Lesson for September 9

A NATION GOD USED

LESSON TEXT-Genesis 41:46-57. GOLDEN TEXT-He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.--Paim 111:5.

Conservation of natural resources

-that phrase has a modern touch to it, and yet we would do well to turn

back to the story of Joseph in Egypt and learn anew the importance of

not wasting what we have if we are to be fed in the days of shortage.

Certain it is that we should face at once the shameful record of

waste in the manufacture and sale

of intoxicants. This is temperance

Sunday. Let us not fail to stress this

Joseph recognized the provision of God and made use of it for His glory and the good of the people. I. Feed-Ged's Provision (vv. 46-

As men work with God in the cul-

tivation of the land they are apt to begin to think of themselves as

producers, when they are actually only the servants of the Lord in the

orderly care of that which He pro-

We need to renew our sense of

complete dependence upon God lest

we become proud of our own sup-posed attainments and forget Him. Then He will have to withhold His

bountiful hand and we shall stand

Remember, too, that what God has given to feed the nations cannot

with impunity be used for the manu-facture of intoxicating beverages which are designed and used for no good purpose—only for destruction. Let's not forget that God could send

us a famine, too! The manner in which Joseph cared

for the gathering of the grain is worth noting. He did not sit in his

royal office and send out an edict. He went throughout the land build-

ing storehouses, seeing that the grain was properly conserved. We need more of that personal

touch in government. Too much of life is controlled by "directives" and

"rules" with too little of the touch of human kindness and a personal knowledge of the needs of the peo-

Discrete also the wisdom of stor-ing the food in the place where it was raised and where it would eventually be needed. No shipping

and re-shipping, no undue centraliza-

tion, and no temptation to form a special "grain bureaucracy."

II. Family-God's Gift (vv. 50-52).

From among the Gentiles, Joseph

took himself a bride. While it is

not indicated, we have reason to as-

sume that she was a believer in the

true God. One cannot imagine a man of Joseph's character and spir-

itual integrity marrying an unbe

liever. The sons which came into the home were recognized as God's gift. Note how God was counted into the life of these boys and of the home. We spoke above about the need of conserving grain. Think now of the infinitely more important con-servation of how and give

The liquor interests have used this

war to create a taste for beer on the part of millions of young men and women, both in the armed serv-ices and in our war plants. They have broken down the objections and the radicious principles of server

the religious principles of many and we are almost at the point where

one who objects is regarded as a

servation of boys and girls.

h fanatic.

liever.

with empty measures.

truth.

vides.

CUNDAY



THE STORY THUS FAR: Thunder-head is the early white horse ever foaled on the Goose Bar ranch in Wyoming. He promotives his great grandsire, a wild shallow known as the Albino. His 15-your-old ewner, Ken McLaughlin, hopes Thunderhead will develop into, a race bere because of his remarkable speed. Thunderhead will develop into, a trace bere because of his remarkable speed. Thunderhead is difficult to handle heavever, and plans for entering him in the full race meeting are uncertain. Heavhille Rob McLaughlin, Ken's fa-ther, having to raise some cash for Ken ther, having to raise some cash for Ken and Howard's tuition and other bills, hads 14 horses into a trailer and drives to the auction at Denver, Colo. Rob gets pour prices. He gets acquainted with Gilroy, an eastern horse buyer.

CHAPTER XVI

"I'll sell them at Doc Horner's auction, in Setonville, Pennsylva-When?"

"He has two sales a year, one in

the third week of September, one in May." "Do you expect to make a profit

The man grinned. "I sure will, Those are fine horses."

"Do fine horses bring prices at Horner's sales?"

"I go around buying up horses at country auctions. I collect a carhead of them a couple of times a year and sell them there." The man ched into his pocket and brought out a bunch of cards. He shuffled them through, picked out one and gave it to Rob. "And they do bring That's a hunting commun ty. And polo. Horsey, you know-people of wealth. Horner collects really good stuff and they bring good prices."

"What will you get for those horses you bought—the two blues, for instance?"

The man shrugged. "It's pretty hard to say. There's always an element of gamble in horse-trading you know-but that's a nice little pair-they'd be nice for a couple of little girls-so gentle and pret-

"Yes. How much?"

"I'd be surprised if I got less than four hundred for the pair-if just the right buyer is there, six hundred."

"And big geldings? Polo ponies?" "Ah-those are the ones you real-by get prices for. I've seen a polo pony-experienced, you understand -bring two thousand dollars. But that's not every day."

"You must know, in round figeres, about what it costs to ship horses from this district to Pennsylvania-say two carloads-about twenty-four horses to a car."

