

Since You Are Gone!

By Nora Cobb White
The moon in soft radiance is beam-
ing,
Heaven's eyes upon earth are gleam-
ing,
Moments are filled with dreaming
Since you are gone!
Breezes o'er the mountains come
sighing,
The trees bow low as if trying
To catch a message a-hiing
Since you are gone!
A voice from the silence is saying
Be true, be every a-praying,
Love and service here is staying
Since you are gone!

The precious pearls of thought
With power that imparts
Unbounded love to all mankind,
A balm to wounded hearts.
Could I love my fellow man
With such unselfish love,
I might, some day, with angels stand
And praise with them above.

O, Mother Mine!

By Nora Cobb White
Thou queen of earth, O, Mother
Mine!
Thy virtues bless the march of time.
Thy strength is love, thy motto truth,
Thy faith the guiding star of youth,
O, Mother Mine!
Thou queen of earth, O mother
Mine!
Whose sacrifice is like to thine?
A Paradise awaiting thee,
Its glories will thy guerdon be,
O, Mother Mine!

**Sunday School Lesson
For November 9th**

Feeding of the Five Thousand.
Q.—What are the decrees of God?
A.—The decrees of God are, his
eternal purpose, according to the
counsel of his will, whereby, for his
own glory he has foreordained what-
ever comes to pass.
The miracle of the feeding of the
five thousand is recorded by Mat-
thew, Mark, Luke and John. The
record of John is the basis of our
study. Some additional facts are
given by the other writers. Of these
we shall not be unmindful in this
discussion. Each gospel is in reality
a version of the same gospel by dif-
ferent writers. The miracle is the
same in all four but a complete pic-
ture can be had only by careful study
of each.

Jesus is evidently trying to es-
cape the crowd. It is like going to
a place far removed from the city for
a period of rest. The inevitable ex-
perience of a bearer of genuine goss-
pel tiding is that when those in these
parts hear of his presence they will
gather about him to hear and to learn.
Recently I heard the story of a man
of God who was visiting in a com-
munity where the people were anx-
ious to learn of the things of God.
Their habit was to gather and read
the Bible. The passage was that con-
cerning the putting of new wine in
old bottles. There was some perplex-
ity as to why new wine should not
be put in old bottles. When the man
of God explained that the bottles
that Christ was speaking of were
made of skin and that they would not
hold the new wine the teaching be-
came at once clear and he was be-
sought to explain other passages.

So Jesus had gone away for a lit-
tle rest but his capacity to teach and
to heal coupled with his systematic
nature afforded no opportunity or
any rest. He had another reason for
going. The disciples had returned
from the mission on which he had sent
them. They were anxious to make
their report and he was anxious to
hear it. But this must wait the crowd
is there and their needs are to be met
at once. Old Herod has just caused
John to be beheaded. There is a
thirst for blood in his soul and he is
seeking to see Jesus. Jesus was pru-
dent and he sought a quiet place.
Hence Jesus and his disciples put
out very quietly across the little sea
but their conversation is allowed to
last only during the time of crossing
for when they reach the other side
the crowd is already present. Jesus
leads leads on in the direction of the
hills and the entire crowd follows.
He spends the day evidently in teach-
ing and healing. Nor is his labor
confined to the present crowd for a
great caravan of people on their way
to the feast comes and joins the
crowd. Let us see for a moment the
great teacher at work.

There is no indication of a lesson
having been assigned. There is no
hint of a classroom exercise. There
is no lecture spoken of that they were
expected to digest. But Jesus in a
manner of which his hearers were to-
tally unconscious was all the while
developing a personality in each one
of them. Not one of them could look
back to this day without feeling the
moving power of his teaching. Let
us look at Philip.

Philip was a cold calculating man
who could see nothing except the ma-
terial things about him. Jesus taught
him to have within him that faith
which is more precious than rubies.
Philip thought barley bread was fit
for only the commonest man in Gal-
ilee. Jesus let him find within him-
self a consciousness of the fact that
anything that the Son of God touch-
es is fit for kings. Ah! how we of
today need in our midst teachers who
are born of God. Even our preachers
too often bear the stamp of their
school above the stamp of the Mas-
ter.

Adown the shadowy aisles of time
Men blindly toil and grope,
With here and there a glittering ray
O, wondrous Star of Hope!

And just beyond the murky ways
Where weary feet have trod,
Still gleams a beautiful radiant orb
O, wondrous Lamp of God!
The Christmas Star, O Holy Light,
Into dark souls may shine
Answering the cry of eager hearts,
O, wondrous Light Divine!

ROCK OF AGES.

