THE ALAMANCE GLEANER, GRAHAM, N. C.

CUNDAY

IMPROVED

UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

RELATIONSHIPS

LESSON TEXT-Genesis 33:1-11, 17:20. GOLDEN TEXT-Let us therefore fol-low after the things which make for peace. -Romans 14:19.

Eventually a man's past catches

up with him and he must face his own record. The Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. 32:23), and it always does. Jacob, who had tricked and de-ceived his brother and had fied into far country utimately had to as

a far country, ultimately had to re-turn to his homeland and face Esau.

The story of what happened makes up our dramatic and instructive les-

to enter the Promised Land of his father, he had to meet God. He

needed a thoroughgoing transforma-tion of life and attitude, and he re-ceived it as he wrestled with God at Peniel (Gen. 32).

Ultimately the stubborn man had

Ultimately the stubborn man had to yield, and then he found that it was God who had come to give him a great blessing. How often do we fight against the goodness and mer-cy of God. Yielding brings bless-ing; Jacob "the supplanter" became Israel "prince with God." He was now ready for

I. Reconciliation (vv. 1-7). After living for 20 years in horror of meeting Esau, Jacob now learned that his brother was coming against him with an army. He resorted to clever strategy, but this time it was done not in sly crookedness, but in an open friendly effort to win his brother's good will.

There is nothing wrong about the

use of a tactful approach, and it really worked for Jacob. His cour-

His bravery appeared in going out first. His conciliatory attitude showed in his rich gift to his brother.

Then came a surprise. Esau proved to be a loving brother rather

than a hated enemy. Blood does count, and men do well to respond

Note Jacob's pride in presenting

The scene is typically Oriental, but

it shows an attitude toward one's

family which we could well emulate.

Next, a very practical note en-tered into the reconciliation of the

II. Restitution (vv. 8-11). The gift which Jacob had prepared for Esau was in the Oriental tradi-

tion, and yet it bore also the na-ture of a restoration of something of that which Jacob had taken from Essu in defrauding him of his birth-

There is a place for proper resti-

tution is every case where we have wronged another by taking his pos-sessions or destroying his opportu-nities to prosper. Becoming a Christian is a forgetting of those things which are behind (Phil. 3:13)

in a spiritual sense, but not in the ig-

noring of our obligations to others. What we can make right we must make right if we want God's bless-

ing. Esau was generous and did not want the gift, but since it would have been an affront to his brother to refuse, he accepted it. There are

proprieties in life and little courte-

sies to be observed. Failure at this point has created much friction even

brethren, namely:

I. Reconciliation (vv. 1-7).

now ready for

ren.

right.

Before Jacob could be permitted



THE STOBY THUS FAR: Thunder-head, commonly known as the Goblin, is the only while horse ever horn on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He grows from a minshapen colt to a powerful yearing, resembling his great grandaire more every day. The grandstre is a wild stallion called the Abbino. One day Goblin wanders into a mountain valley, meets the Albino, and barely escapes with his hife. When his wounds are healed, Ken McLaughlin, his 12/year-old owner, be-gins to train him. Goblin, although dif-fecult to handle, occasionally submits, and runs with astonishing speed and en-durance. Charley Sargent, millionaire durance. Charley Sargent, millionaire horse breeder, tells Ken that Goblin might become a winning racer.

CHAPTER XIV

Ken brought his horse over the line as he had done before-the same, hard gallop, with the colt fighting his head and unwilling to obey. It made Ken mad that just now when he wanted performance Thunderhead would do nothing but fight.

All right then-let it be war. This battling with the stallion was bring-ing out something in the boy that had never been there before. He raised the light crop he held and brought it down on the colt's haunches as hard as he could. Thunthat he had a sick cow who needed to be cleaned out after a premature calving. Could Dr. Hicks come out and take care of her? derhead leaped in the air and tried to shake Ken off. Ken could feel the power and anger surge into his own body. He raised his arm and brought the crop down again. When the horse lit this time he was going.

