

# The Alleghany Times

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## A Prayer Written More Than Thirty Years Ago By Mark Twain Gives One Much To Think About

Mark Twain, the world's greatest humorist, wrote a prayer about 30 years ago which has recently been made public. Regarding it, he said, "I have told the whole truth in that prayer, and only dead men can tell the truth in this world. It can be published after I am dead."

Lovers of peace as well as lovers of war will find in this prayer much to think about at this particular time when several of the nations of the world seem almost on the verge of war.

"O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the wounded, writing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask of One who is the spirit of love and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset, and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise, and honor and glory, now and ever. Amen."

A newspaper editor, who recently published this prayer of Mark Twain's, added a paragraph which, he said, might, today, with 30 years of scientific advance since the death of Twain, have been appropriately included.

"... help us to rain down bombs of poison gas and high explosives upon their great cities, O Lord our God, toppling buildings and killing men, women and children, everyone; help us to poison their water supplies and their food supplies; help us to strike them from the air and from beneath the sea; help us to loose the germs of deadly diseases in their midst, O Father on High. . ."

## That Which One Leaves Behind May Bring Immortality. You May Live Forever

by John Edwin Price

Do you recall when you used to stand dominoes on end, not quite a domino's length apart, and then push the end one? Your little push followed through the whole group until finally the last domino went ker-flop.

You have probably noted the farmers planting, expecting to get their seed back and much more. They thereby make sure that seed will always be in the world.

Have you learned something by experience—something beautiful, something helpful? Or, by definite concentration, have you tuned in a worthy thought—worked it out in your life and made it a part of yourself? This part of you that has grown by experience or been evoked by meditation can be made to live forever. Plant that beautiful truth in the heart of some young person. Sow the happy results of that experience in the waiting soil of another mind. Nourish it, cultivate it, watch it grow.

It will grow as the seed grows. Or, thinking of the dominoes, that person to whom you give a helpful push will push another and he another down endless centuries. You can make sure that in this way you will live forever.

Even handicapped people have thus made sure. In the middle of the last century, an English clergyman had to give up his regular work due to the ravages of consumption. He left the London slums for a rendezvous with Death in Devonshire.

"Every morning," his biographer says, "the sick man lifted himself laboriously in his bed and watched the sun creep up the eastern sky. Would that be his last day? One morning the nurse found him dead in bed, his face turned peacefully toward the eastern window. On a nearby table lay a sheet of paper covered with feeble and almost illegible writing. The nurse deciphered a few words—'Heaven's morning breaks, Earth's vain shadows flee.' Then she gave the paper to the minister's friends, and thanks to their acquaintance with his handwriting, they were able to make out the hymn he had written just before Death came.

'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!'

Henry Lyte's hymn has furnished the push that has helped millions up the steep road. His courage and faith sown in millions of singing hearts will live down the centuries.

Even though handicapped you, too, can make sure that you will live forever.

"Many persons think that by hoarding money they are gaining safety for themselves. If money is your only hope for independence, you will never have it. The only real security that a man can have in this world is a reserve of knowledge, experience and ability."—Anon.

Fast driving is said to be the cause of most automobile accidents, but you can hardly get a fast driver to admit it.

# THE BOOK

... the first line of which reads, "The Holy Bible," and which contains Four Great Treasures

## by BRUCE BARTON

**MONUMENTS TO BOOK ALL ABOUT US**  
Professor Huxley did not stand alone in his opinion. James Anthony Froude, never accused of prejudice in favor of orthodoxy, said:

The Bible, thoroughly known, is a literature in itself—the rarest and richest in all departments of thought and imagination which exists.

Said Frederic Harrison, foremost exponent of the religion of Positivism:  
The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form. The book which begot English prose is still its supreme type.

Lord Macaulay wrote:  
The English Bible—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone show the whole extent of its power and beauty.

And Charles Dickens, writing to his son:  
I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it when you were a little child—because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful can possibly be guided.

So we might discuss the Book in its influence on literature and on law; in its contribution to the spread of the English language; in its inspiration of philanthropies, for, as Lecky said in his History of European Morals, it has "covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy, absolutely unknown to the pagan world." Volumes have been written, and will be, on every phase of this subject, but we do not need them. The monuments to the Book are all about us; every department of modern civilized life bears the record of its influence.

