

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

Copyright, 1929, by The Advance Publishing Co.

agency whispered to him: "Better wait. You have only just come here. The people like you now. It will only cause unpleasant feelings and do no good for you to launch out into a crusade against this thing right now. There are so many of your members involved that it will certainly alienate their support and possibly lead to your being compelled to lose your place as pastor if it do not drive away the most influential members."

To all this plea of expediency Philip replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" He said with himself, he might as well let the people know what he was at the very first. It was not necessary that he should be their pastor if they would none of him. It was necessary that he preach the truth boldly. The one question he asked himself was, "Would Jesus Christ, if he were pastor of Calvary church in Milton today, speak of the matter next Sunday and speak regardless of all consequences?" Philip asked the question honestly, and after long prayer and much communion with the Divine he said, "Yes, I believe he would." It is possible that he might have gained by waiting or by working with his members in private. Another man might have pursued that method and still have been a courageous, true minister. But this is the story of Philip Strong, not of another man, and this is what he did:

When Sunday morning came, he went into his pulpit with the one thought in mind that he would simply and frankly, in his presentation of the subject, use the language and the spirit of his Master. He had seen other property owners during the week, and his interviews were nearly all similar to the one with Mr. Bentley. He had not been able to see Mr. William Winter, the chairman of the trustees, as he had not returned home until very late Saturday night. Philip saw him come into the church that morning, just as the choir rose to sing the anthem. He was a large, fine looking man. Philip admired his physical appearance as he marched down the aisle to his pew, which was the third from the front, directly before the pulpit.

When the hymn had been sung, the offering taken, the prayer made, Philip stepped out at one side of the pulpit and reminded the congregation that, according to his announcement of a week before, he would give the first of his series of monthly talks on "Christ and Modern Society." His subject this morning, he said, was "The Right and Wrong Uses of Property."

He started out with the statement, which he claimed was verified everywhere in the word of God, that all property that men acquire is really only in the nature of trust funds, which the property holder is in duty bound to use as a steward. The gold is God's. The silver is God's. The cattle on a thousand hills, all land and water privileges and wealth of the earth and of the seas belong primarily to the Lord of all the earth. When any of this property comes within the control of a man, he is not at liberty to use it as if it were his own and his alone, but as God would have him use it to better the condition of life and make men and communities happier and more useful.

From this statement Philip went on to speak of the common idea which men had that wealth and houses and lands were their own to do with as they pleased, and he showed what misery and trouble had always flowed out of the great falsehood and how nations and individuals were today in the greatest distress because of the wrong uses to which God's property was put by men who had control of it. It was easy then to narrow the argument to the condition of affairs in Milton. As he stepped from the general to the particular and began to speak of the rental of saloons and houses of gambling from property owners in Milton and then characterized such a use of God's property as wrong and un-Christian it was curious to note the effect on the congregation. Men who had been listening complacently to Philip's eloquent but quiet statements, as long as he confined himself to distant historical facts, suddenly became aware that the tall, pale faced, resolute and loving young preacher up there was talking right at them, and more than one mill owner, merchant, real estate dealer and even professional man writhed inwardly and nervously shifted in his cushioned pew as Philip spoke in the plainest terms of the terrible example set for purposes which were destructive to all true society and a shame to civilization and Christianity. Philip controlled his voice and his manner admirably, but he drove the truth home and spared not. His voice at no time rose above a quiet conversational tone, but it was clear and distinct. The audience sat hushed in the spell of a genuine sensation, which deepened when, at the close of a tremendous sentence which swept through the church like a red-hot flame, Mr. Winter suddenly arose in his pew, passed out into the aisle and marched deliberately down and out of the door. Philip saw him and knew the reason, but marched straight on with his message, and no one, not even his anxious wife, who endured martyrdom for him that morning,

could detect any disturbance in Philip from the mill owner's contemptuous withdrawal.

