

## THE CALL I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE

(J. T. Riddick)

It was the day before Thanksgiving. The weather was cold and damp, the winds piercing, and I had been visiting all the afternoon, calling on members of my church and those who were prospective members, listening to excuses and tales of woe, complaints and faultfindings of the pastor and the church, until I was about all in, and had gone home very tired and a bit disgusted with things in general, glad that I had a good warm fire to sit by and a congenial companion to chat with until bedtime, glad that the afternoon's visiting was over. I guess all pastors have similar experiences at times.

About the time I had removed my wrap and adjusted myself comfortably before the hot stove waiting for the call to supper, for which I was ready with a vengeance, my phone bell rang. Every busy pastor knows that the ringing of his phone bell is generally a call for some service or information, or someone wanting to lodge a complaint against the pastor or the church, the choir or the board of deacons, or something. I went to the phone and answered it with the hope in my heart that it was not a call to go somewhere that night to settle some troubles which was no new thing to me. The one speaking at the other end was a lady speaking in a low tone of voice, in a rather sad tone. She told me her name and where she lived, a section of the city about a mile or more from where I lived, out in one of the suburbs, a rather poor section of the city. She told me that there was a very poor woman living within a few doors of her house who was about to die and wanted to see me at once. I did not know the sick woman and rather wished in my mind that she had called some other preacher. I asked if she did not think in the morning would be time enough for me to go, that I was very tired and was in for the night. She said there was some doubt about her being alive in the morning, that if I cared to see her alive it would be best to come at once, but I would have to be the judge as to what my duty was in the matter. I told her I would be there as soon as I could walk out there. I hung up the receiver, put on my overshoes and braved the bitter November winds—it was then after sunset—and made my way to the street and number that the speaker had given me over the phone. It was a lonely walk, because I didn't want to go. When I reached the little hut of a building and noted the surroundings I was convinced that poverty as well as sickness and death was in evidence. It was not a house—just a mere hovel, a makeshift. I rapped at the door. I was met by the lady who had called me over the phone and she showed me over to the little bed in the corner of the room, on which I saw a little emaciated form, with sunken eyes, bony hands and drawn lips, lying there waiting for the grim ferryman to come for her. I spoke to her in tones of deep sympathy, for all of my doubt and had feelings had passed away—they could not remain after one glimpse of that little face that seemed to be wreathed in smiles for the Master's coming. She stretched out her hand and said in tones of gladness, "I am so glad you have come. I hated to bother you on this cold night, this late, but I wanted to see you before I left for my father's house, for I think He will come for me tonight." She went on to say, "I have never seen you before, but I have been reading of your work and have seen many who do know you, and just felt that I might help you to be a little more happy in your work by giving you a message to give to the folks to whom you preach. I have been down here on my bed for six months, suffering for most intense pain with a cancer, just waiting for the end to come. My husband is a poor drunkard and pays but little attention to me. Were it not for the neighbors I would have suffered for the necessities of life." I looked around the room, and everything in it but her shining face bore the sign of sin and ruin. Broken chairs and china, shabby bed linen—all showed signs of the drunkard's trail. I found something hot coming in my eyes. I reached for my handkerchief and dried my eyes and drew from my pocket a lit-

## WHERE ARE WE GOING?

—by—  
C. B. NEWTON

The present national optimistic outlook may seem, to some, to be well warranted, but there are some stupendous facts that are quite worthy of our consideration. Every age has had its prophets of doom, and today in the midst of prevailing optimism, many voices of warning are being raised. These notes of warning often bring a note of response from the average man and his reply is: pessimistic, preposterous, fanatical, a disordered liver or internal infections, or a deranged mental system. In many cases, this response may be a justifiable one, but it is well to go to the root or bottom of the whole matter.

In May 1917, a call came to all red-blooded Americans to crush militarism and to put an end to anarchy. This call met with a beautiful response and the sons of America strove to meet the challenge.

