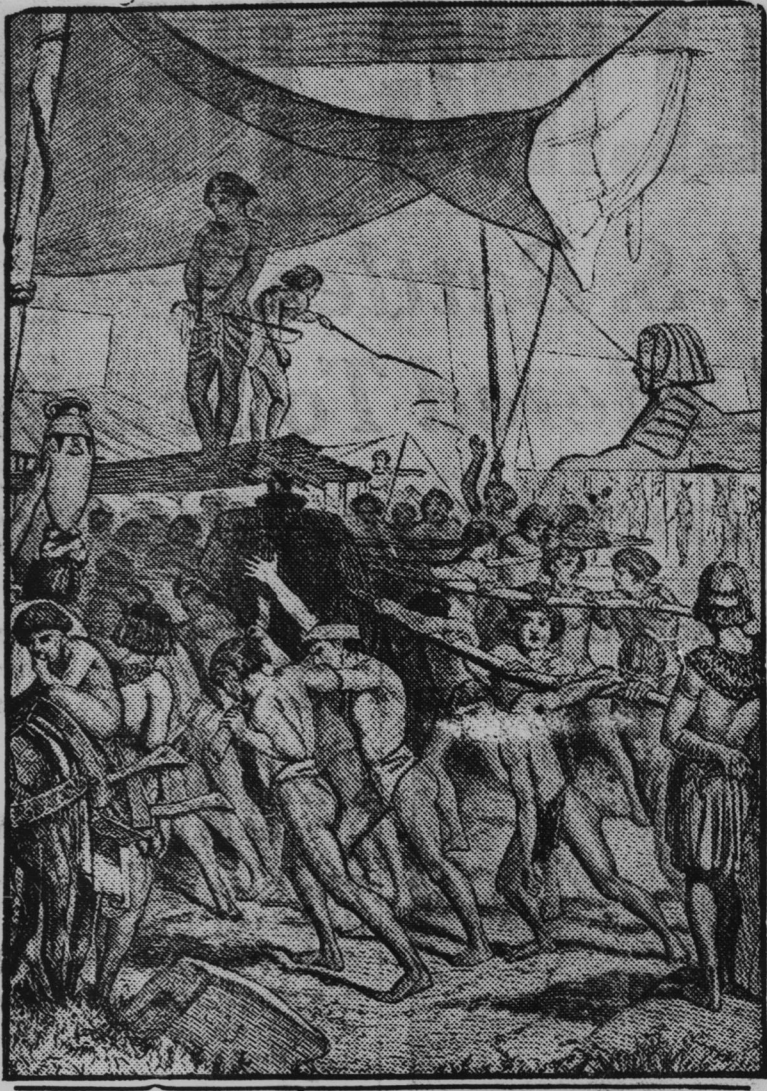


God Hears a People's Cry
THE WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Golden Text



Isaiah 65:24—'Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

By DR. ALVIN E. BELL
(The International Uniform Lesson on the above topic for July 4, the first in a three months' course on 'God in the Making of a Nation,' is Exodus 1:1-22; 2:22-25, the Golden Text being Isaiah 65:24, 'Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

THE MESSAGE of Exodus is evident in its name. It relates the 'going out' of a nation of slaves from the land of Egypt, where they and their ancestors had been in bondage for more than four centuries.

The Message of Exodus
Its message may be summed up in three great words our own national history, viz., 'Slavery, Emancipation, Reconstruction'; or, speaking in terms of geography, the three words are 'Egypt, Red Sea, Sinai,' and these suggest three other terms, 'The Ten Plagues, the Passover, the Ten Commandments.'

Moses the Hero of Exodus.
The great character of Exodus is Moses. The book relates the history of Israel during the 40 years of his preparation in the palace of Pharaoh and the 40 years of further preparation as shepherd in the very wilderness in which his 40 years of active national service were to be spent in reconstructing a horde of slaves into a conquering nation.

A Theocratic Nation.
This nation's ruler was to be Jehovah; its constitution was the Law given on Mt. Sinai; its central national shrine was the Tabernacle; its bond of unity was the spiritual worship of the one true God, and its national hope was the 'Prophecy like unto Moses,' whose blood would be shed for the spiritual emancipation of the

Today's Games

- PIEDMONT LEAGUE
Portsmouth at Winston Salem.
Rocky Mount at Durham.
Richmond at Norfolk.
Asheville at Charlotte.
AMERICAN LEAGUE
New York at Washington.
Philadelphia at Boston.
Chicago at St. Louis.
Detroit at Cleveland.
NATIONAL LEAGUE
Brooklyn at Philadelphia.
Pittsburgh at Chicago.
Boston at New York.
St. Louis at Cincinnati.

