

Gethsemane

In the valley shadows gather slowly,
The last shafts of light from the sinking sun
Recede higher, higher up the long slopes.
Far below the day is dying;
But upon the hill's brow it lingers on.
Loathe to tear away its sunset carcase
From the little grey leaves of the olives,
The soft grasses, and time-worn rocks resting
On the hill that holds old Gethsemane.

A hush hovers over everything there.
A hidden bird is singing, but his song
Is softly muted like the silver notes
From sweetly singing, silver flutes.
Darkness creeps silently from behind trees
And bushes. Shadows merge and blend until
They form a background for the few late rays
Of light that now themselves seem bright shadows
Of God's golden guard, dropping at last
He had hurriedly as though too long
He had lingered, lovingly keeping watch
Over a scene the peace of which today
Is but the echo of a peace that lay
Two thousand, weary, stumbling years ago—
Undisturbed, blessed by the benediction
Of a sunset the glory of which was
Like unto today's only as today's
Is like its own dim, subdued reflection
In the darkening, twilight-dimmed waters
Of a little lake nesting far below.
And even then—Gethsemane was old.

The night has come. The olives leaves begin
To croon the soothing heart-songs that they sang
When night had followed that other sunset.
When far down the trail soft footsteps were heard—
Coming slowly—slowly, up, up to where
In deep yearning, throbbing, loving silence
Gethsemane awaited its christening.

Again there seems to sound thru the stillness
The muffled tread of patient, weary feet.
Nearing now the summit of the dark hill.
They come more softly as if their number
Is lessened; as if One comes on alone:
One who fain would drink deep into His soul
The beauty of the stars, the cool freshness
Of the little winds that blow across the world.
The shy companionship of we, wild things
That scurry off at His approach; then turn
And peer from shadows darker than the path
He treads; if shadows could be darker.
The weary air seems tense, still, darker—
As He moves quietly up the lonely way.
The thorn trees bend backward as if knowing,
That all too soon unwillingly their boughs
Will pierce the whiteness of a brow unsoftened
By faintest mark of cruelty or ill-will
Toward any man He calleth "Brother"
And calla He all men everywhere—"Brother!"
Yet He walks alone—in Gethsemane.

He has entered the trysting-place. He kneels
'Neath trees that quiver with deep emotion,
Knowing not whether they should turn away—
Raising leafy hands to shut out His agony—
Or should bend low over Him, offering
The faith, the loyalty, the compassion
Those sleeping yonder have not given Him.

How can it be that here tonight, there comes
A two-thousand-year-old vision,—moving
In reminiscence, old Gethsemane?
And can it be that thru dead centuries
That lonely vigil has been kept where croon
The breezes on Mount Olive's third brow?
The sudden passing of a cloud reveals
The truth. The Vision still is here. No light,
No darkness ever quite can wipe that out.
But—Oh! There is a change. A change that is
Itself old—being younger by one night.
One short night that the scene the garden saw
When twilight's velvet curtain slowly rose
First disclosing there the Gethsemane.

The brave, patient, white-elad figure still kneels
Beneath the olives, the thorns, and the stars
As then He knelt. The night still means softly
As when its thousand eyes looked down upon
His agonizing torture of the past.
The thorn tree seems weeping quietly as tho'
To wash away all memory of blood
And brow and thorns once too closely mingled;
All that is there. The change has not been changed;
But there has been added since that first night,
Another character; for beside the One
In white other knees are bent; other arms
Reach toward the gaiters; other eyes are wide—
Seeking a single shifting ray of light
In all that darkness; another voice cries;
"Let this cup pass from me!" Another cup
Is being drunk—in old Gethsemane.

So has it been each day the soul has set.
Each night has held a soul facing its great
Gethsemane. And each Gethsemane
Has held a vision that is more than that:
A vision—real, eternal—of the One
Who walked His way alone; but who, since then,
Has followed, often lead, never deserted
The soul of any brother groping in
The darkness for the Light. He drained His cup
Alone; yet, night-by-night, again He drinks deep
Of the dregs of the cup of another;
A cup that may be emptied only by
The drinking of its bitterness. And thus
Has it been and shall be. Each calm twilight
Shall hear somewhere words that seem an echo;
"Remove this cup from me." And then grey leaves
Shall bend low, as softly, ruelessly, now
That other figure turns gently, sweetly,
To the suffering one. His eyes are shining
His lips are smiling. Lovingly He lays
Upon the head of His distant brother
A hand that knows the feel of nails piercing
The palm; yet was not even raised to strike—
A single blow 'gainst those who thrust them there
The music of heavenly choirs resounds

In His voice when He says in sweetest tones,
"My peace I leave with you." And the sweetness
Lives again in the face and in the voice
Of the other as—once more—the night winds
Hear the words, "Not my will, but Thine be done."
Floating heavenward from Gethsemane.