In November, 1918, the American soldiers began to return home. Many of them returned with a feeling that

the New Testament, the pastor's best helper in visiting the sick. I asked her if she would like me to read a few words from the little Testament. "Yes," she said, "were it not for my blessed Saviour I would have given up long ago. But He is always with me. We have such good times here when all others have left the room. He never leaves me alone. I talk to Him and He manifests himself to me daily." I asked her what she would like me to read. "It is all good and sweet to my soul," said she, "but suppose you read the Twenty-third Psalm and some of the fourteenth of John." I did so, and made such comments, as I thought would be helpful to her. Her eyes closed and there was a smile on her face while I read and commented. I tried to express my sympathy for her in her sufferings, and assured her that Christ was with her, and would be with her until the end. She smiled and assented to all that I said. Then I knelt in prayer beside her bed. I wish I could describe my feelings and the atmosphere in that room. I have sometimes thought that I had really never prayed before. I have a feeling that the angels of God were very near us. I felt that they must be hovering over that little soul, waiting for death to strike his blow, and they would bear her above. I think heaven came just as low as it is possible for it to come to us on this earth. It was a transfiguration hour in my life. I learned that we will find heaven in the hovel as well as in the mansion, if we are in the spirit of heaven ourselves, and I was then, for all had been changed in my heart and mind. I was happy. After the prayer I rose to bid her goodbye. She looked into my face and said, "I didn't send for you to come and sympathize with me, but to see how God can keep a Christian in affliction from complaining. I want you to tell everybody you see that it is not hard for a Christian to suffer physical pain and die. I will soon be over on the other side. I look upon my death as being my coronation day; the day of my complete triumph over all my trials and afflictions. The word of God that you have read is true. I have read it, and it stands as recorded. Tell everybody to be a Christian." Then she gave my hand a feeble squeeze and said, "When we meet again I will be out of my pain and we will be able to talk this little visit over with more satisfaction." I said goodbye and went out into the cold night to wind my way back to the warm fire and the evening meal that loving hands had prepared for me. But somehow things had all changed now. It may have been just as cold as it was when I went, but I was not cold, not tired and not hungry. I have never seen the sick lady and I am wondering how she is getting on. I have never seen the sick lady and I am wondering how she is getting on. I have never seen the sick lady and I am wondering how she is getting on.

their desires were gratified and that their hopes were realized.

A strong reaction immediately swept America. This reaction was in favor of militarism. Preparedness was the topic of the day. New units and greater units of Reserve Officers Training Corps were established. One of the most evil phases of militarism in the United States is found in the vigorous efforts now being made to extend military training in educational institutions. The War Department is avowedly seeking to plant units of R. O. T. C. in every college of the country. In December 1925, the War Department issued a public statement to the effect that it "stands squarely in favor of military training for the greatest possible number of students, considering available personnel, funds and equipment."

During the school year 1924-25, military instruction was given more than 226 educational institutions in the United States. These 226 insti-

tutions maintained units of R. O. T. C. For these schools congress appropriated the sum of \$3,818,020. There were 125,504 students taking military instruction and 768 officers and 1,064 enlisted men were paid to carry on this work. In 1925 the cost of R. O. T. C. units was \$10,696,054. Where is the consistency in fighting militarism and carrying on war work on such an enlarged scale as I have just mentioned?

There is still another phase of militarism in the United States. The Citizens Military Training Corps. In 1925 there were 82,647 men enrolled for these summer courses with a total expense of \$3,273,763.224. There is a grave danger here that civilization will begin to destroy itself and produce a chaos and not a cosmos. I devoutly believe in preparedness—preparedness to meet Almighty God and not in too much prepared-

(Carried to second page)

## GREATEST SINGING CONVENTION IN HISTORY OF MADISON COUNTY

### Greatest Crowd Ever Seen in Marshall Walnut Choir Wins Both Prizes

Little Ivy, Though Perhaps Best Singers, Lose on Technicality

Last Sunday was a great day for Marshall. It was said by one of the oldest residents that he had never seen so many people here before. Early in the morning, they commenced rolling in from all parts of Madison County and some from other counties. The streets and the island were lined with cars and trucks and other conveyances. Though the sun was unusually hot, the exercises began at 10:30 in the open on the island, the choir occupying the stage of the new school building. The first number on the program was "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," sung by everybody.

The congregation was then led in prayer by Prof. A. L. Smiley, after which the singing contest began. This organization which is called the

### MADISON COUNTY SINGING CONVENTION

was organized for the sole purpose of promoting vocal music. Instruments are not supposed to be used and if a choir uses an instrument it forfeits its right to win a prize. It was this ruling, we understand, prevented the Little Ivy choir from winning the prize, though their singing was said to be the best. Dr. W. A. Sams of Marshall is the present president of the organization and Mr. S. Brigman of Walnut is secretary. Mr. Roy Gudger is Vice-President. A committee composed of Mr. Henry Roberts, Mr. Kelly Wild, and Mr. Hiram Jarvis, was appointed to decide whether or not instruments would be permissible in the future. The decision has not yet been rendered. The first part of the exercises last Sunday were held at the island but on account of threatening storm, it was moved to the courthouse in the afternoon. The intermission for dinner was from 12 o'clock until 1:30. Every choir was given an opportunity to sing three selections and each had two opportunities to come forth. The following is the order in which the singing was carried out:

