



TOURING GUIDE IS JUST PUBLISHED

Motorists who are planning vacation tours during the summer months will be pleased to know that the 1923 Associated Tours Guide, the official road book compiled and published by the Automobile Club of America, is now ready for distribution.

By following the carefully selected itineraries and clearly defined road maps with which the Guide's 104 pages are filled, summer vacationists are enabled to tour by motor through the most charming sections of the Eastern United States and Canada to seaside, mountain and country resorts. All tours in the Guide are compiled with a view to scenic charm; the roads mapped are the best stretches of hard highway that the country affords.

For transcontinental motor tourists there is a double page Atlantic to Pacific road map showing the several routes across the United States, accompanied by complete itineraries for this increasingly popular trip. For those visiting the New England country there is a map of the recently adopted road marketing system. A large folding road map of the entire country east of Chicago accompanies the Guide.

A feature of the Associated Tours Guide that motorists particularly appreciate is that the itineraries are arranged to allow for logical stopping places at the end of each day's run at towns where accommodations may be readily secured. Synopsis of State Motor laws, ferry schedules, and lists of good hotels and garages also go to increase the Guide's usefulness to the automobilist.

For the accommodation of car owners the Guide will be distributed through local news dealers, bookstores and drugstores in all parts of the country or may be obtained by remitting fifty cents to cover cost and postage to The Automobile Club of America, 247 West 54th Street, New York City.

SAFETY FIRST

Throw out the clutch when approaching a railroad crossing. This will eliminate all noises about the car, making it possible to listen for the sound of an approaching train. In coasting, however, do not allow the engine to idle so slowly that there is danger of its stalling.

ODD NICKNAME FOR SENATOR

Oliver Morton Was Long Known Among Colleagues as the "Devil on Two Sticks."

"The Devil on Two Sticks" was a nickname given to Oliver P. Morton, American senator. For many years he was affected by a dangerous and probably incurable disease. He visited Paris for the best medical advice, and submitted to the moxa treatment. It relieved him considerably, and doubtless prolonged his life, but did not restore the paralyzed legs. He was compelled to use a walking-stick in each hand. In the ordinary course of debate in the senate for the last few years he generally read and spoke in a sitting posture, the courtesy of his brother senators admitting that position. When dealing with questions of national importance he spoke standing, supporting himself against his desk and on one of his canes, but sometimes against a standing support, consisting of an iron standard surmounted by a small wooden reading desk.

During the fierce partisan debate in the senate near the close of the Civil war, and especially while the reconstruction measures were being discussed, he was a stalwart and excessively pugnacious fighter on the Republican side, and earned the appellation of "The Devil on Two Sticks."

RACE OF LANDSCAPE LOVERS

Japanese, Probably More Than Any Other People, Can See Beauty in Simple Countryside.

In spite of a fairly severe climate, it is with reluctance that the Japanese people close their houses against the landscape which is for them a perpetually renewed spectacle of beauty. The fundamental principle on which Japanese taste is based would seem to be a constant application of refinement and a conservation of simplicity. A Japanese is accustomed to place a flower in his room, not as an ornament, but as a companion. Buddhism has exalted in the Japanese that sympathy for everything animate which is natural. It seems, to the various Asiatic peoples. We are perpetually struck by the Japanese tastes for a countryside seen under snow or under moonlight. The French child who tries his hand at drawing first makes a house of a man; the little Japanese draws a tree or the curve of a finger nail. The Japanese is one of the least migrant of nations. In spite of the density of its population, Japan is not overcrowded, and in all the northern portion of the country there is ample space.—Baltimore American.

PASTOR, ONCE ROVING SAILOR, TELLS HOW HE GOT INSPIRATION

For years Karl Stukenbrok followed the rowdy, immoral life of "cursing, swaggering" sailor, on board tramp steamers plying between this country and the Orient.

Driven from his homeland by oppression because of his political views, when he was but a youth, he was bitter, cynical, and, as he describes it, "on the verge of atheism."

Inspired by the self-sacrifice and sincerity of missionaries, who far from home and family devoted their lives to saving men's souls, Stukenbrok paused to reflect. The result was that he found he had been on the wrong track.

Now he is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Bryson, North Carolina.

By DOUGLAS G. TINSLEY,
(International News Service Staff Correspondent.)

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 13.—It's a far cry from the sloppy decks of tramp steamers in the China Sea, from the draggled water fronts of Far Eastern ports to the pastorate of one of the finest churches in North Carolina.

Yet that is the romantic pathway followed through a comparatively short span of years by the Rev. Karl D. Stukenbrok, Baptist minister and delegate to the recent convention of Southern Baptists here, who developed from a swearing, swaggering sailor to a pastor of the leading church in Bryson, North Carolina.

