

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

Copyright by Macrae Smith Co.
WNU Service

CHAPTER I

Hugh Marsh waited on the station platform for the 11:25 from Washington which was bringing his younger sister, Kezia, home from school. The train was a few minutes late. He was annoyed and wished he had called before he left his office to time its arrival. He might have worked a few minutes longer on the cost sheet he was preparing.

Around him were the milling people who wait for trains, people of all classes and conditions, some with harassed faces who carried cheap suitcases, one or two laughing family groups, some traveling salesmen, with smart luggage and an air of success.

A long whistle coming from around the curve, startled the groups on the station platform into scrambling activity. Baggage was lifted, good-byes were said, the crowd surged forward toward the steel rails as the train thundered by and came to a gradual stop.

Kezia, twenty years old, slim and delectable, her eyes bright with excitement, a small brown hat on her curly ash-blond hair, a jacketed brown silk suit with a spray of



"Good-by—Perhaps We May Meet Again."

orchids at the shoulder, came down the steps of the sleeping car. The smartness of her costume and the supple grace with which she moved, made her look much prettier than she really was. She smiled radiantly at the well-dressed man of 30 who picked up her bags with his from the row the porter had set out, chatted to him as they came along the narrow space between the wall of the embankment and the train.

"Here—here!" said Hugh touching her arm.

"Hugh, darling!" she cried in glad surprise. She kissed him, held both his hands for a second, then turning to her companion, said: "This is Hugh, the most wonderful brother in the world, Mr. DeGraffe. Nice people should know each other, and Mr. DeGraffe has been very nice on this trip."

The men shook hands. DeGraffe, obviously amused by Kezia, uttered a few inconsequential, murmured, "Good-by—perhaps we may meet again," lifted his hat and followed in the wake of a taxi driver.

Hugh and Kezia climbed the stairs to the street and the waiting car.

Hugh released the brake preparatory to starting. "Ever hear little girls shouldn't talk to strange men on trains?"

"How do you know I picked him up?" she asked, pouting.

"Deduction—perhaps we may meet again."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Even Emily Post says you may speak to a well-bred stranger in a museum or traveling! Don't be elder-brotherly!" She added in a whisper with a pert look at him, "I'm grown up now—know my way about!"

"Serving notice?"

"Just as well," she laughed.

They went forward to the green light and edge, their way through a narrow street congested with traffic. The steel mills beyond the river vibrated with a rhythm that was like the roar of distant surf.

"How is Mother?" she inquired almost at once.

"Very well."

"The love!" murmured Kezia tenderly. "And how is Dorrie?"

"She's great. She had an engagement or she would have come this noon. She sent her love."

"No little hopes for the bassinet?" . . . Shame on you, Hugh! You've been married four years."

"Give us time—we're young."

"Think of sister Margery's example—three in no time at all!"

"Living is expensive."

"And so is Dorrie."

The flicker of annoyance in his hazel eyes was his only answer.

"How's Ellen Pendleton?" she asked.

"She's going with a boy named

Jerry Purdue. Good-looking, smooth—but not up to Ellen, according to Mother."

"Ellen still arty?"

The edge in her voice did not escape Hugh. Kezzie had always "had it in" for Ellen, a distant cousin on their mother's side, a remnant of childish jealousy Ellen had a natural charm, unique and appealing, which was all the more provocative because she was so unconscious of it. "I think she still paints a little," he replied.

"Gavin and Lizzie wouldn't let her finish art school, you know."

To himself he wondered as he often had before: How the dickens had Gavin and Lizzie managed to produce such a lovely lyric creature as Ellen?

They moved faster up an avenue over which elms met forming a Gothic archway. A mile further on, Hugh made a sharp turn.

"There it is," said Kezia, in a choked voice, her eyes misted with tears. Their childhood home lay before them, a white house with colonial pillars set back on a deep lawn. When they turned into the drive a woman rose from a chair on the porch.

"Mother!" cried Kezia. She leaped out of the car the second Hugh brought it to a stop.

"Kezzie, darling, it has been so long!" Fluvanna Marsh put her arms about her daughter, kissed her, then held her off to look in to her eyes with wistful affection.

"So long—and it is good to have you home to stay!" Then her fingers touched Hugh's sleeve with a caressing gesture although she had seen him only a few hours before on his way to the office. She murmured "Hugh."

That was part of Mother's hold over him, thought Hugh. If you skipped a day coming to see her, she never made you feel remiss. At each meeting she surrounded you with an unspoken flood of joy in your presence, as silent and intangible as sunshine.

