. Grandmother, we call ourselves Christians. Here is a poor, lost human creature without a home, slipping into a possible eternal loss, and we have more than enough. I have brought her here and shall keep her."

Mme. Page glared at Virginia and clinched her hands. All this was contrary to her social code of conduct.

How could society excuse such familiarity with the scum of the streets? What would Virginia's actions cost the family in the way of criticism and the loss of standing and all that long list of necessary relations which people of wealth and position must sustain to the leaders of society? To Mme. Page society represented more than the church or any other institution. It was a power to be feared and obeyed. The loss of its good will was a loss more to be dreaded than anything, except the loss of wealth itself.

She stood erect and stern and confronted Virginia, fully roused and determined. Virginia placed her arm about Loreen and calmly looked her grandmother in the face.

"You shall not do this, Virginia. You can send her to the asylum for helpless women. We can pay all the expenses. We cannot afford, for the sake of our reputations, to shelter such a person."

"Grandmother, I do not wish to do anything that is displeasing to you, but I am going to keep Loreen here to-night and longer if I think it is best."

"Then you can answer for the consequences. I do not stay in the same house with a miserable!"—Mme. Page lost her self control. Virginia stopped her before she could speak the next word.

"Grandmother, this house is mine. It is your home with me as long as you choose to remain, but in this matter I shall act as I fully believe Jesus would in my place. I am willing to bear all that society may say or do. Society is not my God. By the side of this poor, lost soul I do not count the verdict of society as of any value."

"I shall not remain here, then," said Mme. Page. She turned suddenly and walked to the end of the hall. She then

came back and said, with an emphasis that revealed her intense excitement and passion:

"You can always remember that you have driven your grandmother out of your house in favor of a drunken woman." Then, without waiting for Virginia to reply, she turned again and went up stairs.

Virginia called for a servant and soon had Loreen cared for. She was fast lapsing into a wretched condition. During the brief scene in the hall she had clung to Virginia so hard that Virginia's arm was sore from the clutch of the girl's fingers.

Virginia did not know whether her grandmother would leave the house or not. She had abundant means of her own, was perfectly well and vigorous and capable of caring for herself. She had sisters and brothers living in the south and was in the habit of spending several weeks in the year with them. Virginia was not anxious about her welfare, so far as that went, but the interview had been a painful one to her. Going over it, as she did in her room before she went down to tea, she found little cause for regret, however. "What would Jesus do?" There was no question in Virginia's mind that she had done the right thing. If she had made a mistake, it was one of the judgment and not of the heart. When the bell rang for tea, she went down, and her grandmother did not appear. She sent a servant to her room, and the servant brought back word that Mme. Page was not there. A few minutes later Rollin came in. He brought word that his grandmother had taken the evening train for the south. He had been at the station to see some friends off and had by chance met his grandmother as he was coming out. She told him her reason for going.

Virginia and Rollin confronted each other at the table with earnest, sad faces.

"Rollin," said Virginia, and for the first time almost since his conversion she realized what a wonderful thing her brother's change of life meant to her. "Do you blame me? Am I wrong?"

"No, dear; I cannot believe you are. This is very painful for us, but if you think this poor creature owes her safety and salvation to your personal care it was the only thing for you to do. Oh, Virginia, to think that we have all these years enjoyed our beautiful home and all these luxuries selfishly, forgetful of the multitude like this woman! Surely Jesus in our places would do what you have done."

And so Rollin comforted Virginia and counseled with her that evening, and of all the wonderful changes that Virginia was henceforth to know on account of her great pledge nothing affected her so powerfully as the thought of Rollin's change in life. Truly, this man in Christ was a new creature. Old things were passed away. Behold, all things in him had become new!

Dr. West came that evening at Virginia's summons and did everything necessary for the outcast. She had drunk herself almost into delirium. The best that could be done for her now were quiet nursing and careful watching and personal love. So in a beautiful room, with a picture of Christ walking by the sea hanging on the wall, where her bewildered eyes caught daily something more of its hidden meaning, Loreen lay, tossed she hardly knew how into this haven, and Virginia crept nearer the Master than she had ever been, as her heart went out toward this wreck which had thus been flung torn and beaten at her feet.

Meanwhile the Rectangle waited the issue of the election with more than usual interest, and Gray and his wife wept over the pitiable creatures who, after a struggle with surroundings that daily tempted them, too often wearied of the struggle, and, like Loreen, threw up their arms and went whirling into the boiling abyss of their previous condition.