Results

- PIEDMONT LEAGUE
Durham 1; Rocky Mount 8.
Norfolk 8; Richmond 6.
Charlotte 10; Asheville 3.
Winston-Salem 0; Portsmouth 7.
AMERICAN LEAGUE
Philadelphia 4; Boston 8.
New York 3; Washington 8.
Chicago 2; St. Louis 4.
Only games played.
NATIONAL LEAGUE
Brooklyn 3; Philadelphia 0.
Boston 2; New York 6.
Pittsburgh 7; Chicago 8.
Only games played.

Then there was the jail keeper who heard noises at night and, thinking it was the prisoners singing, wondered what tune it was. He found out the next day—it was the 'Prisoners Sawing.'

God Hears a People's Cry

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Scripture—Exodus 1:1-22; 2:23-25



After Joseph's death his service to the Egyptians was soon forgotten. New rulers came who enslaved Joseph's people forcing them under cruel task-masters to till their fields and build their cities.



To prevent the Israelites from multiplying their orders were given to drown their baby babies in the River Nile. At Moses' birth his mother made a tiny ark of papyrus daubed with slime and hid him in this by the brink of the river.



Moses' sister, Miriam, a girl of about fourteen years of age, stood afar off to guard the precious ark hidden among the bulrushes, and to give her baby brother any attention that he might need.



The daughter of Pharaoh, the ruler, with some of her maids, came to the river to bathe, found the baby and decided to adopt it. Miriam suggested getting a Hebrew woman as nurse and brought her own mother to the princess (GOLDEN TEXT—Isaiah 65:24.)

What's Doing in the Churches

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. James A. Jones, pastor.
9:45 a. m., The Church School. A. S. Watkins, general superintendent. Services of worship and classes for Bible study for every age group. A sincere welcome to all.
11 a. m., The morning worship. Subject: 'Handling Life's Allegiances,' with the sermon by the pastor. The choir will sing as an anthem 'A Song of Peace,' by Sibelius.
8 p. m., The first of the union evening worship services will be held in the First Methodist Protestant church. The sermon will be preached by Rev. James A. Jones.

FIRST METHODIST.
Rev. Robert E. Brown, pastor.
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m., J. W. Sanders, superintendent.
Sermon by pastor at 11 a. m., 'The First Fourth.'
No evening service; all are invited to attend the union service at the M. P. church. Rev. J. A. Jones will deliver the sermon.
Monday 4 p. m., Lucy Closs Parker missionary society will meet with Mrs. J. H. Cheatham.
Monday night at 8 o'clock stewards meeting, J. C. Mann, chairman, in charge.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night 8 o'clock.
Vacation Bible school begins July

12, M. E. and M. P. churches cooperating. Rev. T. J. Whitehead, director of the school, sessions to be held at M. E. church, details to be announced later.
Senior Young People Assembly begins Monday at Lenoir College. Intermediate Assembly begins Friday at Lenoir College.
FIRST METHODIST PROTESTANT
Rev. T. J. Whitehead pastor.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School, A. H. Nuckles, Superintendent.
11:00 Morning worship service with sermon—Sermon subject: 'Christian Patriotism.'
7:15 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
8:00 The first union service of the churches of Henderson will be held in our church at this time. Rev. James A. Jones will bring the message at this service. We invite the people of the city to unite with us in this joint service of worship.

HOLY INNOCENTS EPISCOPAL.
Rev. I. W. Hughes, rector.
Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
9:45 a. m. Church school and Young Women's Bible Class.
10 a. m. Men's Bible Class.
11 a. m. Holy Communion.
8 p. m. Evening Prayer.
St. John's Mission, North Henderson 2 p. m. Holy Communion and Sermon.

