

THE BOOK

... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures ...

by **BRUCE BARTON**

A CENTURY ROLLS BY

SO RAPIDLY has the shadow of the Cross extended that in less than a single century it falls across the emperor's throne. Let us turn back to the Bible record and trace the dramatic steps by which this incredible success was won.

The book of the Acts of the Apostles opens significantly:

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach.

That sentence tells us first that the book was written by the same man who wrote the Book of Luke and to the same man, Theophilus; and, second, that the writer, in common with the other disciples, regarded the three brief years of Jesus' public work as merely the beginning of His larger life and influence. So the events proved.

Jerusalem of those days was a populous and crowded city, and the disciples were countrymen from an outlying province. Yet, after a brief period of bewilderment, they organized themselves and became immediately a center of power. Thousands of men, some of them prominent in the city's life, came out to their meetings, confessed to the crime that had been done in the murder of Jesus, and became his truest followers. Jesus and the original twelve had pooled their revenues in the "bag"



Bruce Barton

which Judas carried, and he had paid all the expenses. For a time the Jerusalem community attempted to operate on this basis and, while here was no hard and fast rule, the sentiment was in favor of a common purse, and most of the group acceded to it. This led to the first tragedy.

A man named Ananias and his wife Sapphira wanted credit for having given their all, but they kept back half of the price of the land they had sold. Peter called Ananias to account, and he brazenly repeated his lie. Peter looked hard at him and said:

Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land?

Whilst it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men but unto God.

And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things.

And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him.

Three hours later Sapphira came in and repeated the lie and met a similar fate. The incident profoundly impressed the young community. It appears from the narrative that the disciples were not required to give up their property and that some of them did not do so and suffered no reproach. But the sham of pretending to do so met with tragic rebuke.

afraid that a great deal of the planning for "subsistence homesteads" overlooks the fact that nobody can get a living off the land unless he has first learned how.

DISILLUSION . . . of an heir

A young man who was running an elevator, in the building where my New York office is, inherited a small farm in his native Czechoslovakia. He took his wife and children and gaily set sail for Europe. Fourteen months later he was back—and, fortunately for him, was able to get his old job back.

"They think they are prosperous if they can get just enough to keep them alive and warm over there," he told me.

Everything in life is relative. We think we are in great distress because money doesn't come as easy as it used to. But the plain fact is that the lowest-paid workers in this country, and even the unemployed, have better food, better clothing, more enjoyment in life, than all but a few anywhere else in the world.

COMPETENCE . . . the job
Charlie, my Czechoslovak friend,

got his old job back because he is a competent man at that particular work, of running an elevator. It is not easy to find competent men in any line of work. Too many are just good enough to get by.

I think there is too much of a tendency to put the emphasis upon the enjoyment of leisure time and not enough on doing one's job well.

Broiling in a gas oven is both easier and better done in a pie tin under the flame. The pie tin saves the juice, and it is much easier to clean than the broiling grid and pan.

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THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

EVERYDAY SUGGESTIONS

I believe in the strictest economy in food, of course, but I draw the line of caution at "warmed-over stuff" in hot weather. Better prepare fresh food for each meal,—the quantity measured so that little or none will be left over as waste, or to be warmed over in its stale condition.

What set me to thinking of this—I had a midnight summons this week, to attend a mother and her nine-year-old daughter—both suffering acutely—severely—vomiting and purging; they could hardly be still long enough to answer my questions as to the probable cause.

Well, they had both eaten supper at a public cafe; a bowl of chicken-and-noodles had been prepared

for the noon dinner, in over-supply; the left-over part had been chucked into the ice box—and came handy for the evening meal.

A son, also with the mother, had not eaten any of the noodles or chicken—he did not have any trouble; the identity of the offender was plain. Of course it had become infected in some way, and was certainly stale, over-cooked, devoid of sweet, pure, nourishing properties.

Better watch the refrigerator too,—if you are in the habit of storing desserts, meats, etc.—one can't be too clean.

The nation-wide study of pure foods, has about done away with the old-time "summer complaints" that used to make the warm season a nightmare for the family doctor.

would not work should not eat. The landless man, who was content to work for ages, was looked upon as inferior; so it became every able man's ambition to own a home, however humble, and a piece of land he could till and live on, if wages failed.

DEPENDENCE . . . a la bear

The principal trouble with the American people today is that we have become too dependent upon the pay envelope. We are like the tame bear that a travelling showman took around the summer resorts in the Adirondacks. The bear would do his tricks, the showman would pass the hat, and the bear would get his supper.

Up in the thick woods, however, the call of the wild was too strong for the bear. He slipped his leash one night and vanished into the forest. Two days passed and the bear did not return. Finally some woodsmen at Paul Smith's organized a search for him.

They found the poor beast in the middle of a clearing, all alone, going through his whole repertory of tricks and then looking around for someone to come and feed him. It was the only way he had ever been taught to get a living.

I always think of that rather pathetic anecdote whenever people talk about moving city workers to the farms by wholesale. I am

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

TRADITION . . . up our way

Up in my county we celebrated the 200th anniversary of the Congregational Church at Stockbridge, Mass., the other day. Founded by Yale College theological students in 1733 as a mission to the Indians who lived at Charles Stockbridge's tradini post, it was organized as a church in 1734, with the Indian chief, David Konkapot, and one of my own ancestors, as deacons. Many famous preachers have served the old church, most celebrated of them being Jonathan Edwards, who left it in 1758 to become president of Princeton College. The descendants of many of the first members of the old church still live in the town.

It is natural that those who have grown up in such an environment should be influenced by the ancient traditions of the country and its people. Our ancestors believed that every man was entitled to what he could earn, and that those who