

"SPRING FLOWERS"

by SUSAN DULAIN

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CHAPTER VI

And then one day in early spring, Aunt Mary came in the door with an armful of jonquills and daffodils and narcissus in the garden—holding them in the same position that she had held that great sheaf of wheat in the field. Some how, that was the last time she came in the door. Adele took one look and fled. She fled to the front porch, ready to open it and dash into some place, any place. She jerked the door open, ready to fling herself headlong down the steps—out the front gate—and there stood Barret.

Adele thought she was seeing things. She shut her eyes tight and then opened them quickly. Still there was Barret. She shut them again and looked over her shoulder. Still he was there. Barret! A different Barret. As hollow as she was. A new, quiet Barret. Older. Worn. They stood there and stared at each other—the man in the carefully tailored suit that hung on a little loosely and the girl in a simple dress. Just stared and stared, with no

change of expression on either love-hungry face. Adele simply couldn't believe her eyes.

Everything seemed to stop, to hang for an eternity over a bottomless pit of time. And then Barret reached tweed-clad arms for her, took her, and held her, staring down into her eyes that stared back into his. Finally he spoke.

"Darling, can you ever, ever find it in your heart to forgive me?" he murmured.

"Forgive—YOU?" she wondered. "For what?"

And then his face did queer

things. It twisted and writhed as he fought a strong man's tears. Adele, asking him what she had to forgive him! Adele—wan and pale and thin and worn from suffering he had caused her.

"Oh, darling!" he choked. "For being such a blind fool! For not recognizing the priceless treasure of your love. For being such an egotistic, conceited idiot for leaving you! For—everything!"

And then, under his eyes a miracle happened. Leaning back against his arm so that she could



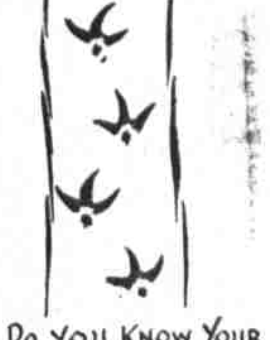
SHE JERKED THE DOOR OPEN, READY TO FLING HERSELF HEAD-LONG DOWN THE STEPS—OUT THE FRONT GATE—AND THERE STOOD BARRET!

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT



IT REQUIRES 40 YEARS OF CAREFUL NURSING AND CLIPPING TO FORM A YEW TREE INTO A "LIVING SCRAP"



DO YOU KNOW YOUR FOOTPRINTS?



AARD-VARK, AN AWT EATER FOUND IN SOUTH AFRICA, CAN BURROW ITSELF OUT OF SIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES WHEN PURSUED, ALTHOUGH THE ANIMAL'S TOTAL LENGTH IS ABOUT FIVE FEET

WHAT LARGE GAME BIRD, WALKING THROUGH MUD OR SNOW, LEAVES THESE TRACKS? THE FEET ARE FAIRLY WIDE APART, AND THE PRINTS "GO IN", THE EFFECT BEING MORE NOTICEABLE BECAUSE THE MIDDLE TOE CURVES INWARD. WHEN STRUTTING, THIS BIRD LEAVES MARKS OF ITS WINGS BESIDE THE FOOTPRINTS. (ANSWER BELOW)

each other's arms. And Peg was lovely with happiness, even through her tears. She tore herself out of Hank's arms to fling herself upon Adele.

"Oh, Adele, honey! Will you ever forgive me? I just couldn't bear it any longer! And when I saw in the New York paper that Barret was home from Europe, I just went to New York and told him the truth. Then we got into his car and I never rode so fast in my life! Honestly, Adele! I only did it to make you happy—and then I got scared—and when I had told one lie I had to tell a million more—"

"Don't think about it, Peg—"

Adele tried to stop the other girl's flow of contrite words.

"—and then I was so ashamed that I couldn't make myself admit it. Till it finally dawned upon me that I'd admit anything, bear anything, promise anything—to get Hank back—"

"Gimme my girl!" demanded Hank with mock gruffness. "You have had her long enough."

They all laughed a little—tremu-

lously, happy—as Peg spun from Adele's arms to Hank's, and Adele went just as fast into Barret's.

"Why don't we have a double wedding—right away?"

