

# IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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"I understand that you are going on the stage, Miss Winslow. We shall all be delighted, I'm sure," said Rollin during one of the pauses in the conversation, which had not been animated.

Rachel colored and felt annoyed. "Who told you?" she asked, while Virginia, who had been very silent and reserved, suddenly roused herself and appeared ready to join in the talk.

"Oh, we hear a thing or two on the street! Besides, every one saw Crandall, the manager, at church two weeks ago. He doesn't go to church to hear the preaching. In fact, I know other people who don't either, not when there's something better to hear."

Rachel did not color this time, but she answered quietly: "You're mistaken. I'm not going on the stage."

"It's a great pity. You'd make a hit. Everybody is talking about your singing."

This time Rachel flushed with genuine anger. Before she could say anything Virginia broke in.

"Whom do you mean by 'everybody'?"

"Whom? I mean all the people who hear Miss Winslow on Sunday. What other time do they hear her? It's a great pity, I say, that the general public outside of Raymond cannot hear her voice."

"Let us talk about something else," said Rachel a little sharply. Mme. Page glanced at her and spoke with a gentle courtesy.

"My dear, Rollin never could pay an indirect compliment. He is like his father in that. But we are all curious to know something of your plans. We claim the right from old acquaintance, you know. And Virginia had already told us of your concert company offer."

"I supposed, of course, that was public property," said Virginia, smiling across the table. "It was in The News yesterday."

"Yes, yes," replied Rachel hastily. "I understand that, Mme. Page. Well, Virginia and I have been talking about it. I have decided not to accept, and that is as far as I have gone yet."

Rachel was conscious of the fact that the conversation had up to this point been narrowing her hesitation concerning the company's offer down to a decision that would absolutely satisfy her own judgment of Jesus' probable action. It had been the last thing in the world, however, that she had desired to have her decision made in any way so public as this. Somehow what Rollin Page had said and his manner in saying it had hastened her judgment in the matter.

"Would you mind telling us, Rachel, your reasons for refusing the offer? It looks like a good opportunity for a young girl like you. Don't you think the general public ought to hear you? I feel like Rollin about that. A voice like yours belongs to a larger audience than Raymond and the First church."

Rachel Winslow was naturally a girl of great reserve. She shrank from making her plans or her thoughts public. But with all her repression there was possible in her an occasional sudden breaking out that was simply an impulsive, thoughtful, frank, truthful expression of her most inner personal feeling. She spoke now in reply to Mme. Page in one of those rare moments of unreserve that added to the attractiveness of her whole character.

"I have no other reason than a conviction that Jesus would do the same thing," she said, looking in Mme. Page's eyes with a clear, earnest gaze.

Mme. Page turned red, and Rollin stared. Before her grandmother could say anything Virginia spoke.

Her rising color showed how she was stirred. Virginia's pale, clear complexion was that of health, but it was generally in marked contrast to Rachel's tropical type of beauty.

"Grandmother, you know we promised to make that the standard of our conduct for a year. Mr. Maxwell's proposition was plain to all who heard it. We have not been able to arrive at our decisions very rapidly. The difficulty in knowing what Jesus would do has perplexed Rachel and me a good deal."

Mme. Page looked sharply at Virginia before she said anything.

"Of course I understand Mr. Maxwell's statement. It is perfectly impracticable to put it into practice. I felt confident at the time that those who promised would find it out after a trial and abandon it as visionary and absurd. I have nothing to say about Miss Winslow's affairs, but"—she paused and continued with a sharpness that was new to Rachel—"I hope you have no foolish notions in this matter, Virginia."

"I have a great many notions," replied Virginia quietly. "Whether they are foolish or not depends upon my right understanding of what he would do. As soon as I find out I shall do it."

"Excuse me, ladies," said Rollin, rising from the table. "The conversation is getting beyond my depth. I shall retire to the library for a cigar."

He went out of the dining room, and there was silence for a moment. Mme. Page waited until the servant had brought in something and then asked her to go out. She was angry, and her anger was formidable, although checked in some measure by the presence of Rachel.

Rachel to rise up like a great frozen wall between her and every conception of Jesus as a sacrifice. "What you have promised in a spirit of false emotion, I presume, is impossible of performance."

"Do you mean, grandmother, that we cannot possibly act as Jesus would, or do you mean that if we try to we shall offend the customs and prejudices of society?" asked Virginia.

"It is not required. It is not necessary. Besides, how can you act with any?"

Mme. Page paused, broke off her sentence and then turned to Rachel.

"What will your mother say to your decision? My dear, is it not foolish? What do you expect to do with your voice anyway?"