The day after meeting at the First church was now regularly established. Henry Maxwell went into the lecture room on the Sunday succeeding the week of the primary and was greeted with an enthusiasm that made him tremble at first for its reality. He noted again the absence of Jasper Chase, but all the others were present, and they seemed drawn very close together by a bond of common fellowship that demanded and enjoyed mutual confidences. It was the general feeling that the spirit of Jesus was a spirit of very open, frank confession of experience. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Edward Norman to be telling all the rest of the company about the details of his newspaper.

"The fact is, I have lost a good deal of money during the last three weeks. I cannot tell how much. I am losing a great many subscribers every day."

"What do the subscribers give as their reason for dropping the paper?" asked Henry Maxwell. All the rest were listening eagerly.

"There are a good many different reasons. Some say they want a paper that prints all the news, meaning by that the crime details, sensations like prizefights, scandals and horrors of various kinds. Others object to the discontinuance of the Sunday edition. I have lost hundreds of subscribers by that action, although I have made satisfactory arrangements with many of the old subscribers by giving even more in the extra Saturday edition than they formerly had in the Sunday issue. My greatest loss has come from a falling off in advertisements and from the attitude I have felt obliged to take on political questions. This last action has really cost me more than any other. The bulk of my subscribers are intensely partisan. I may as well tell you all frank-

ly that if I continue to pursue the plan which I honestly believe Jesus would in the matter of political issues and their treatment from a nonpartisan and moral standpoint The News will not be able to pay its operating expenses unless one factor in Raymond can be depended on."

He paused a moment, and the room was very quiet. Virginia seemed specially interested. Her face glowed with interest. It was like the interest of a person who had been thinking hard of the same thing Norman went on now to mention.

"That one factor is the Christian element in Raymond. Say The News has lost heavily from the dropping off of people who do not care for a Christian daily and from others who simply look upon a newspaper as a purveyor of all sorts of material to amuse and interest them, are there enough genuine Christian people in Raymond who will rally to the support of a paper such as Jesus would probably edit, or are the habits of the people so firmly established in their demands for the regular type of journalism that they will not take a paper unless it is stripped largely of the Christian and moral purpose? I may also say in this fellowship gathering that, owing to recent complications in my business affairs outside of my paper, I have been obliged to lose a large part of my fortune. I have had to apply the same rule of Jesus' probable conduct to certain transactions with other men who did not apply it to their conduct, and the result has been the loss of a great deal of money."

"As I understand the promise we made, we were not to ask any questions about 'Will it pay?' but all our action was to be based on the one question, 'What would Jesus do?' Acting on that rule of conduct, I have been obliged to lose nearly all the money I have accumulated in my paper. It is not necessary for me to go into details. There is no question with me now, after the three weeks' experience I have had, that a great many men would lose vast sums of money under the present shape of business if this rule of Jesus were honestly obeyed. I mention my loss here because I have the fullest faith in the final success of a daily paper conducted on the lines I have recently laid down, and I had planned to put into it my entire fortune in order to win final success. As it is now, unless, as I said, the Christian people of Raymond, the church members and professing disciples, will support the paper with subscriptions and advertisements, I cannot continue its publication on the present basis."

Virginia asked a question. She had followed Mr. Norman's confession with the most intense eagerness.

"Do you mean that a Christian daily ought to be endowed with a large sum, like a Christian college, in order to make it pay?"

"That is exactly what I mean. I have laid out plans for putting into The News such a variety of material, in such a strong and truly interesting way, that it would more than make up for whatever was absent from its columns in the way of un-Christian matter, but my plans called for a very large outlay of money. I am very confident that a Christian daily such as Jesus would approve, containing only what he would print, can be made to succeed financially if it is planned to the right lines, but it will take a large sum of money to work out the plans."

"How much do you think?" asked Virginia quietly.

Edward Norman looked at her keenly, and his face flushed a moment as an idea of Virginia's purpose crossed his mind. He had known her when she was a little girl in the Sunday school, and he had been on intimate relations in business with her father.

"I should say a half million dollars in a town like Raymond could be well spent in the establishment of a paper such as we have in mind," he answered, and his voice trembled a little. The keen look on Edward Norman's grizzled face flashed out with a stern but thoroughly Christian anticipation of great achievements in the world of newspaper life as it had opened up to him within the last few seconds.

"Then," said Virginia, speaking as if the thought were fully considered. "I am ready to put that amount of money into the paper on the one condition, of course, that it be carried on as it has begun."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henry Maxwell softly. Edward Norman was pale. The rest were looking at Virginia. She had more to say.