It is interesting to note that the
following lines taken from all over
the scriptures make the backbone of
the old familiar hymn, "Rock of
Ages":

Rock of Ages, cleft for me;
—Psalm lxxii:5-8.
Let me hide myself in Thee;
—Ex. xxxiii:22.
Let the water and the blood
—I. John v:6.
From thy riven side which flowed.
—John xix:34.
Be of sin the double cure;
—II. Kings ii:9-10.
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
—Isa. i:18.
Not the labor of my hands
—John v:30 (first clause)
Can fulfill the law's demands.
—Matt. v:17-18.
Could my zeal no respite know,
—John v:30 (first clause)
Could my tears forever flow,
—Psalm vi:5.
All for sin could not atone;
—Hebrews x:5-6.
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
—Hebrews x:8-10.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
—Isa. lv:1.
Every verse of the hymn, on to the
end is a direct quotation from the
Bible.—Selected.

Don't Wait

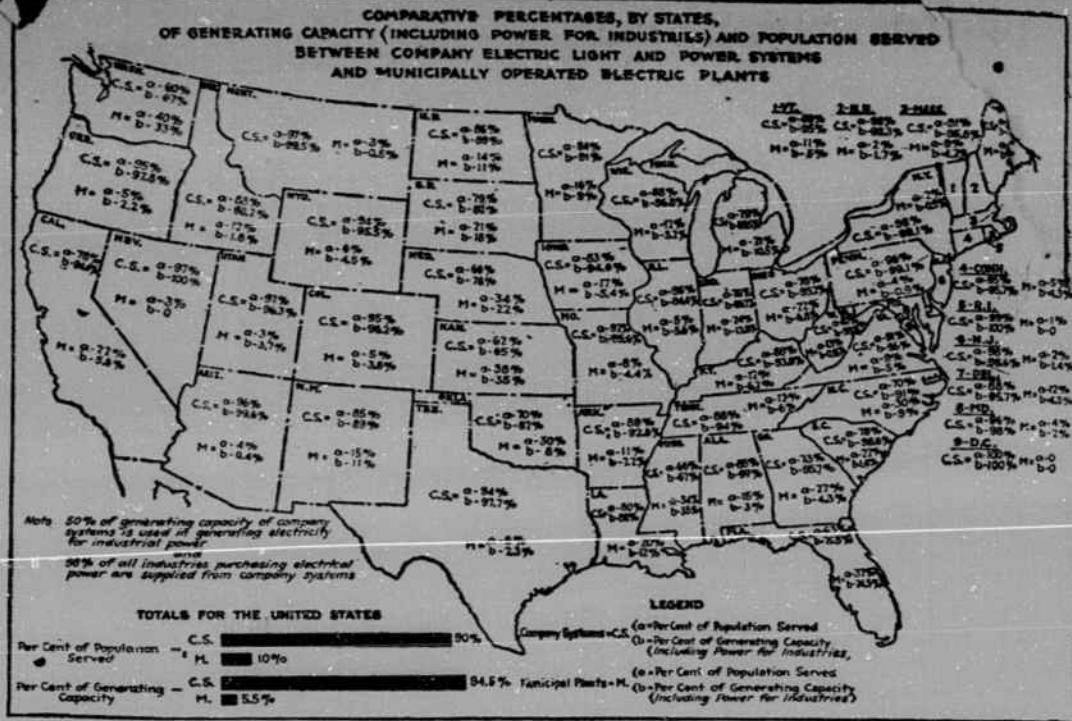
By Lora Mae Pace.
Don't wait till grasses grow
Upon the loved one's grave,
Speak the word of comfort
That makes the heart grow brave;
Scatter roses now,
And say kind words each day,
Joy, peace, and comfort
By light Life's weary way.

Be deed of kindness
Cheer a heavy heart,
Do not till the hand of Death
Sever friends apart;
Water deeds and roses now,
Make Life's pathway glad,
Days of light and sunshine
Flood some heart that's sad.
Loved ones have been tak-
en,
They sleep beneath the sod
They have gone to join the
angels
The Palace of our God,
Will then not need our kindness
The roses we may strew
On graves in sadness,
On loving heart that's true.

Withhold the blossoms
The kindness all hearts crave,
Upon their memory
Upon their grave;
Scatter roses every day,
Fill each heart with love,
Loved ones have departed
Smile back from heaven
above.

Desires

By Nora Cobb White
Upon the wings of thought,
Thoughts unknown to man,
From fields by others
Thought,
In human hand,



The National Electric Light Association has issued a map, made up from figures furnished by the U. S. Geological Survey, which indicates the service being rendered to the public by privately operated light and power companies in this country, which is reproduced above.