They did some figuring. It would cost in the neighborhood of five or six hundred dollars. Howard had two new suits.

Rob McLaughlin always said, "Get them clothes that will show every spot—that'll learn 'em!"

One of the suits was a dark blue serge guaranteed to show every spot. It was double-breasted. When It was on Howard, buttoned around him, he was hardly bigger than a young tree, but Kon felt his dignity young uses awed.

The other suit was a silvery gray weed, very becoming to Howard's slick black hair and good color. Both heys had fine skins; smooth, honeyten and rosy. Both had blue eyes, but here was the difference-the changing shadows of Ken's, the bright, unwavering stare of How-

Ken stared at Howard's new tan s. They looked like his fa-How could they be so big! exfords. ther's. How could Howard be so tall! Ken stood in the middle of the room on me leg, breathing heavily. How could there have come, suddenly, his great difference between himwobbling legs of young colts.

When they went to the movies and, in the newsreel, saw the shot of the West Pointers marching, they strained to catch the details of the

walk before it was flashed off. Howard had an odd walk. He slouched. When he tried to stiffen up and do it correctly he had a lit-tle jerk. It wasn't smooth.

"What'll they say about that?" asked Ken anxiously

Rob roared, startlingly, "There gces McLaughlin bouncing in line!" This was the last straw for Ken. It removed Howard utterly. At in-tervals during the day, the words-rang in his ears, there goes Mc-Laughlin bouncing in line. He wasn't even Howard any more. He was McLaughlin. And he was in the line!

To save expense, Howard was to go east with the shipment of horses his father was taking to Dr. Horner's sale. The railroad allowed one man to each carload of horses, free of charge. There were to be two carloads. Every horse on the ranch, three years old and up, was to go, and a few of the twos who had had

enough training. In all, forty-eight horses. Howard sat talking to his father in the den, one ankle hanging across the other knee just as his father did it. "Dad, how about selling High-boy to help out with my tuition?" "Good idea, son."

Taggert was to go. She was a good polo player. Gypsy, Fficka, Thunderhead and Touch And Go would be enough to keep for the

things.

"There's always an element of gambling know_" in horse trading, you

family. In the spring there would be a new crop of two-year-olds.

The days went by for Nell in misery and confusion. Rob had not for-given her. Indeed, since the auction, when he had sacrificed some of his best stock for a few hundred dollars, he had been, she said to herself, fit to be tied.

She tried to think it out. Had she done anything so terrible that she must be punished like this? The thing she had done—her criticism of him—had shattered the illusion that he was perfect in her eyes, and a man of his pride and self-confidence simply could not take it. Most of the time when he her at the time to the time

He flexed his arm. "Feel it, mother! What do you think? I was w dering if I was getting a little bit muscle-bound."

She squeezed the small egg of his muscle and looked solemnly at him. His shoulders were narrow, his smooth chest very childish, his ribs stood out bravely over a little waist she could almost have clasped with her hands. But she had to reach up to slip her arm around his neck. He gave her a shy, naked hug and she laid her cheek against his. "What do you think?" he insisted.

"No-I wouldn't call you musclebound. Howard-go to bed. You must get your sleep." On the day before the departure

Rob, with Howard and Ken as flank riders, took the horses over to Tie Siding and penned them in the load-ing corrals there. Not a horse on the Goose Bar ranch but knew what was happening. Next day the horses were loaded.

Rob led them up the ramp one by one, reassured them with his voice, put them in their places. They were sardined in-head to tail, alternately, tightly enough to support them and hold them steady when the train was moving. At certain stations there would be long enough stops for the horses to be taken out, fed, watered, walked around.

Nell watched them go up the gang-way. Taggert, Highboy, Pepper, Hi-dalgo, Cheyenne, Tango, Injun, and a lot of others. If things had been different between her and Rob-perhaps she wouldn't have felt so terribly. It seemed like an end of

Rob and Howard were dressed in bluejeans for the trip. When the horses were loaded and the big doors closed, Rob came to stand beside her near the car. He was very qui-et, almost distrait. There had been no shouting. His thoughts were all for the horses—he hardly seemed aware of her there beside him.

"I often wonder," he said medi-tatively, "if we should ever have anything to do with animals or ever do anything for them. We make them helpless. Without us, they take care of themselves so well, but when we have once taken charge of them they depend more and more on us, and what do we do but harm to them? And yet they look at us so trustingly."

Nell found no words to answer. he was wondering if in the moment of goodby his hard shell would crack. Would there be, when he put his arm around her and held her against him while he kissed her, any reassurance, any promise, any warmth?

