

Christian Love

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Alfred J. Buescher

Scripture—Lev. 19:17, 18, 33, 34; Deut. 6:4, 5; Matt. 22:35-38; John 8:16, 13:34, 35; 1 Cor. 13.



"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. I am the Lord."



"The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself," saith the Lord.



One of the Pharisees that was a lawyer asked Jesus a question, tempting Him, and saying, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?"



"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another. By this men shall know that ye are My disciples." —GOLDEN TEXT—1 John 4:19

CHRISTIAN LOVE

"BRASS TACKS" ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By NEWMAN CAMPBELL.
The international Uniform Lesson for today is a subject that runs through the whole Bible, from the Old to the New Testament and our references are, in consequence, taken from both.

In Leviticus, the third book in the Bible, the Lord commands the people of Israel, through Moses, as they

their new home which God had promised them.

"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him."

"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. I am the Lord."

These words were written in the book of Leviticus back in 1400 or 1500 B. C. and how applicable they are to us today. Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart; thou shalt not bear any grudge; thou shalt not avenge; but shalt love thy neighbor.

Why should we love God? Because He first loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Golden Text



Head of Christ

"We love, because He first loved us."—1 John 4:19.

That night was this: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

SUNNYFIELD FLOUR FOR PANCAKES
4 20-OUNCE PACKAGES 25c

ANN PAGE BLENDED SYRUP 12-OZ. BOT. 15c

NUTS
PECANS lb. 19c
BRAZILS lb. 23c
WALNUTS lb. 23c

IONA 24 LB. BAG 77c

MARVEL BREAD 1 1/2 LB. LOAF 11c

8 O'CLOCK MILD & MELLOW COFFEE 2 1-LB. BAGS 39c

BEANS
WITH PORK AND TOMATO SAUCE—NO. 1
Ann Page 4 CANS 25c

CHEESE
FRESH DAISY LB. 31c

PRESERVES
ASSORTED FLAVORS 1 LB. JARS 19c

SPAGHETTI
PREPARED NO. 1 CAN 3 FOR 20c

FRUIT CAKE INGREDIENTS
CITRUS PEEL lb. 43c
ORANGE OR LEMON PEEL lb. 35c
CURRANTS, 2 - 8 oz. pkgs. 15c
AAP RAISINS 15 oz. pkg. 10c
CHERRIES OR PINEAPPLE lb. 39c

Fruits and Vegetables

String Beans FRESH TENDER LB. 10c

Red Bliss Potatoes NEW 4 LBS. 25c

ORANGES NICE SIZE—JUICY DOZ. 21c

Grapefruit LARGE SIZE EACH 5c

LETTUCE FIRM HEADS EACH 8c

SPINACH FRESH GREEN LB. 10c

GRAPES EMPEROR 3 LBS. 25c

CELERY LARGE SIZE SIZE—CRISP EACH 13c

Quality Meats

BACON SUNNYFIELD SLICED LB. 33c

HAMS SUNNYFIELD CURED LB. 29c

Rump Roast SUPER-RIGHT LB. 33c

SAUSAGE PURE PORK HOME MADE LB. 25c

Pork Roast LOIN ENDS UP TO 3 1/2 LBS. LB. 25c

OYSTERS BALTIMORE MEDIUM SEALED PINTS 33c

HAMS JORDAN'S VIRGINA PEPPER COATED LB. 43c

Pan Trout OR BUTTERFISH LB. 10c

Mackerel SPANISH LB. 17c

A Maid in Manhattan
by ALLEN EPPES

CHAPTER NINETEEN

ROY LEFT a moment later, full of thoughts about the girl he had discovered—the girl who was living up so beautifully to all his dreams of what Miss Typical Farmer's Daughter should be.

Irene found him sitting at his desk, gazing into space, when she came in with some papers for him to sign.

"Pardon me if I snatch you back to the present," she said.

Roy jumped.

"Oh, hello, Irene!" he said. He got busy with some letters. "I was sitting here thinking, trying to figure out how—"

"How farmer girls click," said Irene. "I know."

