

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page went out together. Edward Norman and Milton Wright became so interested in their mutual conference that they walked on past Norman's home and came back together.

"I want you to come down to the shops tomorrow and see my plan and talk to the men. Somehow I feel as if you could get nearer to them than any one else just now."

"I don't know about that, but I will come," replied Henry Maxwell, a little sadly. How was he fitted to stand before 200 or 300 workmen and give them a message? Yet in the movement of his weakness, he asked the question, he rebuked himself for it. What would Jesus do? That was an end to the discussion.

He went down the next day and found Alexander Powers in his office. It lacked a few minutes of 12, and the superintendent said, "Come up stairs, and I'll show you what I've been trying to do."

They went through the machine shops, climbed a long flight of stairs and entered a very large empty room. It had once been used by the company for a storeroom.

"Since making that promise a week ago I have had a good many things to think of," said the superintendent, "and among them is this: Our company gives me the use of this room, and I am going to fit it up with tables and a coffee plant in the corner there where those steam pipes are. My plan is to provide a good place where the men can come up and eat their noon lunch and give them, two or three times a week, the privilege of a 15 minutes' talk on some subject that will be a real help to them in their lives."

Maxwell looked surprised and asked if the men would come for any such purpose.

"Yes, they'll come. After all, I know the men pretty well. They are among the most intelligent workmen in the country today, but they are, as a whole, entirely removed from all church influence. I asked, 'What would Jesus do?' and, among other things, it seemed to me he would begin to act in some way to add to the lives of these men more physical and spiritual comfort. It is a very little thing, this room and what it represents, but I acted on the first impulse to do the first thing that appealed to my good sense, and I want to work out this idea. I want you to speak to the men when they come up at noon. I have asked them to come up and see the place and I'll tell them something about it."

Henry Maxwell was ashamed to say how uneasy he felt at being asked to speak a few words to a company of workmen. How could he speak without notes or to such a crowd? He was honestly in a condition of genuine fright over the prospect. He actually felt afraid of facing these men. He shrank from the ordeal of confronting such a crowd, so different from the Sunday audiences he was familiar with.

There were half a dozen long rude tables and benches in the great room, and when the noon whistle sounded the men poured up stairs from the machine shop below, and seating themselves at the tables, began to eat their lunch. There were perhaps 300 of them. They had read the superintendent's notice, which he had posted up in various places, and came largely out of curiosity.

They were favorably impressed. The room was large and airy, free from smoke and dust and well warmed from the steam pipes.

About 20 minutes of 1 Alexander Powers told the men what he had in mind. He spoke very simply, like one who understands thoroughly the character of his audience, and then introduced the Rev. Henry Maxwell of the First church, his pastor, who had consented to speak a few minutes.

Henry Maxwell will never forget the feelings with which for the first time he confronted that grimy faced audience of workmen. Like hundreds of other ministers, he had never spoken to any gathering except those made up of people of his own class in the sense that they were familiar in their dress and education and habits to him. This was a new world to him, and nothing but his new rule of conduct could have made possible his message and its effect.

He spoke on the subject of satisfaction with life, what caused it, what its real sources were. He had the great good sense on this first appearance not to recognize the men as a class distinct from himself. He did not use the term "workmen" and did not say a word to suggest any difference between their lives and his own.

The men were pleased. A good many of them shook hands with him before going down to their work, and Henry Maxwell, telling it all to his wife when he reached home, said that never in all his life had he known the delight he then felt in having a handshake from a man of physical labor. The day marked an important one in his Christian experience, more important than he knew. It was the beginning of a fellowship between him and the working world. It was the first plank laid down to help bridge the chasm between the church and labor in Raymond.

Alexander Powers went back to his office. Not a word was said to him.

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his plan and I'm sure much help in it for the men. He knew where he could get some good tables from an abandoned eating house at one of the stations down the road, and he saw how the coffee arrangement could be made a very attractive feature. The men had responded even better than he anticipated, and the whole thing could not help being a great benefit to them.

He took up the routine of his work with a glow of satisfaction. After all, he wanted to do as Jesus would, he said to himself.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when he opened one of the company's long envelopes which he supposed contained orders for the purchasing of stores. He ran over the first page of typewritten matter in his usual quick, businesslike manner before he saw that he was reading what was not intended for his office, but for the superintendent of the freight department.

