

BRUCE BARTON

...writes of "THE MASTER EXECUTIVE"

Supplying a week-to-week inspiration for the busy-headed who will find every business trial paralleled in the experience of "The Man Nobody Knows."

A NEWS MAKER

Let us look at Jesus' twenty-four hour schedule; see how it bristles with front-page news.

The activity begins at sunrise. Jesus was an early riser. We discover a little boat pushing out from the shore of the lake. It deposits Jesus and his disciples in Capernaum, his favorite city. He proceeds at once to the house of a friend. The report spreads instantly that he is in town, and a crowd collects outside the gate—a poor palsied chap among them. The day's work is at hand.

Having slept soundly in the open air he meets the call with quiet nerves. He stoops down toward the sufferer.

"Be of good cheer, my son," he cries, "your sins are all forgiven."

Sins forgiven! Indeed! The respectable members of the audience draw back with sharp disapproval. "What a blasphemous phrase," they exclaim. "Who authorized him to exercise the functions of God! What right has he to decide whose sins shall be forgiven?"

Jesus sensed rather than heard their protests. He never courted controversy but he never dodged it; much of his fame arose out of the reports of his verbal victories.

"What's the objection?" he exclaimed, turning on the dissenters. "Why do you stand there and criticize! Is it easier to say 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk?' The results are the same." Bending over the sick man again he said: "Arise, take up thy bed and go into thine house."

The man stirred and was amazed to find that his muscles responded. Slowly, doubtfully he struggled to his feet, and with one great shout of happiness started off, surrounded by his jubilant friends. The critics had received their answer, but they refused to give up. For an hour or more they persisted in angry argument, until the meeting ended in a tumult.

Can you imagine that day's issue of the Capernaum News, if there had been one?

Palsied Man Healed . . . Jesus of Nazareth Claims Right to Forgive Sins . . . Prominent Scribes Object . . . "Blasphemous," says Leading Citizens . . . "But Anyway I Can Walk," healed Man Retorts.

Front page story number one. One of those who had been attracted by the excitement was a tax-collector named Matthew. Being a man of business he could not stay through the argument, but slipped away early and was hard at work when Jesus passed by a few minutes before noon.

That was all. No argument; no offer of inducements; no promise of rewards. Merely "I want you;" and the prosperous tax-collector closed his office, made a feast for the brilliant young teacher and forthwith announced himself a disciple.

Prominent Tax Collector Joins Nazareth Forces . . . Matthew Abandons Business to Promote New Cult . . . Gives Large Luncheon.

HOLDING PAGE ONE

Matthew's luncheon for Jesus furnished the third "news" sensation. It was not at all the kind of affair which a religious teacher would be expected to approve. Decidedly it was good-natured and noisy.

No theological test was applied in limiting the invitation. No one stood at the entrance to demand: "What is your belief regarding the birth of Jesus?" Or, "Have you or have you not been baptized?" The doors were flung wide, and along with the disciples and the respectable folks, a swarm of publicans and sinners trooped in.

"Outrageous," grumbled the worthy folk. "Surely if this teacher had any moral standards he never would eat with such rabble."

They were shocked; but he was not. That he had condemned him-

SAYS HER HUSBAND LOST 16 POUNDS IN 4 WEEKS

"I have never found a medicine that 'peps' you up like Kruschen Salts and better still, leaves you 'pepped up.' I take it two or three times a week—not to reduce but merely to feel good and clean. My husband took it to reduce, he lost 16 pounds in 4 weeks." Mrs. E. A. Ferris, Washington, D. C. (December 20, 1932.)

To lose fat and at the same time gain in physical attractiveness and feel spirited and youthful take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning.

A jar that lasts 4 weeks costs but a trifle at any drugstore in the world but be sure and get Kruschen Salts the SAFE way to reduce wide hips, prominent front and double chin and again feel the joy of living—money back if dissatisfied after the first jar.

self according to their formula worried him not a whit. His liking for folks over-ran all social boundaries; he just could not seem to remember that some people are nice people; proper people, and some are not.