"Dear friends," she went on, and there was a sadness in her voice that made an impression on the rest that deepened when they thought it over afterward. "I do not want any of you to credit me with an act of great generosity or philanthropy. I have come to know lately that the money which I have called my own is not my own, but God's. If I, as a steward of his, see some wise way to invest his money, it is not an occasion of vainglory or thanks from any one simply because I have proved honest in my administration of the funds he has asked me to use for his glory. I have been thinking of this very plan for some time. The fact is, dear friends, that in our coming fight with the whisky power in Raymond, and it has only just begun, we shall need The News to champion the Christian side. You all know that all the other papers are for the saloon. As long as the saloon exists the work of rescuing dying souls at the Rectangle is carried on at a terrible disadvantage. What can Mr. Gray do with his gospel meetings when half his converts are drinking people, daily tempted and en-

ticed by the saloon on every corner? The Christian daily we must have. It would be giving up to the enemy to have The News fail. I have great confidence in Mr. Norman's ability. I have not seen his plans, but I have the confidence that he has in making the paper succeed if it is carried forward on a large enough scale."

"I cannot believe that Christian intelligence in journalism will be inferior to un-Christian intelligence, even when it comes to making the paper pay financially. So that is my reason for putting this money—God's, not mine—into this powerful agent for doing as Jesus would. If we can keep such a paper going for one year, I shall be willing to see that amount of money used in the experiment. Do not thank me. Do not consider my promise a wonderful thing. What have I done with God's money all these years but gratify my own selfish, physical, personal desires? What can I do with the rest of it but try to make some reparation for what I have stolen from God? That is the way I look at it now. I believe it is what Jesus would do."

Over the lecture room swept that unseen yet distinctly felt wave of Divine presence. No one spoke for awhile. Henry Maxwell, standing there where the faces lifted their intense gaze into his, felt what he had already felt before, a strange setting back out of the nineteenth century into the first, when the disciples had all things in common, and a spirit of fellowship must have flowed freely between them such as the First church of Raymond had never known. How much had his church membership known of this fellowship in daily interests before this little company had begun to do as Jesus would do? It was with difficulty that he thought of his present age and its surroundings. The same thought was present with all the rest also. There was an unspoken comradeship such as they had never known. It was present with them while Virginia was speaking and during the silence that followed. If it had been defined by any one of them, it would perhaps have taken some such shape as this:

"If I shall in the course of my obedience to my promise meet with loss or trouble in the world, I can depend upon the genuine, practical sympathy and fellowship of any other Christian in this room who has with me made the pledge to do all things by the rule. 'What would Jesus do?'"

All this the distinct wave of spiritual power expressed. It had the effect that a physical miracle may have had on the early disciples in giving them a feeling of confidence in their Lord that helped them to face loss and martyrdom with courage and even joy.

Before they went away this time there were several confidences like those of Edward Norman. Some of the young men told of the loss of places owing to their honest obedience to their promise. Alexander Powers spoke briefly of the fact that the commission had promised to take action at the earliest date possible.

He was already at his old work of telegraphy. It was a significant fact that since his action in resigning his position neither his wife nor daughter had appeared in public. No one but himself knew the bitterness of that family estrangement and misunderstanding of the higher motive. Yet many of the disciples present in the meeting carried similar burdens. There were things which they could not talk about. Henry Maxwell, from his knowledge of his church people, could almost certainly know that obedience to this pledge had produced in the hearts of families separation of sympathy and even the introduction of enmity and hatred. Truly, "a man's foes are they of his own household" when the rule of Jesus is obeyed by some and disobeyed by others. Jesus is a great divider of life. One must walk either parallel with him or directly across his path.

But more than any other feeling at this meeting rose the tide of fellowship for one another. Henry Maxwell watched it, trembling for its climax, which he knew was not yet reached. When it was, where would it lead them? He did not know, but he was not unduly alarmed about it, only he watched with growing wonder the results of that simple promise as it was being obeyed in these various lives. Those results were already being felt all over the city. Who could measure their influence at the end of the year?

One practical form of this fellowship showed itself in the assurances which Edward Norman received in support of his paper. There was a general flocking toward him when the meeting closed, and the response to his appeal for help from the Christian disciples in Raymond was fully understood by this little company. The value of such a paper in the homes and in behalf of good citizenship, especially at the present crisis in the city, could not be measured. It remained to be seen what could be done now that the paper was endowed so liberally. But it still was true, as Edward Norman insisted, that money alone could not make the paper a power. It must receive the support and sympathy of the Christians in Raymond before it could be counted as one of the great Christian forces of the city.