"I don't know what mother will say yet," Rachel answered, with a great shrinking from trying to give her mother's probable answer. If there was a woman in all Raymond with great ambitions for her daughter's success as a singer, Mrs. Winslow was that woman.

"Oh, you will see it in a different light after wise thought of it! My dear," continued Mme. Page, rising from the table, "you will live to regret it if you do not accept the concert company's offer or something like it."

Rachel said something that contained a hint of the struggle she was still having, and after a little she went away, feeling that her departure was to be followed by a painful conversation between Virginia and her grandmother. As she afterward learned, Virginia passed through a crisis of feeling during that scene with her grandmother that hastened her final decision as to the use of her money and her social position.

Rachel was glad to escape and be by herself. A plan was slowly forming in her mind, and she wanted to be alone to think it out carefully. But before she had walked two blocks she was annoyed to find Rollin Page walking beside her.

"Sorry to disturb your thought, Miss Winslow, but I happened to be going your way and had an idea you might not object. In fact, I've been walking here for a whole block, and you haven't objected."

"I did not see you," replied Rachel. "I wouldn't mind that if you only thought of me once in awhile," said Rollin suddenly. He took one last nervous puff of his cigar, tossed it into the street and walked along with a pale face.

Rachel was surprised, but not startled. She had known Rollin as a boy, and there had been a time when they had used each other's first name familiarly. Lately, however, something in Rachel's manner had put an end to that. She was used to his direct attempts at compliment and was sometimes amused by them. Today she honestly wished him anywhere else.

"Do you ever think of me, Miss Winslow?" asked Rollin after a pause.

"Oh, yes, quite often!" said Rachel, with a smile.

"Are you thinking of me now?"

"Yes, that is—yes, I am."

"What?"

"Do you want me to be absolutely truthful?"

"Of course."

"Then I was thinking that I wished you were not here."

Rollin bit his lip and looked gloomy. Rachel had not spoken anything as he wished.

"Now, look here, Rachel—oh, I know that's forbidden, but I've got to speak some time—you know how I feel. What makes you treat me so hard? You used to like me a little, you know."

"Did I? Of course we used to get on very well as boy and girl, but we are older now."

Rachel still spoke in the light, easy way she had used since her first annoyance at seeing him. She was still somewhat preoccupied with her plan, which had been disturbed by Rollin's appearance.

They walked along in silence a little way. The avenue was full of people. Among the persons passing was Jasper Chase. He saw Rachel and Rollin and bowed as he went by. Rollin was watching Rachel closely.

"I wish I were Jasper Chase. Maybe I'd stand some show then," he said moodily.

Rachel colored in spite of herself. She did not say anything and quickened her pace a little. Rollin seemed determined to say something, and Rachel seemed helpless to prevent him. After all, she thought, he might as well know the truth one time as another.

"You know well enough, Rachel, how I feel toward you. Isn't there any hope? I could make you happy. I've loved you a good many years."

"Why, how old do you think I am?" broke in Rachel, with a nervous laugh. She was shaken out of her usual poise of manner.

"You know what I mean," went on Rollin doggedly, "and you have no right to laugh at me just because I want you to marry me."

"I'm not, but it is useless for you to speak—Rollin," said Rachel after a little hesitation and then using his name in such a frank simple way that he could attach no meaning to it beyond the familiarity of the family acquaintance. "It is impossible." She was still a little agitated by the fact of receiving a proposal of marriage on the avenue, but the noise on the street and sidewalk made the conversation as private as if they were in the house.

"Would you—that is, do you think—if you gave me time—"

"No!" said Rachel. She spoke firmly. Perhaps, she thought afterward, although she did not mean to, she spoke harshly.

They walked on for some time without a word. They were nearing Rachel's home, and she was anxious to end the scene.

As they turned off the avenue into one of the quiet streets Rollin spoke suddenly and with more manliness than he had yet shown. There was a distinct note of dignity in his voice that was new to Rachel.

"Miss Winslow, I ask you to be my wife. Is there any hope for me that you will ever consent?"

"None in the least," Rachel spoke decidedly.

"Will you tell me why?" He asked the question as if he had a right to a truthful answer.

"I do not feel toward you as a woman ought to feel toward the man she ought to marry."

"In other words, you do not love me?"

"I do not, and I cannot."

"Why?" That was another question, and Rachel was a little surprised that he should ask it.

"Because"—She hesitated for fear she might say too much in an attempt to speak the exact truth.

"Tell me just why. You can't hurt me more than you have done already."

"Well, I don't and can't love you because you have no purpose in life. What do you ever do to make the world better? You spend your time in club life, in amusements, in travel, in luxury. What is there in such a life to attract a woman?"

