THE WALLACE ENTERPRISE, WALLACE, NORTH CAROLINA



CHAPTER X-Continued

-14 The girls behind him, he presently inferred, were members of the company not playing this evening. They talked of a trip to the coast which the company was to make during the autumn and early winter. Jim listened, filling in the time before the performance commenced.

-"Has Jeremy condescended to sign up for the trip?"

It was the tall girl who asked the question.

"Jeremy! On the road!" The answering voice had a lyric quality, light, lilting, clear. "You insult him, darling. Our Jeremy has his eyes on bigger and better things. His girl's papa is going to back a play for him-at least that is what he modestly intimates."

"So!" A low throaty .laugh. "Something romantic, I suppose. Costumes, perhaps. He will need to look very beautiful not to waste papa's money."

"It won't matter whether he can act or not. I think he can. At least he's terribly effective." "Shh!"

A gong rang. The deep blue curtain slithered open disclosing the stage. The performance began.

Jeremy was effective. Jim re alized that as he saw him make his first entrance, dressed in evening clothes, a silk hat held negligently in the crook of his arm. He felt the reaction of the audience - largely feminine-and knew that the girl behind him was right. It probably made no difference whether Jeremy

could a could not act. The play was a Broadway success of a few seasons past. Jeremy played the role of a young Italian opera singer who meets, in a speakeasy in New York, a little southern girl doing the town with her flance, a surly young prig from East Orange. The girl was small and dainty. By contrast Jeremy appeared tall and debonaire and romantically handsome. His voice was caress ing, his accent authentic, his profile undeniably handsome.

But was it acting? Jim did not know. Cecily thought he had genius. But Cecily was in love with him. Jim's curiosity was being satisfied but, beyond that, the evening was being wasted. He made no startling discoveries. Clyde was effective in a role that might have been written especially for him.

heater was stuffy

"What is troubling you? Do you want to tell me?"

"Of course. That's why I kidnaped you. Will you listen, Jim?" me.' "My one accomplishment." asked. The waiter brought tall glasses. Cecily took a few sips and set her glass aside.

"It's Jerry," she said, after moment.

"You astonish me," he said. thought it was the new issue of government bonds."

She smiled faintly. "Do you mind if I talk about Jerry?" she asked. "I mean—after the night we danced

-Will it hurt you, Jim?" "That isn't important." "I think it is." She glanced up

sion of the sentence, saw her sudat him fleetingly, looked down at denly startled expression. her fingers snapping the purple and "There's the Nolan girl from the scarlet pod.

Jim bent toward her across the it, Jim?" table.

"Cecily," he asked gravely, "will Jim consulted his watch. "Ten minutes past eleven." you try not to think of what hap-"Good heavens! Jerry is waiting pened that night? You can't entirely, I suppose. Neither, of course, for me!" She caught up her hat and her purse. "Come on, Jim, can I. But don't let it spoil ourwell, friendship, for want of a more let's fiv!" Jim sent the fawn-colored roadadequate word. Anything that I can ster speeding along the return route say will make me sound self-sacrito Cherry Hollow. He had felt, for ficing and noble. I don't feel espea moment, very close to Cecily. cially noble. It's really selfishness Now he had lost her again. Beperhaps. I want you to talk to me."

The smile vanished. Her expresneath her comments and exclamasion was weary again. "I've had an exhausting day. I've been trying to make Jerry see that he should go with the Cherry Hollow company on their tour this fall. You see I've talked to Father. He can't put money into a play for Jerry now. He explained it all to me. I had no

idea how much he's lost during the depression. But I'm afraid Jerry won't understand. He'll think it's prejudice or something. And I'm afraid he has talked about Father

backing a play for him." Jim knew that her apprehension was correct. Jeremy had talked. The conversation he had overheard in the theater made him aware of that. He waited in silence for Cecily to continue.

