

BRENTWOOD

by Grace Livingston Hill



SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

"Oh, I'll straighten it a little. But I wish you would go up with him this time. I ripped the sleeve half out of my dress last night when I stooped over to pick up Sunny, and I've just spilled some grease down the front of it. I'm a sight! And this is the only dress I have. I couldn't possibly get it washed out and ironed and on before he comes."

"Oh, I can fix that," said Marjorie smiling, "you'll wear one of my dresses, of course. We're just the same size, so it's sure to fit you. Let's open my suitcase and rummage."

Betty's eyes lighted with sudden longing, but her lips set in a thin line.

"Indeed I couldn't deck myself out in your wonderful clothes. I couldn't do that!"

"No?" said Marjorie teasingly. "Suppose I deck you then? Come on, let's see what I've got that will be suitable."

She dashed into the front hall, brought back her airplane baggage and opened it right there in

the kitchen before the ravished eyes of her beauty-starved sister. Marjorie reached under the neat muslin packing bags that contained frivolous evening things and pulled out two knitted dresses, simple of line, lovely of quality, and rich of color.

"There!" said Marjorie happily, "I think there's a blue one here somewhere, too. Yes, here it is," and she flung it across a chair. "Put them all on and see which you like the best!"

Betty stood spellbound. "Oh! I couldn't wear those lovely things. It wouldn't seem right!"

"Now, please, Betty, don't spoil things by objections. Put them on one at a time and let me see which is the most becoming."

Betty finally chose the dark blue. "It is less dressy than the others," she said gravely, "though it's awfully smart. I couldn't ask anything handsomer on this earth. I never thought I'd have a chance to even try on one of

those wonderful handknit costumes. "Well, I'll be awfully careful of it," compromised Betty, "and I'll take it off as soon as the doctor has gone."

"Nonsense! You'll do no such thing!" said Marjorie. "You'll wear it whenever you like. Here, I've got a couple of little cotton house gowns, sort of aprons they are, to slip over another dress when you're actually working. You take the blue one and I'll take the pink, and then we can tell each other apart. We'll put those on for kitchen work."

"You make life a kind of play," said Betty as she wonderingly obeyed. "It doesn't seem right to be dolled up like this to make a bed."

Presently they heard the doctor coming upon the porch and Betty in the slim blue dress went to open the door, her hair a little gold flame of light about her shapely head. Marjorie, standing back in the tiny parlor almost out of view had time to notice the quick look of interest in the doctor's face as he took account of the exceedingly pretty girl who was meeting him, and the little flush of rose that crept up into Betty's cheeks as she met his gaze.

Then the doctor turned and looked keenly at Marjorie.

"Oh, you're the new sister, aren't you?" he said pleasantly. "Aren't you twins? You look so very much alike. I doubt if I could have told you apart if I hadn't met Miss Betty several times."

Marjorie looking up caught a bright flame of color on Betty's face and thought how pretty she looked in the new dress. She wondered in passing if this nice pleasant doctor was interested in her sister?

Betty lingered a moment at the door talking with the doctor, asking him particularly about her mother's diet and medicine, and the young doctor looked at her approvingly and smiled as he finally went out.

Ever since she had arrived Marjorie had been planning what she would do, but there hadn't as yet been time to carry out her plans.

"Monday you and I ought to go out and do some Christmas shopping," said Marjorie to Betty as they were putting everything in shining order Saturday evening after supper.

"Christmas shopping, my eye! A lot of Christmas shopping I could do. I haven't got ten cents of my own," said Betty ruefully. "Oh, yes, you have," laughed Marjorie. "Look in your purse. I put some in there this afternoon while you were down at the store and it's for Christmas shopping and nothing else."

"Do you think I would go Christmas shopping with your

walk. There's no carline except a long roundabout way."

"I'll love to walk!" said Marjorie. So Marjorie and her brother started off to church.

"I guess you'll be ashamed of me, but they don't mind clothes where we're going."

"No," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "I'm not ashamed of you, I'm proud of you. Things like that are only comparative, anyway, aren't they? They shouldn't have any part in going to church."

Ted eyed her speculatively, and finally ventured another question: "I guess you're saved, aren't you?"

"Saved?" said Marjorie altogether startled. The phrase was not common among the young people she knew.

"You have to be born again, you know."