Stukenbrok's life history packs more punches and unusual features than half a dozen ordinary lives. Born on the outskirts of Bremen, Germany, in 1874, he found the domination of the German imperialists too irksome to make living under them a pleasant prospect for the future, he says.

At the age of fourteen his revolutionary utterances menaced his freedom, and rather than risk an encounter with the sort of justice meted out by the Fatherland he left the country and went to sea.

Seaman On Tramp Ship.

For two years the wide, restless sweep of the Pacific claimed him as a seaman on board one of the hun-

drede of weather-beaten tramps plying between the Old World and the New. Landing in San Francisco when about 17, he entered the naval service of the United States and was sent to the Asiatic station.

"Contact with rough men and life of the water fronts opened my eyes to the futility of a life wherein no one considered the coming of tomorrow in the dissipation of today, and I began to question the future, to explore tomorrow, in an attempt to reach some plane whereby I could make life more than one of the common failures and tragedies to be found in the brothels and resorts of iniquitous Shanghai," he said.

"Every Sunday for the year in which my ship was lying off the shores of China, near the city of Shanghai, there came aboard a group of missionaries who struggled to instill into the minds of the men some conception of the beauty and desirability of a true Christian life. At that time I was dangerously close to being an atheist.

Observed Missionaries.

"The fights along the slippery wharves and in the low dives of the city among the seamen of many nations, these missionaries, coming aboard every Sunday and preaching the Gospel of Christ and telling us they loved us and were concerned with our future, started me thinking. "Religion must have something to it, I thought, if it inspired these people to brave hardships, rebuffs and insults. The unselfishness and apparent sincerity of these missionaries impressed me, and there crept under my crust of cynicism and near-atheism a desire to understand a little more of God, who so influenced the lives of these simple, whole-hearted folks.

"From thinking about it I came to one conclusion—that the material pleasures we get from this life are but passing and insignificant in their possibilities of happiness, and that could I experience the frame of mind that caused these people to find content and happiness in ministering to the souls of men, nothing else would matter a great deal.

"Fought Own Battle."

With this in mind I fought out my own battle of salvation. Nights, when the cool fingers of the sea caressed the sides of our vessel and the voice of the mysterious East called out its invitation to hidden pleasures, I lay in my hammock, swaying gently to the roll of the never-resting sea, and prayed to God, and, praying, I made my peace with Him.

"At once I was fired with the flames of a divine ambition to do my part to better the lives of sea rovers who drifted from one port to another. After my honorable discharge from the navy, in 1899, I returned to China and, in keeping with my ambition, opened what was known as the 'Pine Rest' in Shanghai, where the wanderers could get a nourishing meal and a clean bed at a moderate cost. Doing this kept the men away from the vicious places of the city.

"Fights between men of different ships were common along the waterfront, and often the street in front of my little mission would resemble a battleground, resounding to the cries and curses of the fighting factions. But never, except once in the history of the 'Rest' did a fight occur within the walls of my little mission.

He Could Fight Still.

"One night, however, three British sailors entered full of the terrible liquor dispensed by the ruffians of the brothels. These men immediately began to curse in a most appalling way and, for no reason at all, began to pick an argument with several of the others who were sitting peacefully at nearby tables writing or reading.

"Pointing to a scar running obliquely across his forehead, he said:

"I got this from one of them, but not before I had plastered the map of Ireland all over their faces and left them out in the street in front of the mission wondering perhaps what ship had collided with them."

Stukenbrok, who is 48 years old, looks 30, is athletic in appearance and no one would doubt his ability to handle three men. After seven years of religious service abroad he was taken ill and hurried back to the United States to undergo an operation. At the age of 35 he entered the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, and after graduation assumed the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Bryson, North Carolina.

A letter which had been brought by the postman was thinner than the bulky ones which a struggling young author usually received, and he tore it open eagerly and read: "Your recent favor stating that you inclose manuscript of story, with stamps for return if not suitable, has been received. Your contribution is accepted."

"At last!" exclaimed the young author joyfully. But his heart seemed to sink as his eyes caught the following: "P. S.—You neglected to inclose the manuscript."—Montreal Gazette.

16,500,000 Books Printed.

Based on conclusions on what is considered reliable data, an English librarian estimates that since the invention of printing in Europe in the Fifteenth century the output of the world's book presses has amounted to about 16,500,000 works, of which some 4,400,000 have been printed since 1900. The librarian believes that perhaps 20,000,000 of all the books printed still possess value.



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The Oldest and Most Reliable Shop in Town

Nick is learning something day by day in every way. He went to the speaker the other night. The speaker said that an angel is a "good thought; that eternity is now and the kingdom of God is in you." These ideas are rather deep for Nick's benighted mind. But Nick is satisfied he saw heaven hiking down the highway. Believe me, boys, she was a peach. I will leave this subject for you to think about.

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Nick.
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