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### In The Religious World

#### THE WOMAN WHO SAVED A KING

The International Sunday School Lesson For October 31 is "The Boy Joash Crowned King."--II Kings 11:1-20.  
(By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.)  
The new is ever wrapped up in the old; and the old repeats itself in the new. Today is yesterday come again to life. Because they mirror the essential realities of our own day, these stories of Bible times are closely studied by the Sunday School millions week by week. The intrinsic facts of the case---the who's who among the kings and counselors and warriors---are not of great importance. It is poor pedagogy and bare piety that would require the memorizing of all the names of the Jew-

ish rulers. Even the tangle of kings and queens who pass before us in the present lesson cannot claim very much attention.  
"Clear and distinct two figures stand forth as types, and of eternally contemporaneous interest. The first is a woman, Jehoshaba, wife of the high priest, who saved the boy Joash, who became king, from massacre; and the other is the baby prince himself. All others are but background, for our present purpose.  
A Bad Family Line.  
Like many another youth of our own day, whom the scientists would foredoom to failure, because his heredity is bad, Joash came from stock which, in the immediate past, was mighty poor. His grandmother was the wicked queen Athaliah, daughter

of the infamous Jezebel, wife of Ahab, the king who gave Elijah so much trouble.

Athaliah had slain all the members of the royal family whom she could find, that she herself might sit supreme upon the throne of Judah. We shrink from teaching the story of the Athaliah and Joash to the youth, but they need to know, in preparation for life, that there are such women in the world. More than one boy has come to harm because he supposed all women were as bad as his mother. Thank God, most of them are. But to "see life whole and see it true" we have to reckon with the bad as well as with the good. It does not do to leave the Ahab and Jezebel and Athaliah out of our reckoning.

A few weeks ago some teachers of this lesson might have said, in contemplation of the bloodthirstiness and massacre of this period, that the world has outgrown such cruelties; they belonged to the dark ages. Now, while we write, the soil of the Bible lands is being redden with the blood of hundreds of thousands of Christian Armenians who are being massacred. This is the worst persecution in the history of the Christian Church. The "enlightened" young Turk leaders, educated in Berlin and Paris, are sponsors for atrocious crimes worse than any of the bloody deeds of Abdul Hamid's reign. We hear of Turkish women shooting down Christians from sheer blood-lust and of shepherds on the plains shooting any Armenians who escaped. Evidently it takes something more than the mere passage of years to deliver the human race from cruelty and savagery.

Good Branches of a Bad Tree.  
There is another woman in the story besides Athaliah. Her own daughter, Jehoshaba, was as good as her mother was bad. Like her little nephew, Joash, she seemed to revert to her nobler forebears---Ruth and David and Solomon---for her qualities. She became the wife of Jehoiada, the high priest, and had no part in the bloody politics of the palace.  
If we wonder at the badness of some women, what shall we say about the goodness of others, who, with every temptation, by blood and environment to go wrong, still develop only the qualities of purity, strength and sweetness? Only the angels know the struggle that many girls and women, especially out in the workaday world, have to retain their noblest womanhood. They are the saviors of society. In such families, Jehoshaba stood, in a terrible time, for the divine ideals of justice and mercy.

Her way of saving God and her country was by taking care of a baby boy. We rejoice in all the opportunities for noble self-expression open to women but, after all, her greatest work is the training of a child. If ever she turns aside from that, it will be a black day for her and for the race. When the carnival of cruelty was at its height, and Athaliah was slaying all who had royal blood in their veins, Jehoshaba surreptitiously got possession of the baby prince Joash, only one year old. The eternal mother instinct in her heart warmed to the helpless infant, and at the risk of her life she hid the babe and his nurse for six years in one of the remote rooms of the temple. I wonder how many Armenian babies will be saved from the nation-wide slaughter because some Turkish women are better mothers than they are Moslems? Some, surely.

The Boy for a Crown.  
All the hopes of a nation were staked on the child Joash. Even when he was crowned, there were wisecrackers who wagged their heads and sneered and cried, "Blood will tell

and his blood is bad." These croakery took art slaves and reckoned only with physical strains. But their solicitude was natural. We look about us at the spoiled children of parents who themselves flout all higher laws, and we wonder. Many a man is piling up millions for sons who have not been fitted, by heredity or training, to inherit such responsibilities. I have in mind a boy whose blood was of the best but who, inheriting a million in boyhood and over-indulged, became a wastrel and a grief to his family.

