

# BRUCE BARTON

Writes of "THE MASTER EXECUTIVE"

Supplying a week-to-week inspiration for the heavy-burdened who will find every human trial paralleled in the experiences of "The Man Nobody Knows."

SOMETHING more than a hundred years ago a sermon was preached in St. John's Church, which dealt very severely with the frailties of poor human nature, and put forth, with unctuous assurance, the promise of eternal punishment for a large proportion of the race. Among the worshippers was a gentleman of unfortunate reputation but keen mind, whose name lingers unforgettably in our history. As he left the church a lady spoke to him:

"What did you think of the sermon, Mr. Burr?" she asked.

"I think," responded Aaron Burr "that God is better than most people suppose."

That was the message of Jesus—that God is supremely better than anybody had ever dared to believe. Not a petulant Creator, who had lost control of his creation and, in wrath, was determined to destroy it all. Not a stern Judge dispensing impersonal justice. Not a vain King who must be flattered and bribed into concessions of mercy. Not a rigid Accountant, checking up the sins against the penances and striking a cold hard balance. Not any of these . . . nothing like these . . . but a great Companion, a wonderful Friend, a kindly indulgent, joy-loving Father . . .

For three years Jesus walked up and down the shores of his lake and through the streets of towns and cities, trying to make them understand. Then came the end, and almost before his fine firm flesh as cold, the distortion began. He who cared nothing for ceremonies and forms was made the idol of formalism. Men hid themselves in monasteries; they lashed themselves with whips; they tortured their skins with harsh garments and cried out that they were followers of him—of him who loved the crowd, who gathered children about him wherever he went, who celebrated the calling of a new disciple with a feast in which all the neighborhood joined!

## Oldest Oil Man



John T. Sencabaugh, Cleveland, is six months older than John D. Rockefeller, Sr., his personal friend and employer for more than 60 years. In celebrating his 94th birthday only three candles were used, one for the past, one for the present and one for the future.

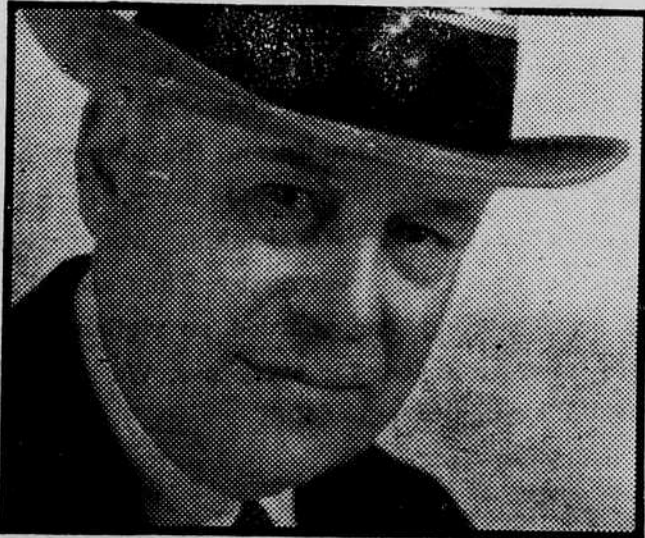
His last supper with his disciples was an hour of solemn memories. Their minds were heavy with foreboding. He talked earnestly, but the whole purpose of his talk was to life up their hearts, to make them think nobly of themselves, to fill their spirits with a conquering faith.

"My joy I leave with you," he exclaimed.

"Be of good cheer," he exclaimed.

Joy . . . cheer . . . these are the words by which he wished to be remembered. But down through the ages has come the wicked falsehood that Jesus never laughed.

## Stronger Than He Was at Twenty



**FIFTY-FIVE** years old, and still going strong!

Do you want the secret of such vitality? It isn't what you eat, or any tonic you take. It's something anyone can do—something you can start today and see results in a week! All you do is give your vital organs the right stimulant.

A famous doctor discovered the way to stimulate a sluggish system to new energy. It brings fresh vigor to every organ. Being a physician's prescription, it's quite harmless. Tell your druggist you want a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin. Get the benefit of its fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and that pure pepsin. Get that lazy liver to work, those stagnant bowels into action. Get rid of waste matter that is slow

poison so long as it is permitted to remain in the system.

The new energy men and women feel before one bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin has been used up is proof of how much the system needs this help.

Get a bottle of this delicious syrup and let it end that constant worry about the condition of the bowels. Spare the children those bilious days that make them miserable. Save your household from the use of cathartics which lead to chronic constipation. And guard against auto-intoxication as you grow older.

Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin is such a well known preparation you can get it wherever drugs are sold and it isn't expensive.

## TEACHERS BRIDGE CLUB

The Teachers Bridge Club was entertained recently by Miss Mary Traynham Wyche. Miss Ada Edmonds held high club score and Mrs. Howard Pruden high for guests. Miss Carrie Faulconer was given handkerchiefs as guest of honor. A salad course was served at ten-thirty. The tables were made up of the following players: Misses Martha Craddock, Hart Sheridan, Virginia Blount, Eunice Hoyle, Ada Edwards, Omara Daniels, Ruth Chapman, Elizabeth Tait, Eunice Kimbrough, Cassie and Josephine Carty, Lucille Carlon, Marjorie Caldwell, Vernie Hiddins, Susan Holliday, Margie Cannon. Mrs. Heath Lee, Mrs. Howard Pruden and Miss Carrie Faulconer of Tappahonock, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Steinberg and Miss Gladys Steinberg spent the week-end in Durham, N. C.

The depression has reduced the number of telephones in New York.

## Thinks Pay Too High



Congressman-elect Terry Carpenter of Nebraska, says the \$10,000 salary is too much and prevents Congressman from seeing a true picture of the people's needs. He goes to Washington on March 4.

It is difficult to go into a New York home these days without seeing a jig-saw puzzle spread out on some table—usually half finished. New puzzles appear every week.

## TOWN TALK

Ralph Deal of Charlotte was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. J. H. Vries has been spending in Newsoms, Va. with her daughter Mrs. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Starke and children spent Tuesday in Henderson, N. C.

## MISS CARLTON HOSTESS

Miss Lucille Carlon was hostess to the Monday Night Bridge Club on January 23rd. The winner of the high score for the evening was Mrs. Howard Pruden. A salad course was served at ten-fifteen.

Those present were: Mesdames Julian Allsbrook, Carroll Wilson, Howard Pruden, Cooper Grizzard, George Hayes, Paul Heydenrich, Frank Hawley, Frances Patterson, Misses Margaret Clark, Ruth Transou, Elizabeth Bagley and Margie Cannon.

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