MARGARET MEADERS.

FELLOWSHIP OF PRAYER

DAILY LENTEN DEVOTION

PREPARED BY
THOMAS DWIGHT J. BRADLEY
SPONSORED BY
THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA



REV. DWIGHT J. BRADLEY

SATURDAY, March 26

"O Death, Where Is Thy Sting? O Grave, Where Is Thy Victory?"

(Read I Corinthians 15:12-58.)

Again we turn to Paul for an interpretation of what we have called "The Great Paradox of history." This passage is too overwhelmingly majestic, both in conception and in feeling, to be wholly grasped save by almost a lifetime of contemplation and thought. Yet, even from mere reading we receive an impression too profound for verbal description. Let us then, today, give ourselves over to the force and sweep of Paul's mighty concept and passionate emotion, preparing ourselves for entrance into the experience of Easter Day.

PRAYER: We thank Thee, O God, for whom Thou didst send to us, and for the victory over sin and death which cometh through Him. Help us, we pray, to be steadfast and unmovable in our faith, that we may enter with joy and assurance upon the experience which Thou holdest in store for those who love Him with steadfastness even through the hours before dawn. Amen.

EASTER DAY, March 27

"They Came Unto the Sepulchre at the Rising of the Sun"

(Read Mark 16:1-7.)

A sepulchre and a sunrise! The Paradox is made complete. The sepulchre was empty, save for a young man clothed in a long white garment. The heavy stone that had closed the tomb was rolled away. The sun rose upon three women who were frightened by what they saw. It rose also upon a world that should never be the same again. The light had overcome darkness as easily as the sun had conquered night. Life had put death to rest. Eternity had proven its mastery over time. Why, then, should those three have been afraid? Only because they had not yet learned to trust Life's unconquerable power. They still believed (against their dearest hope) that darkness was able to put out the Light. They were still living under the tyranny of time and the oppression of space. We see, also, a young man clothed in long white garment; for angels are always there to tell us of a resurrection. We, too, find the heavy tomb-stone rolled away. Shall we then, also, be afraid? Afraid of what? Of the Light? Of the messenger? Of the FACT? Not so, surely, for we have recaptured the Radiance! Not in doubt, not in fear, but in faith and hope and love, we shall turn from the sepulchre to the sunrise with a song of triumph and a prayer.

PRAYER: Now, O Lord, our pilgrimage of these short weeks is ended, and we are come from the far country to our home with Thee. Thou hast led us through many paths of thought, many turnings, many discoveries—and past many places of doubt. At length Thou didst bring us to the pain and perplexity of the thought of death, and then to the sepulchre at sunrise. Here we stand before Thee, at the meeting place of dying and living, where Thou dost require of us a final choice. Shall we refuse Thy proffer of life? Shall we be afraid? Nay, Lord we shall not refuse, nor shall we fear or hesitate. We accept Thy proffer now, and turn toward Thee in full devotion and in utter faith. Help us hereafter so to live that we may prove Thy power to redeem our lives, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, who is our Light and our hope, forever and ever by Thy Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

Wanted—Love!

The Story of an Unemployed Girl

By
ETHELDA-BEDFORD
Author of
"BROADWAY BRIDE"

READ THIS FIRST:

Lillian Abbott, 18-year-old waitress to millions of Cyrus Abbott, runs away to New York to become a work- ing girl. She believes she is to become a movie star under the direction of Thomas Blane. But Blane turns out to be a bit racketeer and steals Lillian's money and departs. Lillian is too proud to go back home and admit failure to accomplish what she set out for so she determines to brave New York. She trades her diamond wrist watch to Howard Marsh, the attractive manager of the little hotel, where she lives. She is attracted to him and goes to dine and dance with him. He takes her to be a professional hostess in the dine and dance place of which he is joint owner. She is humiliated when she learns he leaves her there alone and that he has hired her without telling her just what the job is about. She strikes up an acquaintance with Gloria Lowell, another hostess, and learns about the life of a professional hostess. She does not want to accept her profession, but being penniless and miles from her hotel she is forced to.

[NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY]



"Alone, tonight?"

CHAPTER 24
LILLIAN FELT that her face looked even more cheerless than she felt. That it, in spite of its make-up having been directed by Gloria, was too white, too pink, too red.

She and Gloria reached the edge of the glassy dance floor. The colored lights fastened beneath the crystal surface blinked blue, green, red, yellow. Like signals. Like warnings.

The floor wasn't so crowded as it had been when they left. But there were about thirty couples dancing. Their bodies seemed electrified by the music. Their faces were near each other. They didn't even look tired.

Lillian wondered if people never went home to bed in New York. If they never tired of dancing, playing, being merry. That was a new thought.

She smiled and look as if you were having a grand time, a marvelous time," encouraged Gloria.

