

## THE LITTLE STORY OF BROTHER PAUL

It was Easter eve in the little monastery of St. Luke, just beyond the border of Northumbria.

Four brothers made up this quiet, industrious household, a brotherhood of letters as well as of religion. It was in the old time, when printing was unknown and there were monasteries, wherein men spent a whole lifetime in copying the Holly Scriptures upon strong parchment in beautiful letters illuminated by choice handwork in gold and silver colors.

The monastery of St. Luke was one of the most famous. Father John, the head of the little household, was full of years and learning. He had travelled far in his day, and had visited the great houses in Southern Europe where a hundred monks sat in one room copying the gospel while one read slowly the sacred words.

But his house beside the northern sea had no ambition to make many copies of the Holy Word. Rather, he hoped it might be said that the monastery of St. Luke produced the finest and most neatly faultless copies of the scriptures in all christendom.

And so the brotherhood had been carefully selected. There was Brother Stephen, a man in middle life, whose German accent betrayed his fatherland. No monk could excel Stephen in the regularity with which he wrote, transcribing the words he had learned to love. His letters never needed erasures. His words were never misspelled or misplaced. With slow, methodical toil he wrote hour after hour and his prayers were blended with the words he wrote that they might reach the hearts of pagans and heathen and win them to the Lord Christ.

Good Brother Stephen had it to his credit that two bibles which he had copied were in the possession of royalty, and were read on holy days in hearing of those who held the mightiest scepters in Europe. Stephen was a great comfort to his superior, Father John.

Then there was Brother Phillip. Young and ruddy was the Saxon brother. A Danish warship had touched upon the British coast one day and had snatched two fair-haired children from their mother's protection and had sailed away to unknown southern seas. Sold in a slave market in Italy, the girl, in resisting the insults of a Moorish buyer, received a blow from which she died after a few hours of agony. The boy, fired to desperation by his grief, had fought with his captors and was rescued more dead than alive, by an old priest, who took the lad home and nursed him back to life.

The delirium effaced the boy's memory for awhile and the good priest called him Phillip. And Phillip was his name when he entered a monastery, and developed a wonderful art for painting.

Phillip would have enjoyed painting the scenery of nature, but in that time it was thought fit only to paint pictures of the saints and of the Madonna, or to illuminate the text of Holy Writ with bright initials and rich margins. So Phillip turned to this last, and his fame became so great that Father John secured him as a member of the little brotherhood of St. Luke. And here, once more in the land of his birth, Phillip lived with the brothers, illustrating the beautiful texts of Brother Stephen with splendid initial letters bearing figures of the Virgin and of the blessed apostles.

Father John delighted in these two brothers, Stephen and Phillip. They were ever at work, except sometimes Phillip would look through the narrow window of the monastery and watch the sea shimmer beneath the western sun, and his brush would drop from his hand and his eyes would fill with tears. Then he would draw a picture of a sweet, childish face against a sea-blue field, and in the silence of the monastery he would kiss the child-face he had drawn.

Then there was another, Brother Paul. No one quite knew why Paul had ever been admitted to the studious monastery of St. Luke. He was different from all the rest. On one high shelf in the library was a half-finished copy of the New Testament. Years of patient toil had been spent upon it, and one day Brother Paul was working a design of an eagle, at the conclusion of St. John's Gospel, when an accident occurred, and the blue and gold was spilled through all the pages of the precious volume and it was ruined beyond repair.

It must have been blundering carelessness, Father John said. And Brother Paul was sentenced to a very long and heavy penance. To be sure, it was told in the village of Innesel, that Brother Paul had watched at the bedside of poor Gurnth, the blind beggar, who was dying of the fever, and that the brother had had no sleep for seven nights before the terrible accident happened to the book. But Father

John said that the brotherhood of St. Luke existed for copying manuscripts and not for nursing sick beggars.

Then Brother Paul had long been an offender. Many a time it had happened that when the other brothers were diligently copying the sacred texts, Brother Paul had been absent, cultivating the garden of the old widow who lived by the edge of the Innesel woods. Or he was helping to secure the hay for Farmer Cedric, who had rheumatics, keeping him in the chimney-corner half a year. His farm would have utterly gone to waste had it not been for the visits of the sturdy Brother Paul, who could delve and ditch and harvest as well as the best Saxon churl in the shire.