She gave him another keen look and as if he were answering the question in her eyes he said: "You believe, you know, that's how you get to be born again. That's how you get saved. You just believe."

"Believe?" said Marjorie inquiringly. She didn't say "believe what?" but her tone said it. So he answered, "Believe that Jesus is the Son of God and died to take our sins upon Himself and suffer their penalty." He explained it gravely, as if he had done it before, and understood thoroughly what it meant.

"Why, I guess I believe that," said Marjorie, "I've never really thought much about it, but I believe it of course. It's all in the Bible. I was taught to believe that when I was very young, though I'm not sure I know much about it."

"Gee, it's great when you get to studying it!" said Ted irrelevantly. Marjorie looked at him in surprise.

"Have you studied it?" "Sure! We had Bible classes twice a week at the Brentwood chapel. Gosh, I was sorry to move away!"

"You must have had a good teacher," said Marjorie wonderingly.

"I'll say he was! He was swell! He seemed to know just what you'd be going through that day, and how to show you where you'd get off the track, see?"

"Who is this teacher?" "Gideon Reaver's his name. He's just a young fella, only been out of Seminary a little over a year, but he certainly knows his Bible. He can preach all around any preacher I ever heard before. But you'll hear him, you'll see what he's like."

"Well, I hope I shall be able to keep from going crazy over him," Marjorie smiled. Ted turned red.

"Oh, you're not like that. You're sensible! But he's a prince, you know. I'm not blaming 'em for going crazy over him. If I was a girl I might do it myself."

"Did Betty used to go to church with you when you lived in Brentwood?" asked Marjorie. Ted's face darkened. "No!" he said shortly. "She wouldn't go. She said she had no time for church. She was all taken up with a poor fish in the office where she worked. He usta come out in a second-hand roadster and take her places. He made me sick. Had one of those little misplaced eyebrows on his upper lip, though he was smart, could smoke more cigarettes in an hour than anybody I ever heard of, and wore his hat way off on the back of his head like he was bored with the world and thought he was too good to associate with common people."

"Then she doesn't know Gideon Reaver?"

"No, she wouldn't be introduced one day when I brought him home. She said she didn't care to know preachers, they would bore her, and it might be embarrassing to have him hanging around. Oh, she makes me sick, sometimes."

"I guess she's had rather a hard time," suggested Marjorie gently. "Sure she has! We've all had a hard time. And she's been a good scout, worked like everything to take care of Mother and Father, and all that, but still—sometimes she makes me sick."

He suddenly broke off and his voice grew jubilant. "There's Brentwood now! See it up there on the hill? And that's our house, that long low stone house with the white pillars to the porch? Isn't that some swell location? And there? Upon my word if there doesn't come Gideon Reaver now!"

Then Marjorie looked up to see a tall finely built young man coming toward her with astonishingly wonderful eyes that seemed to have seen further into life than most men see, yet they had a deep sweet settled peace in them. She wondered if it could be real. She had never seen a young man who had that look.

"Sure, I'll take her," he said diffidently. "But you have to

walk. There's no carline except a long roundabout way."

"I'll love to walk!" said Marjorie. So Marjorie and her brother started off to church.

"I guess you'll be ashamed of me, but they don't mind clothes where we're going."

"No," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "I'm not ashamed of you, I'm proud of you. Things like that are only comparative, anyway, aren't they? They shouldn't have any part in going to church."

Ted eyed her speculatively, and finally ventured another question: "I guess you're saved, aren't you?"

"Saved?" said Marjorie altogether startled. The phrase was not common among the young people she knew.

"You have to be born again, you know."

She gave him another keen look and as if he were answering the question in her eyes he said: "You believe, you know, that's how you get to be born again. That's how you get saved. You just believe."

"Believe?" said Marjorie inquiringly. She didn't say "believe what?" but her tone said it. So he answered, "Believe that Jesus is the Son of God and died to take our sins upon Himself and suffer their penalty." He explained it gravely, as if he had done it before, and understood thoroughly what it meant.

"Why, I guess I believe that," said Marjorie, "I've never really thought much about it, but I believe it of course. It's all in the Bible. I was taught to believe that when I was very young, though I'm not sure I know much about it."

"Gee, it's great when you get to studying it!" said Ted irrelevantly. Marjorie looked at him in surprise.