Lillian forced animation on her tense features, tried to will the little tears of self pity to hide.

She tried to think of something bright, cheerful. Tried to wonder if anything had ever made her happy. Nothing cheerful could be conjured.

Gloria's hand pressed Lillian's. It was a warm, friendly hand. Lillian wanted to pull this understanding girl into her arms, to weep because of her bravery, her sympathy, her kindness.

She thought for a second, in the melodious room, that she could not keep from screaming with the pain that tore through her . . . pain for herself, for the cheap thing she seemed . . .

Back home in New England she might have read about all of this in a magazine . . . come over this same experience in a short story, a sophisticated story, written by some handsome, clever person—some clever person her father knew.

It would have seemed fantastic. Quite desirable then. Highly amusing. Lillian would have laughed and shown it to her father. They would have thought it amusing, that girls went about charming men to get money from them—nice girls. They would have thought of ever so many cunning things to say, for the characters of the magazine story to say—

She would have longed to live through the experience then, just as the characters of the story—would have imagined herself a part of it . . . dreamed about living through this very episode which now seemed so cheap.

But—in the story there would have been comedy and some intense romance. The dine-and-dance hostess would have had some eligible fellow fall in

love with her . . . interpret all of her make-believes, think her remarks were perfect gems . . . and the first night of the little hostess' job would end with the dashing young chap simply losing his heart and kidnapping the heroine . . . marrying her before morning!

But now that she, Lillian Abbott, was living the experience she could find nothing clever, nothing gay, nothing fascinating about it.

It was the most miserable episode of her life! "If you don't take that mournful expression off of your face, Lillian, I'm going to burst out in big tears," said Gloria, pressing Lillian's cold little hand.

"Just stand here a minute, looking pleasant, and we will be all right. We will be invited to join a party. Just wait," said the experienced Gloria.

They made an attractive pair, Lillian and Gloria. Lillian, ebony and ivory and crimson. Gloria, blonde, pink and white. They were the center of attention before many minutes.

They stood waiting. The orchestra struck up a slow waltz. "That's good," Gloria said, as if she were imparting some sparkling bit of gossip. "A waltz. Men like to sit out waltzes. Not one in ten likes to waltz. We'll be asked to a table soon. Don't look so ill at ease."

Lillian was hard to be diverted. She was almost fearful that some fellow would come up and ask Gloria for a dance and leave her alone . . . standing there, with greater horror and humiliation than any wall flower ever experienced.

She felt greedy for a moment. She hoped that should only one fellow approach them for a dance . . . that he would find her more appealing than Gloria.

The music kept up. The floor soon became littered with couples swaying to its melody. Lillian shifted her weight from one aching foot to the other.

Two tuxedoed young men came up to them. Gloria smiled and called them by name. She introduced Lillian.

One of the young men asked Lillian to dance. As he put his arm about her and

they started into the steps, Gloria caught at his arm. "She's our new hostess, Paul," she said, meaningly.

Well, she had opened the way for Lillian. He knew by that then, that she expected him to pay for her pleasantness.

He wrapped his arm about her slender waist and drew her against him. He snuggled his chin down against the side of her curls. He clasped her hand securely.

Lillian was a good dancer. She had a natural grace and sense of rhythm. She followed easily.

They danced around the room without a word. In her excitement Lillian could not think of one thing to say. He seemed not to care about talking, but Gloria had said you must be entertaining. And she feared that following him in his dancing was not sufficient.

After a little while he asked: "Alone tonight?" "Why, yes—"

"I mean—later." "Yes—"

"Would you like to go places with me?" "It's almost daylight now. Where would we go—what places at daylight?"

"Oh—places. Leave that to me." "I don't think I could."

"Right!" he said. "I just asked." Lillian wondered what Gloria would do in her place. What kind of a line was there to hand a fellow who approached you like that.

She couldn't flatter him. He was not ugly. He wasn't handsome. He was ordinary looking. He wore a tuxedo well. He had a manner in his dancing and in his speech that hinted of culture. Put the way he spoke to her did not convey any particular interest, intrigue.

That was her job, though, being entertaining. To get him interested, intrigued. Any man.

It soon would be closing time . . . she had not made any money . . . she had to . . . now was her chance to be pleasant . . . charming . . . but she couldn't . . . her whole nature rebelled . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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OF ESTATE OF S. M. BLACKNALL.