"I don't like the idea of not seeing Jerry all fall and half the winter," she went on. "I'll miss him awfully. But I think it's a splendid opportunity. The company has a certain amount of prestige. Wesley North is an excellent director. The experience would be valuable." "Jerry doesn't like road trips?" Jim asked. For an instant her eyes flashed

with indignation. "What if he doesn't?" she said sharply. "I don't suppose you real- tions, he felt her anxiety. When he at the theater they had paid him a ly liked picking beans and changing tires!" in the theater drive, she was out Jim was surprised and touched. before he could make a motion to He felt and controlled a feeling of assist her. The headlights revealed a small elation. "But I haven't artistic temperagroup of people standing on the ment," he said lightly. steps. Jeremy detached himself "Jerry has, of course." The infrom the group, as Cecily walked dignation was gone. Her eyes held quickly toward the steps, and came a brooding expression. "He's either to meet her. flying among the stars or sunk in "Jerry, darling! I'm so sorry!" the depths of gloom. He acts, at Cecily slipped her arm through his

fond of you, Father, Susan, Tommy, bub of packing and final instructions. Miss Parker and Rose, were "No, I'm not sorry." Jim said. scurrying about the second floor lo-"This summer has been a break for me." He paused, looked down at his glass. If he could talk to her cating garments which had been packed away since the last trip.

indirectly, without hurting her or

antagonizing her-He felt terribly

inadequate. If he were wiser and

more articulate-If he were not so

She looked at him with sympathy

it been a break for you?" she asked.

"Before you came here?" she

"Yes. There was something I

and distorted. Then I came here.

When one lives and works in the

sun, shadows seem unsubstantial. I

have, for a time at least, re-estab-

lished my scale of values. That's

think about. I don't know. Some-

times-"Her eyes glanced thought-

fully across the garden. Jim.

watching her, waiting for the conclu-

"You've given me something to

why I'm not sorry."

deeply in love with her-

"They think I'm going to Little America," Mr. Vaughn fumed goodnaturedly, indicating the array of garments piled on the bed and the sofa in his room.

Mr. Vaughn was in high good humor, excited, grumblingly genial. and interest. "How, especially, has Jim went with him to the gameroom where the fishing equipment, ready to be packed, covered the ping-pong table.

"I think living-everything-is a question of values," he said slowly. "There are times when we don't see clearly. It's like being in a "I had to work like the devil see clearly. It's like being in a to get the doctors' permission to place of shadows, a deep forest, a go," he said, tenderly unjointing he said, tenderly unjointing lamp-lit room. Distortions, falsities rods, laying them, flannel wrapped, in a' leather traveling case. "The time isn't very convenient. I'd seem true because we have no measure of comparison. Then, after a time, we come out into the sunrather not leave home while Cecily's light. Do you understand? I'm not guest is here. Miss Parker will be good at symbolism, but the thought busy getting the youngsters ready beneath it is true. I know it is for school. Still, I suppose there's true because it has happened to nothing to worry about.

"Nothing at all," Jim assured him. "These flies are beauties."

"Pretty fine collection." Mr. Vaughn said with a certain degree thought I could do, something false of complacence. "Pack them carefully, Jim. Well I'll be-! Who's been monkeying with this?"

Mr. Vaughn was examining a bamboo rod which had been broken and mended. Jim laughed. "I'm afraid I'm guilty of the mending," he said. "The day I came here Susan was fishing in the brook. I startled her. She fell off the bridge and broke the rod. I had to make an attempt to repair the damage since it was partly my fault." "Not a bad job." Mr. Vaughn was

in too high a state of anticipation theater!" she said. "What time is to be annoyed by a broken rod. "So that's how you wormed your way into Susan's esteem. Is that a pun?" He twinkled at Jim. "I suppose it is. Funny," he added, laying aside the bamboo rod, "she's the only one of the children who seems to have inherited my passion for fishing. I'll have to take her with me some time. She's as game as a brook trout. And that reminds me-I ordered some casting-rods from New York. They didn't come this morning. I'll leave you the address of the camp in

Maine. Will you come up here some time tomorrow and readdress them for me?"

'Yes, sir," Jim replied.

"Are you comfortable at the riding academy?" Mr. Vaughn asked. "Oh, yes." Jim smiled. "I'm becoming an excellent cook. Now that I have electricity and a telephone I feel as though I'm living in a suite at the Ritz."

"Well, keep an eye on things. What time is it? Past eleven!" Mr. Vaughn thrust his watch into his pocket. "Strap up these things for me, will you? and take them out to the car."