Rob and Howard were to ride in the day coach next to the freight cars in which were the horses. While they waited they all stood near the steps of this car. The brakemen were attending to the last business they had in the station. Up front, the engineer was hanging out of his cab window. He waved his arm, and at the call "All a-bo-oard!" goodby kisses were exchanged and Rob and Howard went into the car.

As Rob bent his head for the kiss his eyelids had covered his eyes. The kiss was as cold as a knife. But when he had taken his place in the car with Howard, while Howard and Ken grinned and waved at each other, through the window, mouthing words, he did look at Nell and meet

her eyes. And it was one of those hard looks by which he served no-tice on her that she had offended him and was not forgiven.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CHOOL Lesson By BAROLD L. LUNDQUIST. D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicas Released by Western Newspaper Union. PATTERSON

eased by Western Newspa COMMUNITY SPIRIT Lezson subjects and Scripture texts se-cted and copyrighted by International suncil of Religious Education: used by

ENCOURAGES GROWTH FOR THE COMMUNITY, whose FOR THE COMMUNITY, whose people wish it to grow and prosper, no one thing is more essential than community spirit. The future of any town lies in the hands of all of its people, not in the hands of a few "Georges" only. Each citizen must put his shoulder to the wheel of progress, and do his or her part in pushing it forward.

In the promotion of a commu-nity's interests there must be a leader, some one, or group or institution, that proposes for-ward-looking steps. To be suc-cessful that leader must have influence. The logical leader in most instances is that commu-nity institution, the home town newspaper. If it is the right kind of a newspaper it has influence. It can be, and is in a position to mold public opinion. It reaches the community audi-ence, and what it proposes should become a subject of dis-cussion through its columns.

No newspaper editor is always right. His proposals may be, and as a rule are, in line with commu-nity progress, but there may be those who object to what the editor has proposed. If he is conducting "the right kind of a newspaper" he wel-comes to the discussion those who are against as well as those who are for, and prints the letters from both as a means of community discus-sion. Those whose letters to the editor approve do so in a spirit of helpfulness. They display their will-ingness to do their part for what ingness to do their part for what they believe is a worthy commu-nity enterprise. They are not will-ing to sit back and let "George" carry the load. Those who disapprove do so because they do not be-lieve the proposal would serve the best interests of the community, and they are fearful of the influence of the newspaper, and realize its op-portunity to mold public opinion. Both those who approve and those who disapprove display that community spirit so essential to progress.

The community that is lacking in The community that is include leadership, or where there is not a willingness on the part of the citi-zens to discuss proposed better-ments, is a good place to "be from." It means a dying town in which the great majority of the citizens are but drones in the hive, who are unwilling to show their colors, or to carry their part of the load.

The newspaper that does not have influence, or the one that is pub-lished in a place in which community spirit is not alive, and cannot be aroused, will, in time, find a place in the newspaper cemetery. The newspaper with influence can be, and is, the institution best fitted for community leadership, but if it cannot arouse and maintain recognition of that leadership, demonstrated by the response of the people to its proposals, it will fail in accomplishing much for the community it wishes to serve.

I LISTENED to a conversation between a state and a city official on the subject of taxes. The city official was insisting on an increase in the was mainting on an increase in the state sales tax, with a refund to the city or town of what the increase produced in each city or town. To such a proposition the state of-ficial objected. It was the old, old story of an effort to pass the tax buck.

. . .

If the state levied that increase the state official would pay the vote price, while the city would collect, indirectly,

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seil at d Howard, so that he felt re-Mal? He looked down at him-He was too small to count. Well, Howard had only done this shooting up in the last year-there was still time.

The most impressive moment w when Howard put on the Fedora hat. The nearly six feet of his slender height had done nothing to his head and face. The head was so small wondered at it up there, and face was the face of a little boy. Supped by the Fedora hat-! Nell had to turn away to hide her laugh-

ly.

bed.

Ken began to feel very close to the with Howard going away like this. The Fedora—the long blue suit —the huge Oxfords—life was an us hollow to the right side of him. It was as big as the world. It was gray and filled with darker y clouds, swirling about. Often turned his head and looked into

ard going away to West Well, almost West Point. Howard Point! Well, almost West Point. He'd learn how to walk the West Point walk. All their lives it had fun-it had been an exciting ant to get their father to walk the Point walk for them. When begged him to do it and at he paid no attention and then suddenly stood up and then stepped out, it always struck them dumb. could feel something at the roots of your hair. At times he had tried to teach it to them-right foot and left arm and shoulder forward-left foot and right arm and shoulder tried to forward-the knees lifted high (just for practice) feet going in a circle like the curving trot of a horse. But is was like trying to command the

the time when he looked at her, his face had an expression of sardonic animosity. Occasionally it was worse than that-it was like a blow. And all the love and tenderness was gone.