When Philip closed with a prayer of tender appeal that the spirit of truth would make all hearts to behold the truth as one soul, the audience remained seated longer than usual, still under the influence of the subject and the morning's sensational service. All through the day Philip felt a certain strain on him, which did not subside even when the evening service was over. Some of the members, notably several of the mothers, thanked him with tears in their eyes for the morning message. Very few of the men talked with him. Mr. Winter did not come out to the evening service, although he was one of the very few men members who were invariably present. Philip noted his absence, but preached with his usual enthusiasm. He thought a larger number of strangers was present than he had seen the Sunday before. He was very tired when the day was over.

The next morning as he was getting ready to go out for a visit to one of the mills, the bell rang. He was near the door and opened it. There stood Mr. Winter. "I would like to see you for a few moments, Mr. Strong, if you can spare the time," said the mill owner, without offering to take the hand Philip extended.

"Certainly. Will you come up to my study?" asked Philip quietly. The two men went up stairs, and Philip shut the door, as he motioned Mr. Winter to a seat and then sat down opposite.

CHAPTER III.

"I have come to see you about your sermon of yesterday morning," began Mr. Winter abruptly. "I consider what you said was a direct insult to me personally."

"Suppose I should say it was not so intended?" replied Philip, with a good natured smile.

"Then I should say you lied!" replied Mr. Winter sharply.

Philip sat very still. And the two men eyed each other in silence for a moment. The minister reached out his hand and laid it on the other's arm, saying as he did so: "My brother, you certainly did not come into my house to accuse me unjustly of wronging you? I am willing to talk the matter over in a friendly spirit, but I will not listen to personal abuse."

"There was something in the tone and manner of this declaration that subdued the mill owner a little. He was an older man than Philip by 20 years, but a man of quick and unguaranteed temper. He had come to see the minister while in a heat of passion, and the way Philip received him, the calmness and dignity of his attitude, thwarted his purpose. He wanted to find a man ready to quarrel. Instead he found a man ready to talk reason. Mr. Winter replied, after a pause, during which he controlled himself by a great effort:

"I consider that you purposely selected me as guilty of conduct unworthy a church member and a Christian and made me the target of your remarks yesterday. And I wish to say that such preaching will never do in Calvary church while I am one of its members."

"Of course you refer to the matter of renting your property to saloon men and to halls for gambling and other evil uses," said Philip bluntly. "Are you the only member of Calvary church who lets his property for such purposes?"

"It is not a preacher's business to pry into the affairs of his church members!" replied Mr. Winter, growing more excited again. "That is what I object to."

"In the first place, Mr. Winter," said Philip steadily, "let us settle the right and wrongs of the whole business. Is it right for a Christian man, a church member, to rent his property for saloons and vicious resorts where human life is ruined?"

"That is not the question."

"What is?" Philip asked, with his eyes wide open to the other's face.

Mr. Winter answered sullenly: "The question is whether our business affairs, those of other men with me, are to be dragged into the Sunday church services and made the occasion of personal attacks upon us. I for one will not sit and listen to any such preaching."

"But aside from the matter of private business, Mr. Winter, let us settle whether what you and others are doing is right. Will you let the other matter rest a moment and tell me what is the duty of a Christian in the use of his property?"

"It is my property, and if I or my agent choose to rent it to another man in a legal, business way, that is my affair. I do not recognize that you have anything to do with it."

"Not if I am convinced that you are doing what is harmful to the community and the church?"

"You have no business to meddle in our private affairs!" replied Mr. Winter angrily. "And if you intend to pursue that method of preaching I shall withdraw my support, and most of the influential, paying members will follow my example."

Mr. Winter's face turned ashen as he slowly withdrew his hand from the door.

It's Easy To Take

Thin, pale, anæmic girls need a fatty food to enrich their blood, give color to their cheeks and restore their health and strength. It is safe to say that they nearly all reject fat with their food.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

is exactly what they require; it not only gives them the important element (cod-liver oil) in a palatable and easily digested form, but also the hypophosphites which are so valuable in nervous disorders that usually accompany anæmia.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is a fatty food that is more easily digested than any other form of fat. A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health. You can get it in this way.