"It's great to be home—simply marvelous! I could have cheered when I saw Pittsburgh this morning—dear old smoky Pittsburgh! It reminded me of Corinth. . . . And everything's just the same. And the house, the yard—you, Mother! Oh, I do love it all—and I'm going to have a wonderful time this summer! . . . Come on, Hugh, be a redcap for me! Carry my grips upstairs and I'll wash up."

Her room had been redecorated in her absence and she exclaimed with pleasure. "Pale gold, and chintz of gold and green! Adorable!" She went about joyfully examining her possessions, her book-case, the pictures on the wall.

Margery was sitting on the porch with his mother when Hugh came downstairs. "Hello, Hugh." She lifted her face for his brotherly kiss. "I wanted to go to the train with you but things were complicated this morning. Angela would not sleep after her bath. She walked around her crib, clinging to the bars—and sang!—and she's only 10 months old. Stop laughing! . . . She really sang, I tell you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

★ Beginning in this issue!

BRIGHT STAR

A new serial by MARY SCHUMANN

★ ★ ★

Here's a thrilling story you'll enjoy from beginning to end . . . the unique tale of two disappointed people who unexpectedly found their common interests led to a great love . . . a new and steadfast bright star to grace the horizon!

★ Start reading it today . . . get the background of events which brought near-disaster to the life of sheltered, misunderstood Ellen Pendleton. And then, issue after issue, let yourself be thrilled by the sudden, unprecedented developments that make "Bright Star" such a sensational novel.

★ ★ ★

Read Every Installment IN THIS PAPER

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for March 21

JOHN'S PICTURE OF THE TRIAL AND CRUCIFIXION

LESSON TEXT — John 19: 4-9, 14-18, 25-30.

GOLDEN TEXT — Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. I John 3:16.

PRIMARY TOPIC — When Jesus Died for Us.

JUNIOR TOPIC — On a Hill Far Away. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC — Christ's Cross and Its Meaning for Me. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC — Christ's Cross and Mine.

The cross is accepted throughout the world as the emblem of the Christian church. The death of the Son of God for the sins of the world is a focal point not only in history but in theology. It is for this reason that we give so much study to the cross and its meaning.

Calvary comes between Christmas and Easter. Jesus came as the Babe of Bethlehem—God incarnate in the flesh. He died for you and me. Death could not hold him. He arose in victory. He is now at the Father's right hand, an Advocate with the Father. He is coming again. Each statement is an indispensable truth!

The assigned text gives only a portion of the moving account of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus but suffices to bring before us in graphic contrast four pictures—

I. Pilate—Convinced but Afraid. Pilate was in a most difficult position. To turn one way meant to incur the wrath of the Jews he governed. To turn the other meant that he would be accused of disloyalty to Rome. He was convinced that Jesus was innocent, but was afraid to follow his own convictions.

Many there are who follow in his steps. They know what they ought to do with Jesus, but fear the comments of friends or loss of earthly advantage, and take their place with Pilate.

II. The Jews—Hostile and Hard-hearted. The common people heard Jesus gladly. They loved him and would have followed him. But the Jewish leaders, and those whom they had misled, hated him with malicious hatred.

They are typical of those who in our day have long and repeatedly rejected the claims of the Lord Jesus on their lives. They have hardened their hearts against him until they have become embittered.

Paul says, "They received not the love of the truth that they might be saved, and for this cause God shall send them a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie" (II Thess. 2:10,11).

Let those who have long rejected the Saviour be warned lest they also crucify afresh the Son of God.

III. The Disciples—Remembered by the Saviour. The thoughtful tenderness of Jesus in providing for his mother even in his own hour of deep suffering, moves upon our hearts and urges us to follow his example. This is a hard world; let the followers of Jesus be tender and kind.

In thus caring for his mother, Jesus gives thought also to the new responsibility of the disciple "whom he loved." What a sacred and responsible trust, but is it not true that we also are called and commissioned by him?

IV. Jesus—The Saviour. To see the guiltless, spotless Son of God hung on the cross in propitiation for our sins is to bring us to our knees to cry as did Martin Luther, "For me, for me!"

Majestic in the assurance that he laid down his own life, he walks as a King in the midst of all the confusion round about him.

He was

1. Silent. His enemies made great hue and cry against him. Pilate questioned him again and again. Few were the words he spoke, but fraught with more meaning than all the words of men.

