

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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## LESSON FOR APRIL 5

### CHRIST'S TABLE TALK.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 14:7-24.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 14:11.

This lesson is connected directly with that of two weeks ago, the events occurring in the house of the chief Pharisee, 14:1.

#### I. An Honorable Promotion, vv. 7-11

—The spirit of humility here emphasized by Jesus is not that of commending the man who piously, ostentatiously, takes the low seat, and then is angry if he is not promoted; the man who says "no" and is angry if he is taken at his word. These words are not only to be applied literally but have a wide scope and embrace all the followers of Christ in every walk of life. The sincere evidence of this spirit is proof of the nearness of the disciple to the life of his Lord; see Phil. 2:3, 6, 7 and Matt. 18:4. Men scramble for position and power to be obtained at the hands of other men. Jesus, the keen observer, saw men striving in this house, and criticizes such conduct. "Lest haply," twice repeated, gives us the clue to this section. Guests are not to seek the higher seats, "lest haply" more worthy ones should appear who ought to occupy them.

#### Real Hospitality.

#### II. A Holy Recompense, vv. 12-14

—The man who makes a feast invites those who can return his hospitality. Thereby pays his obligations to society. Not so the members of the kingdom (Matt. 6:1-6, 16-18). "Recompense" is here the key. Those who are needy cannot make any material recompense and the one who gives the feast does not need any other recompense than that of the gratitude of those served and the approval, "well done," from the king. This does not forbid the interchange of hospitality and courtesies but does warn us lest in our elaborate feasts we overlook the poor, but worthy ones. In the kingdom, hospitality consists of a desire to give rather than to get.

#### III. A Heavenly Invitation, vv. 15-24

—One of the guests seems to have been impressed with the words of Jesus and exclaimed, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." He seemed to realize that the conduct Jesus was speaking of was to be found only there. In answer our Lord gave us this parable of the great supper in which he describes an atmosphere like that created by his host and the guests there present. By this parable he replies to this man, contrasting the admiring of an ideal and being willing to be governed by that ideal. (a) Those who refused. This was a "great supper," a time of great joy and many were invited, see Gal. 4:4, 5; Matt. 3:2; Mark 1:14, 15. All men had to do was to "come." Isa. 55:1; Matt. 11:28; John 7:37; Rev. 22:17. There were three who made excuses, yet all three refused the invitation. The first (v. 18) was the man whose property stood in his way (II Tim. 4:10; I Tim. 6:9). The second allowed a dumb ox, that might have received attention later, to take precedence over the glad feast. Domestic demands and godless homes are used frequently by the evil one to keep men out of the kingdom. The third excuse (v. 20) was still less justifiable, for this man should have brought his wife with him. It was her place as much as his to accept the invitation. However, to spurn God's invitation does not mean that there shall be any lack of guests, see John 1:11 and Matt. 21:31. (2) Those who accepted this invitation (vv. 21-24). Thus to be spurned made the master of the house "angry" (v. 21).

#### God's Method.

This is God's method of filling empty churches. If we wear out consecrated shoe-leather during the week men will not forget us on the Sabbath, and guests will always be found for God's table, "Compulsion" (v. 23) indicates intense, earnest effort in bringing men to Christ (II Cor. 5:20; Col. 1:28; II Tim. 4:2). Men should be reluctant only through a sense of their unworthiness, which is in reality their greatest possible fitness. Here again the question of host and guest is thrust upon us. In society we ask our friends and rich neighbors, lest haply they bid us in turn, or repay by making some other recompense. Our hospitality is a quid pro quo business. Thus there is set before us the blindness of human hearts in the excuses they make in answer to God's invitation.

In the matter of entering the kingdom of God it is the man who humbles himself that is exalted within. Men must stoop to reach the heights, and undergo in order to overcome. In the matter of our behavior, guests must humble themselves to the needs of the lowest, if they are to be exalted to the highest in life. Our greatest duty is to that call which comes from the highest authority. What a wonderful parable this is, given in answer to a pious remark about eating bread in the kingdom of God. Do our feasts call forth wisdom or sensual pleasure only?