Instead of rehearsing again these well-worn testimonies, let us close this series with a single dramatic story, a story so old that surely many readers will find it entirely new.

It starts with George III of England, in the year 1768. In that year the Royal Society of London appealed to the King to send a royal expedition to the South Seas to observe a transit of Venus across the disk of the sun, which event was to occur in 1769.

A bark of three hundred and seventy tons was accordingly sent out, and the island chosen was for a time called King George's Island, but later it became and at present is known by its native name of Otaheite, or, in its abbreviated form, Tahiti. It is there the modern writers go to get local color for their South Sea stories.

## RAMBLING 'ROUND NEW YORK

with HUGH KEMMY

At first thought it seems completely insane that October 1st should be the one day in all the year that the many thousands in the City of Seven Million should move from one apartment to another. Ask any real estate man, however, and he'll tell you that leases expired at odd times, the apartment you want might not be vacated until two months after you want it. Meantime where do you and your furniture go? Selling costs would go sky high—and so would rents. They've tried it, and know.

Hundreds of brownstone houses in the more fashionable Manhattan neighborhoods have been converted or entirely remodeled into small apartments. One woman, born in New York City (you seldom meet such) inherited seventeen old brownstones, and now rents them. "I've lived in them all my life," she says, "and can't understand why people like them. They're just old houses to me, without any elevators!"

The class of people living in remodeled brownstones, according to one well educated rental agent, "at least in the East Fifties," is much better than those in the more modern apartment buildings in the same rental price class. . . I wonder if that isn't a reproach to the architects of the box-like cubicles they call "modern apartments?" The old, high-ceilinged rooms have much more character.

But these old remodeled brownstones in the East Fifties and Sixties have their days numbered, probably, for when Rockefeller Center office buildings are all filled up, there'll be too great a demand for apartment space to make little three and four floor houses profitable in that area. They'll pile the apartments higher for Manhattan cliff dwellers.

"If I had anything to sell," says a friend, "and wanted to establish an office at a favorable address, I'd choose Rockefeller Center. It's the most publicized office space in the whole country." And perhaps he's right, though the Empire State Building ran a close second for a time.

**No Concentration** .....  
Bobby, who had just started to school, was proudly telling his aunt about his school work. She asked him a few questions which he could not answer correctly.

"Well," Bobby's aunt said, "you'll simply have to learn to concentrate."  
"Oh! Aunt Mary, we haven't taken that up yet; we're only reviewing."—Montreal Daily Star.

**Coat and Waistcoat** .....  
"How many coats of paint do you put on that fence?"  
Painter: "Two, sonny. Why?"  
"Well, if you put on a third coat, it would be an overcoat, wouldn't it?"  
Painter: "Yes, and a waste coat, too."—Ireland's Own.

## The Woman's Angle

When you accept an invitation, make the understanding clear by naming the hour of the appointment in your acceptance. That verifies it, and in the event that your host or hostess finds the invitation was incorrect, there is an opportunity to correct it and avoid embarrassment on both sides.

If you have an eye for color, look at some of the fruit and vegetable stands that are nicely arranged for fancy display. And when you realize how attractive foods can be, plan a meal some time so that color in your cooked foods will come somewhere near their beauty when they're raw.

Curiosity is early displayed in the infant as he pulls the wheel off his toy wagon. But a child of two can be taught to appreciate the difference between destroying his own wagon and that of his brother—laying the foundation for a proper respect of other people's property. . . By the age of five, reason can be invoked. Before, it is usually a matter of reward and punishment.

Three points in which women most frequently show bad taste, are the use of mascara, nail grooming and the use of lip-stick properly. Figures are most frequently properly watched, but too dark eye shadow and mascara, too red lips and rather bad care of the nails are still points to be criticized.

The usual amount of fat in milk, according to authorities, is but 3 1-2 per cent, which has little effect on the weight of the steady consumer. Protein, the largest constituent of milk, forms muscles and lean flesh. The rest consists of valuable minerals. All of which would indicate that milk is not fattening.