The map shows private electric companies serve ninety per cent of the population and represent 94.5 per cent of the total generating capacity of the forty-eight states. Fifty per cent of the generating capacity of private company systems is used in producing electricity for industrial

The last verses show us that the people had a misguided conception of the meaning of scripture. They were looking for an earthly king. They did not understand that in their midst was their spiritual deliverer. The trouble seems to be that their teachers had used the Bible as a saddle to ride a hobby.

I read in a recent article of one who had the experience of a visit from a man who quoted much scripture to prove that the English people are the ten lost tribes of Israel. Another writer has spent much time trying to prove that the Garden of Eden was located at the North Pole. Still another declares that he can see Immersion in any passage of the scripture. The passage "The axe is laid at the root of the tree," was quoted. Only a moment was needed and the champion of Immersion replied, "Yes it was laid there in order that John the Baptist might chop his way to the river Jordan and there immerse the multitudes." The article continued and said that even theologians are guilty of misusing the clear meaning of the scripture passages in order to prove some pet theory.

The people whom Jesus was teaching did the same foolish thing and proved their own satisfaction that Jesus was to be a king. Theory did not permit them to believe that he was to be their spiritual king. Oh! the tragedy of a belief because of the loaves and fishes only. In the end it was a gross unbelief. The thing that these people did was the same thing that a business man would do if he would profess faith simply because he thinks it would help his business. What a tragedy! . . .

Once Again

To The Editor:
Dear Sir—At a recent meeting of the North Carolina Orphan Association a resolution was unanimously adopted expressing to the newspapers of the state the grateful appreciation of the organization "for their liberality in presenting the needs for the fatherless ones to the public." This was not simply a formality, but expressive of the actual feeling of the Association.

Another Thanksgiving season approaches, and the Association expressed the wish that the usual campaign for voluntary contributions be conducted.

You are doubtless familiar with the plans hitherto employed in the conduct of this movement, the success of which must be measured largely by the extent of the co-operation shown by the daily and weekly newspapers of the state. The committee appreciates the fact that the editors of our papers are frequently imposed upon with propaganda for various and sundry objects, but feels that they will not object to uniting again in the effort to safeguard the interests of the state's orphaned children through the approaching winter.

The committee is asking for one day's income out of \$2.65 from every

purpose. Ninety-eight per cent of all industries purchasing electrical power are supplied by private company systems.

A lesson may be learned from the achievement of this industry.

Advocates of public ownership have in the past concentrated their efforts on the public utility properties. While they have been largely unsuccessful in extending their socialistic doctrines in this field, they are using such advantages as they have gained to enlarge their activity to other lines of industry and business, as witnessed by attacks made on railroads, in-

citizen of the state on or near Thanksgiving Day. Those who respond are asked to forward the amount direct to the orphanage of his or her choice. Or this may be done through church, Sunday school, community organization, or fraternal order. The publicity handles no funds.

The committee makes its first appeal to the newspapers, for it is through their columns it must reach the people, if they are to be reached at all. Occasional kindly mention of the movement in your paper will be greatly appreciated. The call is urgent and it is our hope that few, if any, will hear it in vain. Thousands of high-hearted North Carolinians have been generously responding to the call. We believe they will again do so at the appointed time.

Please remind one and all that Thanksgiving is almost here. By no doing you will render a service to society and aid a class of little folks who are unable to take care of themselves.

Very respectfully,
M. L. SHIPMAN,
STACEY W. WADE,
J. W. BAILEY,
J. R. YOUNG,
W. A. GRAHAM,
ANNIE TRAVIS,
MARY G. SHOTWELL,
Publicity Committee.

WOLF CREEK.

Politics are at a low ebb in our section as your scribe nor any of his neighbors, so far as he is able to learn, have seen a single candidate.

Messrs. Gus Hampton and Fred Mulkey, of Murphy, were pleasant callers in our section Sunday.

The little infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ballew has been very sick with typhoid but is some better now.

Mr. L. I. Gaddis is building a new home on the property formerly owned by Mr. J. M. Withrow, a part of which land he has bought.

Prof. R. E. Crabtree has been holding meetings for the last week in the Community school building with a good attendance. Practically all of the seats are taken each night.

Mr. and Mrs. Wil Burgess, of Belltown, with their four children were visitors here Sunday.

Some one trid out his pistol several "pops" in the community Sunday night.

Our woods are full at night of non-resident possum hunters. There certainly should be some way of protecting us against such intrusion.

Mr. Bas Robinson had the misfortune of getting his barn with the most of his crop and practically all the feed he had grown this season, burned up a few nights ago. The origin of the fire is unknown but it is thought to be of incendiary origin.