The week that followed this Sunday meeting was one of great excitement in Raymond. It was the week of the election. Donald Marsh, true to his promise, took up his cross and bore it manfully, but with shuddering, with groans and even tears, for his deepest conviction was touched, and he tore himself out of the scholarly seclusion of years with pain and anguish that cost him more than anything he had ever done as a follower of Christ. With

him were a few of the college professors who had made the pledge in the First church. Their experience and suffering were the same as the president's, for their isolation from all the duties of citizenship had been the same. The same was also true of Henry Maxwell, who plunged into the horror of this fight against whisky and its allies with a sickening dread of each day's encounter with it. Never had he borne such a cross. He staggered under it, and in the brief intervals when he came in from the work and sought the quiet of his study for rest the sweat broke out on his forehead, and he felt the actual terror of one who marches into unseen, unknown horrors. Looking back on it afterward, he was amazed at his experience. He was not a coward, but he felt a dread that any man of his habits feels when confronted suddenly with a duty which carries with it the doing of certain things so unfamiliar that the actual details connected with it betray his ignorance and fill him with the shame of humiliation.

When Saturday, the election day, came, the excitement rose to its height. An attempt was made to close all the saloons. It was partly successful, but there was a great deal of drinking going on all day. The Rectangle boiled and heaved and cursed and turned its worst side out to the gaze of the city. Gray had continued his meetings during the week, and the results had been even greater than he had dared to hope. When Saturday came, it seemed to him that the crisis in his work had been reached. The Holy Spirit and the eatan of rum seemed to rouse up to a desperate conflict. The more interest in the meetings the more ferocity and violence outside. The saloon men no longer concealed their feelings. Open threats of violence were made. Once during the week Gray and his little company of helpers were assailed with missiles of various kinds as they left the tent late at night. The police sent down special protection, and Virginia and Rachel were always under the protection of Rollin or Dr. West. Rachel's power in song had not diminished. Rather with each night it seemed to add to the intensity and reality of the Spirit's presence.

Gray had at first hesitated about having a meeting that night, but he had a simple rule of action and was always guided by it. The Spirit seemed to lead them to continue the meeting, and so Saturday night he went on, as usual.

The excitement all over the city had reached its climax when the polls closed at 6 o'clock. Never had there been such a contest in Raymond. The issue of license or no license had never been an issue under such circumstances. Never before had such elements in the city been arrayed against each other. It was an unheard of thing that the president of Lincoln college, the pastor of the First church, the dean of the cathedral, the professional men living in the fine houses on the boulevard, should come personally into the wards and by their presence and their example represent the Christian conscience of the place. The ward politicians were astonished at the sight. However, their astonishment did not prevent their activity. The fight grew hotter every hour, and when 6 o'clock came neither side could have guessed at the result with any certainty. Every one agreed that never had there been such an election in Raymond, and both sides awaited the announcement of the result with the greatest interest.

It was after 10 o'clock when the meeting at the tent was closed. It had been a strange and in some respects a remarkable meeting. Henry Maxwell had come down again at Gray's request. He was completely worn out by the day's work, but the appeal from Gray came to him in such a form that he did not feel able to resist it. Donald Marsh was also present. He had never been to the Rectangle, and his curiosity was aroused from what he had noticed of the influence of the evangelist in the worst part of the city. Dr. West and Rollin had come with Rachel and Virginia, and Loreen, who had staid with Virginia, was present near the organ, in her right mind, sober, with a humility and dread of herself that kept her as close to Virginia as a faithful dog. All through the service Loreen sat with bowed head, weeping a part of the time, sobbing when Rachel sang the song, "I was a wandering sheep," clinging with almost visible, tangible yearning to the one hope she had found, listening to prayer and appeal and confession all about her like one who was a part of a new creation, yet fearful of her right to share in it fully.

The tent had been crowded. As on some other occasions, there was more or less disturbance on the outside of the tent. This had increased as the night advanced, and Gray thought it wise not to prolong the service. Once in awhile a shout as from a large crowd swept into the tent. The returns from the election were beginning to come in, and the Rectangle had emptied every lodging house, den and hotel into the streets.

In spite of the distractions, Rachel's singing kept the crowd in the tent from dissolving. There were a dozen or more conversions. Finally the crowd became restless, and Gray closed the service, remaining a little while with the converts.

Rachel, Virginia, Loreen, Rollin and the doctor, President Marsh and Henry Maxwell went out together, intending to go down to their usual waiting place for their car. As they came out of the tent they at once were aware that the Rectangle was trembling on the edge of

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.