

CERTAIN-TEED ROOFING

No. 2 Certain-teed Roofing
No. 3 Certain-teed Roofing
Major Slate

No. 1 Guard Roofing
No. 2 Guard Roofing
No. 3 Guard Roofing

Certain-teed Shingles

WE COVER YOUR WANTS BY COVERING YOUR ROOFS

J. A. TAYLOR

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTOR

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

From the midst of the mess and menace called "The Near Eastern Question," and weary of writing upon the political phases of it all, I turn with relief for a steady look at a Man—one of the huge, heroic figures of history—who greatly fulfilled his destiny in an hour as critical as the present. Because he was a man for his own time, John the Baptist has become a man for the ages.

No phase of contemporary affairs is more appalling than the dearth of adequate men. Since the first of the year I have been in Europe and the Near East, dealing with the men who are responsible for official action in this period of human affairs; and only one man of the whole company has even slightly impressed me as being of a stature commensurate with the task. He is Prime Minister Stambouli, of Bulgaria, "the peasant premier," who is sneered at by the fault-finding but fustian diplomats as "uncouth" and as primitive. Hordes of professional office-holders know the etiquette of statecraft; and are skilled in the machinery and the arts of government; but where are the men of brains and character and vision, there seem to be almost none. Are we in the era of the apothosis of the commonplace? Shrewd and sophisticated and conscienceless politicians we have in plenty, but where are the men of straight sight, clear convictions, sure courage, and passionate devotion to the right and to the welfare of the world? Truly, this is a time to study the John the Baptist type.

An imprudent Hero
Of guile and prudence the world has an over-supply today. Perhaps it is because I am writing in Bible lands, where the "safety first" principle has been carried to most extreme lengths, that I express myself tellingly upon the need for an outspoken, conviction and courage that is even reckless. Prudence is a minor virtue of second-rate souls; all the truly great have some things of the kind which the Baptist, who defiantly flung his challenge and his message and his life straight into the teeth of a soft, self-indulgent and pleasure-seeking time. He had looked so long upon the face of truth that he had no fear of the face of man. He was more concerned about being true than about being polite. There was too much ceremonial politeness in his world, and too little rugged honesty.

It is easier to admire a hero than to emulate him. The price of freedom and courage is willingness to live in the desert and to wear camel's hair and a leather girdle and to feed upon locusts and wild honey. If a young man or young woman must have the luxuries of an expensive home, and the table dainties of the age, then he or she automatically is cut off for any sort of John the Baptist career. Such a one may be good, but necessarily ineffective. The task of being truth's herald, and God's sent messenger, is for some sturdier soul. Ability to forego and to endure is the first requisite of great living. The keen wife of a clergyman once said, "Mrs. Blank used to come to our missionary meetings in the latest mode, and urge us to sacrifice for missions; but somehow our women were never moved by her." No truth ever grips until it becomes incarnated in a man or woman.

The Inscription At Angora
Recently, at Angora, the remote interior capital of the new Turkish nation, I saw the Augustinian inscription on an elaborate surviving record upon marble walls of the honor and acts of the Roman emperor who reigned when Jesus was born. Other inscriptions in abundance may be seen in Angora, as, indeed, throughout Anatolia. Most of them mean nothing to the average person; the men glorified have been forgotten for hundreds and thousands of years. In this same category are the Roman officials enumerated by Luke, as he dates the beginning of John the Baptist's ministry, in our lesson chapter: "Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being Governor of Judaea, Herod Tetrarch of Ituraea and Trachonitis, and Lysanias Tetrarch of Abilene, during the High-priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas, a message from God came to John the son of Zechariah, in the desert."

How big these officials all were in their day—and now they are only remembered because of their relationship to a rugged wilderness preacher, and to a carpenter's Son! It is a study in relative values and eternal worth. The important clause in this official enumeration by Luke, and the one justifying the rest, is "a message from God came to John." That is the great thing. We date our calendars by events of this sort. When God speaks to a receptive soul, then things happen. Emperors and satellites become puny alongside of the man who has heard God speaking to him.