Indeed, whatever standing Brother Paul had inside the monastery, his standing in the village and through the whole countryside was by no means doubtful. The people held him in greater reverence than the parish priest, and "Father John of the Monastery," as the villagers called him could not count upon one half the affection which continually went out to Brother Paul.

Elderman Beowulf pointed to his bright son of fourteen summers and told how Brother Paul rescued the lad from the mad waters of the river Aines, the year of the great freshet. And Jemmy, the weaver, told of that hard winter when his house was snow-bound and he himself sick with a fever. And the children were crying for bread, and not a crumb in the house, when Brother Paul broke a path through the forest and in spite of the terrible storm, found his way with bread for the weaver and his children.

And so one could go on for a day picking up tales of the goodness which the simple village folk had received from Brother Paul.

But all this counted but little inside the monastery of St. Luke. There, Brother Paul was surely the least of all the little brotherhood, with more duties omitted and more tasks unperformed than all the other brothers twice over. More than once Father John had prohibited Brother Paul from leaving his cell for long periods, under pain of serious penalty. And it was suspected that more than once Brother Paul had broken his arrest by nightly visits of help and mercy to the suffering poor in the village.

So when it happened during the next to the last week in Lent that Brother Paul fell sick of lung fever, and when he grew steadily worse in spite of all remedial herbs in the corner closet of the refectory, and when, about sunset of Good Friday the good brother closed his eyes forever upon earthly scenes, it was a matter of less regret in the monastery of St. Luke than in the village of Innesel.

Saturday sufficed for the simple preparations for the burial, and at sunset the body of Paul was laid upon a bench in the chapel of the monastery while the brothers sang the requiem for brother gone to rest. They left him there, to await the burial on Monday.

Father John slept, as became the superior of a monastic house, in the cell just beyond the chapel. From his plain couch he could see the lamp burning before the little white altar. And the pious monk awaited sleep, watching the lamp and thinking who should be admitted to the place of Brother Paul, who had died.

To his surprise, suddenly the little lamp blazed wondrously. The chapel was in a glow. What could it mean? And he saw one gloriously vested ascending the altar steps. The brilliant light shone on. And the stranger turned a wondrous face upon the startled monk, the countenance of the Archangel Gabriel.

"Bring," the angel said, "a crown of exceeding richness for the man among all men who in his life has best transcribed the Gospels of our adorable Lord. For such a one there waits an endless benediction!" It was one blissful moment for the superior of St. Luke's. Heaven, as well as earth, had recognized the matchless work of those tireless copyists. Father John and Brother Stephen and Brother Phillip. It was bliss indeed!

But Gabriel began to speak again: "Here is the home of one who made the truest copies of God's Word. No other manuscript was ever so fair as his. For he, Brother Paul, wrote the gospel of our Lord in his life. With words of love and tender care he wrote his days full of gentle ministries and made the nights shine with help and cheer. Hereafter let it be known that the best copy of God's Word is a living copy, and they are the best copyists who write the Holy Gospels in their hearts and illumine them with Christ's life."

And then the superior of St. Luke's beheld two angels raise the form of Brother Paul from the bench on which it had been laid, and bear it through the lifted roof of the chapel along the pathway of the stars.

And long afterward it would be said of one who lived a blameless life, "He is writing the gospel of Brother Paul."

C. E. S. in the *Evening Herald*.

## GENNETT

Keith Stock Co.

TONIGHT

"IN COON HOLLOW"