FIRST BAPTIST.
Rev. Albert S. Hale, pastor.
Worship somewhere tomorrow—with us if you will.
Sunday school opens 9:45 a. m. Attendance last Sunday 390.
Morning worship service with celebration of the Lord's Supper 11 o'clock.
Monthly meeting of board of deacons immediately after the morning service.
No evening service in our church. Our people are invited to attend the union service to be held at the First Methodist Protestant church. Rev. James A. Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, will be the preacher for the service.
WEST END BAPTIST
Rev. E. R. Nelson, pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. W. H. Perry, superintendent.
Worship at 8 p. m. Preaching by the pastor.
Everybody is invited to these services.
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL-CHRISTIAN
Rev. J. Everette Neese, pastor.
9:45 a. m. Sunday School. John Allen Hall, superintendent.
Make Sunday the day it should become to Sunday School and bring the children.
11:00 a. m. Morning worship service. Sermon by the pastor using as his sub

ject 'God Call To Service.' We invite you to come and worship with us.
7:15 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor. F. M. Harvard, Supt. All boys and girls who enjoy activity and real worship are invited to attend.
8:00 p. m. Evening worship service. The evening message will be delivered by Rev. Emmanuel Hedgepeth. Student Summer Service worker for the Eastern North Carolina Conference. His subject will be 'Living Abundantly.'
Our doors are always open to those who desire to worship.
CITY ROAD-WHITE MEMORIAL
M. E.
Rev. H. C. Rickard, pastor.
City Road—Church School 10 a. m., Wesley Adams, superintendent.
Holy Communion will be observed at 11 a. m.
Young People's service at 6:45 p. m.
Preaching at 7:45 p. m. by the pastor, subject, 'The Greater Patriotism.' White Memorial—Church school at 9:45 a. m.
Young People's service at 6:45 p. m.
May we worship the Lord in his holy temple this Sunday.
Library Closed.
The H. Leslie Perry Memorial Library will be closed Monday in observance of July 4.

Standings

Table with columns: Team, W, L, Pct. Rows include Piedmont League (Asheville, Norfolk, Charlotte, Portsmouth, Rocky Mount, Richmond, Durham, Winston Salem), American League (New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Cleveland, Washington, St. Louis, Philadelphia), and National League (Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia).



CHAPTER 33
GARRETT lost no time. He never had met anyone like Marcia before, and he resolved to waste no precious days of her friendship. With a somewhat shamefaced grin, he stepped in the club florist's on the way to his office.
'You have no other bouquet, maybe so?' queried Nobu, the little Japanese girl who helped him on the infrequent occasions when he came to buy flowers.
'No. Something for a lady,' he answered rather quickly to cover his embarrassment, then began to search busily among the bright flowers on display.
'Is she orchid lady, or maybe gardenia?' she asked tentatively.
'No. This girl is different, Nobu. Sort of a crinoline.'
'Gen-u-line?' the tiny clerk said slowly, trying to catch the unfamiliar term.
'That's it. That's it—genuine!' Garrett was immensely pleased over the little incident. Convinced that Nobu had second sight or uncommon intuition, he urged, 'Now you help me find something for her?'
With a quick nod the girl vanished into the cool dark interior of the shop, and soon returned with some tiny pink rose buds, with lilies of the valley.
'You like?' she smiled expansively, sure of his approval. When he nodded in relief, she bobbed a quick curtsy and then brought him a card. With a great show of indifference, Garrett went to the desk, and devoted himself to the unaccustomed task of penning a romantic note to a lady.
Suddenly, it seemed that he never had had such an important or such a difficult note to write. If Nobu had been an American, she would have smiled at his intense concentration. Being an impressive Oriental, she merely waited patiently till he handed her the folded card and hastily left the shop.
He was back in a moment, full of embarrassment.
'I forgot to tell you,' he apologized. 'Send the flowers to Miss Marcia Madden, 827 South Multern drive. And rush them.'
Marcia was just leaving her apartment in mid-morning when the messenger called. Soft color flooded her cheeks when the boy handed her the elaborate box, and she thought tenderly of Sandy. How sweet of him to remember her on a busy Monday!
She unwrapped the box quickly, then lifted the card from the quaint little bouquet. Disappointed, then surprised pleasure were reflected on her face as she read Garrett's laborious note: 'To the Crinoline Lady—Hoops for you, and whoops for me now that I've met you. May I see you tonight on a matter of great importance? Remember me? I'm—Garrett Warren.'