One night, before going to bed, she went into Ken's room for a mo-ment. He lay on his back in the moon-flooded room, the sheet thrown off, the pillow on the floor. He was spread-eagled — arms and legs thrown wide. His breath came even-The top button of his pajama jacket was fastened. From there it was drawn away by the twist of his body exposing the thin, bare, frail-looking torso of a child. - The legs of his pajamas had slid up, one foot hung limp over the edge of the

His face was blissful, his lips part ed in an ecstatic smile! Dreaming of Thunderhead, thought Nell, as Gus's heavy tread was on the stairs, coming slowly. He rapped on she gently turned, straightened him, replaced the pillow and drew up the sheet. It did not wake him, he the door. "Come in!" had felt these hands since his birth.

He made a murmurous sound, rolled on his side, drew up his knees, gave here. a deep sigh and was instantly quiet again-breathing deeply and regu-

larly. Nell went on down the hall to and carefully brushed the hearth. As he got to his feet he threw a quick glance at Nell. Her gaze was There was a line Howard's room. of light under his door. Howard was standing half naked, examining

his physique in the small mirror over his chiffonier. on the fire now, the lips of her soft mouth parted. There were dark lows under her eyes and her face looked both old and cl-ildish. "Howard! Why aren't you in

bed?" "Gee, Mother! I was just standing here a minute-" His voice slipped down to bass and they both laughed and it slipped again. "How's your muscle?" asked Nell.

Missus?"

window, sitting in the arm chair in her bedroom wrapped in her dark blue robe, her feet drawn under her because of the chill that filled the house. There was no fire on the hearth and the bed was not made and her hair was not brushed.

It was one of those raw October days that should be shut out by fires and curtains and cheerful voices. On some such days Nell worked furiously from dawn till dark, cleaned and mended and mede new curtains and counted and took out and packed away and potted ge-ranium slips and cleared the flower borders. And there were other days when, if she moved at all, it was to wander listlessly, pausing at ev-ery window, wondering what she had come into this room for, wondering if it was morning or afternoon-what day of the month

If America cannot with impunity use her grain to make booze, do you think God will hold us guiltless if we stand idly by and let the rapacious breweries and distilleries take our boys and girls? It is high time that we awakened to our responsibility and stood up for our convictions, come what may!

III. Famine - God's Opportunity (vv. 53-57).

Now the time had come when God's word to Joseph was proved to be true. When His loyal servant stood before the world as the one who was in touch with the infinite One, he had the food to give out because he had obeyed God's com-

It is in the crises of life that the It is in the crises of the that the things of God prove themselves. When man's hand drops in weak-ness and despair, God steps in and does the abundant thing; that is, if

we are willing to recognize Him. There is another sense in which the coming of famine was God's opchance He wanted to speak to men. In the days of plenty and prosperity mankind is self-sufficient and too busy to listen to God, but when there food to eat, he has time to hear God.

One wonders, with a wonder that is almost agonizing at times, whether America is going to force God to bring hunger of body to her children in order to make their hearts hunger for Him. Will we wait to cry out to God until we have felt the sharp pangs of hunger, or will we by our obedience and gratitude of heart encourage Him to continue His abundance toward us? Reader, how do you feel in your own heart?

the dollar revenue. It repre-sents an evil from which the American people have long suffered.

Our officials attempt to hide their own spendings behind an indirect tax levy. If each governing body had to directly account for what it spends we might have a greater effort at economy. That is true of federal as well as local government.

IN A SMALL TOWN in a central state three men secured a corporation state charter for a manufe ing concern capitalized at \$2,500. They applied to the local bank for a loan of the \$2,500 their charter called for as capital assets. The bank could not see an incorporation charter as ample security for such a loan, and the men were referred to the small business organization of the federal government. They se-cured the loan. That is a sample of how we, as taxpayers, are financing new industries. Those three men have nothing to lose, but they may gain. The taxpayer does the gam-bling.

THE PURPOSE OF OUR CON-

STITUTIONAL government is to provide orderly processes that en-able the people, as individuals, to do for themselves. When we encour-age mendacy, we destroy that pur-

. . .

The last congress did not vote a raise in the salaries of its members.

That would not fit in with the peo-

ple's demands for economy. It mere-ly voted to provide more places

ly voted to provide more places for the family on the government

- payrolls.

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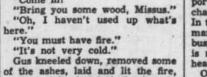


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Gus started to sprak, hesitated, then came out with *it.* "How de Boss come out mit sealing de horses,

(TO BE COMEDUED)