"Come, come," he exclaimed to the Pharisees, "won't you ever get over nagging me because I eat with these outsiders? Who needs the doctor most—they that are well or they that are sick?"

"And here's another thing to think about," he added. "You lay so much stress on forms and creeds and occasions—do you suppose God cares about all that? What do you think he meant when he said: 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice?' Take that home and puzzle over it."

"Defends publicans and sinners . . . Jesus of Nazareth Welcomes Them at Lunch . . . Rebukes Prominent Pharisees . . . 'Creeds Unimportant,' He says. 'God Wants Mercy Not Sacrifice.'"

A fourth story for page one. You may be sure it was carried into hundreds of homes during the next few weeks, and formed the basis for many a long evening's discussion. As the meal drew to its close there came a dramatic interruption—a ruler of the city made his way slowly to the head of the table and stood silent, bowed by the terrible weight of his grief. That morning he had sat at his daughter's bedside, clasping her frail white hand in his, watching the flutter of the pulse, trying by the force of his longing to hold that little life back from the precipice. And at last the doctors had told him that it was useless any more to hope. So he had come, this ruler, to the strange young man whose deeds of healing were the sensation of the day.

SERVICE NOT SERMONS

Jesus rose from his seat, drawn by that splendid outburst of faith and without hesitation or questioning he started. He went with the father whose daughter was dead. All his life He seemed to feel that there was no limit at all to what He could do, if only those who beseeched Him believed enough. Grasping the father's arm He led the way up the street, his disciples and the motley crowd hurrying along behind.

They had several blocks to travel and before their journey was completed another interruption occurred. A woman who had been sick for twelve years edged through the crowd, eluded the sharp eyes of the disciples and touched the hem of His garment. "For she said within herself, if I may but touch His garment I shall be whole." . . . What an idea . . . What a Personality His must have been to provoke such ideas . . . "My daughter is dead, but lay your hands on her and she will live."

"I've been sick for twelve years; the doctors can do nothing, but if I only touch His coat I'll be all right." . . . How can the artists possibly have imagined that a sad-faced weakling could ever inspire such amazing ideas as these!

The woman won her victory. By that touch, by his smile, by the few words he spoke, her faith rose triumphant over disease. She "was made whole from that hour."

Again He moved forward, the crowd pressing hard. The ruler's residence was now in plain sight. The paid mourners, hired by the hour, were busy about the doorway; they increased their activities as their employer came in sight—hideous wails and the dull sounding of cymbals—a horrible pretense of grief. Quickening his stride Jesus was in the midst of them.

"Give place," He cried with a commanding gesture. "The maid is not dead but sleepeth."

They laughed him to scorn. Brushing them aside he strode into the house and took the little girl by the hand. The crowd looked on dumb-founded, for at the magic touch of His hand she opened her eyes, and sat up.

Front page stories five and six. A woman sick twelve years, and healed. A child whom the doctors had abandoned for dead, sits up and smiles! No wonder a thousand tongues were busy that night advertising His name and work. "The fame thereof went abroad into all that land," says the narrative. Nothing could keep it from going abroad. It was irresistible news!

He was advertised by His service, not by His sermons; this is the second noteworthy fact. Nowhere in the Gospels do you find it announced that:

Jesus of Nazareth Will Denounce The Scribes and Pharisees in the Central Synagogue Tonight at Eight o'Clock . . . Special Music.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this opportunity to thank our friends for their sympathy and love shown us during the loss of our dear husband and uncle.

MR. AND MRS. PAUL GILLIAM.
MRS. SAM T. RAY.

George Washington never set foot on foreign soil.

MY BABY

By Ethelyn Richardson

I know that summer time is near, I found it out today, My baby girl ran up to me, She'd thrown her shoes away.

And there all nestled in the grass Each tiny little toe Sent little thrills into my heart That only mothers know.

Her little hand closed up so tight, Held out for me to see. A mass of stemless violets She's plucked and brought to me.

This world is marvelous to her She finds new joys each day Just as I find the joys in her Makes life here worth the stay.