# The Woman

A Novel by **Albert Payson Terhune**

Founded on **William C. de Mille's Play**  
Illustrated with Photos from the Play  
and Drawings by **V.L. Barnes**

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### SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the Woman, believing themselves in love, spend a trial week as man and wife in a hotel in northern New York under assumed names. The woman awakens to the fact that she does not love Standish and calls their engagement off. Standish protests undying devotion. Wanda Kelly, telephone girl at the Hotel Keewick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political boss of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. She gives as one of her reasons her determination to get revenge on Jim Blake for ruining her father, Congressman Frank E. Kelly, by fighting the Mullins bill, a measure in the interests of the railroads. The machine is seeking means to discredit Standish in the hope of pushing the bill through. Robertson, son-in-law of Jim Blake, and the latter's caterer Robert, speaker of the house, tries to win Standish over, and failing, threatens to dig into his past. Jim Blake finds out about the episode of five years back at the northern New York hotel. He secures all the facts except the name of the woman and proposes to use the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Mullins bill to pass. Jim Blake lays a trap to secure the name of the woman. He tells Miss Kelly that he is going to have a talk with Standish, and that at its conclusion the latter will call up a number on the telephone to the woman. He offers Miss Kelly \$100 for that number. At the conclusion of the interview with Blake, Standish gets a New York wire and calls Plaza 1001. A few minutes later Robertson tells Miss Kelly to call Plaza 1001 and get his wife or one of the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly calls and tells Jim Blake the number called by Standish. Blake has a story of the Standish episode prepared ready to send out as soon as the woman's name is learned. Blake's daughter Grace arrives with her husband, Governor Robertson. Miss Kelly calls on Grace to warn her that her good name is threatened by impending exposure of Standish and is insulted for her pains. Grace appeals to Standish to give up the fight in order to protect her name. He refuses. Grace sends for Miss Kelly, apologizes for her rudeness and begs Wanda's assistance. Wanda declares she will never betray the woman. The machine attempts again to force Standish out of the fight, without success. Blake calls up the Associated Press to order the publication of the story, but is cut off and communication is restored too late to get the story into the morning paper. Robertson attempts to force Miss Kelly to reveal the woman's name.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Robertson did not answer at once. Indeed, he did not seem to hear. He was turning the pages of the law book before him. Presently he found what he wanted.

"Miss Kelly," he said, "as a telephone operator, you must have had your attention called to Section 641 of the Penal Code. Have you not?"

"Yes," she returned defiantly, "I have."

"Then," resumed Mark in the manner of a magistrate of the old school, "you must realize that by refusing, as an operator, to transmit our message over the telephone, you broke the law."

"But I—"

"You have admitted in the presence of witnesses that you interfered in the transmission of our message. You are aware, by the terms of Section 641, you have thus rendered yourself liable to—"

"I read from the volume, 'a fine of one thousand dollars or one year's imprisonment or both!'"

"And," panted Wanda, "you'll do that to a phone girl, just because she tries to be decent?"

"We don't want to," politely evaded Robertson.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### Represented by Counsel.

The outer door opened with Jack-in-the-box suddenness and Tom Blake was in the cleared space where Wanda stood at bay.

"What's the matter?" he demanded of her eagerly. "The clerk just told me they'd sent for you to come up here. I was afraid it was about that wretched number. So I came—"

"You're a mind reader," she sneered, nevertheless looking up at him with a gratitude very like adoration. "They've lost the chance to harm one woman. They're taking out the grudge on another."

"So it was about the number?"

"It was. But it isn't. It's about my going to jail."

"What!"

"For breaking the connection a while ago when they were sending orders over the wire about the Standish story. They've flashed Section 641 on me. Jail or fine. I'm to get both!"

"You'll get neither," roared Tom. "You're a fine line of men, all of you, to bully and browbeat one poor kid of a girl. Well, you've done all of it you're going to. I'm here now. And I'll—"

"Oh, Tom," grunted Jim Blake in tired disgust, "you're worse than a collie pup with fleas. Keep out of this."

"Miss Kelly," formally asked Tom, "may I act as your counsel?"

"You bet you can!" was the girl's fervid response.

"Since you insist on interfering, Tom," said Robertson, "I consent to recognize you as counsel for Miss Kelly. You are a lawyer and you know we can do what your father has said we can. We can legally send Miss Kelly to prison as an operator who has violated the law. She has admitted her guilt in the presence of witnesses—"

"Lord! Why didn't I get here sooner?"

"I have, technically, a perfect case. Now, as her counsel, do you want this matter settled privately, here and now? Or do you prefer a formal charge and a public trial?"

"You can't force the situation like this," cried Tom. "It's conspiracy!"

"It is!" retorted Mark coolly. "Very good. Since you choose to take that issue, we will simply call your bluff by

arresting her. Nelligan, go and get a plain-clothes man. Tell the captain it's for Jim Blake. Bring the man back with you and have him within call."