Frozen desserts made in an automatic refrigerator, though they are good, are not exactly like ice cream. Remember that it is the whipping and churning that makes smooth ice cream. Hence the mousses and parfaits—whipped cream, sometimes with beaten egg whites, and flavoring, are usually the most satisfactory frozen desserts.

**The New Champ** .....  
A stranger was dining in Aberdeen. When the meal was over he handed the waiter a penny tip.

The waiter looked at the coin in his hand. "Do ye ken, mister," he said, "that the champion miser in Aberdeen gies me tuppence?"  
The stranger held out his hand smilingly. "Here," he said, "shake hands with the new champion."—Answers.

**Prefers Domestic Fruit** .....  
"What do you think of the Ethiopian imbroglio?"  
"Well, I must say that I like our old-fashioned fruits best."

**Too Difficult** .....  
"Jimmy, what is classical music?"  
"The kind you can't whistle, ma'am."

## Louisa's Letter

### WIVES WITHOUT HOLIDAYS SHOULD DEMAND THEM

Dear Louisa:—

We cannot afford a maid and I do all my work excepting for the laundry which a woman comes in for. I never get any recreation away from my children and my husband thinks I should be content to stay home with them all of the time. He goes to town several times a week but if I ever go along I have to carry all of the children and really it is such an undertaking that I come home more tired than if I'd never gone. But if I stay home I never see anything—in fact I feel like a moss-back now from being out of touch with everything for such a long time. So what am I to do?

MRS. J. A. C.

Answer: My advice to you, Mrs. J. A. C., is to stiffen up your backbone and tell your husband that you are tired of being a slave. If he had to hire a woman to do his cooking and care for the children, she would not only get some good cash money each week but she would also have her evenings and at least one afternoon off to do as she pleased. It is certainly as little as he can do to keep the children one afternoon a week while you go to town with a little cash. If he doesn't want to do that—and some men have a way of getting out of disagreeable jobs—he can hire the laundress, if she is dependable, and she can look after the children. The majority of men are selfish and if their wives demand nothing that is what they usually get.

Ten to one if your husband sees that you have some recreation he will be just as delighted with the change, after he has made it, as you will be. You will feel better, look better, and be able to do more for your family, if you get away from them each week for a time and enjoy yourself. You will see what other people are wearing and it will help you plan for your children. It will give you a new outlook on life and you won't feel as if you are caught in a snare from which there is no release.

If there were some way of making men like your husband change places with you for just a short time it would not take long for them to decide that a diet of baby tending indefinitely was not the delightful holiday they apparently think it is for their wives.

Yours, LOUISA

## The Family Doctor

by John Joseph Gaines, M. D.

**SOME TERRIBLE FIGURES**  
By courtesy of the Missouri Social Hygiene Association I am in receipt of some statistics with permission to hand a part to my readers for whatever they may be worth.

The cost of venereal diseases to one large city ranges from \$2,071,000 to half a million more than that. Annual costs.

These diseases, two of them, are a causative factor in many more serious afflictions of mankind and womankind.

The cost of first-year treatment of syphilis is much in excess of sums available for health expenditures in the budgets of working men's families.

From these diseases come hundreds, yes thousands of cases of rheumatism, neuritis, heart disease, and congenital afflictions in the offspring. It is appalling.

All from just two so-called "major venereal diseases."

What a world of affliction and suffering. It is the penalty for vicious, lustful appetites. I dare not mention certain of the ultimate loathsome conditions suffered by careless victims of human lust! The picture would be too disgusting.

Isn't it enough to justify warnings, shouted from every house-top? Your physician knows. Ask him for information.  
Millions of dollars are paid annually to drug stores for so-called "specifics." There is no way of finding out the actual sums spent. A volume could be written and yet the greater half would remain untold.  
One would think a warning such as this would be sufficient.

## Sunday School Lesson

International Sunday School Lesson for September 22, 1935.

Golden Text: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love him."—James 1:12.

(Lesson Text: James 1:1-17)

We study this week the epistle of James, which some think was probably the earliest epistle written. The author is generally accepted to have been James, the brother of Jesus, the Jewish leader of the early Christian church in Jerusalem.