We have known persons to gain a pound a day while taking it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

"Save the Boys."

Under the above caption, William A. White of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette pens an article in his weekly edition, which we reproduce below in full—not because it fits the case in McCook most accurately, but because it does hit the mark in many particulars right between the eyes:

"There are twenty or thirty boys in this town who are going straight to hell, if there is a hell in this world or the next. They are between the ages of 9 and 15. They lie, they steal, they swear, they smoke on the streets, they gamble for the pennies that they get from the sale of stolen iron and brass; but, worst of all, they loaf day in and day out. Heaven and the men whose duty it is to enforce the laws know why these boys are not in school. The devil knows why they loaf: It is because he needs someone to occupy the jails of this town ten years from now; someone to murder; to steal; to ruin girls; to beat wives; to bring degenerate children into the world; to drink whisky; to brawl; to fill the poorhouse; to keep taxes up so that the thrifty, honest, hard-working taxpayers will not have surplus money to give to churches, and schools, and colleges."

For the devil is careful and lays his plans ahead. And the devil himself must be pleased at the foul-mouthed, black-hearted street spawn that he is raising in Emporia right under the noses of officers who stand up and swear before Almighty God to enforce the laws. It were better to have a dozen open saloons in the town than to allow these boys to grow up in idleness and ignorance and crime, breaking in grocery stores by night, stealing metal by day.

There is a school law which is as dead to the world in this town as the shadow of a dream. No one thinks of enforcing it. Yet prayer-meetings are held by the score here and revivals without number, and men and women are "saved," while these dirty boys, who have possibilities of being good, useful citizens, are neglected.

Where is the W. C. T. U.?

Where is the Y. P. S. C. E.?

Here is a Christian Endeavor for you, that doesn't require any gadding about to conventions and getting up to sunrise prayer-meetings, to accomplish.

Where is the Home Missionary society? Your hearts bleed for the bare-backed heathen of Africa. Why don't they bleed for these boys born in America, with civilized blood in their veins? It doesn't take ships and funds to reach these boys. It takes heart, though.

Where are the priest and the Levite? Here are journeymen on the Jericho road. Why pass by on the other side? Why not bind up their wounds, and take them to an inn? They will cost time and patience. There are dozens of good excuses for letting these boys go on sliding into hell. There was never a failure that was not amply justified by good excuses. It is the successes of this life that are surprising, unaccountable, miraculous.

These Emporia boys, who are going wrong, need serious thought. Their salvation is a serious business. Yet it is a business proposition pure and simple. It is a small gift now of energy and intelligence, against a big assessment of taxes by and by. Murder trials cost. Jail board is expensive. Broken-hearted wives come high. But we must have 'em.

It is more important to Emporia and the civilization of this community that this score of boys—only a small number it is true—be put in school and civilized, than that the whole Philippine islands be annexed to the United States. For what profiteth a town to gain the whole world and lose its own boys? Save the boys, is a more patriotic slogan than "Conquer Aguinaldo."

But of course the boys won't be saved. They will go right on to hell. No one

cares for a boy. He isn't romantic and he doesn't look pretty when you wrap the flag about him. The bad boys in Emporia and elsewhere will keep on romping in the road that leads to destruction and the patriots and statesmen will keep on waving the flag and listening for applause. Common sense has no place in public acts. If the boys ever win, it will be because they are Anglo-Saxon and blood tells."

The Way to go to California

Is in a tourist sleeper, personally conducted, via the Burlington route. You don't change cars; you see the finest scenery on the globe; you make fast time.

Your car is not so expensively furnished as a palace sleeper, but it is just as comfortable, just as good to ride in, and nearly \$20 cheaper. It has wide vestibules, Pintsch gas, high-back seats, a uniformed Pullman porter, clean bedding, spacious toilet rooms, tables and a heating range. Being strongly and heavily built, it runs smoothly—is warm in winter and cool in summer.