"Have you studied it?" "Sure! We had Bible classes twice a week at the Brentwood chapel. Gosh, I was sorry to move away!"

Sunday School Lesson

by Henry Radcliffe

PAUL PLANTS THE GOSPEL IN NEW FIELDS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 16, 1939.

Golden Text: "As a wise masterbuilder I laid a foundation; and another buildeth thereon."—1 Cor. 3:10.

(Lesson Text: Acts 14; 1-7; 19-23)

Last week we saw how they left Antioch of Pisidia as a result of the hostility fostered by the Jews. The missionaries proceeded to Iconium, where the gospel message was first given in the local synagogue and both Jews and Greeks accepted. After a long stay, the opposition became more violent, whereupon the party moved on to Lystra.

At Lystra, where there seems to have been no synagogue, Paul was attracted by a life-time cripple in the audience before him. This man's spirit had been touched and his strong faith became apparent to Paul, who, in a loud voice, called upon him to walk. The miracle was the result of two strong souls meeting—one with faith and the other with vision to recognize the trust and acceptance in the other. Naturally, the miracle created considerable comment.

The natives of Lystra had been brought up in the superstitious semi-religion of their day and locality. Their worship was directed towards placating a varied host of deities, familiar to most of us who have read the mythological stories of the ancients. One of these relate how Jupiter (Zeus) and Mercury (Hermes) in the guise of mortals visited this very section. Consequently, confronted by the miraculous cure of the cripple, the pagan crowd promptly assured a repetition of the story, seeing in Barnabas and Paul the divine pair who had fooled many of their ancestors.

The inhabitants of Lystra, led by the priest of Jupiter, promptly attempted to render to the supposed gods the customary ritualistic worship. Oxen and garlands were brought up for the proper sacrifices to the deities. Sacrifice was not a strange rite to Jews, either, be it remembered, but Paul and Barnabas were horrified at the prospect of their assumption of divine honors. They quickly explained their mortal kinship with those who would deify them and used the occasion to preach about Jesus.

Shortly afterward, there came to Lystra the unbelieving Jews from the cities previously visited, and their bigotry and intolerance soon fanned their victims into crusading zeal. The mob which

wanted to worship the missionaries as gods were soon turned to critics and foes, and attacked the missionary apostles. Paul seems to have received the most severe punishment, for he was stoned and left upon the earth as dead. However, he revived, but the next day the missionary party went to Derbe.

The stay at Derbe was without outstanding events apparently, and after a ministry there Paul resisted the temptation to visit the home folks at nearby Tarsus so that he and Barnabas might return to Antioch by the various continental cities already visited. This they did, building up and cementing the new body of believers. Both to the home church in Antioch (of Syria) Paul and Barnabas returned and their splendid report of the Gospel being preached to the Gentiles was made.

A year's time had been occupied in this first great missionary journey, and fourteen hundred miles had been covered. Paul had definitely assumed his role as missionary to the Gentiles, having frankly declared to the Jews in Pisidia Antioch that it was necessary to speak the word to them but since they rejected it, "to, we turn to the Gentiles." The fact that Christian missionaries brought the Christian religion to our European ancestors and that our nation is today Christian can be traced directly back to the beginning of this missionary enterprise in the ancient Syrian city of Antioch. To Paul, more than any other man, the spread of the new faith was due.

There are pagan faiths yet alive today, but as Robert E. Speer points out, "Mohammedanism is spreading in Africa and India, but it makes no effort of any significance to convert America or Europe or Japan. The bounds of Confucianism are contracting. Shintoism has withdrawn from the lists as a religion, and claims now only the place of a court ceremonial and a burial rite, Zoroastrianism one of the worthiest of the ancient religions, has almost vanished in the land of its origin, and numbers comparatively few adherents in India. Hinduism is geographically limited, save as a philosophy, by its principle of caste, and Buddhism is rejected in Japan by the very men who might succeed in propagating it elsewhere."

On the other hand, Speer declares: "Christianity is moving out all over the earth with steadily increasing power, with ever-multiplying agencies, with ever-enlarging devotion, and with open and undiscouraged purpose to conquer the world."

Touch—1939 Style

Bobby (short of money):—"Say, Dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?" Dad (taken by surprise):—"Why no—but, er—"

Bobby:—"Then how about putting me on relief?"—Atlanta Two Bells.