Most folks desire great things in life, At one time or another, But the greatest thing I ask dear God Is just to be a mother.

Bethel News

Ronda, route 2, May 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Melton of Zephyr spent the second Saturday and Sunday visiting the former's uncle, Mr. D. J. Melton, and family, of this place.

Mr. J. Paul Gilliam came over from Statesville last Sunday to accompany his little son, Samuel, home, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Mrs. J. T. Triplett, and Mr. Triplett, for the past week. Mr. J. G. Gilliam of Elkin, was also a visitor in this home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. W. A. Holloman has been very ill for the past week, we regret to note.

Mrs. J. C. James, who has been a patient in the Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital at Elkin for some time was able to be brought to her home here last Saturday.

Joe Gilliam of Sparta, visited relatives here last Thursday. Joe is just out of school. He was a member of the graduating class of Spar-

to high school this year.

Most of the farmers are through planting corn, only in very low lands and some is being worked, but we hear the farmers say that the wheat crop does not look so well.

Paul Mathis spent Saturday night and Sunday at Elkin with his cousin, Herman Somers.

The FAMILY DOCTOR

(By John Joseph Gaines, M. D.)

A LESSON

I wish it had not happened, for it makes me sad to think of it. But it is true in every particular, for I know of the incident first-hand.

A little boy of about nine took an acute attack of appendicitis. The diagnosis was unquestioned, for a fine surgeon was called—he advised immediate operation. The father rebelled stubbornly; "I don't want no cuttin' done," he said with finality. The surgeon returned to his place of business.

Four days later the same surgeon—a man of eminence—was called hurriedly to see the boy; he had grown much worse. The doctor found him with cold, clammy extremities, thready pulse, dilated pupils, swollen enormously in the body—epitonitis!

A glance was enough; the boy was dying. "He can't live another hour," the surgeon said quietly; "it's no use trying the impossible."

The father wrung his hands and begged the doctor to do something—operate—anything. He writhed in

Tailoring — Dress Making
All Kinds of Sewing
Mrs. Hester Wall Laffoon
W. M. Wall Residence
Phone 146-R W. Main St.

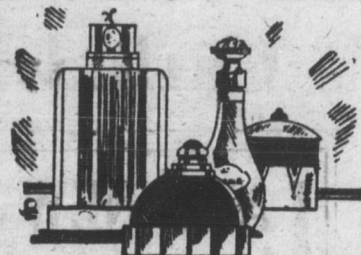
despair with his unreasonable requests. But it was too late.

The doctor was in deadly earnest when he spoke to that father—a bitter lesson was to be studied. "I called here and told you what should be done," he said; "you didn't want me to do what I knew should be done. You wanted to temporize—

I hoped the child might get well, in spite of my better judgment. You refused to listen—you are responsible for this child's death!"

Which was too true. So many people step in front of the trained physician. The boy could have been saved, but the one in authority objected. What do we learn from this?

Don't Take Chances



WITH DOUBTFUL BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE USE KNOWN

COSMETICS

Cheap, inferior brands of cosmetics may injure your complexion and lead to skin disorders. Take no chances and use nationally known preparations. We suggest:

SPRINGTIME IN PARIS
EVENING IN PARIS
HARRIETT HUBBARD AYER
DOROTHY PERKINS
COTY'S

Remember the Boys Who Were Injured "Over There" BUY A POPPY SATURDAY!

Turner Drug Co.

W. D. Turner (Incorporated) Geo. E. Royall

\$ 1.98

A NEWS SMASH!

500 Sheer Cotton Frocks

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ONLY

that'll bring CROWDS!

The duckiest, daintiest, coolest sheer cotton fashions that ever were lined up for inspection at this low price at Penney's! Frocks that can go anywhere, grace any occasion!

- Printed Voilest
- Plaque Voilest
- Plain and Printed Organdy!
- Dotted Swiss!
- Eyollet Baristol

Real attractiveness is worth any price, but in these frocks it costs an absolute minimum! While the quantity lasts, here's the chance of the season for you! BUT BE SMART AND GET HERE EARLY!

J. C. PENNEY CO.