Mr. Vaughn finally got off a little after twelve o'clock in a flurry of affectionate farewells, the trunk rack on the sedan piled high with luggage. Jim did not linger at "Meadowbrook" after the sedan had disappeared around the curve in the drive. He returned, at once, to the riding academy, avoiding any conversation with Cecily and Ciyde who had dashed in from somewhere at the last minute to see Mr. Vaughn off on his fishing trip. It had not been difficult to avoid becily and her guest. The afternoon following the last performance brought the car to a skidding stop visit at the riding academy. At the moment of their arrival Jim had been converting the office into living quarters with Susan's enthusiastic but somewhat officious assistance. The visit had been amicable, on the surface, at least, mutually friendly and pleasant. Cecily and Jeremy had inspected Jim's new quarters, jokingly admired his unesthetic arrangement of a cot and a kerosene stove, a few cooking utensils, a table and an armchair borrowed from the MacPhersons. He had used the subterfuge of a brush fire endangering the academy to explain his change of resi-



Typical Great Smoky Mountains Cabin.

There is only one modern road

over the mountains between Ten-nessee and North Carolina. It winds

through the scenic valley of the

West Prong of Little Pigeon river.

crossing and recrossing the stream

to the state line at Newfound Gap.

The Chimneys, rugged twin peaks, thickly forested, stand like

carries the highway across the West

sentinels, guarding the bridge wh

Prong. From the bridge all

is hemmed in by steep, woo

mountain slopes, unbroken ex

where a waterfall, too high ab

ribbon as a mountain stre

noisy river cascading below.

and too far away to be heard,

gleams in the sun like a white silke

sweeps over a precipice toward the

At Newfound Gap along the state

line the mountain top has been ex-

cavated and space provided for

parking several hundred automo-

biles. Here the arboreal wonde

land that is the Great Smokie

Down Into North Carolina.

Carolina gateways to the park.

Southwestward from Newfor

ing shape. It has been comple

iest peak in the Great Smol

Gap, the Skyway, one of the high-

est highways in the country, is tak-

nearly to Clingmans Dome, the loft-

Ultimately it will wind forty miles

over and around peaks along the

state line until it reaches the west

ern end of the park, affording am

billowy valleys. Portions of the Sh

It is along the trails that the hiker

meets isolated mountain families in

their cabins, and stumbles upon the

remnants of abandoned mills that

not long ago ground out the moun

Nearly everything one observes

taineers' "turn" of cornmeal.

way are already 6,300 feet ab

ing vistas of jumbled mountain

sea level.

From this point the highway de

way to Newfound Gap the travel

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.-WNU Service. THE 1,500 species of flowering plants that blossom before June 1 are spreading their color over the slopes of the

Great Smoky mountains. Haze-shrouded, the Great Smoky mountains dominate the horizon of eastern Tennessee.

Visitors often are amazed to find such lofty, wild, and unspoiled mountains straddling the Tennessee-North Carolina state line.

In 1923, when public-spirited men and women of the two states organized to encompass soaring heights and plunging valleys in a national park, even the mountaineers, grandchildren of pioneers who had braved the arrows of cunning Cherokees, had not explored the whole area.

Adventurous hikers who did invade the mountains found the undergrowth so thick in places that they had to chop their way through it with an ax.

spreads before you in both states A few naturalists and surveyors visited parts of the Smokies. Hunters sought their quarry amid the stately trees and dense cover that scends into North Carolina al the Oconaluftee river, through th sheltered bears, deer, and numer-Qualla Indian reservation, towar ous smaller animals. Revenue officers occasionally Asheville and Bryson City, North

tried to penetrate the wilderness, and lumbermen, with dynamite, axes and saws, pushed their roads and railroads only as far as the most recent cutting.

To business men of eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina, the Great Smokies long were a trade barrier. No road leaped the rugged ridge along which the state line rambles for 71 miles. Commerce east and west in this latitude still moves around either end of the mountains, but the "barrier" now is an asset as the Great Smoky Mountains National park.