Love is for Tomorrow
By VIRGINIA SCALLON
RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
CHAPTER 33
IT WAS June 1st. Marcia had been working with Garrett Warren for almost two months—days which had been profitably spent from a professional point of view at least. Her technique had improved tremendously, and while it was still too early to tell how popular her work was to become, still she had won the confidence of the executives of Garrett's firm. After the revealing interview at the radio audition, Marcia had resigned herself to accepting more and more of Garrett's attentions. Some days she worked until late in his office, then allowed him to take her to dinner or a theater afterwards.
Garrett was sensitive enough to realize something under the surface had upset Marcia. Since that same night when he had joined her at the audition, he had noticed that she seemed to throw herself even more desperately into her work—and to accept him personally upon a different basis. He remembered their first talk on the beach at Malibu when Marcia's veiled talk of crinolines and men had revealed some underneath struggle between love and her work.
After they'd finished working that night, he took her gently by the hand. 'You mustn't overdo it, my dear,' he told her. 'You've been working like a demon these last few days. Look as pale and frail as a lily.'
'You forget. Lilies toil not, neither do they spin. And I seem to do nothing else,' she said, wearily pushing her hair back from her forehead. Summer had come early that year, and the blistering hot day had left her enervated. Her starched blue blouse had wilted, and the white linen suit she'd chosen for coolness was a mass of wrinkles. Garrett's eyes smiled in sympathy at the crumpled picture she presented.
'You know, you needn't work so hard. In fact I forbid it,' suddenly his emotions burst the dams he had so carefully built. 'Oh, Marcia—can't you see how I love you, want you? Working with you all day and playing through these long evenings, I've known for a long time that you were the only woman for me. I didn't want to speak, for I felt that there was someone else. But now—'
'Now there's no one,' she said with bitter finality. 'Let the man I cared for slip through my fingers while I stretched them up to snatch falling stars,' she said dramatically. 'Gary, I was afraid of this, afraid you might misinterpret our friendship. I was so lonely I welcomed being with you, and now I've hurt you, too!'
Garrett was furious with himself for hurrying the girl, when his own intuition had told him her heart was too crowded with worry. He hastily soothed her. 'It's not your fault, Marcia dear. And I'm not going to give you a chance to say no right yet. You're just beginning to find yourself now; maybe the right answer will come pretty soon.'

Marcia put her hand into his. 'Can't we just stay friends?' she begged. 'Without realizing how much selfishness in keeping him by her side under those terms, she pleaded, "I need you so, Gary." This was small solace for a man who wanted her whole heart, but Garrett wisely appeared to agree. 'Of course, dearest. Remember once I told you I was destined to be an old dog Tray? Well, you'll see. Just don't be afraid of my bark!'
He took her home directly from the office, fearing to trust himself with her any longer that night. Although he refused to be discouraged by her reaction, he regretted his impetuous haste in revealing his love.
After he had left, Marcia busied herself in the kitchen. She had been too hot and tired to enjoy her lunch that day, and she was desperately hungry. Raiding the ice box she found fruits for a salad, and despite the warmth of the evening, she brewed a fragrant pot of tea. Remembering the axioms of 'Live Alone and Like It,' she put on her most attractive Chinese tea robe and took her tray in to the window seat. There she found it pleasant to eat, and as she relaxed she began to regain her equilibrium.
She had been startled, though not surprised, by Gary's proposal. With woman's intuition, she had felt the man was nearing a declaration of some kind, and tried to forestall it. If only Sandy could have been saying those words to her! Viciously, she thought of Paula and wished she had her slim white throat between her own capable hands.
If Marcia could have seen Paula at that moment, she would have had even more cause to fume, for the young artist was still working under the electric lights of Sandy's office, and Sandy himself was checking budgets just a few feet away.
While he was totally unconscious of her presence, she was vitally aware of his every move. When she saw him jump up and start pacing the floor anxiously, she came to the door.
'Why don't you relax, Sandy?' she asked solicitously.
'Can't. I'm trying to see where the results justify spending all that money on advertising in that particular magazine. I've checked and double checked, and it means a foolish expenditure to me—yet Ralston insists on including it in his budget.'
'Well, he's boss, and you still get your 15 per cent,' she said with a shrug that shifted the responsibility to Ralston. 'I think it's about time we closed up shop; I'm desperately tired tonight.'