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Superior Court of Vance County,
North Carolina, and for the purpose
of settling the estate of the late S.
M. Blacknall, I will offer for sale at
public auction to the highest bidder
for cash, on the premises, of the late
S. M. Blacknall, at Kittrell, N. C. on
Saturday, April 2nd, 1932 at 10
o'clock, A. M. the following describ-
ed personal property:

1 mower, 1 reaper, 1 thresher, 2
wagons, 1 horse, 13 mules, 1 automo-
bile, 5 motor trucks, 5 fire-proof safes,
5 typewriters and adding machines,
5 addressographs, 2 multi-graphs, 5
shares of stock Citizens Bank and
Trust Company, shrubs and nursery
stock and ornamental plants, mail-
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plates, the trade name and good will
of "The Continental Plant Co.", book
accounts and notes receivable, about
225 barrels of corn. All other items
of personal property.

The above personal property may be
seen at Kittrell, N. C., on applica-
tion of the undersigned.
MISS MILDRED PURVIS,
Administratrix c. t. a. of
S. M. BLACKNALL.
Kittrell, N. C., March 11, 1932.

NONSENSE

GENTLEMEN—MY
CLIENT IS NO GOOD—HE'S
A CROOK—HE'S GUILTY—
AND DOESN'T DESERVE
ANY SYMPATHY—
CONVICT HIM!!



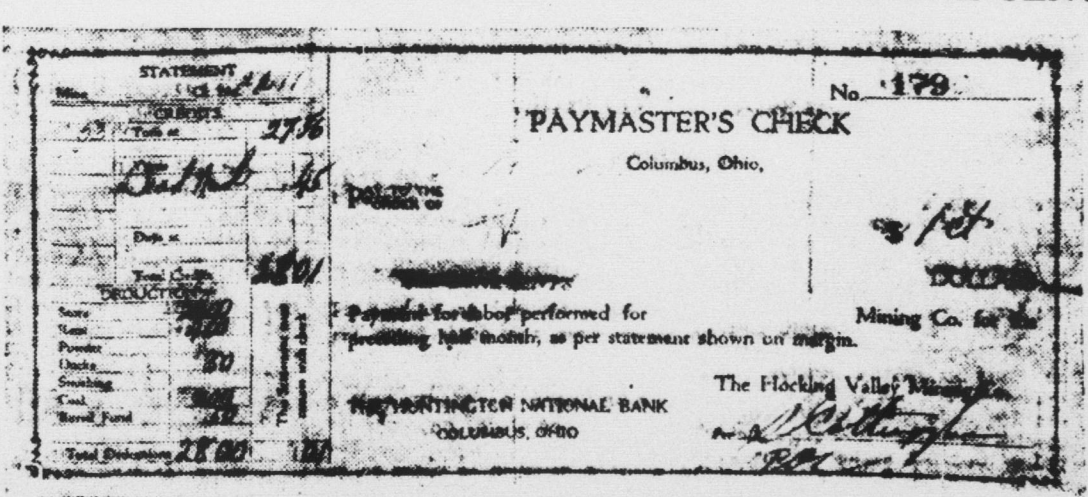
JURY BOX
ARRESTED
ANADAPPO, OKLA.
SHOT THIS IN
SWAN

TRIPLETS SWELL FAMILY TO TEN



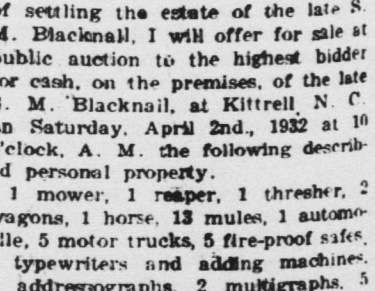
Triplets have swelled the family
of Frank Riker of Narrowsburg,
N. Y. There are six other girls
and a boy. The triplets, posing
(with indifference) for their first
picture, are Jean, Jane and Joan.

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cent. The miner had loaded 58
tons of coal, earning a total of
\$28.01 over a period of two
weeks. His company account,
however, was \$28, including
"store" \$80, rent \$4, "docks" 50

NOAH NUMSKULL



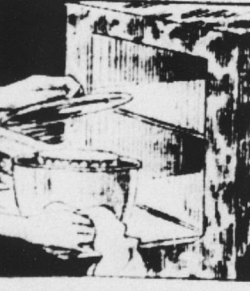
HUM,
PYORRHEA
WRECKED
THOSE TEEETH!

DEAR NOAH—IF THE
RING GEAR WAS SHOT,
WOULD I HAVE A BAD
OPINION OF THE
DIFFERENTIAL?
BILL SPERRY, TOLEDO, O.

DEAR NOAH—DO YOU
THINK IT'S COLDER IN
THE WINTER THAN IT
IS IN THE COUNTRY?
RAYMOND JODL,
DONT PUT MINNEAPOLIS
OFF WRITING YOUR NUM-
IDEAS, SEND EM IN NOW—KEEP
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Dispatch Advertising Pays

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be steamed in it. Put pudding in
a mold as usual, then place mold
in a pan of hot water, cover and
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Wife Preservers



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now. It is a fine way to teach the
daughters to sew. Choose simple
patterns for the blocks at first so
the children will not become dis-
couraged.