"Not much, I guess," said Rollin, with a little laugh. "Still, I don't know that I am any worse than the rest of the men around me. I'm not so bad as some. Glad to know your reason."

He suddenly stopped, took off his hat, bowed gravely and turned back. Rachel went on home and hurried into her room, disturbed in many ways by the event which had so unexpectedly thrust itself into her experience.

When she had time to think it all over, she found herself condemned by the very judgment she had passed on Rollin Page. What purpose had she in life? She had been abroad and studied music with one of the famous teachers of Europe. She had come home to Raymond and had been singing in the First church choir now for a year. She was well paid. Up to that Sunday two weeks ago she had been quite satisfied with herself and her position. She had shared her mother's ambition and anticipated growing triumphs in the musical world.

What possible career was before her except the regular career of every singer? She asked the question again and, in the light of her recent reply to Rollin, asked again if she had any very great purpose in life herself? What would Jesus do? There was a fortune in her voice. She knew it, not necessarily as a matter of personal pride or professional egotism, but simply as a fact, and she was obliged to acknowledge that until two weeks ago she had purposed to use her voice to make money and win admiration and applause. Was that a much higher purpose, after all, than Rollin Page lived for?

She sat in her room a long time and finally went down stairs resolved to have a frank talk with her mother about the concert company's offer and her new plan, which was gradually shaping in her mind. She had already had one talk with her mother and knew that she expected Rachel to accept the offer and enter on a successful career as a public singer.

"Mother," Rachel said, coming at once to the point, as much as she dreaded the interview, "I have decided not to go out with the company. I have a good reason for it."

Mrs. Winslow was a large, handsome woman, fond of much company, ambitious for a distinct place in society and devoted, according to her definitions of success, to the success of her children. Her youngest boy, Lewis, ten years younger than Rachel, was ready to graduate from a military academy in the summer. Meanwhile she and Rachel were at home together. Rachel's father, like Virginia's, had died while the family were abroad. Like Virginia, she found herself, under her present rule of conduct, in complete antagonism with her own immediate home circle.

Mrs. Winslow waited for Rachel to go on.

"You know the promise I made two weeks ago, mother?"

"Mr. Maxwell's promise?"

"No, mine. You know what it was, mother?"

"I suppose I do. Of course all the church members mean to imitate Christ and follow him as far as is consistent with our present day surroundings. But what has that to do with your decision in the concert company's matter?"

"It has everything to do with it. After asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and going to the source of authority for wisdom I have been obliged to say that I do not believe he would in my case make that use of my voice."

"Why? Is there anything wrong about such a career?"

"No; I don't know that I can say there is."

"Do you presume to sit in judgment on other people who go out to sing in this way? Do you presume to say that they are doing what Christ would not do?"

"Mother, I wish you to understand me. I judge no one else. I condemn no other professional singers. I simply decide my own course. As I look at it, I have a conviction that Jesus would do something else."

"What else?" Mrs. Winslow had not yet lost her temper. She did not understand the situation or Rachel in the midst of it, but she was anxious that her daughter's career should be as distinguished as her natural gifts promised, and she felt confident that when the present unusual religious excitement in the First church had passed away Rachel would go on with her public life according to the wishes of the family. She was totally unprepared for Rachel's next remark.

"What? Something that will serve mankind where it most needs the service of song. Mother, I have made up my mind to use my voice in some way so as to satisfy my soul that I am doing something better than pleasing fashionable audiences or making money or even gratifying my own love of singing. I am going to do something that will satisfy me when I ask, 'What would Jesus do?' and I am not satisfied and cannot be when I think of myself as singing myself into the career of a concert company performer."

Rachel spoke with a vigor and earnestness that surprised her mother. Mrs. Winslow was angry now, and she never tried to conceal her feelings.

"It is simply absurd! Rachel, you are a fanatic! What can you do?"

"The world has been served by men and women who have given it other things that were gifts. Why should I, because I am blessed with a natural gift, at once proceed to put a market price on it and make all the money I can out of it? You know, mother, that you have taught me to think of a musical career always in the light of a financial and social success. I have been unable since I made my promise two weeks ago to imagine Jesus joining a concert company to do what I would do and live the life I would have to live if I joined it."

Mrs. Winslow rose and then sat down again. With a great effort she composed herself.

"What do you intend to do, then? You have not answered my question."

"I shall continue to sing for the time being in the church. I am pledged to sing there through spring. During the week I am going to sing at the White Cross meetings down in the Rectangle."

"What! Rachel Winslow! Do you know what you are saying? Do you know what sort of people those are down there?"