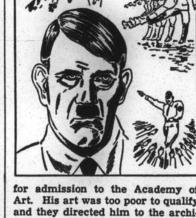
Life There Was Primitive.

A few years ago it took more than a week to go to Knoxville and return to the cabins in the hills.

weaver. When cows and oxen became use-

In those days there was little reason for the mountaineer to leave the in and around a mountain cabin is mountains. A few sheep supplied homemade. Trundle beds, high-backed chairs, spinning wheels, and wool for clothing and the mountain woman was an adept spinner and

looms are usually heirlooms. One of the first known white m to study the wonders of the Gr Smoky mountains was a botanist, William Bartram of Philadelphia who climbed among these heights ut the time na dence Hall signed the Declaration of Independence. After him came other botanists who have found the mountains their paradise, one of the largest and last vestiges of the native forest that swathed the hills and valleys of colonial America.



By JEANNE

ON CHARITY

the son of a customs official who

had political ambitions for him. The

boy developed a desire to be an

artist. His father opposed him, so

Adolf refused to study in school.

He was the despair of his father

and mother. When he was eight-

een, he went to Vienna and applied

ures.

before, he was left alone. For three years he slept in a cheap men's hotel in Vienna, get-

ting his meals at a monastery and occasionally begging from passersby. In the winter he shoveled snow to make a living. Whenever he earned a few kronen, he stopped work and went to some cheap cafe to deliver political speeches. He painted poor water colors which a friend peddled for him, he painted picture postcards, and when hungry enough was a house painter. Dur-

ing the war he was a corporal. Here was a man in his thirties who had never shown any real promise in anything he did. Then, Adolf Hitler formed an ideal of government. . . . FATHER DIVINE WAS A HEDGE

TRIMMER

WHAT are the limits of human credulity? To what heights may not the spell-binding orator rise? For thousands of simple blacks in that section of upper New York city known as Harlem, the answer to those questions is "God! Only God is the Limit!" For George Baker, once a Baltimore hedge trimmer and dock worker, who is reported to have served 60 days on a chain gang, is the negro who claims to be God.

for admission to the Academy of Art. His art was too poor to qualify and they directed him to the architectural school, but his loafing in early grades made it impossible for him to pass entrance requirements there. At nineteen, his mother died, and as his father had died five years

Jim's legs felt cramped. He left his seat as the lights came on for the intermission at the end of the first act. Cecily, too, had risen, was walking up the aisle. She saw him and waved. They met in the small crowded lobby.

"Hello!" she said.

"Hello! How about a breath of air?"

"That's what I'm looking for." "I thought perhaps you were look ing for me.'

"No." She smiled. "You are mice surprise."

They stood on the steps of the theater. Jim lit her cigarette, lit his own, flicked the match away. "Are you interested in the drama,

Miss Vaughn?"

She laughed. "We are being polite, aren't we? That's so stupid. Jim, do you want to see the rest of the play?'

"I can take it or leave it."

"Let's leave it, then. I've seen it four times this summer. It's one of the best things Jerry does." Her voice brightened. "Let's run over to Dutch's."

"How about Jeremy?"

"We'll be back here by the time the performance is over."

Jim took her arm. "All right," he said. "Let's go."

They walked to the fawn-colored roadster. "Will you drive?" she asked.

ry better-'

lifting elation.

Jim smiled.

lady."

"Thank you," she said.

"I haven't done anything."

"Want me to?"

"Please. I'm awfully tired." She settled into the seat with a little sigh-of relief. "I've been driving all afternoon. We went up to New Hope and along the canal. I adore Jerry but I won't ride in a car he drives."

There were only a few scattered groups in Dutch's garden, two or three couples moving about the floor. A waiter led them to a secluded stall at some distance from the orchestra.

"Want to dance?" Jim asked when the waiter had taken their orhated each other?" der.

She shook her head.

"T'm weary. I just want to sit. You're so restful, Jim." "Thank you," he said.

"I mean it. I like to be with you." She pulled off her hat, rested her head against the trellis behind her. She looked weary, Jim thought, dispirited. There were faint shad-"What is it Cecily?" Jim asked.

note of affectionate indulgence in her voice softened the criticism. unresponsive. "And I do nag him," she added.