The Next Assignment
Publisher—"Have you finished the book which tears down the reputation of George Washington?"
Pen Pusher—"Yeah."
Publisher—"All right! Start in on one making a hero out of Jesse James."

"See that little man over there? He's an etiquette teacher in a deaf-and-dumb school."
"What are his duties?"
"He teaches the pupils not to talk with their hands full."

With the Poetess As a Factor
The caller was young and quite charming. "If you like," said the young man at the desk, "I'll have your poem submitted to the editor."
"No," she answered positively. "I'll read it aloud to him. I prefer to have the editor submitted to the poem."

I Beg Your Pardon
Her hat was on one side, her clothes rumpled and her shoes were in shreds.
"Were you knocked down by a motorist?" asked a sympathetic bystander.
"No, picked up," she snapped.

FLOWERS

For All Occasions
At B & T Drug Co.
SPARTA, N. C.

FOR RELIEF
from
Headaches
Simple Neuralgia
or Muscular
Pains
DR. MILES
ANTI-PAIN PILLS

If you never have it, just be thankful. Headaches take a lot of the joy out of life for most of us.

If you suffer, as most of us do, from an occasional headache, take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS**. You will find them pleasant to take and unusually prompt and effective in action. Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills are also recommended for Neuralgia, and for Muscular Pains.

Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills do not upset the stomach nor leave you with a dopey, drugged feeling.

At Your Drug Store:
125 Tablets \$1.00
25 Tablets 25¢



American Boy Magazine

Companion To Thousands

Hundreds of thousands of boys and young men read THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine every month and consider it more as a living companion than as a magazine.

"It's as much a buddy to me as my neighborhood chum," writes one high school senior. "THE AMERICAN BOY seems to understand a boy's problems and considers them in such a sympathetic and helpful way. It gives advice and entertaining reading on every subject in which a young fellow is interested. It is particularly helpful in sports. I made our school basketball team because of playing tips I read in THE AMERICAN BOY."

Many famous athletes in all sports credit much of their success to helpful suggestions received from sports articles carried in THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine. Virtually every issue offers advice from a famous coach or player. Football, basketball, track, tennis, in fact every major sport is covered in fiction and fact articles.

Teachers, librarians, parents and leaders of boys clubs also recommend THE AMERICAN BOY enthusiastically. They have found that as a general rule regular readers of THE AMERICAN BOY advance more rapidly and develop more worthwhile characteristics than do boys who do not read it. Trained writers and artists, famous coaches and athletes, explorers, scientists and men successful in business and industry join with an experienced staff to produce in THE AMERICAN BOY, the sort of reading matter boys like best.

THE AMERICAN BOY sells on most newsstands at 15¢ a copy. Subscription prices are \$1.50 for one year or \$3.00 for three years. Foreign rates 50¢ a year, extra. To subscribe, simply send your name, address and remittance direct to THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit Michigan. —adv. 4tc-17M

Licensed
Funeral Directors
and Embalmers
Reins-Sturdivant
Funeral Home
Sparta, North Carolina

Grass Seeds Fertilizer Seed Oats

A full stock of all kinds of Grass Seeds, Seed Oats, Baugh & Son's Fertilizers—the kind that drills so easy. SEE US FOR PRICES!

"PRICES TALK and SO DOES CASH"

Chas. P. Waugh
GALAX, VIRGINIA.

LEADERSHIP IN VALUE BRINGS LEADERSHIP IN SALES

EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT
Vacuum Booster Supplies 80% of the Stopping Effort

NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING
New Bodies by Fisher

CHEVROLET'S FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX

PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM
On Master De Luxe models only

NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY

TIP-TOE-MATIC CLUTCH

ALL CHEVROLET PRICES ARE BUCKS BURNING!

Chevrolet is first in sales because it's first in styling—first in acceleration—first in hill-climbing—and first in value in its price range!

Again the people of the nation are awarding Chevrolet first place in motor car sales!

And the reason they are buying more Chevrolets than any other make of car is that this new Chevrolet gives them more of all the things they want in a motor car, at lower cost.

Visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer today! See, drive and buy the nation's fastest selling motor car and the nation's biggest dollar-value!

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

The Only Low-Priced Car Combining
"ALL THAT'S BEST AT LOWEST COST!"

Castevens Motor Co.
SPARTA, NORTH CAROLINA