There are four men, apparently, by the name of James referred to in the New Testament. First, James, the son of Zebedee, who with his brother, John, and Peter were the three chief members of the inner circle of disciples who followed Jesus. Another was also an apostle, referred to as the son of Alphaeus. Then, there was James the Little, the adjective probably referring to his physical stature. The fourth, the subject of our lesson, was the brother of Jesus.

James was undoubtedly a worthy man but his relationship to our Lord probably helped him reach the lofty position he occupied in the early church. From boyhood he had been closely associated with Jesus and formed one of the earliest groups of believers following the Crucifixion.

"No doubt James sat by Jesus at his teacher's feet in the town school," says H. C. Moule. "He had roved with him on the hills; he had watched with him the plowmen and the sowers; and the oxen of the threshing floor; he had worked beside him, very likely, at the bench, Joseph's apprentice at first, then, possibly, the helper of his brother Jesus as he succeeded his reputed father to be the very stay of the widowhood of his mother."

In the stirring events which followed the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Jesus, James was identified. It is recorded in 1 Cor. 15:7 that Jesus "was seen of James." Later, according to Gal. 1:19 Paul had an interview with him. Acts 12:17 tells how Peter, after his escape from prison gave instructions that information be carried to James. This James soon became recognized as the head of the Jerusalem church. "Though not one of the twelve," says Philip Schaff, "he enjoyed, owing to his relationship to our Lord, and his commanding piety, almost apostolic authority, especially in Judea and among the Jewish converts."

So, we find James in this authoritative position when the question arose whether the new Gentile members should submit to the Mosaic law. Paul and Barnabas were sent from Antioch to the Jerusalem church to see if some decision could be reached. "The problem was to save both the liberty of the gospel and the authority of the Scriptures," says J. M. Stifler. "Antioch stood for the former, the teachers who came down from Jerusalem for the latter."

"God's Spirit harmonized the two." "If these teachers from Judea had been victorious," says C. Campbell Morgan, "then through those earliest years, lasting until now, there would have been division between the Hebrew Church of Christ and the Gentile Church of Christ, and the bitterness caused by such division would be mutually destructive, and the

testimony of Christ to the world would have been lost."

When the conference was held Peter spoke first, calling attention to his own experience with the descent of the Holy Spirit upon Gentiles and that the old yoke had been more than the fathers could bear. Paul and Barnabas supported Peter's views. Finally, James quoted Amos 9:11-12, arguing that the liberty of the Church to present the gospel to the Gentiles was maintained but at the same time the promises of God to the chosen people had not been cancelled. Thereupon, the suggestion of James as to the disposition of the vexatious question was adopted.

As said by Philip Schaff, James "was an honest, conscientious, eminently practical, conciliatory Jewish Christian, the right man, at the right time, in the right place. The mission of James was evidently to stand in the breach between the synagogue and the Church, and to lead the disciples of Moses gently to Christ. He was the only man who could do it in the time of the approach of the doom of the Holy City. As long as there was any hope of a conversion of the Jews as a nation, he prayed for it and made the transition as easy as possible. When that hope vanished, his mission was fulfilled."

"The Epistle of James is the most Jewish writing in the New Testament," says Doremus Almy Hayes. "If we eliminate two or three passages concerning reference to Christ, the whole Epistle might find its place just as properly in the canon of the Old Testament, as far as its substance of doctrine and contents is concerned. That could not be said of any other book in the New Testament. There is no mention of the incarnation of the resurrection of Christ. The word 'gospel' does not occur in the Epistle. Nevertheless, the Spirit of Christ is here. The principles of this Epistle are the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, to which there are more references than can be found anywhere else in the New Testament in the same space (about 15 references). It has to do with the outward life for the most part, and the life it pictures is that of a Jew informed with the Spirit of Christ."

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Maud Thomas,  
Glasgow, Kentucky

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**Camels don't get your Wind**

THERE'S A CERTAIN DELICACY OF FLAVOR IN CAMELS THAT APPEALS TO WOMEN. CAMELS ARE SO MILD THAT THEY DO NOT AFFECT MY MIND.

I SMOKE THE SAME CIGARETTE THE CHAMPIONS DO—CAMELS. THEY NEVER INTERFERE WITH HEALTHY NERVES AND THEIR FLAVOR IS MARVELOUS.

SO MILD!

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