"Nag!" Jim disposed of the ugly Her voice was quick and light. "You word. "You couldn't nag anybody." haven't been waiting long, have "I do," she said thoughtfully. "I you? It was stuffy in the theater. can't seem to help nagging even You were marvelous in the first when I know it irritates him. I want him to do the fine things of which he is capable. I love him and ed, are you?"

believe in him. Jerry doesn't like spurs. He doesn't get on very well coaxing, a little exasperated, more with Wesley North because Mr. than a little alarmed. "I've seen North digs the spurs in, too. Jerthat play four times this summer. ry's been so accustomed to praise Do you want to stop at Dutch's? and flattery. I'm just finding that Let's go home and have scrambled out. You see, I've never been with eggs.'

him so-" She broke off with a rue-Jim took a step in the direction of ful smile and a quick glance at the car. Jim. "That was Father's idea, of

course. He thought if I knew Jernight," she said with a gay little "Your idea," Jim reminded her, feeling again, for a moment, that Good-night, Jim."

"Good-night, Fielding." Jeremy "I know." She sighed. "T'm maksaid on a curt note of dismissal. Driving back to "Meadowbrook," ing mountains out of mole-hills to-Jim made plans for the future. He night. I'm making you think that would put a cot in the office at the Jerry is petty and selfish and unriding academy and get a kerosene reasonable. He is, at times. Who stove in the village. He wasn't goisn't? But he's splendid, too. I'm tired and disappointed and a little ing to hang around while Clyde was

exasperated. I was, I mean. I feel better now." She breathed deeply, his business, anyway. The fellow disliked him. Disliked him! There smiled across the table at Jim. "You've let me talk. I can talk

to you. Do you remember when we to take that superior tone with Cec-"I can just barely remember."

haps. That was all. "You hated me longer than I hated you." Her eyes were soft and

bright with amusing memories. Vaughn went with a party of friends "You're a disconcerting young "You aren't sorry, are you?" The

laughing lights died out of her eyes. "What happened the evening we danced hasn't made you regret be-ing at 'Meadowbrook'? We're all so

times, like a spoiled little boy." A in a conciliating gesture. "Are you?" The arm she held was "Jim and I went over to Dutch's."

> act. How did the other two go?" "You aren't particularly interest-"Darling!" Cecily's voice was

"Good-night," he said. Cecily turned to him. "Good-

gesture of farewell. "Thank you.

there. He would keep out of it. None of

was something more virulent than dislike in his voice when he said good-night. What right did he have

ily? Of what was she guilty? Unintentionally hurting his pride, per-

The third week in September Mr.

on a fishing trip to Maine. He sent for Jim the morning of his depart-

Jim, arriving at "Meadowbrook" in answer to the summons found his emphasized by employer in an eleventh hour hub on the cheeks.

without question. Jim knew that the call was an apology, artfully maneuvered by Cecily, though no mention was made of the previous evening. Clyde was agreeable, apparently interested in the project.

dence, and it had been accepted

And Cecily had been radiant that afternoon. The fatigue of the evening before had vanished. If, for a time, her faith in Jeremy had been shaken, Jim inferred that it had been completely restored.

She had had that shining look of happiness whenever, since then, Jim had had a glimpse of her. He told himself that he was glad she and Jeremy had adjusted their difficulties. It was possible to believe that during the busy working day when pressing duties crowded out thought and speculation. It was more difficult at night. Alone in his new quarters, attempting to read or check over bills, sitting alone in the movies, riding the one horse already purchased for the stable along the infrequently traveled back country roads, even on the one or two occasions when, breaking his resolve, he stopped in at the drug-store to talk to Dolly, his thoughts, never far from the subject, returned to the evening he and Cecily had gone to Dutch's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cockateel, Variety of Cockatoo

The cockateel is a small variety of the cockatoo family. A small beauty covered with soft gray feathers, wings and tail being edged with white and whose proudly carried head is topped with a lemon-yellow crest. The contrast of colorings is emphasized by circles of light red