"We're kind of up against it, aren't we, Tom?" whispered Wanda as Nelligan departed on his mission.

"Miss Kelly," said Robertson, eying the girl sharply, "I have conducted many cases, but I confess this puzzles me. There is something in it I cannot understand. We offer you the alternative of prison—Mr. Blake has offered you money. And still you refuse us. There's some strong personal motive that makes you oppose us. Is—?"

"Oh, I've got motive enough in opposing the machine. If it comes to that!" interrupted Wanda. "In the first place, my father was Frank E. Kelly."

Mark's face stiffened with surprise. Gregg and Van Dyke glanced at each other, half-averted. Jim Blake alone gave no sign of disturbance. Glancing amusedly at Wanda from between his slitted eyes, he drawled:

"Frank E. Kelly, hey? So you're trying to get back at me, young woman?"

"Put it that way if you like," returned Wanda fiercely. "But there is more than that. I'm against you and all the dirty machine in every way. Why? Because I've got the bad luck to be one of the people. I'm—"

The telephone jangled into the rush of her talk. Jim Blake picked up the instrument.

"Hello," he queried, "that you, Burns? Instructions, hey? I gave 'em. Keep Winthrop talking till he drops, then get Mullins recognized and let him talk all night if he can; or till I'm ready to break in. Delay—that's the idea—delay! Hold the floor and delay. What? Oh, in a little while now, I guess. Don't worry."

"Miss Kelly," said Mark, "you still refuse to answer my questions?"

"I refuse everything," exulted Wanda. "You and the machine are licked to a standstill. And I helped to do it. That's easy worth a good whole year in jail."

"Your motives for working against us?" he insisted. "I mean, are you shielding anyone?"

"Of course I am. I'm shielding the woman you're after."

"Do you know who she is?"

"No."

"Gregg," ordered Robertson, turning to the highly-entertained Kansan, "will you go and get Standish? Ask him to come here."

"All right," ruefully assented Gregg, making sadly for the outer door.

"Don't try to stick it out, girl," exhorted Blake. "You can't afford to get square with me at this price."

"Can't I? Wait and see."

"Do you know Standish, personally?" called Mark.

"No, I don't."

"You want him to win, then, just for political reasons?"

"That's it."

"If any other man than Standish were fighting the organization, you would act as you are now?"

"Yes," said Wanda, thankful to feel her feet planted once more on solid



"You'll Do That to a Phone Girl, Just Because She Tries to Be Decent."

ground, and breathing the more easily for the safer turn the questions were taking.

"And," continued Mark, "if any other woman were in danger you would still oppose us in this way?"

"Yes."

"Then," cried Mark in quick triumph, "you do know who she is!"

"I—no—I didn't say so!" murmured Wanda, wholly at a loss.

"You didn't mean to say so," corrected Mark; "but you admitted it."

"I didn't! I didn't!" confusedly reiterated Wanda.

The long strain was telling on her. Her wits, usually so agile, now moved with palpable effort. The quick brain felt like hot lead. Yet she rallied her fagged-out forces, wearily repeating:

"I didn't!"

"Miss Kelly," urged Mark, "your name won't appear in this. No one need know it was you who put us on the track."

"I—won't—tell!"

Mark exclaimed:

"I can do nothing more. I'll hang the telephone down and see it—Oh, here you are, Nelligan! Got that plain-clothes man downstairs?"

Nelligan nodded. Meanwhile Tom was whispering frenziedly to Wanda.

"Tell me the name, dear. I won't tell the others. But it may show me a way to help you out. And we're in a horrible fix."

"I know that—but I won't tell!" Tom whirled about on the others.

"Dad! Mark!" he said. "Before you go any further I want you to know I've asked Miss Kelly to be my wife."

"No, no!" cried Wanda, trying to throw her open hand across his mouth. "Don't—"

"If she consents," rushed on Tom, "I'll marry her at once! Whether in prison or out. I love her. For my sake won't you—?"

"I'm very sorry, Tom," replied Mark, "but she's not your wife, yet. And she has her release in her own hands. She has only to speak—"

"Dad!" appealed the boy.

"Not on your worthless life," growled Blake. "That's the very thing she's been working up to all the time. I knew it and I've been waiting for this. Her price is my consent. And I won't pay it. That's what I meant when I said the price was too high."

"If you've any influence with her, Tom," remarked his brother-in-law, "you'll use it to make her tell."

"He hasn't any influence!" retorted Wanda before Tom could speak. "Except that his standing by me against you all proves to me I'm doing right. And—do you think, Jim Blake, that I'd marry a son of yours? Not if he was John D. Rockefeller and E. H. Sothern rolled into one. Not till I've squared my account with you."