Society as a whole has no greater problem than this one of what our boys and girls are to become. The increased attention paid to the Sunday school, and to the public schools, show how sensible we are of that truth. It is more important to produce a generation of noble men and women than it is to produce vast material wealth. So let us reserve our highest awards for those who have our Joashes in their keeping.

"Say, boys, did you ever stop to think that we're the coming men?" That we've only a few short years to prepare. Ourselves for the work, and then the fate of the world will rest in the hands of those who are boys today. I tell you it makes a fellow feel that he wants to be armed for the fray. We cannot afford to hamper ourselves. With habits that work us harm.

"We need to be true of head and heart. With a steady, strong right arm; We need to be men---real, honest men." With a love of life and its joys. But ever ready to stand for the right. And in order to do that, boys, or else. No, I am not "Preacher Ben!" And don't let's forget in our work or our play. That we are the coming men.

A good mother and a godly training can smash into smithereens all the bad blood ever transmitted. God sends nobody into the world with a bad inheritance. As Henry Van Dyke says, "There are many potential men in every man, and which of them is to emerge, he chooses for himself by a thousand silent, moral preferences." One living Jehoshaba, guiding a boy in the house and law of God, can outweigh fifty Jezebels and Athaliahs. The average public school teacher has more real influence in the world than that of the so-called "society leader," whose picture adorns the newspapers. The godly women whose gentle hands are now shaping the plastic souls of youth are the best allies that God and posterity have on earth today.

Crowning the True King.  
Taking a leaf out of the strategy of King David himself, when he thwarted the plots of an usurper by unsuspectingly crowning the king, Jehoshaba and Jehoiada adopted the simple expedient of producing the young prince of the blood royal, and crowning him before ever wicked Athaliah could bring her forces to bear to prevent. This bold, swift stroke succeeded, as boldness usually does. Of course, there had to be loyal spirits to assist. Here again, we confront the truth, taught to Elijah's servant by a vision of the heavenly host, God always has His allies. The friends of right and religion stand ready to rally in an hour of need. As there were soldiers and saints quick to co-operate in the coronation of Joash, and to surround him with

their swords and shields, so there are a great host of fearless patriots and Christians today upon whom God can count in any emergency.  
The ruse succeeded. Joash was invested with the crown of his father, and with the hold oil and with the sacred anointment. In full form and fashion, the boy was made king of Judah. That fact disposed of the wicked Athaliah, who, indeed, was slain straightway. Thus by the wit and courage and godliness and patriotism of one woman, the nation's rightful king was preserved and a better era inaugurated.

GROWING BIGGER AND BETTER.  
Verse Comments on the Uniform Prayer Meeting Topic of the Young People's Societies---Christian Endeavor, etc.---for October 31: "Increase and Efficiency: Two Permanent Christian Endeavor Ideals."--Eph. 4:1-16.  
(By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.)  
The problem stated in the topic is not only the problem of young people's societies of churches, of business men, of work-bigger and better organizations, it is the problem of the individual life. The wide-awake person is constantly bringing himself for self-examination to the bar of such a question: How can he make his life of work bigger and better in a word, how may he grow? When this ceases to be a matter of vital concern to a person, he turns his face towards the graveyard of development and achievement, in the realms of both character and service.

God writes the command "Grow," in every seed and star and creature, but most of all in the human heart. It is His Old Commandment, disobedience to which spells death.

Of all the considerations moving Christians to larger and better work none near so vital to which a spirit is related as the need which calls for increased service. There are four to be fed, sick to be visited, prisoners to be encouraged, gloomy lives to be brightened, ignorant to be taught, lost to be saved, all of which await upon the birth of a boy's ambition in the hearts of those who call themselves disciples of the eager-spirited Jesus.

Life consists in its relationships. Apart from these, what we call life would be mere existence. By the number of other lives, and other interests than self, to which a spirit is related do we measure its worth. He who is sympathetically related to the great, living or dead, we consider great. But nobler of all is the spirit that is attracted to the Infinite. The life best worth living is the life that is in closest relationship with God. Such a one shares the very interflow of the divine nature. Close to God, one cannot be far from all that is most desirable in two worlds.