That was John's equipment. It was his adequate substitute for a theological course. It qualified him to stand before kings without blanching. To speak, one must first hear; the reason deaf persons are mutes is simply because they have not heard; which is a

fact with a profound spiritual analogy. We may hold conferences and write books and issue statements until we are weary, concerning the spiritual situation of our era; but nothing will ever really come of it until individual men and women have clearly heard the voice of God in their own spirits. This is the distinctive teaching of the Quakers; would that they might practice and proclaim it to all the churches. No other fitness or urge is of any real avail until it can be written, "a message from God came to John"—and to Henry and to Robert and to Thomas and to Mary and to Jane and to Margaret.

Religion and the City Drift
One of the loveliest spots in Palestine is the village where John the Baptist is supposed to have been born. It is only a short distance from Jerusalem; and John's father was engaged in the temple; but the young man did not go to the big city. He went into the wilderness. One wonders whether our modern slump from spirituality and morality has any relation to the recent overwhelming drift of life away from the country into the cities. City life irons out individuality; it makes conformists of even strong personalities. Our civilization is conventionalized to death. What makes "society" stale, flat and unprofitable is that it has lost the tang of originality and freshness. A pall of deadly sameness lies over it. Dame Grundy is the tyrant of the city, and she rules it to the tune of "Everybody's Doing It!" "hey Say!" and "What Will People Think!" and "It's the way it's being done now!" are the laws of the bandar-log in the jungles of the big cities. There is a sad significance in the recent sale or tenancy of thousands of books of etiquette. Myriads of us are more afraid of being unfashionable than of being unrighteous. That is the brand of the city upon us.

Out in the country it is easier and more natural to be religious. God seems a near neighbor in the wide spaces out of doors. In town a man may easily be an atheist, but not in the big woods. Prophets grow in the desert, from the days of Elijah and John and Jesus and Paul down to Mohammed. Let us face away from the city for our sense of true and permanent values. When God wanted to show the heavens opened to the beloved apostle he took him away from the clamorous city of Ephesus, to the lonely, rocky isle of Patmos. A short time ago I traveled over the region of Paul's journeys in Asia Minor, and of the Seven Churches of Asia (which is largely the territory covered by last year's Greek retreat) and I saw so much that was heart-rending that I went to Patmos for a corrective vision of things; and I confess that I longed to stay for a time in the quiet of the monastery.

When John the Baptist had got his message in the wilderness the crowds flocked out to him from the cities. It is not a bigger and better pulpit that most preachers need, but a clearer message. Often I saw in Dr. Jowett's church in New York city men from distant cities who had traveled far, as I myself had done, to hear a word straight from the book and mind of God.

The Man Who Was Inadequate
A striking truth about this hairy, rugged, romantic figure from the desert, John the Baptist, is that he himself was not adequate for his time, and he knew it. As this lesson is taught all over the world tens of thousands of teachers will stress the thought that our day's need is for a John the Baptist. To say this is to miss the point of the narrative. We need herald-prophets, it is true; but only as heralds. John's greatness consisted in his seeing clearly the world's need of a Greater than himself. He had not the remedy for the sickness of his world; but he pointed to One who had. He was but a signboard on the way to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

This prostrate humanity of today, whose illness seems to baffle all the political and social physicians of civilization, can only be cured by the Healer foretold by John. It needs repentance and contrition—the two notes that seem lacking from all the clamor of walling that rises from Europe and Asia—but it needs most of all the salvation which is the gift of Christ alone. It is not reconstruction that we need, but redemption as redemption. So the call is for prophets, after the fashion of John the Baptist, who will point to the new social era (as he did point) by way of the Saviour. An altered clearly the lives from transformed souls. And that healing comes to those whom some forerunner has introduced to Jesus Christ.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS
Reason is our don't's left hand, Faith is her right.—John Donne.