Daily matinees, any seat 10c

## COOK'S THEATORIUM

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

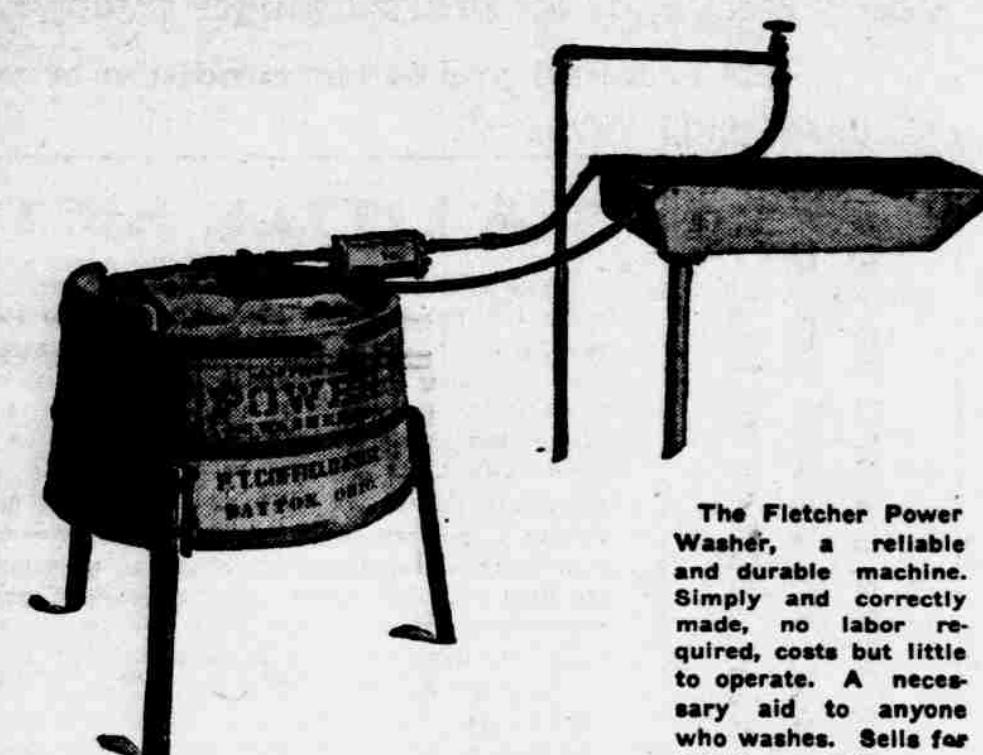
Led Astray and The Dramatist's Dream

Special Music By

MATHEWS and MATHEWS

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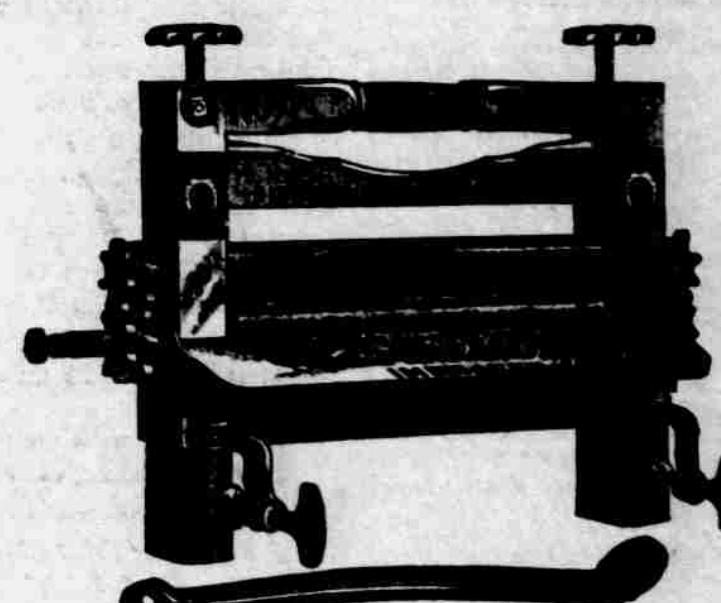
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The Fletcher Power Washer, a reliable and durable machine. Simply and correctly made, no labor required, costs but little to operate. A necessary aid to anyone who washes. Sells for \$15.00 complete.



The Spinner Machine. A very substantial and well-made machine. Geared to give the greatest amount of work. Made of best Cypress lumber. Fully guaranteed. Runs easy; washes clean. Sells for \$8.00



Wooden Wringer—made to wear and give long service. Ball bearing throughout, rolls are made of solid rubber. Superior wringers in every way. Sells at \$1.50