They never did know whose bright idea that was, but it was Adele who piped up—

"Oh, let's! The gardens are full of the loveliest spring flowers. We can have a yellow and white wedding. You know, there's something about spring flowers—"

She wanted to say that there was something about spring flowers that was akin to love. The dry heat of summer might wither them, the snows of winter cover them, but they came back with the spring. They never died. Neither did love—

But Barret couldn't spare her lips long enough to say all that. And they all know it, anyway—

THE END

Between 1937 and 1939 the number of county homes in N. C. declined from 86 to 75.

Haywood Goes 4 Months Without A Traffic Death

231 Are Killed In State During January, February, March And April

Haywood county did not have any traffic deaths during the first four months of this year, Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety division, reported this week.

The state as a whole had 231 street and highway fatalities during January, February, March and April, compared with 257 for the same period last year, Hocutt said. "This ten per cent reduction is most gratifying, particularly in view of an increase nationally in traffic deaths during the same period," he commented.

The largest reduction for the four-month period was in pedestrian fatalities, only 80 pedestrians being killed up to May 1 this year, against 99 through April 30, 1939.

The 231 traffic fatalities reported to the Highway Safety division the first four months of this year included, besides the 80 pedestrians, 18 persons killed in railroad crossing accidents, seven killed on bicycles and 126 killed in accidents involving motor vehicles only.

Haywood was one of the twenty-nine of the 100 counties of the state reporting no highway deaths for the four months, and twenty-one others reported one each. Buncombe had eight.

Guilford county had the worst record in the state with 13 fatalities, being followed closely by Mecklenburg and Cumberland with 11 each and Robeson with 10.

Local People Will Appear In Festival Pageant

Waynesville will have a prominent part in the Rhododendron Festival Pageant this year, with a royal court scene with Lords and Ladies in costumes, with a number of young people taking part. Mrs. Doyle D. Alley is the local sponsor.

Miss Edith Russell and Fred Hearn, formerly of the Ted Shawn dancers, of the Russell-Harrington Studios are directing the pageant program. Rehearsals are being held here at the Legion hall on each Thursday evening for practice of the local participants.

The girls who have part in the court scene are: Corinne Alley, Catherine Jones, Bettie Burgin, Beulah Caldwell, Marion Morgan, Mary Payne, Faustine Howell, Roberta Norris, Margaret Teague, Helen McCracken, Helen Platt, and Lucille Simmonds.

The boys taking part include Ned Howell, Sam Queen, Jr., Hiram Wilburn, Harry McCracken, Jim Milner, Bill Milner, Byron Marsh, William Willett, Walter Willett, Lewis Jones, Paul Hedrick, and Calvin McDaniel.

Evelyn Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Craig, and Mary Ellen Boone, daughter of Mrs. Fred Calhoun, have been chosen to dance with the professional class from the Marguerite Hyatt Dance school, of Asheville. Only advanced pupils have been selected to dance with this group.

Waynesville has had part in the pageant and the festival since the beginning of the Rhododendron celebration held annually in Asheville.

MARRIAGES

Hubert Taylor to Mrs. Ada Davis, both of Canton.

Richard Griffin to Celia Holt, both of Clyde.

Roy—Darling, my love for you cannot be denied.

Joyce—I'll say it can't. I keep every one of your letters.

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inner glow that had been her greatest beauty the first time Barret Gaynor saw her, was turned on again. There, in his arms, in the space of a breath of time, a white, wan, spiritless girl began to glow again with the great pulsating beauty that is only one thing in the whole world. Love. Barret watched it happen—breathless. As one stares, unbelieving, at the snow flowers that have melted away the snow that they may lift their lovely faces to the sun. So was Adele lifting her face to him—blossoming again.

Adele felt every nerve within her begin to sing, like the singing wires Barret had mentioned that first night. Every tiny fiber of her being was vibrant, alive again, happy.

It was a long time before they had need for words, standing there, feasting their eyes upon the love-light in each other's eyes. Finally—"I worship you," said Barret in the same breath—like a duet. It seemed to be all they needed to say. But they had to say it over and over.

And after a while, Aunt Mary came in search of the open door that was chilling the house with its hospitality to the sharp spring breezes, and she found them there. Wordless, locked in each other's arms, staring into each other's eyes as if they could never stop staring.

"Well!" said Aunt Mary sharply, after she had closed the door. "This time you'll state your intentions in the very beginning, before you make our girl miserable again!"

"I'm glad to, Miss Raymond," said Barret, lifting his happy eyes for just long enough to say it. "They are strictly matrimonial. And very impatient intentions, too, my dear lady. I can't make this child my wife fast enough."