The secret of success lies in the man and not in the stuff he works on.—Bradford Torrey.

The man who is able to look down and see the part of him capable of dis-

CALVE AS GUIDE TO AMERICAN GIRLS



Mme. Emma Calve, noted soprano (right), conducts American pupils studying at her chateau through the summer on a daily promenade through Paris.

appointment lying beneath him, is far more blessed than he who rejoices in the fulfillment of his desires.—George Masdonald.

Deeper than chords that search the soul and die,
Mocking to ashes color's hot array—
Closer than touch—within our hearts they lie—
The words we do not say!
—Martha G. Dickinson.

Love never falleth.—I Cor. 13:8.
Oh, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly day by day,
And help divine implore.
—Anon.

There never was night that had no morn.—D. M. Mulock.

Mrs. Richardson Is Now Improving

The wide circle of friends of Mrs. E. D. Richardson will be glad to learn that she is improving after her late attack of acidosis. Her daughter, Mrs. Valno Cressy, of Wilmington, has been at her bedside constantly.

The relatives and friends of little Jimmie Cressy, Jr., regretted very much that he was unable to participate in the Cressy-Hunter wedding, at which he was to be ring bearer because of his grandmother's illness.

LOCUSTS HAVE FINE PEDIGREE
HARRISBURG, June 30.—A brood of 17-year locusts—in the words of the scientists Brood No. 14 of the periodical cicada—the brood which has appeared at regular intervals in this country since 1874 when the pilgrims discovered the insects in Massachusetts, is making its appearance in Pennsylvania this spring. They are present already in four counties, and are expected in 19 more.

ENGLAND HAS CHEAP GAS
LONDON, June 30.—British chemists have evolved a household gas so harmless that would-be suicides can get no more than a headache from it.

The new gas, which is now in use at Newark-on-Trent, can be produced at about a third of the cost of ordinary

gas. It contains only 1.4 per cent of carbon monoxide, which is the poisonous element in household gas. American gas contains more than 4 per cent of this ingredient.

This new gas gives off a pungent, penetrating odor of such power that it can be detected immediately. In this lies its protective feature.

On High

"CAN YOU BEAT THAT?"
We're taking this old hill on high, and only day before yesterday I had to back down and go half a mile out of my way because I couldn't make it at all! I got to hand it to Joe all right. He told me it wasn't the carburetor or the motor, but just plain leaky piston rings that were to blame all the time. Well, we live and learn."

Now he's learned to ask for Victory Hammered Piston Rings.

FRANK W. PEIFFER,
Wilmington, N. C.

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USE STAR WANT ADS

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Edgar L. Hinton, Mgr.

Special Features at Grace Church Today

Special features will characterize both morning and evening services at Grace Methodist church today.

At the morning service, a tablet honoring the memory of Mrs. Henrietta Watson will be unveiled. Mrs. Watson was for 53 years a member of this church and bequeathed one fourth of her estate to the church.

A patriotic program will feature the evening service. Major W. A. Graham will deliver an address on "An Ex-Soldier's Point of View." This will be followed by a brief address by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Stanbury, on "A National Covenant with God." There will be special music at each service.

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Derrick Boat Black Goes on Cape Fear

The derrick boat, Black, has finished its work on the Black river where it has been for the last two months.

The boat was transferred yesterday to the upper Cape Fear river, at Lock No. 2, seventy-two miles from Wilmington. The work will be down the stream removing logs and snags from the channel along the upper Cape Fear river.



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Walk into any office where the Electric Fans are singing cool breezes and note the smile of content—the smile of efficiency on the happy workers. Is your office a place of drudgery or happy efficiency? Electric Fans will work wonders with your office force during the hot months of the year! You can equip your office at a very low cost with Westinghouse Electric Fans.

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32x4 Wingfoot Cord	24.95	33x5 Wingfoot Cord	40.30
33x4 Wingfoot Cord	25.80	35x5 Wingfoot Cord	42.25

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