1. Walnut Creek choir, with 35 members.
2. Middle Fork choir, with 22 members.
3. Walnut choir with 37 members.
4. Big Pine choir, with 30 members.
5. Little Ivy choir with 15 members.
6. Carolina Quartet of Woodfin.
7. Davis Chapel choir.
8. Solo—Miss Marie Hutchins, age 10 years.
9. Long Branch Quartet.
10. Solo—Fred Arrowood, Asheville.
11. Duet—Bartlett and Arrowood of Asheville.
12. Rivers Quartet.
13. Swiss Quartet.

Two prizes were offered—\$10.00 given by Dr. J. H. Hutchins for the class of best singers over 15 in number. The other prize was a song book for each member of the largest class by a member of the Walnut choir, that the Little Ivy choir did the best singing. Miss Rhoda Grindstaff was the leader of this choir. They failed in one instance to win the prizes because the rule was that there should be more than 15 in the class and they had only 15, and in the other instance, they used an instrument.

During part, the kind of books to be selected by the class. This prize is to be given by Dr. W. A. Sams and Mr. Roy Gudger.

Both prizes were won by the Wal-

### Walnut Choir, but it was admitted even THE WALNUT CHOIR

Not only did this choir win the two prizes offered, but as they came down from the stage, stopping on the steps of the new building to sing another \$10 as a gift of appreciation by Mr. W. H. Cabanis, who is master mechanic on the school building on the island.

Those composing the Walnut choir are: S. Brigman, Robbie Brigman, Agnes Brigman, Pearl Brigman, Bernard Brigman, Dorothy Brigman, Stella Dockery, Amilee McDevitt, Mamie Ramsey, Laura Ramsey, Helen Ramsey, Nora Gentry, Chapel Wallin, Cas Wallin, Stock Reeves, Leta Reeves, Joe Reeves, Robert Lewis, Ballard Smith, Cathleen Smith, America Rigby, Sophia Rigby, Ned Dunbar, Bell Allen, Willie May Allen, Erelene Davis, Jalis Brigman, Lucille Brigman, Moody Brigman, Jas. Hutchins, Marie Hutchins, Jim Roberts, Maudie Roberts, Mollie Roberts, Polly Roberts, Fred Thomas, Nina Cantrell, Lockie Roberts, Ernest Plemmons, Stern Thomas, and Edward Dunbar.

## CALVIN R. EDEY VISITS RALEIGH IN BEHALF OF MADISON PEOPLE

### CONFERS WITH STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSIONER AND STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION

Calvin R. Edey, Republican nominee for Representative, has just returned from a week's visit to Raleigh. Mr. Edey was in conference with Mr. Ames, chief assistant to Mr. Page and Commissioner in charge of highways during Mr. Page's illness.

Mr. Edey received the assurance from the office of the Highway Commission, that the people of Madison would get their part of the next State appropriation for road building. Mr. Ames said that Madison County had "been good" to the Highway Commission and the Commission would therefore remember Madison County. Mr. Edey was assured by Commissioner Ames that the Highway would do whatever it could in accordance with the general plan to bring into completion the road projects desired and needed in Madison County.

Mr. Edey interviewed also Mr. A. T. Allen, State Superintendent of Education. Mr. Edey was delighted

## FINE DAY FOR BETSEY'S GAP CELEBRATION SATURDAY—JULY 3

### Fine Weather, Big Crowd, Great Speeches and a Delightful and Bounteous Dinner

Last Saturday was a day that will be remembered in the history of Madison and Haywood counties, for near the point where the new road crosses the county line the day was observed as a celebration of the opening of this road, thus affording the people of this section an outlet to Lake Junaluska, Waynesville, and other points west and east and south and providing a splendid highway from Hot Springs out through the beautiful Spring Creek section of the county on to Haywood and other counties. It also affords the people of Haywood a nearer route to the fine town of Hot Springs and Walnut and Marshall and all the sections of Madison County. The benefits of a good road are so numerous that it would be useless to try to enumerate them. The enthusiasm of the people who attended this celebration was a manifestation of what it is thought to mean to the people who attended.