In charge of each excursion party is an experienced excursion conductor, who accompanies it right through to Los Angeles.

Cars leave Omaha, St. Joseph, Lincoln and Hastings every Thursday, arriving in San Francisco on the following Sunday, Los Angeles on Monday—only three days from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast, including a stop-over of 1½ hours in Denver and 2½ hours in Salt Lake City—two of the most interesting cities on the continent.

For folders giving full particulars and information call at any Burlington route ticket office or write to J. FRANCIS, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

"The First Night of a Play," "Through the Slums with Mrs. Ballington Booth," "What it Means to be a Librarian," by Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, and "The Pew and the Man in It," by Ian Maclaren, are among the notable features of the February Ladies' Home Journal.

Dr. Coe's Sanitarium, of Kansas City, Mo., is recognized as the best and only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the west. See large "ad" in this paper.

McMillen's Cough Cure—is sure.

McCConnell's Balsam cures coughs.

McCONNELL'S BALSAM CURES COUGHS.

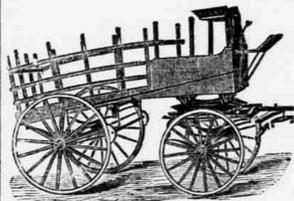


HEADACHE

is only a symptom—not a disease. So are Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness and the Blues. They all come from an unhealthy state of the menstrual organs. If you suffer from any of these symptoms—if you feel tired and languid in the morning and wish you could lie in bed another hour or two—if there is a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite—if there is pain in the side, back or abdomen—BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR will bring about a sure cure. The doctor may call your trouble some high-sounding Latin name, but never mind the name. The trouble is in the menstrual organs, and Bradfield's Female Regulator will restore you to health and regulate the menses like clockwork.

Send for a free booklet for \$1 a bottle. A free illustrated booklet will be sent to any woman if request be mailed to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

McCook Transfer Line



J. H. DWYER, Proprietor.

Special attention paid to hauling furniture. Leave orders at either lumber yard.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

FOUND...

During Our Annual Inventory---Too Many Winter Goods

We wish to reduce this stock and will sell all Heavy Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices. A grand opportunity to supply your wants for this and next season. Manufacturers have advanced prices on all lines; we cannot duplicate present prices when our supply on hand is gone.

We still have a few

Ladies' Jackets at

One-Half Regular Price

For This Week.

25 per cent discount on Ladies' Suits and Waists. A good Percale 31 inches wide at 7½c. All standard Calicos at 5c per yd. Other goods in proportion.

Give us a call

THE . . .

Cash Bargain Store . . .

C. L. DeGROFF & CO.

≡ FIRST ≡

≡ NATIONAL ≡

≡ BANK ≡

Authorized Capital, \$100,000.
Capital and Surplus, \$60,000

GEO. HOCKNELL, President. B. M. FREES, V. Pres.
W. F. LAWSON, Cashier. F. A. PENNELL, Ass't Cash.
A. CAMPBELL, Director. FRANK HARRIS, Director.

Rex Rheumatic Cure

is not a medicine or drug to be taken internally, neither is it a liniment for outward application, but an article to be worn and is made of certain metals that draw the uric acid from the blood. It costs \$2.00 and never wears out. Written guarantee to refund money in 30 days if not entirely satisfactory. It cures Rheumatism—Acute Chronic, Muscular and Sciatic, Lumbago and Gout. Send 2c stamp for little booklet that tells the whole story—Address, REX RHEUMATIC CO., Box 14, Hartford, Conn.

Wholesale Prices to Users.

Our General Catalogue quotes terms. Send 15c to partly pay postage or expressage and we'll send you one. It has 1100 pages, 17,000 illustrations and quotes prices on nearly 70,000 things that you eat and use and wear. We constantly carry in stock all articles quoted.

The Tallest Mercantile Building in the World. Owned and Occupied Exclusively By Us. **MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,** Michigan Av. & Madison St., Chicago.