It was the long floating effortless pace that had been Rocket's. Ken sat motionless on the tiny saddle. Down to the turn, around the posts,

Nell glanced at Charley. "See that?" she said. "That's what I mean."

"And he's not even trying," said

Charley in a daze. "He's coming! He's coming!" screamed Howard. "Look at the

Sargent gave a start. He hadn't had his eyes off the colt, he hadn't timed him. He waved his arm and yelled at Ken, "Keep going! Go around again!"

Ken's eyes flickered up to him as he passed, but he didn't turn his head. There was a rapt look on his

"Gosh! He runs in the air!" howled Sargent. "He doesn't touch the ground!" Howard was jumping up and

down. "Keep it up! Keep it up! Thunderhead! Thunderhead!"

Nell felt hysterical. She sudden-ly put her face into her hands. The beauty of it. The super-perform-ance-and Ken sitting so still-the victory at last-the two-year-long battle-the faith-the exhaustionbattlethe cuts and bruises and strains she had to bind up-and now, Victory-She raised her head and looked again. Coming back up the home stretch!- Coming! One long sustained yell from Sargent-and the horse over the line, Ken trying to pull him up-swinging around in circles-Howard's voice squawking in -"What did he make, Mr. Sargent? What did he make?"-while Sargent was trying to scramble down the rock.

Thunderhead had made the halfmile in forty-seven seconds. "Oh, Kennie-Kennie-'

"Gee, Ken-he did it-Gee!" "That horse! He's one of the sev-en wonders of the world!" Thunderhead was fighting. He wanted to keep going. Ken had hardly come back yet from the ec-stasy in which he had ridden. His glowing face with the slightly part-

ed lips was half unconscious. "Could he do it again? Has he ever done it before? We'll let him rest a little, then give him another

spin

them rear and play and fight and wrestle; making their tails and manes lift like flying banners; giving So Thunderhead was not gelded. A year before, the Albino had recognized in Thunderhead a reflec-tion of himself in miniature. But a look of individuality and passion to their faces—and he had seen them gelding would have changed that. It would have left the colt, perhaps, a successful racer; it would have made him more useful to men and amenable to their demands; but never again would be how here after. Seen the change in the car-riage of the head, the look of the eye, the appearance of the colt, the general behavior.

never again would he have been a creature who could have com-manded the notice of his royal great Nothing would reconcile him. But Nothing would reconcile him. But his father had decided. What could one do in such a jam? Fortitude, When you couldn't have what you wanted, you accepted defeat with fortitude. His mother said you could pray—but you needn't think you'd get what you wanted, you'd just get the strength to bear the disappoint-ment. grandfather. Nell had hardly recovered from the emotion she had felt when she saw Ken's triumph. And the fact that the colt had escaped gelding (for Rob had said that since Doc ment.

had come and gone he could wait another year) gave her an even stranger feeling of unreality. When obstacles vanished, they just floated away—as if they never had been— Those days made a change in Ken's face and character. He said little about it. The more you argued and plead the less likely his fa-ther was to yield. His mother was really on his side, but she left such things to his father. She felt that he really knew best.

"He's going to pay back a lot that he owes me!"

"And pay off the note on the

"And put wooden fences around it -he's promised me that!"

Dr. Hicks and Bill, his assistant, arrived at the Barney ranch about one o'clock. They worked over the cow for a couple of hours. When they were leaving, Dr. Hicks said, Mother, you've got to tell me what you want! I've asked you and asked you and you never have."

"It's a kind of big old pine tree "It's a kind of big old pine tree here on the ranch—there are only a couple of dozen of them," Howard explained. "We were looking at one one day long ago—They are a queer shape with branches all twisting ev-ery which way, and mother said it had a face like an old monkey's." "Mother," insisted Ken, "tiell me some other wishes_real wishes that

some other wishes-real wishes that I could get you."

