

"THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS"

By BRUCE BARTON

New And Inspiring Picture Of Jesus.

INSTALLMENT XIII

The Sociable Man

A wicked falsehood has come down through the ages.

It reappeared in an English book as recently as last year. The author, in describing a visit to the high spirited Lord Fisher, tells of finding him less jovial than usual. Obviously something was weighing on his mind, and after a while he revealed it.

"You know that Pilate was succeeded as governor of Jerusalem by Lentulus," he remarked in dull tones. "The new governor gave a minute description of our Savior, concluding with the statement, 'Nobody has ever seen him laugh.'"

With that wretched remark Lord Fisher lapsed into meditative silence. He wanted to be reverent; he has been well grounded in the traditions of his church and class; he would do his duty as a Christian and an Englishman, no matter what the cost. But to worship a Lord who never laughed—it was a strain. Lord Fisher made no pretense about that.

The quotation from Lentulus is a forgery, penned by an unknown impostor in a later century; yet how persistently it has lived, and with what tragic thoroughness it has done its work. How many millions of happy-minded folk, when they have thought of Jesus at all, have had a feeling of uneasiness. "Suppose," they have said, "were to enter the room and find us laughing and enjoying ourselves! When there is so much suffering and sin in the world, is it right to be happy? What would Jesus say?"

With such compunctions cheerful folk have had their brighter moments tintured. The friendliest man who ever lived has been shut off by a black wall of tradition from those whose friendship by would envenom. Theology has reared a graven image, and robbed the world of the joy and laughter of the great companion.

It is not hard to understand when you remember the character of the early theologians. They lived in sad days; they were men of introspection, to whom every simple thing was symbolic of some hidden mystery; and life, itself a tangle of philosophic formulae.

Baffled by the death of Jesus, they rejected the splendid truth, and fashioned a creed instead. Lambs were put to death in the Temple, as a sacrifice for the sins of the worshippers; ergo, Jesus was the Lamb of God. His death had been planned from the beginning of the world; the human race was hopelessly wayward; God knew that it would be and nothing would turn Him from His vindictive purpose to destroy it by the sacrifice of an innocent Son. . . . Thomas Paine remarked truly no religion can be really divine which has in it any doctrine that offends the sensibilities of a little child. Is there any reader of this page whose childish sensibilities were not shocked when the traditional explanation of the death of Jesus was first poured into his ears? Would any human father, loving his children, have sentenced all to death, and been persuaded to commute the sentence only by the suffering of his best beloved?

Small wonder that the Jesus of such a doctrine was supposed never to have laughed!

The Gospels tell a different story. But the writers were men of simple minds, and naturally gave greatest emphasis to the events which impressed them most. Death is the most dramatic of all the phenomena of life, the crucifixion and the events immediately preceding it are set forth in complete detail. The denunciation of the Pharisees (as startling to the disciples as the denunciation of the United States Senate by a barefooted philosopher would be to us); the arrest by the soldiers at night; the trial before the Sanhedrin; the hushed moment of the appearance on the balcony of Herod's palace; the long sad struggle but to Calvary, and the hours of agony on the cross—these were the scenes that burned themselves indelibly into their memories, and the sunny days preceding faded into less importance.

The life of Jesus, as we read it, what the life of Lincoln would be if we were given nothing of his boyhood and young manhood. Little of his work in the White House and every detail of the assassination. All of the four Gospels contain very full accounts of the weeping which attended the crucifixion—the final miracle; the stone rolled away; the angels; the vision which the first one was given.

INSTALLMENT XIV

Water Into Wine

was in the little town of Cana, not far from Nazareth; and

lieve a sufferer's pain, but to keep a happy party from breaking up too soon, to save a hostess from embarrassment. . . . See, the ruler of the feast rises to propose a toast. . . . hark to the discordant strains of the neighborhood orchestra. . . . look, a tall broad-shouldered man towers above the crowd. . . . listen, hear his laugh!

The Jewish prophets were stern-faced men; there are few if any gleams of humor in the Old Testament from beginning to end. It was the business of a prophet to denounce folk for their sins. Go to the Boston Public Library and look at their portraits. You are moved by their moral grandeur, but rather glad to get away. They are not the kind of men whom you would choose as companions on a wishing trip. (Copyright 1925 by Bruce Barton)

BRINGS RATTLE TO MARKET WITH OTHER PRODUCTS

Asheville.—When W. R. Smith, a farmer from the North Turkey creek settlement of Burcombe county, drove into market here he brought along with other produce in his car a six-foot rattlesnake with a half-dozen rattlers on the end of its tail.