2. Strong. All through his life and in his death one is impressed by his strength. All too often sacred art, drawing on its imagination, presents our Lord as an effeminate weakling. No; he was and is gloriously strong.

3. Sympathetic. We have already dwelt on his tender love for his mother. Gentleness is always an attribute of strength, not of weakness.

4. The Saviour. When he cried "It is finished," he did so in no weak submission to an inevitable death. No; he had wrought out redemption, a complete and finished redemption for you and for me.

Now Is the Time

To be always intending to lead a new life but never to find time to set about it, this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson.

Delight in Beauty

The very first discovery of beauty strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties.—Addison.

Smart Knit Blouse and Skirt



Pattern 5655

Like a gay addition to your "all year 'round" wardrobe? Of course you would! Then take a tip and knit this fetching blouse. You'll love the lacyness of a pointed yoke, so prettily set off by plain stockinette stitch, and are sure to adore the snug fit of ribbing 'cross the hips. Ribbing also bands the simple sleeves. Knit it of soft-colored string or yarn, in one of the new shades! In pattern 5655 you will find instructions for making the blouse and skirt in sizes

Foreign Words and Phrases

Sit tibi terra levis. (L.) May the earth rest lightly on you.

Mise en scene. (F.) A stage setting; a scenic effect.

Tout de meme. (F.) All the same.

Vi et armis. (L.) By force and arms; by main force.

Place aux dames. (F.) Make way for the ladies.

Dernier cri. (F.) The latest fashionable fad.

Enfant terrible. (F.) A child that is always making inopportune and embarrassing remarks.

Flaneur. (F.) A loungeur.

Lune-de-miel. (F.) A honeymoon.

Spending Youth

Youth is not like a new garment, which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will fast wear away.—J. Foster.

Gift of Good Nature

Good nature is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.—Steele.

16-18 and 38-40; an illustration of the blouse and of all stitches used; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.



GLAD



Glad news indeed for the millions and millions of people who like the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drops—**Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A** This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS Magnificent 4-PIECE SILVER SET

for only 25c complete with your purchase of one can of B. T. Babbitt's Nationally Known Brand of Lye



This lovely pure silver-plated Set—knife, fork, soup spoon and teaspoon in aristocratic Empire design is offered solely to get you to try the pure brands of Lye with 100 uses, shown at right. Use lye for cleaning clogged and frozen drain pipes, for making finer soap, for sweetening will, etc. You'll use no other Lye once you've tried one of these brands.

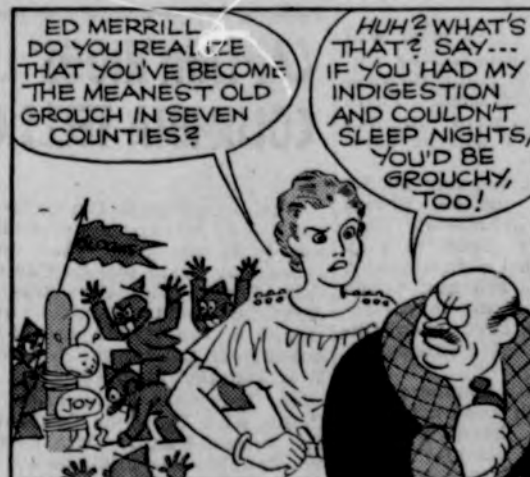
How to Get Your Silver Set To get your 4-piece Silver Set, merely send the band from any can of Lye shown at right, with 25c (to cover handling, mailing, etc.) with your name and address

to B. T. Babbitt, Inc., Dept. WN, 836 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y. Your Set will reach you promptly, postage paid. You'll thank us for the Set and for introducing these brands of Lye to you.



TEAR OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AS A REMINDER

JOYS and GLOOMS



YOUR MONEY BACK... IF SWITCHING TO POSTUM DOESN'T HELP YOU! If you are one of those who cannot safely drink coffee... try Postum's 30-day test. Buy a can of Postum and drink it instead of coffee for one full month. If... after 30 days... you do not feel better, return the top of the Postum container to General Foods, Battle Creek, Michigan, and we will cheerfully refund

the full purchase price, plus postage! (If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.) Give Postum a fair trial... drink it for the full 30 days! Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Postum comes in two forms... Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate... and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. It is economical, easy to make and delicious. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days, you'll love Postum for its own rich, full-bodied flavor. A General Foods product. (This offer expires June 30, 1937.)