"He wants to buy her joo-oo-ools!" clowned Howard.

impact of his animosity. He hadn't forgiven her for what she had said last night. When they were alone together, he was smooth and easyas if it were forgotten—but with people around, he lowered his guard and let her see the truth.

decided on the latter, she sat at the end of the table, feeling all her elation dying down. Thunderhead's

colt had, apparently, run a half-mile faster than it had ever been run before. Could that be true? According to recorded runs, yes But there were many colts in the world besides those who ran in races —many colts who had been clocked on makeshift tracks like this one

or unmanageable-

brute. He can't be depende d on He needs a lot of training and disci-pline. Besides, he hasn't got his growth yet. In another year, when he's settled down, he'll be unbeat-



FEDERAL PATRONAGE

SHOWS BIG ADVANCE POLITICALLY SPEAKING the meaning of patronage is the right of nomination to public office. To what extent patronage has grown in but a few years is demonstrated by the amount of the federal government civil administrative payrolls, the pay of those employed in govern-ment bureaus. In 1939, the total of all such payrolls was \$1,613,400,000; by 1943 that total had increased to \$6,328,000,000. Of that 1943 total \$612,-900.000 uncreased to \$0,325,000,000. Of that 1945 total ser., 800,000 was paid to employees in Washington. The remainder of that more than \$6,000,000,000 total went to the army of federal employees in the several states. In New York state federal civil employees received in 1943 \$629,700,000, as against \$171,100,-000 in 1939; in California in 1943 the amount was \$555,600,000 as against \$89,700,000 in 1939.

In only one state, New Hampshire, was a decrease shown by a drop to \$8,300,000 in 1943 from \$9,900,000 in 1939. It is generally considered that jobs represent votes. Tammany, in the old days, figured each job was good for an average of eight votes.

MORTGAGE ON WEALTH TO REACH % of TOTAL

Your house and its furnishings; the local store, its building, fixtures and stock; your farm, its buildings, stock and machinery; your car, and all other tangible property are all a part of the 385 billion dollar value of the total wrotth of the action of the total wealth of the nation. That same total includes all the utilities; the forests and mines; the railroads and industrial plants, large and small.

According to figures compiled y the Northwestern National by the Northwestern Mathematical Life Insurance company all of this 385 billion dollars of tangible wealth is mortgaged today for more than two-thirds of that total value by our government, federal, state and local, to cov-er government indebtedness, which we must pay. State and local indebtedness amounts to 15 billion. The remainder of that two-thirds is federal indebtedness. The sum is so large that it is meaningless to any of us until we realize what it means to us as individuals. Be-fore the war ends the mortgage covering government in-debtedness will represent more than three-fourths of all the tan-

gible property we own. A TRAGEDY IN THE LIFE of the nation that occurred 80 years ago, in April of 1865, the assassination of President Lincoln, had a direct connection with the introduction of an innovation in travel comfort for the American people. George M. Pullman had built what, for that time, was a luxurious sleeping car. The floor of that car was wider than what was then standard railway equipment; too wide to be used with station platforms and some railroad bridges. The roads would not con-sider making the needed changes to Devident Lincoln's use the car. President Lincoln's family and others of the funeral party wished to use that car be-tween Chicago and Springfield. The Chicago & Alton railroad hurriedly altered its station platforms and bridges to accommodate the new car. The incident assured the adop-tion of the new Pullman cars, the first trip of any one of which was made between Chicago and Springfield, on May 2, 1865.

Regardless of who may oper-ate industry there are two ex-pense items that come ahead of







stop in there and geld those two-year-

1

"How's your muscle?" asked Nell. olds of Cantain McLaughlin."

They arrived at the stables soon after Rob had driven off with the blacks. Gus went out with a bucket of oats and called in the colts, and

the men got to work. "Is that all?" asked Doc, when he had gelded seven. "I thought the Captain said eight." "Dere's one more," said Gus,

"Ken's colt. De white one." "Oh, the throwback!" said Doc "The one Ken thinks is going to be a racer. How's he comin' on?"