Press on, and prove the pilgrimage of youth.---Henry Van Dyke.  
The person who dares is God's best tool.  
"Not a day without its line," was Luther's answer when asked how he wrought his wonders of translation. This sort of steady plodding accomplishes more than a multitude of brilliant spurts. "Keeping everlastingly at it" is the way to redeem time.  
What thou livest. Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.  
The person who keeps faith with his God, with himself and with his

duty, has achieved life on the highest plane.  
Learn the lesson that there is nothing that so ennobles and dignifies a common nature as enthusiasm for a great cause.---Alexander MacLaren.  
Progress is a proof of faith.  
Larger vision is the means to larger service. No a society of Christian young people should ever pray, "Lord, increase our faith," for thereby will its work be enlarged and improved.  
Endeavor qualifies. Trying equips. The very effort to achieve fits one for achievement. Power comes not to the passive, who merely wish for it, but to the daring, who undertake new enterprises.  
Growth glorifies God. Every increasing Christian is a testimony to the reality of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We are doing acceptable service for our Master when we are simply growing.  
Each day is a round in the ladder of life leading to perfection.  
After all, it is a power outside of ourselves that makes possible our Christian growth. Only by the Spirit of the Lord can we be changed into the divine image. Dependence upon the Spirit is the first requirement of growth.

"In battling toward the summit, Life achieves its best endeavor, is there hardship?---overcome it! Drop the plummet, lift the lever; Chain the sea and sun and planet; Conquer nature, sullen, sordid; Mine the gold and carve the granite; Pierce with paths the wilds untrodden.  
For the glory's in the gaining, and the gladness in the strife, And the joy of doing something is the robe and crown of life."  
---Anton.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.  
A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this: that when the injury leech on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.---Thibouton.  
A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.---Francis Bacon.  
Scowling and growling will make a man old; Money and fame at the best are beguiling; Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold. Try smiling.---John Eaton Cooke.

Little sins make room for great and one brings in all.---Thomas Edwards.  
His name shall endure forever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun; And men shall be blessed in him; All nations shall call him happy.---Ps. 72:17.  
Then come what will, Prosperity or failure, good or ill, Unknown, or understood, still be adored. Thy ways, O Lord!  
To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.---Robert Louis Stevenson.

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#### PAUL EDWARDS, BLIND, BUT CLEVER VERSIFIER

Mr. Paul Edwards, who lives in Durham county near the city of Durham, is totally blind, but has applied himself to the study of poetry until he has reached the point where he can produce verse that is very creditable. He writes on the typewriter and the work is well done. Below are two poems recently composed by Mr. Edwards, who is a graduate of the State School for the Blind.

WELCOME HOME.  
Welcome, you wanderers, welcome,  
Back to the Red, White and Blue,  
O'er you, your flag is now waving,  
Welcoming, welcoming you.  
Once were your souls sad and clouded,  
Clouded by Europe's great wrong,  
Once surged the ocean between us,  
Now, sounds the welcoming song.  
Foreign artillery may thunder,  
Europe be broken in twain;  
Now, that the children of Freedom  
Gather together again.

Welcome, you wanderers welcome,  
Back to the Red, White and Blue;  
Brothers, the blood of your fathers  
Brings freedom's blessings to you.  
---Paul Edwards.  
(This poem was written at the beginning of the European war when so many Americans were abroad.)

THE MESSAGE OF THE KATYDID.  
Spring develops into Summer,  
June's bright days have passed us  
by;  
With its pleasant nights, now length-  
ening,  
Comes the summer month July.  
Still the world is filled with beauty;  
Still birds from the tree-tops sing,  
And the flowers who earth's Ruler  
Made not Summer always King.

Hark a sound from yonder branches  
Of the tall tree towering there,  
A sound of dead boughs, long and leafless,  
---Mourning in the wintry air.  
This is Katydid, the Prophet,  
Saying in a language wild,  
"Summer surely turns to winter,  
As old age comes to the child."

"Three months' time, and three months only  
Shall see summer fair and sweet;  
Then shall come the sad destruction,  
Fragrant flowers frost shall meet."  
And the wise accept the warning,  
Flying on to warmer lands;  
Ah! the flowers are destroyed  
By Old Winter's icy hands.  
Still, he sings his solemn message  
Till the frost falls thick and white;  
Then, is Katydid's dull music  
Silent in the choir of night.  
---Paul Edwards.

ACID JOKE CAUSES DEATH  
New York World.  
Anthony Falis, 15 years, of 115 Forest avenue, Brooklyn, is dead in St. Catherine's Hospital from sulphuric acid burns received in the factory of the Taylor Instrument Company, 84 Evergreen avenue.  
Two boys have been arrested in connection with the death of Falis, which, it is said, resulted from a "joke" by fellow employees in the factory.  
Falis was employed at a machine, making therometer bulbs. He left it briefly and other boys sprinkled acid on the chair. When Falis returned and sat down the acid burned him terribly. He died after a night of agony.



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