The vicious reptile was imprisoned in a small wooden box with a strip of fly screen over the top. "He's for sale," said the farmer. "I want \$10 for him." Smith said he caught the snake on the creek bank near his home, assisted by his son Bob. "I just slipped up on him with a forked stick," said the farmer. "Jabbed the fork over his head and then Bob held him down. Then I made a noose out of string and got him around the neck."

TRUSTEES SALE OF LAND.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust dated March 20th, 1926, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Cleveland county, North Carolina, in Book 136, page 228, said Deed of Trust being given to the undersigned trustee as security for notes amounting Nine thousand Two Hundred Eighty-eight and No.100 (9,288.00) dollars, and said notes not having been paid at maturity thereof, and the holder of same having called upon this trustee to execute the power of sale therein contained, the undersigned will offer for sale at the court house door in Shelby, N. C., on

Monday, November 15th, 1926, at 12 M., at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property:

Lying about one mile east of Shelby on the Charlotte-Asheville highway, adjoining the lands of Gardner Land Company and J. D. Allen, and bounded as follows: Beginning at an iron stake in the north edge of Charlotte-Asheville State highway, the same being 6 feet from the edge of the paving, a corner of the Gardner Land company, and runs thence S. 26 E. 750 feet with the north edge of said highway to a stake, 6 feet from the paving; thence a new line N. 24 degrees and 40 minutes E. 908.3 feet to a pine at the corner of the woods; thence N. 10 W. 432 feet to a stone, Rodney Mauney's corner thence with Mauney's line N. 85 W. 288.5 feet to a stake, a corner of the Gardner Land company; thence with their line, S. 8 E. 200 feet to a stone; thence S. 41 W. 670 feet to the beginning, containing 11.61 acres.

This the 15th day of October, 1926.

D. Z. NEWTON, Trustee.

Around Our Town

SHELBY SIDELIGHTS—By Renn Drum.

The old times must be gone forever. Not a one of the 100 doctors in convention at Cleveland Springs last week read a paper on the value of whiskey for snake bites. However, it is safe to say that had any medicos got hold of the liquid usually sold around conventions these days they would have recommended it not only for the bite, but to kill the snake also.

Come to think about it, folks don't get snake bit as often nowadays. Perhaps it's because bootleggers have more system and the serpent story isn't necessary to secure a drink.

Every wise man on the Shelby streets these days knows just what is wrong with the cotton market, and also what would take the price soaring back to where it would at least assure the cotton farmer of a new pair of overalls. Yet about as much good will come from their knowledge as from the high-falutin' conferences being held, or to be held.

A farmer can secure advice, such as it is, these days almost as cheaply as he has to sell his cotton.

From what angle, or view, does Shelby at night look like a little city?

A recent visitor states that looking east towards Eastside and North Shelby from Marion street just below the Hilliard Tea room gives Shelby the appearance of a city of 20,000. (Note: The visitor failed to say how many drinks to take before looking.)

There was an item in the last Star that will be welcomed about as much by the average citizen as a telephone call from the undertaker saying that he would call by looking for business. It told of the completion of the county tax books, and gently hinted that those wishing to pay their taxes now might call by and see Sheriff Logan.

"Y'know, folks pay their taxes gently nowadays anyway. Just as gently as possible without being advertised."

Everything seems to be against the farmer. In days gone by when cotton flopped the farmer cut and sold cross-ties for his spending money. And the motor busses that have about put the trains out of business never need any cross-ties.

Another tip that Shelby is growing may be seen in the following advertisement: "LET US STRAIGHTEN YOUR FENDERS!" More people, more traffic, more bent fenders.

It's a long road that has no turning. Register of Deeds Weathers signs marriage license and Judge Webb puts his signature to divorce orders.

A Star headline reads: "LATTIMORE SAYS HE OPPOSES ANY NEW BOARD PLAN." And no doubt he also opposes the plan for a new board as those who started the report had figured it.

Something is likely to get hot

it seems ere the county pays for heating some of the county schools.

A Samuel Peypys' day in "The City of Springs."

Up betimes to the jangling of a new-fangled alarm clock, purchased in a foolish moment, and to town to the mail dispensary of J. H. Quinn and Uncle Sam to peruse the journal published to the eastward at Charlotte and delivered here ere an early man breakfasts. Somewhat distraught o'er the printed statement that the Charlotte High will administer a drugging to the youth of Shelby, but soon forget it all in being dismayed at the unusual absence on the doorsteps of Tom Lattimore and his pipe.

Anon to the daily scrivencings at the printery, where Buck Hardin, perhaps having guzzled of cold caffeine at his breakfast, doth belabor all within hearing of his statements. Ere long to Riviere's apothecary to sup a Coca-cola with ye ache destroyer, Pitt Beam the dentist, while Julian Hord wondered if Carolina may be successful in ye olden game of pigskin play. Thence to Eblotoff's, the book seller and sage, for the securing of a New York Journal and barbed puns from a mentality that ages not. Eventually back to my scrivencering and anon doth arrive long afore the accomplishment of any worth-while tasks. So a morning dallied away. A dry drunk as some would term it.

