

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR MONTH OF JUNE RED FRONT STORE

COURT HOUSE BLOCK

OREGON CITY, OREGON

Regular 12 1/4c Percale, per yard.....	10c
Light Colored Calico, per yard.....	4c
Indigo Blue Oil Calico, per yard.....	5c
Curtain Scrim, per yard.....	5c up
Bunting, white or colors.....	5c
Cotton Batting, extra quality, per pound.....	12 1/2c
The Celebrated Dr. Warner's Corset.....	50c up
26-inch Steel Rod Umbrella.....	50c

Notions

Pins per paper.....	1c
Safety Pins, per paper.....	5c
Hair Pins, per box.....	5c
Finishing Braid, bunch.....	5c
Darning Cotton, 2 balls for.....	5c
Embroidery Silk, 6 spools.....	5c
White Tape, 2 rolls.....	5c
Silk Finish Crochet Cotton, spool.....	5c
Sheet Wadding, 2 sheets.....	5c
Sewing Machine Oil, 10c size bottle.....	5c
Vaseline, bottle.....	5c
White Metal Tea Spoons.....	6 for 15c
White Metal Table Spoons.....	6 for 25c
Aluminum Thimble.....	5c
Liquid Shoe Dressing.....	7c

We have a big quantity of Ladies' Shirt Waists and Skirts which we are offering at a Big Reduction

We carry the J. B. Lewis Wear Resister, and Bradley & Metcalf Shoes. These shoes are well known and once you use them will call for them again. We are making a special cut on shoes.

We are agents for the celebrated Standard Patterns. Call and get fashion sheet free

We carry the celebrated Gilbert Linings.

Millinery

In our Millinery department we are offering special inducements. Sailor Hats 25c up. Trimmed Hats \$1.00 up

Men's Suspenders, full length, from.....	10c up
Men's Balbriggan Underwear, per suit.....	50c
Men's White Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Men's Blue or Red Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Men's Heavy Working Gloves, from.....	25c up
Men's Working Shirts, from.....	25c to 50c
Men's Fancy Dress Shirts.....	35c to 75c
Men's Black Satine Shirts.....	45c
Men's Heavy Black Duck Shirts.....	60c
Straw Hats.....	5c up

Groceries

Tomatoes.....	3 cans	25c
Corn.....	3 cans	25c
Oysters.....	3 cans	25c
Washing Powder.....	3 pounds	15c
Corn Meal.....	10 pounds	20c
Bulk Extract.....	per oz.	5c
Corn Starch.....	per pound	5c
Roast Coffee.....	pound	10c up
Scouring Soap.....		5c
Good Syrup, in wooden pail, per pail.....		65c
"Our Mother's" Starch, same as Celluloid, with 1/4 pound more to package.....		10c

We always have on hand a large stock of Mason Fruit Jars, Caps and Rubbers.

Remember that we pay highest market prices for Farm Produce, Shingles, Etc.

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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"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 law

er, this mighty 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 season, 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 viciousness 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 who had never gone outside of the foul district of the tenement. 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 blow 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 weaned, 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 prized 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 writes for—

namey, 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 Virginia'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 deliberately chosen his course, urged on by his disappointment and loss.

"But Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER VIII

What is that to thee? Follow thou me.

When Rollin started down the street that afternoon that Jasper stood looking out of his window, he was not thinking of Rachel Winslow and did not expect to see her anywhere. He had come suddenly upon her as she turned into the avenue, and his heart had leaped up at the sight of her. He walked along by her now rejoicing, after all, in a little moment of this earthly love he could not drive out of his life.

"I have just been over to see Virginia," said Rachel. "She tells me the arrangements are nearly completed for the transfer of the Rectangle property."

"Yes; it has been a tedious case in the courts. Did Virginia show you all the plans and specifications for buildings?"

"We looked over a good many. It is astonishing to me where Virginia has managed to get all her ideas about this work."

"Virginia knows more now about Arnold Toynbee and east end London and institutional church work in America than a good many professional slum workers. She has been spending nearly all summer in getting information." Rollin was beginning to feel more at ease as they talked over this coming work for humanity. It was safe common ground.

"What have you been doing all summer? I have not seen much of you," Rachel suddenly asked, and then he

stared warmly with one of those tropical colors, as if she might have implied too much interest in Rollin or too much regret at not seeing him often.

"I have been busy," replied Rollin briefly.

"Tell me something about it," persisted Rachel. "You say so little. Have I a right to ask?"

She put the question very frankly, turning toward Rollin in real interest.

"Yes, certainly," he replied, with a grateful smile. "I am not so certain that I can tell you much. I have been trying to find some way to reach the men I once knew and win them into more useful lives."

He stopped suddenly, as if he were almost afraid to go on. Rachel did not venture to suggest anything.

"I have been a member of the same company to which you and Virginia belong," continued Rollin, beginning again. "I have made the pledge to do as I believe Jesus would do, and it is in trying to answer this question that I have been doing my work."

"That is what I do not understand. Virginia told me about the other. It seems wonderful to think that you are trying to keep that pledge with us. But what can you do with the clubmen?"

"You have asked me a direct question, and I shall have to answer it now," replied Rollin, smiling again. "You see, I asked myself after that night at the tent, you remember—he spoke hurriedly, and his voice trembled a little—"what purpose I could now have in my life to redeem it, to satisfy my thought of Christian discipleship, and the more I thought of it the more I was driven to a place where I knew I must take up this cross. Did you ever think that of all the neglected beings in our social system none are quite so completely left alone as the fast young men who fill the clubs and waste their time and money as I used to? The churches look after the poor, miserable creatures like those in the Rectangle, they make some effort to reach the workmen, they have a large constituency among the average salary earning people, they send money and missionaries to the foreign heathen, but the fashionable, dissipated young men around town, the clubmen, are left out of all plans for reaching and Christianizing, and yet no class of people needs it more. I said to myself: 'I know these men, their good and bad qualities. I have been one of them. I am not fitted to reach the Rectangle people. I do not know how. But I think I could possibly reach some of these young men and boys who have money and time to spend.' So that is what I have been trying to do. When I asked, as you did, 'What would Jesus do?' that was my answer. It has been also my cross."

To be continued.

Go to the Electric Cash Grocery for Bargains. L. Klempen, Prop.

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An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

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WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS! This remedy is no sense a nostrum but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing in reach of everybody a treatment more effective than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. E 594, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

Ira D. Reckard, Dancombe, Ia., writes: "My little boy scalded his leg from the knee to the ankle. I used Banner Salve immediately and in three week's time it was almost entirely healed. I want to recommend it to every family and advise them to keep Banner Salve on hand, as it is a sure remedy for scald, ordinary sores." Charman & Co.

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