"He runs right gude now," said Gus. Maybe they don't want him g ed.' "De Captain wants him gelded all right. Mebbe you cud wait a little, while I go down and help Tim wid de milkin'? Ken tuk de colt out a while back-he might be home any able!"

"He is going to be a racer after all, isn't he, dad?" "Looks like it, son." "And all our troubles will be It happened that on the morning of the day of Ken's trial race down "What are you going to do with all the money, Ken?" on the track a call came into the office of the veterinarian at Laramie. It was from Barney, the ranch-er west of the Goose Bar, stating

"And he can pay for his own education!'

ranch

"It's only a few miles down the back road to the Goose Bar. We'll

"Can I have three wishes?" "Yes-three things. Make them big things, mother!" "I want a swan sleigh all covered with bells! I want a monkey tree! And I want a little girl!" "What is a monkey tree?" asked Charlie

Charlie.

"Better cross your fingers, Ken," said Charley. "Many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip, you know-"

to the promptings of their hearts to be affectionate toward their breth-In the interchange of talk and flashing glances that played around the table, Nell's look crossed Rob's. They stared a moment. She felt the his family. God had blessed him and he rejoiced in his fine children.

While they argued as to whether it would be better for Thunderhead to be raced this coming fall or wait

success began to seem very remote --indeed, unlikely. No. The odds were, nothing would come of it. The

who might have-must have, broken records, and yet, for one reason of another, never were heard of. Why? Things happened. They got hurt, or stale, or proved a flash in the pan,

"For you see," said Charley, "we know now he's got it in him. It's there. But he's an unmanageable

JCHOOL Lesson By BAROLD L. LUNDQUIST. D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicage Released by Western Newspaper Union. Lesson for August 26 Lesson subjects and Scripture texts se-lected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by **JACOB ADJUSTS PERSONAL**

tired. He never gets tired. He hates to be stopped when he gets going. That's why he's mad now." They decided to try the colt again; and again they climbed to the ledge and timed his start, and again Ken fought with him to control him, forced him over the line, and was shaken by the angry, rough gallop-by his breaking through the posts. struggle went on-the lashing of the crop-the scarlet face of the boy, while Charley grew grave and the little group on the ledge no longer chattered with excitement, but stood silent.

At last Sargent was hopeless. "It ras a fluke," he said. "He's unwas a fluke," controllable."

"Look, look, Mr Sargent! He's doing it again!" The colt had broken through his

temperamental impediments. He burst into his swift, floating pace, and went streaming around the track. As he crossed the line Sargent punched the watch. They held their breath. Sargent's mouth was wide open in a crazy grin. His eyes popped. . . .

The gelding. For days and nights Ken had been binking of it. The better the colt behaved, the more speed he showed, the more despair Ken felt. They told him and they argued with him, and they proved it to him. The colt would lose no lota of his speed— might even have more heaving his might even have more, because his ergies would not be wasted in ing, in running after mares, in breeding them. It made no differ-ence to Ken. He had seen the colts before gelding, the power that flowed through them like hot lava, making

minnit.' Doc and Bill took seats on the corral fence and rolled cigarettes and waited.

The shadows grew longer. They heard the cowbells as the cows, aft-er being milked, wandered out into the pasture; then the sound of the separator whirring in the milk house as it cut the milk in half, pouring a rich, foaming, white fluid into one jar, a thick yellow cream into the

othe At last Doc told Bill to pack up the stuff. They got in the car and

drove away. Ken felt almost awed when he arrived at the stables with Howard. having driven the blacks home in the "jouncing cart," and heard from Gus what had happened. There

Gus

left.

stood the seven gelded colts in the east corral, their heads hanging lifelessly, their hind legs covered with blood. Thunderhead, said Gus, had come galloping in with Touch And Go some ten minutes after Doc had

He had unsaddled him and turned them both out into the home pasture. Ken stared at the geldings while

the blood rushed through his body and sank again. This meant—this meant—Doc had made his trip to the ranch! His father would never order him up again to geld one colt!