"You won't marry a son of Jim Blake's?" echoed Tom. "Well, after tonight I'm not Jim Blake's son. Here's where I cut loose and—"

"Go as far as you like," vouchsafed his father, outwardly unmoved. "But the girl tells us or else she goes to jail."

"I—won't—tell!"

"Mark, ring for the officer—"

"There he is at the door," answered Robertson as the buzzer sounded. "Let him in, Nelligan."

"I—won't—tell!"

Nelligan opened the door. Standish stood on the threshold. Tom, who had leaned forward pugnaciously, drew back.

"Come in, Mr. Standish," said Mark. "I suppose Gregg explained the situation to you."

"That is why I am here," curtly answered Standish.

"You know, then," went on Mark, "that she is ready to face imprisonment to shield you?"

"That is what Mr. Gregg told me. I don't understand—"

"Neither do we. But we thought you might feel like saving her from punishment."

"How?"

"By voting with us on the Mullins bill."

"No."

"You will accept her sacrifice, then?"

"I—I have no alternative."

Then, before any of them knew of her presence, Grace was in the room and had caught her husband's arm as he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"You shan't do it!" she was crying. "You shall not!"

### CHAPTER XX.

#### The Last Card.

Wanda was first to see her, even before Mark felt the restraining clasp on his arm.

"Mrs. Robertson!" cried the telephone girl in terror; intuition telling her why Grace was there.

"Grace!" called Tom joyously. "Help us! You'll make everything right. You always do."

"Father," said Grace in eager appeal, "you won't go on with this? It is abominable!"

"I'm sorry, daughter; but we've got to. I wish you'd clear out. It's no place—"

"But, father, can't you see? Miss Kelly is protecting some poor woman who has done wrong and who has repented. Must she be punished so? Must the woman's years of repentance all count for nothing?"

"That's no concern of ours," said Mark. "The woman's possible repentance is between her and her God. We—"

"Then leave her punishment to God. It's not for you to say how she shall suffer. You are striking with the blindness of a man; without dreaming where the blow will fall."

"It will fall where it is deserved. I'm enough of a believer in divine justice to know that."

"It will fall on her husband more heavily than on her."

"It will do no harm to know the type of woman he's married."

"It isn't fair! It isn't fair! Mark, your injustice to this girl here is a thousandfold worse than your cruelty to the woman. It is wicked to punish Wanda Kelly for her loyalty in trying to save a friend from disgrace. It's cowardly—unbelievable!"

"Steady, daughter! Steady!" admonished Blake, amazed at his usually well-poised child's vehemence.

"You're all worked up over this. It isn't like you to—"

"No," agreed Mark, "it isn't. That is what has been puzzling me."

He was eyeing Grace strangely. The lightning quick and accurate faculty of deduction that had won his first success at the bar was stirring strongly within him.

"Grace," he commanded, his voice still gentle, but with a ring of iron behind its suavity, "look at me!"

Slowly, as by hard physical effort, she raised her panic-widened eyes to meet his gaze.

At the mastery she vibrated through his voice and look, she faltered, through no conscious volition of her own:

"Yes."

"You know the name," pursued Mark, still gripping his wife's brain by the magnetism that was almost hypnotic power. "We still have time to use it. Tell it to me."

"No—no!" she murmured distractedly. "I—I can't. I won't. I—"

"Grace!" and now the iron glinted more openly through the velvet sheathing, "do you mean to say you are going to let us face ruin when one word from you would—"

"I tell you, I can't—I can't!"

Mark shifted his attack with unexpected swiftness.

"Mr. Standish is willing," said he, "to see this girl here terribly punished for protecting the guilty woman. Are you?"

"No, no! But—"

"Mrs. Robertson!" broke in Wanda, first of all to detect the note of weakening in Grace's voice. "Don't tell!



"Father," said Grace, "You Won't Go on With This?"

Don't tell! Keep your nerve. It's all right. Never you mind what they threaten to do to me. Don't give her away!"

"Shut up!" roared Nelligan.

Mark's eyes had never for an instant left his wife's face. At the horror that now deepened in it he saw what his next and crowning move must be.

"Nelligan," he ordered, "take this phone girl downstairs and turn her over to the officer who is waiting. Van Dyke will be around at the station-house in a few minutes to make the charge. And he'll see that she is held in bail too heavy for her friends to pay."