From lunch again to my scrivencering whilst A. D. James, he of the fiery hair, wonders as to the emul of merchantmen here in advertising. Then to contemplating whether to give the late afternoon to chasing of a golf ball in true Scotch fashion, or to see "Casey" Morris as he driveth the youths to football inclined. Decided ere a time to witness the latter only to find that the hour as Dr. Ellis, the charyeown, doth pass by journeying home for the day. Thence homeward to discover on way that Rudy Valentine, the late love-make, plans return on occasion to delight moon-struck with his greatest "The Four Horsemen," which smacketh of football, but is none such, being more effeminate. Further encounter is with D. A. Decker, the nature student, who displayed for our benefit Cleveland county diamonds and aquamarines, which we do omit praise and admit sadly that from true diamonds we tell no difference. Anon to the abode, being on a street newly paved, to sup, thence fell to glimpsing caricatures in ye stately chronicle, Whizz Bang, reading later of Kiplings Jungle Stories.

"Pola Negri," says one newspaper account, "remains in seclusion." Where is that old fashioned town, anyway?

PIANOS MYSTERY TO THE OWNERS

Chicago, Oct. 12.—Popular but shrouded in ignorance, the piano in the average American home today is a closed secret, to rich and poor alike, says W. F. McClellan, secretary of the National Association of Piano Turners.

"Many pianos," he states, "have ceased to be musical instruments. Of 1,000 pianos tested 850 had not a chance for harmony. They were of that class that had ceased to be musical instruments."

"Nearly every piano tuner can tell of hearing this: 'Why, I have bought it,' and 'It's eight years since that piano was tuned and I think it still sounds very good.' 'It's hard for a piano tuner to keep a straight face some times. In one of Chicago's richest homes, the mistress, who speaks four or five languages, spoke to me casually about 'the metal sounding bard' of her piano."

"Ignorance of which this in an extreme example, dates from the time Chickering made the first

metal piano plate, and did away with the necessity, one might say, of keeping a piano tuner on the premises. Before that all piano plates were wood. When it is realized that the strain on a plate is between sixteen and eighteen tons, it is easy to see why the wooden piano was always out of tune. They needed tuning as frequently as violins today.

Comparative freedom from such frequent tuning sent piano dealers and buyers to the other extreme. Instead of telling buyers pianos needed periodic tuning, dealers spoke only of the first cost, and nothing to the upkeep. So it is no exaggeration when our President Deutschmann said there were 8,000,000 pianos out of tune in America."

A \$50,000 SCHOOL FOR CHIMNEY ROCK

Rutherford Sun.

It was announced Tuesday by Mr. Clyde A. Erwin, county super-

intendent of education, that contracts were let for the building of a new school house in the Luremont section of Chimney Rock. The cost of the building will be \$43,000 and the contractors are Messrs. Hill and Hill. The contract for the plumbing to be installed was let to the Farmers Hardware company of Forest City and the estimated cost will be about \$2,000.

Work on the structure will begin at once and completed as soon as possible. It is expected the work will be finished by early spring and in the meantime it is planned to hold the school in rooms set aside for the purpose in the new administration building of Chimney Rock Mountain, Inc. The style of architecture it is said, will be in keeping with that of some of the Luremont section. Mr. G. Lloyd Preacher, of Atlanta, is the architect. The new school will be one of the handsomest in the county and Rutherford county.

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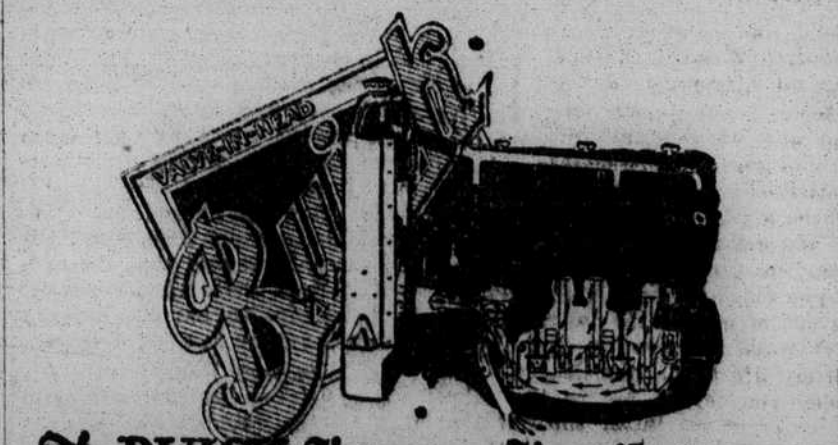
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