"Well! Um! Of course! Um!" stammered Aunt Mary, not knowing at all what she was saying. "You're—well! What an April Fool you turned out to be! I mean—Oh, I didn't mean—"

And she fled, the dear lady, in an agony of embarrassment.

Adele and Barret stared after her for a moment, shaking with delighted laughter. But they couldn't spare Aunt Mary their attention very long. Their world held only each other.

After a while they drove around to tell Hank their news, but Hank's mother said Hank was over at Peg's.

"Oh, do you 'spose they've made up?" breathed Adele. "I'm so happy I can't bear to have anyone in the whole world unhappy. Especially Peg. And Hank. They really are mad about each other."

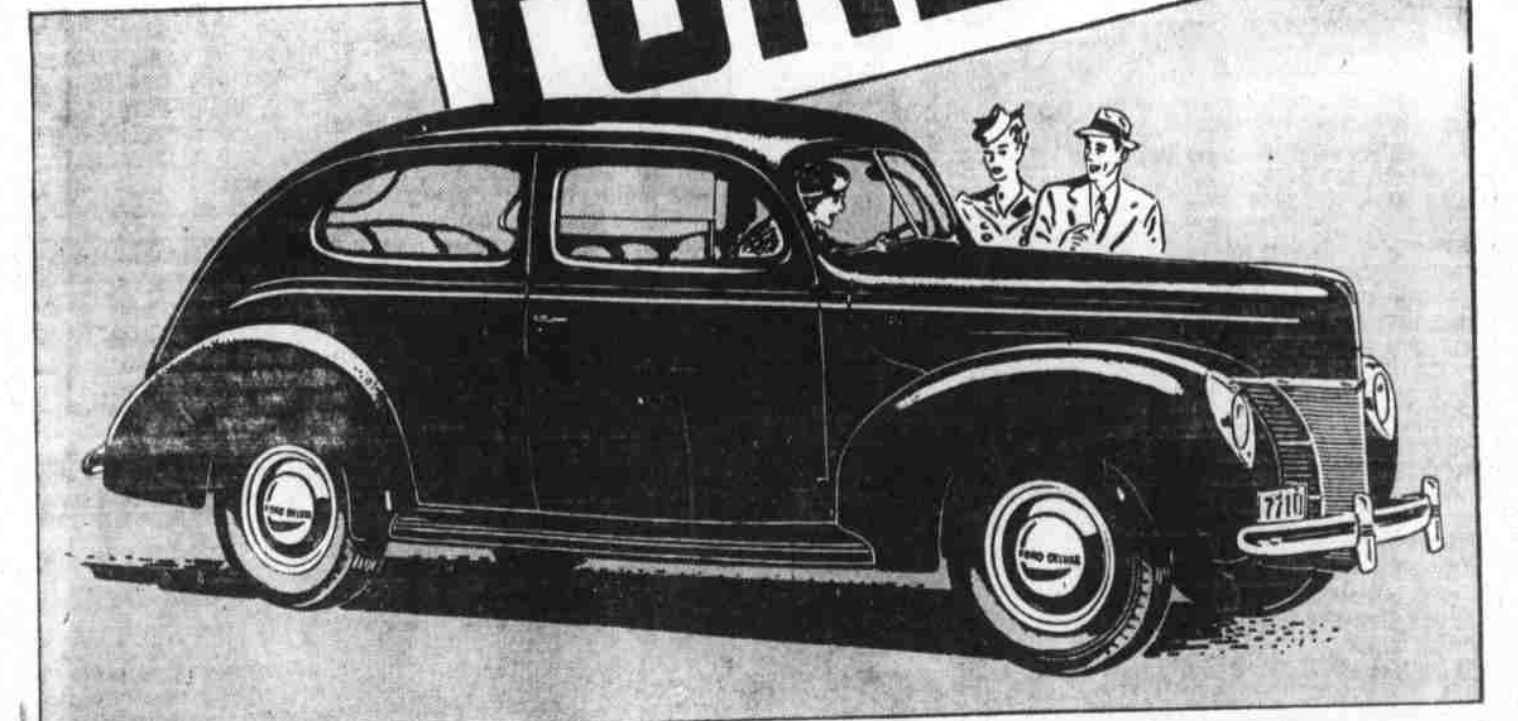
"Then you'll forgive Peg?" asked Barret.

"Oh, of course! It's been Peg who wouldn't forgive herself. Let's go over to Peg's. She'll be so much happier when she knows we are happy—"

They found Peg and Hank in

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