He gave Ken's back a resounding whack! "Young fellah, me lad, you'll have a winner! How'll it feel to be the famous owner of a far horse?'

But Ken had a thought. "Bu pose," he said lugubriously, "we get him all trained for a race, and then he runs away and we san't find

Rob glanced at Ken, then at Nell. His expression was sardonic. "Ken, you take after your mother more than any boy has a right to."

Nell's eyes met Rob's — and clashed again. She looked down and finished her sliced peaches. What was the matter with him? It wasn't only the quarrel of last might—that had left him hard and cold toward her, but now he was in a statebeen all evening-ever ever since-yes, ever since he arrived at the race track in that rid icu lous cart-what had he been doing lous cart—what had he seen doing before—Oh, yes, he went out on Gypsy—went out on Gypsy to see Bellamy and ask if he was going to take the lease again this fall—

She put down her spoon and sat motionless, staring a hole through the table—her mind rushed forward. Charley was shouting that with a horse of such potential value as Thunderhead, they would never dream of putting him out on the range that winter?

between believers. Being a Christian should make one gentlemanly and ladylike. Let's remember that! Then, too, Jacob was wise in put-

ting Esau under the friendly obligation which is inherent in the acceptance of a gift. Those who are stingy and close-fisted about giving to oth-ers often find that their lack of generosity has reflected in their lack of friends

The time has come for the brothers to part, and we find Jacob fall-ing into his old trickery as he prepares to

III. Return (vv. 17-20).

The portion between verses 11 and 17 indicate that instead of going on in straightforward dealings with Esau, Jacob resorts to evasion in order to be free to go where he would in his return to his fatherland. Instead of going back to Bethel the place of blessing (Gen. 28), to which Jacob had been called (Gen. \$1:11-13), he went to Succoth and 31:11-13), he went to Succoth and ultimately to the outskirts of Shech-em where his family fell into great sin. Ultimately, God did get him back to Bethel (Gen. 35), but only after much sorrow and suffering. Jacob was called to live the life of a shepherd out in the fields with God, and when he pitched his tent near Shechem he compromised and lost out.

The incident pictures the tragic rewho will not move over into the worldly life want to be close enough to it so that their children may have the cultural and educational advantages, and soon they find that they have lost their children to the world and have lost the savor of their own spiritual experience.

labor. One is taxes, which must be paid if the industry is al-lowed to continue, and the other is material from which the product is made. With this in mind, International Harvester offers a fair average example of distribution to labor. Deducting the cost of taxes and materials from its total receipts, labor received a fraction over 70 per cent as its share of all that materials and government did not take. Could government op-eration do a better job for labor?

The cost of fresh vegetables has jumped more on the West coast, and especially in California, than in other sections of the country. The head of lettuce that was sold at from 3 to 5 cents now costs from 12 to 20 cents; the radishes that were two bunches for a nickel are now 10 cents a bunch. So it goes all through the fresh vegetable line. The cause is the elimination of the Japs. They were the truck gardeners. Now that white men have taken over, our American scale on which they live does not permit of Jap prices.

NAZIISM, FASCISM, Communism

and other isms, such as those of Spain, China and Japan, are all one

and the same thing, totalitarianism. They mean dictatorship; a bureauc-

racy-planned government under which the individual is subservient

of it throughout the world before there is less. Much of the increase

will be fostered by Russia. It will

not be forced so much as it will be

accepted by war satiated peoples. Our margin of escape was not too

wide

the state. There will be more

they can't see in.

To clean artificial flowers without using water, place them in a paper bag with a handful of salt and shake well.

side of the screens with a thin

Store peanut butter in the refrigerator where the oil will not separate. The jar is kept upside down until opened so the top but-ter will not become hard.





(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ah!