He turned over a page mechanically, not meaning to read what was not addressed to him, but before he knew it he was in possession of evidence which conclusively proved that the company was engaged in a systematic violation of the interstate commerce laws of the United States. It was as distinct and unequivocal breaking of law as if a private citizen should enter a house and rob the inmates. The discrimination shown in rebates was in total contempt of all the statutes. Under the laws of the state it was also a distinct violation of certain provisions recently passed by the legislature to prevent railroad trusts. There was no question that he held in his hand evidence sufficient to convict the company of willful, intelligent violation of the law of the commission and the law of the state also.

He dropped the papers on his desk as if they were poison, and instantly the question flashed across his mind, "What would Jesus do?" He tried to shut the question out. He tried to reason with himself by saying it was none of his business. He had supposed in a more or less indefinite way, as did nearly all of the officers of the company, that this had been going on right along in nearly all the roads. He was not in a position, owing to his place in the shops, to prove anything direct, and he had regarded it all as a matter which did not concern him at all. The papers now before him revealed the entire affair. They had through some carelessness in the address come into his hands. What business of his was it? If he saw a man entering his neighbor's house to steal, would it not be his duty to inform the officers of the law? Was a railroad company such a different thing? Was it under a different rule of conduct, so that it could rob the public and defy law and be undisturbed because it was such a great organization? What would Jesus do?

Then there was his family. Of course if he took any steps to inform the commission it would mean the loss of his position. His wife and daughters had always enjoyed luxury and a good place in society. If he came out against this lawlessness as a witness, it would drag him into courts, his motives would be misunderstood, and the whole thing would end in his disgrace and the loss of his position. Surely, it was none of his business. He could easily get the papers back to the freight department and no one be the wiser. Let the inquiry go on. Let the law be defied. What was it to him? He would work out his plans for bettering the conditions just about him. What more could a man do in this railroad business, where there was so much going on anyway that made it impossible to live by the Christian standard? But what would Jesus do if he knew the facts? That was the question that confronted Alexander Powers as the day wore into evening.

The lights in the office had been turned on. The whir of the great engine and the crash of the planer in the big shop continued until 6 o'clock.

Then the whistle blew, the engines slowed down, and the men dropped their tools and ran for the blockhouse.

Alexander Powers heard the familiar click, click, of the blocks as the men filed past the window of the blockhouse just outside. He said to his clerks: "I'm not going just yet. I have something extra tonight." He waited until he heard the last man deposit his block. The men behind the block case went out. The engineer and his assistants had worked for half an hour, but they went out at another door.

At 7 o'clock that evening any one who had looked into the superintendent's office would have seen an unusual sight. He was kneeling down, and his face was buried in his hands as he bowed his head upon the papers on his desk.

CHAPTER III.

If any man comes into me and hatches not his own father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, you, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.

When Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page separated after the meeting at the First church on Sunday, they agreed to continue their conversation the next day. Virginia asked Rachel to come and lunch with her at noon, and Rachel accordingly rang the bell at the Page mansion about half past 11. Virginia herself met her, and the two were soon talking earnestly.

"The fact is," Rachel was saying after they had been talking a few minutes, "I cannot reconcile it with my judgment of what he would do. I can-

not tell another person what to do, but I feel that I ought not to accept this offer."

"What will you do, then?" asked Virginia, with great interest.

"I don't know yet, but I have decided to refuse this offer."

9,500,000 Bale Crop

Will be Maximum.

The Statistician of Department of Agriculture.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The monthly report of the statistician of the department of agriculture will state that the most thorough investigation of the cotton situation that has been made since 1895 has just been completed. Special agents from the Washington office have visited all the principal points in the cotton belt, investigating both acreage and production. Pending the receipts of the final reports as to picking, due December 1st, no detailed statement will be issued, but statisticians state that on the basis of the highest estimate of the area under cultivation for which the department can find any warrant, 23,500,000 acres, the crop cannot exceed 9,500,000 bales. This estimate is based on the most complete and trustworthy information.

One of the most remarkable articles on the South African situation that has appeared in the English papers is the interview of the London Chronicle with Mr. Frank Watkins, an Englishman who has resided in the Transvaal for twenty six years, and was one of the pioneer gold miners of the country. He represented the mining regions in the upper legislative house of the Transvaal—or "second volksraad," as it is called—from 1890 to 1896. The first startling statement by Mr. Watkins was that many Englishmen, as well as other foreigners, would fight with the Boers in this contest. He says:

I can quite believe it. The miners cannot speak out. They are entirely under the thumb of the big companies. Candor means loss of work. But when the mines shut down there is nothing to prevent them from fighting with the Boers, for they do not love the capitalists, and one of the certainties of the future in the Transvaal is a conflict between capital and labor. The capitalists expect it, and fear that the methods they have adopted in working up the miners against the Transvaal may recoil on themselves.