"Nothing of the sort. I was—"

"You were thinking about farms and farmers' daughters," said Irene. "Mama knows. Mama can read papa's silly mind at times. She's reading it now."

"Now listen, Irene," Roy said. "There's no need of your taking that sort of an attitude. We've all got to co-operate, and see that Susan gets—"

"Launched," said Irene. "I've heard that before."

With this parting remark, she turned and walked out.

Roy gazed after her, wondering, wondering, wondering.

Irene Carter, the typical Manhattan maiden, and Susan Farmer, the typical girl from the farm, Irene . . . Susan, Susan . . . Irene. He went on wondering.

While down near Ardendale, Fred Mosher was also doing some wondering.

He had stopped his car near the cottage in Magnolia lane, and was staring up at the unoccupied, vine-covered, and perfectly charming house, wondering if the time would ever come when he and Susan would be living there together.

In his imagination he saw Susan now, waving to him from first one window and then another. He pictured her in the perfectly-appointed kitchen preparing a meal, in the bedroom making up the bed—

Singing . . . working. The perfect housewife.

"Oh, the devil and Tom Walker!" he said half aloud. "Why in heck did she have to go and enter that darn-foot contest?"

He got no answer.

And somewhat wearily he started the car, and drove back to town.

It was 10 o'clock the next morning when Susan Farmer's telephone bell rang.

She hurried to answer it.

"Hello," she said, with an interjection in her voice.

"Hello," came the reply. "This is Irene Carter speaking. I'm downstairs with the milk."

"With the what?"

"The milk for the interview," said Irene. "May I come up?"

"Of course."

"Mrs. Jones was supposed to act as your hostess," Irene informed her. "But she didn't sleep so well last night. Mr. Jones asked me to take her place. I hope you don't mind."

"Certainly not," said Susan. "Come on up. I've been awake for hours."

Irene lost no time. And a few moments later she was entering Susan's suite.

Susan gazed and stared when she saw that there were half a dozen men with her, all carrying buckets, bottles, baskets, flowers, dishes and a long narrow table.

"What on earth!" she exclaimed.

"The party begins," said Irene. "I'm here with everything, even the milk bar."

"The which?"

"The milk bar. It's an idea of our ingenious Mr. Roy Leonard." Irene turned to the men. "All right, gentlemen, park your loads. Put the long table over by the window. It's to serve as a bar, and what-will-you-have."

The men grinned.

One of them, a waiter, began to spread a tablecloth over the table; another one worked quickly and expertly, arranging dishes, glasses and vases.

All Susan could do was watch, fascinated.

Presently the living room of her suite looked like a combination cocktail lounge and barge-hall.

"That will be all for the present," Irene said. "And thanks a lot, until you're better paid. Dainty Diana Dairies will see that tips are forthcoming."

The men filed out.

Susan shook her head wonderingly.

"I never saw such efficiency in all my life," she said. "I don't believe my Grandmother Farmer could have handled men any better than you did."

"Thanks," said Irene. "I take it you're paying me a compliment."

"Of course I am," said Susan.

"My Grandmother Farmer was the personification of efficiency. She could play a lot of necessary, and get more work out of a man in ten minutes than lots of people could get out of him in an hour."

"Slavedriver, I see."

"No, she wasn't, either," said Susan. "My Grandmother Farmer didn't believe in slavery, although she said it was none of the darned Yankees' business if she kept them or not."

"She sounds like something out of 'Come With the Wind.'"

"She was like that," said Susan.

"She said the only reason the Yankees objected to the southerners keeping slaves was because they made a success of them, and they couldn't. If the Yankees could have kept slaves up in the cold country, they'd have done it, don't worry."

Irene shrugged.

"Suppose we come out of the Civil War period, and look over what we have here," she said.

Susan followed her over to the long table, and stood looking at a row of milk bottles, all bearing the legend "Dainty Diana Dairies, Grade AA." She glanced up at Irene.

"Goodness me, I never heard of double-A grade," she said.

"Ah," said Irene, "but you don't know the Dainty Diana Dairies cows."

"Do you mean," Susan asked, "that the reporters are to be served milk instead of—of—something stronger?"

