

THE BOOK

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

by BRUCE BARTON

DAVID

AS LONG as the nature of boys remains what it always has been David will have a fresh army of admirers with each new generation, for he is the original of all Jack - the - giant-killer stories and has been the hero of boyhood for three thousand years.



Bruce Barton

With the exception of St. Paul no human character occupies so large a place in the Bible; of none are we given so vivid and compelling a picture. The most minute traits and characteristics are set forth in such a way as to make certain that the portrait was drawn from life. What a portrait and what a life! A red-headed shepherd boy, tending his flocks and playing his tunes in the lonesome fields, he is sent up to the army at the critical moment when its forces are paralyzed by the menace of the giant Goliath. What the swords of the stoutest warriors have been powerless to accomplish, he achieves by a well directed shot from his shepherd's sling and becomes immediately a national idol. Triumphant he is carried to the court while the bands play and the pretty girls sing and dance.

And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.

Small wonder that Michal, the king's daughter, loved him and became his wife; small wonder that Jonathan, the king's son formed a friendship with him which is one of the most beautiful in all history. Small wonder either that the king himself was jealous and resentful.

And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?

And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

The jealous eyes of Saul, who was in a place too big for him and finally went mad, trying to fill it, drove David out of the court and into the wilderness where soldiers of fortune rallied to him from various motives, and built up a lusty young army which, to his credit, he kept well disciplined and free from the grosser crimes of guerrilla warfare. Neither the king's forces nor his plots could prevail against the young man's destiny.

In a previous chapter we have referred to his conquests, his qualities as an administrator, the sin which forms the one black spot upon his reputation, a sin, by the way, which was not so extraordinary in a king of that period and would perhaps have been forgotten but for the magnificent humility of his repentance, and the Psalms that are his eternal claim to remembrance.

(Next week: The Heart of David)

ing supremely happy. Once he feared death; now it has no terrors for him.

The world will talk about Puckering and his experience for a long time. If the net result is to lift the fear of death from human hearts, he will have accomplished a great mission.

I do not know the answer to the question of what comes after this life, but I do believe that none who has done his best to help others and injure nobody in this world needs to have any apprehension about the next world.

REWARD for honesty

I don't recall a newspaper story in a long time that struck me as containing such pleasing elements as that of Frank Greges, who found a wallet full of securities in the snow in Wall Street, turned the treasure-trove over to the police and went back to his dollar-a-day job as "sandwich man" carrying a sign through the financial district. Now this man of 67, who came to America from Lithuania 47 years ago, has cash in the bank, a new suit of clothes and a steady job as a reward for his honesty.

The "Cinderella" theme is always appealing. Everybody likes to hear of somebody rising from poverty to sudden riches. But to me the most appealing part of this story was Frank Greges' remark that "there's always work in America for any man who isn't particular about what he does."

That is everlastingly true. I believe that it is true today, even in the face of all the talk of unemployment. The greatest handicap any man can put on himself is the burden of pride, of unwillingness to work at something which he regards as degrading.

MAGIC of surgery

What medical science has learned about the mechanics of the human body in the past 25 years or so, is far more than was learned in all the time past. Few knew anything about the ductless glands; now every physician knows that they control growth, emotions, mental development and many other bodily functions.

The nearest approach to magic that I have heard about lately is the result obtained by a Russian surgeon in grafting the pituitary gland of a young man who had been killed in an automobile accident into the body of a girl midget. At fifteen, the girl was only three feet tall. Within six months after the operation she had grown three inches. Then another opportunity came to obtain a fresh pituitary gland, from the brain cavity of a girl who had just died. This also was grafted into the midget, who has grown another 2½ inches and is still growing.

I haven't the slightest doubt that in another half-century, or even sooner, it will be common practice to interchange human glands by grafting, and so bring back to normal thousands who would otherwise live abnormal lives.

RELIGION and Hitler

I do not believe the Hitler government in Germany is going to get very far in trying to set up a Nazi religion. The Roman Catholic church and the Protestant churches of Germany—most of them of one denomination—have started a vigorous warfare upon the "new Paganism" as they term it.