Mrs. Ruth Dougherty and daughter, Lura, returned to their home in Cherokee several days ago.

insurance, shipping, etc.

Without considering what such a program would do to the constitutional rights of free citizens in this country, the question of what would happen to the taxpayers if all this property was removed from the taxrolls, as would be the case under a program of public ownership, is worth considering.

There is no need for public ownership of any business or industry in America, where under the stimulating hand of private initiative and enterprise, the common, every-day citizen has been given greater advan-

tages, more conveniences, and a higher standard of living than in any other nation in the world. Why extend the blighting hand of public ownership over the private rights and private property of our people?

Too much officialism and government oppression of the masses has made a world wreck out of countries operating under that system.

Too much politics is already injuring this country. Then why create more political domination of the individual by enlarging the field of political control over private industry. Think it over.

TOMMY IS SENT HOME FOR A COLD

Tommy was the family pride. Yet one day the family pride was sent home from school. He had been sneezing and coughing and, as this is the day and generation when colds are considered dangerous, the teacher and the nurse had decided Tommy should be sent home. "Were you a bad boy?" asked his mother. "Nope," replied Tommy. "They said I had to come home for a cold."

"Come home for a cold!" exclaimed his mother. "Tommy, you tell the truth. You did something wrong." "No, honest I didn't, mother," emphatically repeated Tommy. "The idea! I don't believe teacher sent you home just for a cold." His mother could not be convinced. Not unkindly but firmly she bade Tommy go to bed as a punishment until he should confess his misde-meanor.

Now this was just what Tommy should have done but the wrong part of the treatment came here. His little sister, Agnes, a thin child of six was allowed to sit on the bed and play with him. She caught his cold. Molly, the older sister also began to sneeze, so that two days afterward when the nurse arrived to inquire for Tommy's health there were three sneezing and coughing children in the family.

Tommy's mother, incredulous at first that her rosy-cheeked son could have been dismissed from school for such a seemingly small offence as a cold in his head, had a long talk with the nurse. She learned much about colds that she had never known before.

"Agnes is really sick," said the nurse, as she stroked the hot little forehead. "She must go right to bed and have a doctor." "What did they have for supper last night?" she continued. "Well, I gave them some pork left over from dinner and fried potatoes and bread and butter," was Tommy's mother's reply. "They always eat with their father at night," she added. "and they all have a jolly big meal."

The nurse looked at Agnes whose thin little body in her bed scarcely made any mound under the covers. "Pork!" she murmured. "She needs fresh vegetables, milk, cereals and eggs," said the nurse out loud.

"Is it serious?" asked the mother. "Yes, colds often are," replied the nurse. "They end by being much more than colds."

Little Agnes' cold ended by being much more than a cold. Her poorly nourished body was not able to resist the tuberculosis germs that were already present in her body. Agnes had tuberculosis.

Tommy and Molly also developed most serious colds and were left weak and thin. Their mother, with the old-fashioned horror of tuberculosis as a deadly disease was distraught.

"Oh, my darlings, they'll all be taken from me," she wailed to poor father, who felt anything but gay himself.

But the nurse saved the day. She went to the local tuberculosis association, reported the situation and this is what happened. Little Agnes was moved to a children's sanatorium where in the sunshine and clear air she rested all day long and finally was cured. Tommy and Molly were sent to a summer camp, where children who are run down and sickly may spend healthful days and nights in the fresh air, eat nourishing food and build up strong bodies to resist tuberculosis germs.

In the fall when Agnes came back to the city she went to an open-air school where she could do her lessons out-of-doors, have a mid-morning luncheon and a rest period. Tommy went to a school where the windows were kept open and where he also had mid-morning nourishment and a rest period in the sunshine and fresh air.

And now you say perhaps that a mere cold could never create such havoc in a family. And you are correct. A cold, alone, could not. The havoc was created before Tommy's cold ever thought of arriving. His mother had not given her children proper food, they were allowed to sit up late and they did not get sufficient sleep or fresh air. Their bodies were not strong enough to fight and conquer the cold. Hence, the cold got the better of them.

Sanatoria, open-air schools and summer camps and nutrition work are carried on for malnourished children. Here they can build up healthy bodies that will resist tuberculosis. Tuberculosis nurses detect weak children who are predisposed to tuberculosis and the sick, nesses that may lead to tuberculosis. They also teach healthy habits of living to mothers in the homes. These are all parts of the nationwide campaign to prevent and stamp out tuberculosis and they are supported by funds from the little penny Christmas seals sold in December.