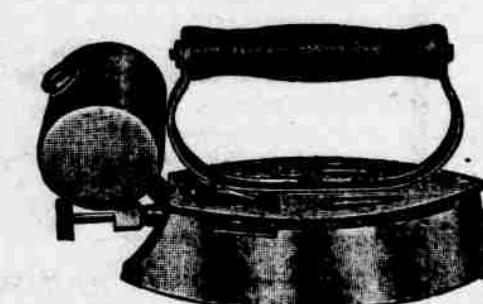


### The Acme Washer

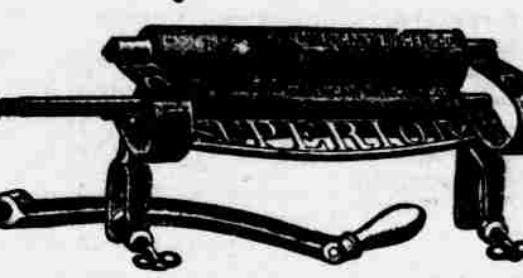
The water is forced through the clothes, backward and forward, up and down. The dirt is washed out, not rubbed out, easy on the clothes, easy on the user. A child can operate it. Sells for \$8.



King Washer—A high grade, long-wearing, serviceable machine selling for \$2.25



"Modern" gasoline or alcohol iron, compact and convenient. Never too hot, never too cold. Absolutely safe. Absolutely satisfactory. Saves fuel, trouble, labor. Sells for \$3.50



\$2.50

Ironing is easy with an Electric Iron. No heat except in the iron; heat easily regulated; an exceptional value at \$4.00.

Sleeve Boards, 25c and upward. High grade values for your money.



Folding Ironing Boards, very handy and convenient. No trouble to fold. Sells at \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Washing Boards, zinc, brass and glass, 25c and up.

Clothes Racks, very convenient, 85c and up. Mops, 25c and up. Self-wringing mops with bucket and everything complete for \$1.50.

Copper Bottom Wash Boilers \$1.25

Galvanized Wash Tubs 55c

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Laundry Stove for \$4.50

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10 Quart Galvanized Bucket 15c

## Special Reductions

100 feet Wire Clothes Line for 20c

# JONES HARDWARE CO.



The New Phillips.

The stock company at this house produced "The Wife's Peril" last night to a large and appreciative audience. The cast was carefully cast and the piece was beautifully mounted. New songs, motion pictures, together with "The Wife's Peril" afforded the patrons of the Phillips a very amusing evening. The same play this evening.

The Keith Stock Co.

The Keith Stock company broke all records at the Gennett last night when they played "The Peddler." Early in the evening the S. R. O. sign was hung

out and many people were disappointed at not seeing the very excellent performance which Mr. Keith gave in the title role.

"The Right of Way." At the Gennett on Thursday, Sept. 30 "The Right of Way," an adaptation by Eugene Presbrey from Sir Gilbert Parker's novel of the same name, will be presented. It is understood that Mr. Presbrey has departed rather widely from the lines of the original story, but that is a matter of very little consequence.

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"Mary Jane's Pa."

The wandering of dramatic production seems to have cropped out in the ever alert Henry W. Savage, when he gave the public "Mary Jane's Pa" by Edith Ellis, for from all accounts,

it is an unusual play, as unusual as the character of Hiram Perkins, a tramp printer, which Henry E. Dixey will play at the Gennett, Tuesday, Oct. 2.

But just as the term of the wandering just possesses Hiram, so the striking after new things has ever been a characteristic of the producer of "The Merry Widow" and "The Love Cure." The play and the character has been received with such emphatic approval in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, as to bring them the highest recommendations possible.

It is a relief to feel that among all these problems and fads of the drama it is again to have the real enjoyment of true unexaggerated types, of bucolic simplicity and of genuine comedy and pathos. But since it is a Savage production, one may well rest assured that it will be found some unusual scenes and situations born of familiar but of heretofore unutilized circumstances.

"The Climax." The Climax comes to the Gennett on Wednesday next.

"Do you know I think that there is a kind of selfishness in giving; for there is a kind of joy in the distribution of gifts," said Joseph M. Weber who stands sponsor for "The Climax." "One unconsciously gets the habit of giving. You begin by giving your wife a hat, and the kid on the pavement a stick of candy. If you give a beggar a meal tonight, you will find it much easier to repeat the act the following night. And finally you begin to experience pleasure that is head and heels over eating and drinking and smoking and automobile. After a gift to your neighbor, friend or relative, you inflate your breast, and you walk at a more rapid pace. You gradually find yourself giving from a selfish motive. You come to hanker after the feeling which prompts the gift. When I give a laugh to an audience I get a similar feeling. And when I give a successful play such as "The Climax" to the public I hug myself in glee, and it is that kind of joy one experiences in making a distribution of gifts."