"Nelligan!" yelled Tom, springing in front of the giant henchman as the latter moved toward Wanda. "If you put a finger on her I'll—"

"No!" wailed Grace in the same breath. "You shan't arrest her, Mark. I can't bear it! I—"

"You'll tell?" asked Mark, exultant at the success of his ruse.

"I—yes!"

"Pardon me, Robertson," intervened Standish, as he saw Grace's last bar-

### REJOINDER THAT WAS BITING

New Member of Congress Proved Himself Master of the Art of Verbal Flaying.

Silver Alec Falconer—that's what they call him out in the state of Washington, though his honest-to-goodness name, as given in the Congressional Directory, is J. A. Falconer—landed into a debate in the house the other day all spraddled out, mad and fighting, even though this is his first term.

Mr. Hefflin of Alabama, the wit and story teller of the house, had said some unkind things about the suffragists, as is his wont. He had suggested that all males who believe in woman suffrage ought to be attired in skirts.

Now, Mr. Falconer, Progressive with a large P, is a representative at large from a state which contains many women voters.

"I want to observe," said he, severely, in reply to Mr. Hefflin, "that the mental operation of the average woman in the state of Washington, as compared to the ossified brain operation of the gentleman from Alabama, would make him look like a mangy kitten in a tiger fight," which, for a new member, is some flight of oratory, especially when directed at the golden-tongued Hefflin.

"The average woman in the state of Washington," went on Mr. Falconer, "knows more about social economics and political economy in one minute than the gentleman from Alabama has demonstrated to the members of the house that he knows in five minutes."

And Mr. Hefflin didn't have a word to say in reply.—Washington Star.

### Why Some Women Break Down.

The average woman is a human clock that never runs down. Even in her sleep she dreams of unfinished tasks. And she awakens to the real-

rier break down; but I advise you to clear the room before you let her speak. Three people here already know the name. I advise you to keep the number as small as possible."

"That is our affair, not yours," retorted Mark. "She shall tell us all. Inside of a few hours the whole country is going to know that name."

"Mark," begged Grace, "let me tell it to you alone!"

"No," refused the husband. "It's too late now to spare any one's feelings. And witnesses are necessary in an affair like this. It concerns us all. And we must move quickly."

"Mr. Standish," he went on with a savage joy that rent away the last remnant of the velvet from the iron beneath. "It's been a long fight. But you couldn't beat the organization. You've been howling for a fight to a finish. This is the finish."

"It is the finish," agreed Standish, his deep voice infinitely sad. "And I am sorry for it. I don't think you need me here any longer, gentlemen. And I will barely have time to reach the capitol before the bill comes to a vote. Good night."

He looked furtively at Grace. That she was staring blankly ahead of her with eyes that saw nothing.

"Good night," he repeated. "I would have spared you, Robertson. But you would have it."

And he was gone. His words had fallen on deaf ears. The men were leaning forward eagerly to catch Grace's first syllable.

"And now," Mark demanded, as his wife still hesitated, "who is she, Grace?"

Blake had forestalled her answer. He crossed the room to the telephone.

"We win!" he was chuckling. "It's a way we've got. Hell's full of losers. And I'm still loss-proof."

"What are you going to do?" queried Van Dyke, who had dropped back in his chair a few moments earlier, taking no longer even a passive part in the scene.

"I'm going to phone Gregg to let the house know the whole story; names, dates and all. By the time I get on the wire Grace will have told."

"Hold on, Jim," objected Van Dyke. "Not yet."

"Not yet?" What d'ye mean? Why not? We're almost against the ropes over there at the capitol. This is our last punch and it's going to be a knockout."

"Wait, Jim!" begged Van Dyke. "Wait till you hear the name."

"We've got the name. Grace is going to tell us."

"You've got it, yes. But you can't use it, Jim."

Blake, telephone instrument in hand, passed to glare down in angry amazement at the saturnine lawyer who calmly opposed him in the hour of victory.

"Why in blazes can't we use it?" he blustered. "Are you weakening?"

He took the receiver from the hook. But Van Dyke, with a peremptory gesture, halted him.

"Wait, I say!" ordered the lawyer. "Nelligan, go downstairs and get rid of that officer. And don't come back."

"Go with him, Tom," whispered Wanda. "For my sake. You don't want to hear the name."

"You're right," assented Tom, following in Nelligan's wake. "It's none of my business. Now that you are safe—"

The door closed behind the two departing men.

"Come, Grace," prompted Mark. "Who is she?"

Grace's lips paled. But they were dry and cracked. Her tongue would not stir.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)