The day had been well advertised and people gathered there from many parts of Madison, Haywood, and Buncombe counties. The cars were parked along the road side and on the slope of a high mountain overlooking the new road, the people gathered to rejoice and give thanks for what they now enjoy. In the shade of the trees on the mountain side, the ground was used as a table and the table covers were spread for some distance. On these was placed food to fit the appetite of the hungry as well as that of the most fastidious. Meats and breads of many kinds, together with pickles, canned fruit, followed with pies of various kinds and takes galore were some of the staples that were devoured. Mr. Jasper Ebbs acted as master of ceremonies.

Better go fishing than use time suckering corn. It doesn't pay, find leading North Carolina farmers.

After dinner the people gathered on the other side of the road, where speaking was wont to be heard. After a short speech by Mr. Ebbs, he called on Rev. R. H. Hipps, who again spoke of what the people of those two counties had undergone in the past because of a lack of transportation facilities and how the road had been made possible. Senator Plato Ebbs of Asheville was then called on and spoke for some time on the part that he and others had taken in securing the proper legislation to obtain this road, how he had fought for it against opposition and difficulties and how he rejoiced at its accomplishment.

Mr. Ellis C. Jones, recent defeated candidate for solicitor, was then called on and made a splendid speech on education and better citizenship as results of good roads. Mr. J. H. Gregg of the North Carolina Realty Company of Asheville, was then called on and made some fitting remarks but would not stir the crowd further with long speaking.

Water melons were served at the road as the people came down from the mountain top and a cool bubbling spring near by finished the day with all one could wish. As the people were departing for their homes a very heavy rain drenched the hill top where they had feasted and as the rain was so much needed, notwithstanding the fact that some of the people on trucks and wagons and walking were drenched, nevertheless it was the end of a perfect day.

Water melons were served at the road as the people came down from the mountain top and a cool bubbling spring near by finished the day with all one could wish. As the people were departing for their homes a very heavy rain drenched the hill top where they had feasted and as the rain was so much needed, notwithstanding the fact that some of the people on trucks and wagons and walking were drenched, nevertheless it was the end of a perfect day.

## TONSIL-ADENOID CLINIC AT MARSHALL JULY 20-23

CONDUCTED BY THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

Beginning Tuesday, July 20, and continuing for four days, the State Board of Health will conduct a tonsil-adenoid clinic for school children between the ages of 6 and 12 years inclusive.

Miss Buchan, state school nurse, who made the health survey in the county schools last fall, is now here to make preliminary arrangements for the clinic.

A complete traveling hospital unit is in the field. This includes a truck for the transportation of the necessary equipment, such as cots, bedding and hospital supplies.

A full-time physician as an anesthesiologist and an orderly, compose the regular staff. An experienced throat specialist is employed to perform the operations.

Over 2500 children have been successfully operated on in these clinics the past year. Only one hundred children are operated on in a county during a season.

Every child will be carefully examined by both physicians to determine the actual need for the operation and whether or not the child is in proper physical condition to be treated at that time.

The children are kept over-night in the hospital, where a nurse is in constant attention. Children are served ice cream and milk following the operation. Parents can remain with the child if they desire to do so.

A nominal fee of \$12.50 will be charged for each child able to pay. Free treatment will be given needy cases. Prompt application should be made, as the number is limited and it is necessary to make assignments ahead.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION AT WALNUT, ON JULY 24-25

Plans have been made for holding the annual Madison County Sunday School Convention at the Presbyterian church, Walnut, N. C., on Saturday and Sunday, July 24 and 25. Arrangements for the convention are in the hands of Mr. J. Coleman Ramsay and Mr. A. W. Whitehurst, President and Secretary of the County Sunday School Association.

These officers have announced that they have secured as outside speakers for the convention Miss Daisy Magee, Raleigh, Children's Division Superintendent North Carolina Sunday School Association; and Rev. Geo. A. Joplin, Beuchel, Ky., Pastor Beuchel Presbyterian church, and former General Superintendent Kentucky Sunday School Association. Besides these outside speakers, a number of prominent pastors and Sunday School workers of the county will take part on the program.

The program for the convention

will include addresses and discussions of various phases of modern Sunday School work, the object being to make it possible for workers in all departments of the Sunday School to get help from the convention. A request is being made to the Sunday School workers of the county to present to the convention any special Sunday School problem that should be discussed.

Announcement is also made by the officers in charge of the convention that, following a custom started three years ago, a pennant will be presented to the Sunday School having in the organization the largest number of representatives, sixteen years of age and over, according to the number of miles traveled. Any Sunday School in the County can compete for the pennant, except the Sunday School with which the convention is held and others within one mile of the convention church.