Early records of his life have not been found and George Baker, who now calls himself Father Divine or God, will not talk. It is known that he came from the South, and that he worked at odd jobs in Baltimore in 1899. Starting as a Sunday School teacher, he established a new cult, and moved to New York with a few followers who believed him to be God. New disciples joined



and lodging, while he found jobs for them and collected all their earnings. In 1919, he changed his name to Father Divine (God) and conferred the title of Angels on all who turned their possessions over to him. Thousands of dollars became his in return for new, more glamorous names, such as Ruth Rachel, Hozanna Love, and Frank Incense. Today Father Divine's Angels number about 1,000 and there are 3,000 "Children" or followers who retain some of their possessions, living in apartment houses and flats of Harlem. Heaven is his headquarters, where meals are served and where about 75 Angels sleep. He has established Extension Heavens now in Bridgeport. Jersey City, Newark, and Baltimore; and he owns profit-making stores and shops throughout Harlem. It has been estimated that his income is \$10,000 per week, but no property is held in his own name.

-WNU Service.

supplied the family meat platter. "Sweetnin'" was produced from sorghum.

less and were dispatched, shoes

were made of their hides. Bears,

deer, and birds, brought down with

five-foot rifles or caught in traps,

Nearly all the land in the Great Smokies was privately owned when the park movement was initiated. Arrangements had to be made for its purchase before the land could be turned over to the national park service for development. An intensive money-raising campaign was planned. Private subscriptions ag-

gregated \$1,000,000. Appropriations by the adjoining states brought the fund to \$5,000,000 But this was only one-half the

funds required. The campaigners for many months sought vainly for the other half. Then John D. Rockefeller. Jr., announced that the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial would match dollar for dollar any money raised in the campaign. In 1926 congress authorized the

establishment of the Great Smoky Mountains National park on condition that the citizens of Tennessee and North Carolina present 427,000 acres of acceptable land in one solid tract, the acreage to be equally divided between the two states. Of ficials who had investigated were enthusiastic.

"Nature is at her choicest there." they reported.

Development of the area as a national playground began, and today the thousand resident families have shrunk to about four hundred.

Highways Are Being Built. For six years now government agencies under the supervision of the national park service have been building roads and trails and re-

stocking forests and streams. The work is just begun. Only seventy miles of high-standard roads, twenty-five miles of secondary roads, and fewer than 600 miles of trails have been completed. Yet for the last three years this infant of our national park system, not yet dedicated, has been attracting more visitors than any other of our 25 national parks.

Less than a mile east of Gatlinburg. Tennessee, a white and green sign announces the boundary of the Great Smoky Mountains National park. At the end of a long curve, a short

distance beyond, the highway forks. You stop and peer through the have at the steep, tree-blanketed slopes of Mount Le Conte and Sugarland incontain, whose both accession mountain, whose often hidden in

Orchids and Ferns.

So diversified are the wild flowers of the Great Smokies that visitors from many sections of the country find species that grow abundant in their fields and woodlands among others that are rare to them. T ty-two orchids find a natural habitat in these rugged and well-watered mountains; there are 50 kinds of lilies; 7 of trilliums; 22 of violets, and 5 of magnolias.

The native wild orchids, while not so large as the more familiar cultivated species, have all the exquisite form and dainty coloring of their "civilized" cousins, Like many other plant families in the Smokies, the orchids are found throughout a long blossoming season. Certain species make a bold debut in the very early spring; others appear reluctant to yield sway to chilly autumn.

Ferns range from the most dellcate, with lacy fronds, to the most hardy types. There are lush carpets of mosses and lichens of ma varieties, and hundreds of mushrooms and other fungus specie range from almost microsc sizes to the large and showy va eties, many of which are prized edibles.

Here the catawba rhododendron is at its best. In late June and July its white and purple blosse cover whole mountain spurs, fie sweeping slopes, and envelop trails and streams. Mountaineers call rhododendron and laurel thickets "slicks" and "hells." Indeed, the plants grow in such tangled man in some areas that only wild animals can get through th Huggins Hell, covering about fin hundred acres, is one of the large rhododendron and laurel thicket It was named for Irving H a mountaineer who sought to his cattle from one mountain t other. On the way he was t in the Huggins Hell area. him several days to find h out. Mountaineers av mes as Devil's Ta