This opinion is what might naturally be suspected from what is known of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his associated capitalists. They have made every effort to introduce the "compound system" of negro labor in the Transvaal, which is practically equivalent to slavery for years. They have this system in the parts of South Africa under British control. In Rhodesia the chartered company exacts tribute from the independent miner of one half of all the gold he mines. In fact, Mr. Watkins says that the mining laws of the Transvaal are better than in "any other country." He says further that the charges of corruption against Kruger and the volksraad are mere charges, no one of which has ever been sustained, and that they emanate from these same capitalists who have tried to bribe the Boer government but failed to do so. As to franchise extension, and other favors to outlanders, he says that the Boers were gradually becoming more liberal, and were extending rights, until the Jameson raid, "when they became frightened of the use that might be made of the new suffrage, and stiffened their backs." He insists that the negroes are better treated in the Transvaal than in the British colonies, and that the contrary opinion is the result of misrepresentation. Especially interesting is his explanation of the removal of Chief Justice Kotze, which has been cited as an illustration of exercise of arbitrary power by President Kruger. He says:

I do not agree with the president on that matter, but public opinion here entirely misrepresents it. Chief Justice Kotze took the extraordinary course of reversing a decision he had given in a famous case—the Dome case. It is as if Lord Russell were to suddenly say that he had changed his mind on an important decision. But it happened that the raid framed a resolution on the previous decision of Kotze, and his change of front threw them into confusion. The volksraad condemned Kotze's new judgment, and there was thus a conflict between the legislative and the judiciary. Kruger then got the raid to pass a resolution that he—Kruger—might dismiss judges in case they defied a resolution of the volksraad; and he then dismissed Kotze. I do not entirely defend it; but your parliament, too, can obtain the dismissal of the judge by an address to the queen.

That puts a very different light on the case from what has been given by the English press and the anglomanic press in the country. The method is rather summary, but it might not be a bad thing to place some such muzzle on the courts in this country, especially when they reverse their own decisions, as occurred in the recent income tax case. It would not injure our supreme court if a few corporation lawyers could be summarily removed from it—Indianapolis Sentinel.

British Misrepresentation.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman."

Trial bottles free at J. F. W. DeLorme's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Miles Shakes His Fist

In the Face of Mr. Ozutz.

Chairman of State Board and X-Bookkeeper on the Street.

Mr. D. M. Miles yesterday met Mr. D. A. G. Ozutz in front of the Jerome hotel, and after abusing him roundly, shook his fist in Mr. Ozutz's face. Mr. Miles is chairman of the State board of control. Mr. Ozutz is the ex bookkeeper.

Mr. Miles' statement is that he heard that Ozutz was preparing to further assail his (Miles') record and character. This was the first good opportunity he had had to resent what Mr. Ozutz had said previously.

In the presence of Sheriff McGravy of Laurens and Shipping Clerk Black of the State dispensary and other witnesses, Mr. Miles accosted Mr. Ozutz, told him not to publish any more lies on him (Miles) and called Ozutz a scoundrel and other bad names.

Mr. Miles says that Mr. Ozutz took a step backward as if to get his pistol and called Mr. Miles a coward. The latter told Mr. Ozutz that if he drew his pistol he would be killed, and, rubbing his fist under Mr. Ozutz's nose, called him more very, very naughty names.

That was all of it—The State, Nov. 9.

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WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE STOVE CATALOGUE. This stove is size No. 8, open in front, made from best pig-iron, extra large flues, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome decorated ornamental castings and trimmings, extra large door, genuine Standard porcelain lined reservoir, handsome ornamental base. Best coal burner made, and we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. WRITE AT ONCE FOR OUR BIG FREE CATALOGUE. Your local dealer would charge you \$25.00 for such a stove, the freight is only about \$1.00. For a sample book, with full catalogue, address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL. Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.

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Southern Railway.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 11th, 1899.

Table with columns: No. 11 No. 3 Daily, EASTERN TIME, No. 6 No. 12 Daily. Rows include Charleston, Stannerville, Branchville, Orangeburg, Kingville, Camden Junction, Camden, Columbia, etc.

Table with columns: Ex. Sun., Sun. only, Ex. Sun. Rows include Lv. Augusta, Ar. Savannah, Ar. Savannah, Lv. Savannah, Ar. Savannah, Lv. Savannah, Ar. Savannah, etc.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]