"There's something stranger if they want it," said Irene. "But Roy thought having the milk around would lend atmosphere—since you're a farmer's daughter, and one usually associates such people with cows and milk, cat it?"

"Yes," said Susan, not especially pleased. "I get it."

"You've an idea, however," Irene went on. "That milk punch will be the result. Knowing reporters as I do, I count on them mixing the milk and the eye, and having themselves a time." She began opening a package. "Cigaretts," she said, "on the house."

"Goodness me!" said Susan, "all this FREE and cigarettes, too?"

"Yes, my lamb. It's publicity, you know. Supposed to pay tenfold in the end. Here, give me a hand with these smokes and ashtrays."

Susan did so. Irene went on talking.

"The interviewers will probably ask you a lot of silly questions," she said. "But keep your head. We hope to get quite a bit of newspaper space as a result. By the way, give 'em honey stories. Miss Farmer. You know, about rural life, and what it has done to you—or you to it."

Susan watched Irene closely. She wondered if the girl suspected her—or if she was like this with everyone. Crisp. Not overly friendly, always saying things that had double meanings, seeming to be on the defensive most of the time.

(To Be Continued)

A new beautiful chapter in the whole thing. We usually think of Paul as a stern, stern man, but the chapter would disprove that theory. Let's see what he had to say.

"Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. Not the gittern, but the man of love, excelled. Words mean little but love, unless they are followed by deeds of goodness."

The man that is wise in worldly things, who can prophesy, who has all worldly knowledge at his finger tips, but has not love, is nothing. St. Paul writes: Even charity without the love of the heart, or martyrdom, will avail us nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil.

"Rejoiceth not in wickedness, but in the truth."

Love "hath all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." It never fails.

"And now, abideth faith, hope, love; but the greatest of these is Love."

Let us remember this, all we who aspire to follow the loving Christ. If we achieve these two things, love to God and Man, surely we will go far toward the "Kingdom of God."

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Local Units Save Interest

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel, By BOB THOMPSON

Raleigh, Nov. 27.—Refunding operations during the past ten months have saved North Carolina counties, cities and towns \$1,695,920, according to Local Government Commission records.

Although this savings is a drop in the bucket compared to the \$46,000,000 interest originally saved when the commission began its efforts to refinance the obligations of units in default, the commission is rather proud of it. In each instance it seems a second saving on an old obligation.

For instance, suppose a city had outstanding \$10,000,000 of 3 1/2 percent bonds when the depression came. Soon the city was in default, unable to meet the payments on interest and principal when they fell due. So, taking advantage of the municipal bankruptcy act and other emergency statutes, the commission arranged with the bondholders to cut the interest, extend the period of payment and lower the load to a point where the city could carry it.

That was saving Number 1. It was done all over the State. Now the commission is taking up these refunding bonds with other refunding issues, carrying a still lower rate of interest. That is made possible by the fact that all refunding bonds were callable and the fact that the financial condition of the local units has so improved that many have better credit than ever before.

FLYING STUDENTS TO RECEIVE CREDIT

Chapel Hill, Nov. 28.—With the end of the fall quarter at the University, 30 Carolina students and 10 Duke students are expected to wind up their civilian pilot training course under the CAA program and receive, under the new War department ruling, 30 hours credit in the Army air corps. W. R. Mann, coordinator of the CAA here and manager of the Horace Williams airport, said today.

Approximately 60 per cent of the students taking the CAA training here, Mr. Mann pointed out, are planning to enter the air corps on completion of their college careers. Dick (Lesly) Worley, of Asheville, who has recently earned an air pilot of Graham memorial has already completed his training and is expecting to report to Maxwell Field early in December.



POLISH AMBASSADOR
Jan Ciechanowski, ambassador of Poland to the United States, who will lecture at Duke University at 7:30 p. m. Friday on "The Role of Poland in the Present War." The ambassador is the third speaker in the University lecture series for this session. From 1919 to 1924 he was Undersek's chief secretary and from 1925 to 1929 he was Polish minister to the United States.

Hooray!
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