Rachel almost quailed before her mother. For a moment she shrank back and was silent.

"I know very well. That is the reason I am going. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have been working there several weeks. I learned only this morning that they wanted singers from the churches to help them in their meetings. They use a tent. It is in a part of the city where Christian work is most needed. I shall offer them my help. Mother," Rachel cried out with the first passionate utterance she had yet used, "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice. I know you will not understand me. But I am hungry to suffer something. What have we done all our lives for the suffering, sinning side of Raymond? How much have we denied ourselves or given of our personal ease and pleasure to bless the place in which we live or imitate the life of the Saviour of the world? Are we always to go on doing as society selfishly dictates, moving on its narrow little round of pleasures and entertainments and never knowing the pain of things that cost?"

"Are you preaching at me?" asked Mrs. Winslow slowly. Rachel understood her mother's words.

"No; I am preaching at myself," she replied gently. She paused a moment as if she thought her mother would say something more and then went out of the room. When she reached her own room, she felt that, so far as her mother was concerned, she could expect no sympathy or even a fair understanding from her.

She knelt down. It is safe to say that within the two weeks since Henry Maxwell's church had faced that shabby figure with the faded hat more members of his parish had been driven to their knees in prayer than during all the previous term of his pastorate.

When she rose, her beautiful face was wet with tears. She sat thoughtfully a little while and then wrote a note to Virginia Page. She sent it to her by a messenger and then went down stairs again and told her mother that she and Virginia were going down to the Rectangle that evening to see Mr. and Mrs. Gray, the evangelists.

"Virginia's uncle, Dr. West, will go with us if she goes. I have asked her to call him up by telephone and go with us. The doctor is a friend of the Grays and attended some of the meetings last winter."

Mrs. Winslow did not say anything. Her manner showed her complete disapproval of Rachel's course, and Rachel felt her unspoken bitterness.

About 7 o'clock the doctor and Virginia appeared, and together the three started for the scene of the White Cross meetings.

The Rectangle was the most notorious district in all Raymond. It was in the territory close by the great railroad shops and the packing houses. The slum and tenement district of Raymond congested its most wretched elements about the Rectangle. This was a barren field used in the summer by circus companies and wandering showmen. It was shut in by rows of saloons, gambling halls and cheap, dirty boarding and lodging houses.

The First church of Raymond had never touched the Rectangle problem. It was too dirty, too coarse, too sinful, too awful, for close contact. Let us be honest. There had been an attempt to cleanse this sore spot by sending down an occasional committee of singers, of Sunday school teachers or gospel visitors from various churches, but the church of Raymond as an institution had never really done anything to make the Rectangle any less a stronghold of the devil as the years went by.

Into this heart of the coarse part of the sin of Raymond the traveling evangelist and his brave little wife had pitched a good sized tent and begun meetings. It was the spring of the year, and the evenings were beginning to be pleasant. The evangelists had asked for the help of Christian people and had received more than the usual amount of encouragement, but they felt a great need of more and better music. During the meetings on the Sunday just gone the assistant at the organ had been taken ill. The volunteers from the city were few and the voices of ordinary quality

## Hester's Cotton Statement.

### Heavy Decrease in Movement Into Sight.

New Orleans, Nov. 17.—Secretary Hester's weekly New Orleans cotton exchange statement issued today shows a decrease in the movement into sight compared with the seven days ending this date last year of 125,000, a decrease under the same days year before last of 170,000.

For the 78 days of the season that have elapsed the aggregate is behind the 78 days of last year \$42,000, and behind the same date year before last of 550,000.

The movement since Sept. 1 shows receipts at all United States ports 2,533,118, against 3,509,697 last year; overland across the Mississippi, Ohio and Potomac rivers to northern mills and Canada, 440,881, against 277,520 last year; interior stocks in excess of those held at the close of the commercial year 445,234, against 505,212 last year, and southern mill takings 350,355, against 319,155 last year.

Foreign exports for the week have been 145,968, against 356,195 last year, making the total thus far for the season 1,648,674, against 2,258,639 last year. The total taking of all mills north and south and Canada, thus far for the season have been 1,050,813, against 820,045 last year.

Stocks at the seaboard and the 29 leading centres have increased during the week 101,064 bales, against an increase during the corresponding period last season of 44,850 and are now 126,739 smaller than at this date in 1898.

Including stocks left over at ports and interior towns from the last crop and a number of bales brought into sight thus far for the new crop the supply to date is 4,388,416 against 4,879,450 for the same period last year.

\$75 to \$100 vs. \$30.

Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of this State, who is such an enthusiastic advocate of cotton mills, has a strong and equally enthusiastic supporter in Mr. W. S. Whitam, of Georgia, who holds that there is no reason why the South should not get from \$75 to \$100 a bale for cotton instead of \$30. He is a man whose business reputation stands pretty well in his State, where he is president of 27 banks. Speaking of cotton mills, he says: "Labor is plentiful and cheap in Georgia. The success of Georgia cotton mills has proven that southern men know how to run them. From personal experience I know that cotton mills of from 5,000 to 10,000 spindles pay much better dividends than mills of larger size. As many years ago the West attracted the attention of capitalists and business men, so now the eyes of this class are turned to the South. I can name half a dozen cotton mills in this State (Georgia) having from 4,000 to 10,000 spindles, which net earnings of from 25 to 60 per cent during the past 12 months. I am now organizing three new cotton mills."

There may be some difference of opinion as to whether small mills pay better than large mills, but whether they do or not, both pay very well, and well enough to encourage the establishment of many more both large and small. Whatever may be said for large mills, there is much to be said for small mills which present many advantages which should be taken into consideration, especially in a section where capital is limited, and most of the dependence must be put upon home capital.

Suppose that one in proportion to investment pays the investors as well as the other, two small mills are better in our opinion than one having the capacity of the two because the two make two markets for cotton to the one the larger makes, distribute the industry better, bring profit to more localities, give labor a better chance by giving employment to many in their localities, putting more money in circulation, creating more markets for what the farmers produce, thus benefiting them and encouraging diversified farming and thrift on the farm. And in addition to this it is easier to establish small mills on the cooperative plan than it is large ones. As far as the general prosperity is concerned the more the mills are distributed the better, however much they may be centered at localities presenting abundant power and other advantages—Wilmington Star.

Londor, Nov. 15.—The Hamburg-American steamer Patria, Capt. F. Oelich, which left New York Nov. 4 for Hamburg and passed the Lizard yesterday, is on fire near Dover. All the passengers were rescued and have arrived at Dover.

Crescent, Ill., Nov. 16.—By the falling of an aerolite, seven miles south of Crecent City, the residence of John Meyers was partially wrecked and the neighborhood was panic-stricken. The meteor came from a point in the sky a little east of south and struck the north end of the house, tearing away a part of the upper story. The aerolite buried itself in the ground about three feet from the foundation of the house.

## Southern Railway.



Condensed Schedule in Effect June 11th, 1899.

South No. 3 Daily	Eastern Time	North No. 12 Daily
5:30p Lv. Charleston	Ar. 11:00a	8:15p
6:00p Lv. Summerville	Ar. 10:15a	7:25p
7:30p Lv. Branchville	Ar. 8:25a	6:00p
8:30p Lv. Branchville	Ar. 8:25a	5:20p
9:30p Lv. Kershaw	Ar. 7:30a	4:30p
10:30a Ar. Camden	Lv. 3:57p	
11:30a Ar. Camden	Lv. 3:00p	

South No. 3 Daily	Eastern Time	North No. 12 Daily
5:30p Lv. Charleston	Ar. 11:00a	8:15p
6:00p Lv. Summerville	Ar. 10:15a	7:25p
7:30p Lv. Branchville	Ar. 8:25a	6:00p
8:30p Lv. Branchville	Ar. 8:25a	5:20p
9:30p Lv. Kershaw	Ar. 7:30a	4:30p
10:30a Ar. Camden	Lv. 3:57p	
11:30a Ar. Camden	Lv. 3:00p	

Lv. Augusta	Ar. Savannah	Lv. Savannah	Ar. Augusta
9:00a	9:30a	5:21p	9:00p
1:00p	1:30p	9:00p	5:21p
1:30p	1:30p	8:25p	4:45p
5:15a	3:10p	3:10p	5:15a
5:25a	3:21p	3:25p	5:25a
9:00a	7:10p	8:30p	9:00a

Lv. Allendale	Ar. Allendale	Lv. Allendale	Ar. Allendale
6:45a	7:00a	7:55a	8:10a
7:55a	8:10a	8:55a	9:10a
1:00p	1:15p	2:00p	2:15p
3:30p	3:45p	4:30p	4:45p

Lv. Charleston	Ar. Charleston	Lv. Charleston	Ar. Charleston
7:00a	5:30p	7:00a	5:30p
11:15a	10:45a	11:15a	10:45a
1:00p	1:15p	1:00p	1:15p
5:45a	9:25a	5:45a	9:25a

Lv. Atlanta	Ar. Atlanta	Lv. Atlanta	Ar. Atlanta
5:30			