The only large-scale attempt to change a people's religion that I recall in history was that of the Emperor Constantine in the 4th Century. Constantine, a convert to Christianity, tried to make it the state religion of the Roman Empire. He found the opposition of the pagans of Rome too powerful in their resistance, and abandoned Rome to its fate, building a new capital for the empire at Constantinople.

It took nearly a thousand years to bring the whole Holy Roman Empire under the domination of Christianity. I don't believe Hitler will change a religion which has held so many millions of German people for so many hundreds of years, over night.

The traffic of motorists is about evenly divided between rural roads and city streets.

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SENDING ONE TO COVENTRY

To send one to Coventry is to take no notice of him; to make him feel that he is in disgrace by having no dealings with him. It is said that citizens of Coventry had at one time so great a dislike to soldiers that a woman seen speaking to one was instantly taboo; hence, when a soldier was sent to Coventry he was cut off from all social intercourse. A different version is that Coventry was a stronghold of the parliamentary party in the civil wars, and that troublesome refractory royalist prisoners were sent there for safe custody.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of Will S. Slagle, deceased, late of Macon County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 6th day of Feb., 1936, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 6th day of February, 1935.
GEORGE L. SLAGLE, Executor.
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THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

ARE YOURS ARTIFICIAL

SOMETIMES I get to thinking that, almost half the people are equipped with manufactured molars. So many millions of the natural teeth are taken away because of those pesky germs; they cause rheumatism—and "sinus trouble," as well as dozens of other evils. And, tooth building has reached the pinnacle of perfection, I imagine. New, straight, perfectly-tinted teeth take the place of old, yellow, troublesome snags.

I know several people who wear their artificial teeth all the time, with perfect comfort; they sleep with them in, and seem to enjoy life fully as well as if they grew there. These people seldom mention their teeth, except to praise them.

Now and then, however, I must give advice that belongs to the dentist. I find "partial plates," that get filled underneath with positively decaying remnants of food, lend-

ing victim a most unholy breath,—often causing ulcerated, infected gums and lips; these customers more frequently come to the family doctor with mouth troubles than they go to their dentists; I suspect the fee has something to do with the problem—they think the doctor has no right to charge for dental advice!

My object in writing this letter is to tell you to keep the artificial set of teeth CLEAN; they should be taken out, and scrubbed daily, to keep the mouth sweet and free from disgusting matter.

A prominent doctor recently told me of a case—a man with a horrible condition of the mouth—ulcers and infection; he wore a partial plate that never had been removed since he bought it. The doctor in cleaning up, found several watermelon seeds under that plate—they had been there since August the year before, and it was now February! Reader, keep your teeth CLEAN.

TODAY and TOMORROW

by FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

STATESMAN . . . Elihu Root

Elihu Root was 90 years old on February 15th. I cannot help thinking of him as the "Grand Old Man" of America. Seven Presidents have looked to Mr. Root for advice and counsel. Not once has his influence been cast in any direction except for the lasting welfare of his country. I think of few other living men anywhere in the world who can so truly be called statesmen.

It was Elihu Root who, as chairman of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915, first directed public attention to a young delegate named Alfred E. Smith. Although of opposite political parties, Mr. Root took occasion to say publicly that Mr. Smith understood the

principles of government and that of New York particularly, better than any other man in the convention.

Mr. Root distrusts people who are in a hurry. They usually go in the wrong direction, he thinks. "Foot over foot, the dog went to Dover," is one of his familiar proverbs.

I hope Mr. Root lives to advise his country for many years to come.

HEAVEN and back

Not only those of simple faith in the hereafter promised to good men and women in the Bible, but almost everybody who has ever given serious thought to the hope of a life beyond the grave, has read or listened to the tale told by John Puckering, the English gardener who came back to life from death. His heart had stopped beating for five minutes or more, after an operation. Skillful surgical massage started it going again; but for those five minutes Puckering was actually dead, to all intents and purposes.

He is sorry, he says, that they called him back from the beautiful world in which he saw his dead wife and many old friends, all look-

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