

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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SYNOPSIS

Kezia Marsh, pretty, selfish and twenty, arrives home in Corinth from school and is met by her older brother, Hugh. He drives her to the Marsh home where her widowed mother, Fluvanna, a warm-hearted, self-sacrificing and understanding soul, welcomes her. Kezia's sister, Margery, plump and matronly with the care of three children, is at lunch with them. Hugh's wife, Dorrie, has pleaded a previous engagement. On the way back to his job at the steel plant founded by one of his forefathers, Hugh passes Doc Hiller, a boyhood friend whom he no longer sees frequently because of Dorrie's antipathy. Fluvanna Marsh awakens the next morning from a dream about her late husband, Jim, whose unstable character she fears Kezia has inherited. Soon Ellen Pendleton comes over. She is an artistically inclined girl who is a distant niece of Fluvanna's and a favorite of Hugh's. She happily tells Fluvanna she has become engaged to Jerry Purdue.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"I'm telling you first, before anyone," the girl went on. "I can tell you things, Fluvanna—you understand. I'm exquisitely—divinely happy! . . . Why, Jerry—" she shook her head, murmured: "It's beyond words—the feeling. I never thought anything so nice would happen to me!"

"All nice things should happen to you, Ellen!"

"I wish Mother were as easy to tell things to as you, Fluvanna." She gave a rueful smile. "She won't be pleased—nor Father. It will be hard—that part—the telling them. Perhaps I'll wait a while."

Fluvanna called up the stairway. "Ellen is here. Hurry down, Kezia."

Ellen returned with the flowers arranged in vases. "I mustn't stay for breakfast. I went out early painting in the ravine and left word that I'd be back by breakfast time. She'll worry. I'll stay until I see Kezzie. Nice to have her home, isn't it? Not so lonely for you."

Fluvanna nodded. "Very nice. And I'd have been much lonelier if a certain person hadn't been very kind about coming often."

"It . . . Puff! I loved coming . . . you're just fascinating to me. I never get tired of being with you—perhaps fascinating isn't the word." She sat down on the davenport beside Fluvanna. "I told Jerry I could time in with you. He understood. He understands everything."

Fluvanna patted her hand. "So all this happiness came to you last night? May I tell Kezia?"

Ellen laughed. "I don't mind. And Hugh—do tell Hugh. He's an understanding sort of person, my favorite cousin among hundreds!"

The older woman knew she was getting pleasure out of her naive confession so she encouraged her. "You met Jerry in April?"

"Oh, no—last fall. I've seen something of him for a long time. He would come—then stay away. You see, he thought his family would matter. His father is a roller in the mill and his uncle runs a cigar store. He said he couldn't bring them to meet us and all the relations—you and the Renshaws, the Woods, the Moffats, the Debarrys—we are an awful crowd, you know. Not that he's ashamed of his people! He says they are plain, nice people, saved to send him to school in the East . . . he's very proud of them . . . just thought it wouldn't do."

"Afraid to let himself go because your father has money?"

Ellen nodded, then said in a low voice: "I told Jerry that the fact that he loved me meant everything—more than money, more than family. It seems to me that when two people love each other, they give the most priceless possession—something greater than anything in the world."

Fluvanna kissed her impulsively. "You are a sweet child—and a very wise one."

A silence, then Ellen rose. "I must be going."

"Wait. Kezia will be down in a moment. She asked me to call her early because she's playing tennis." She went to the stairway. "Coming, Kezia? . . . Ellen is in a hurry."

She heard Kezia murmur to herself before she replied: "A few minutes."

In a little while Anna announced that breakfast was getting cold. Ellen started toward the door, the rainbow expression of her face faintly clouded. "I really must be running along. Tell Kezia I'm sorry—some other time!"

Kezia sulked for a minute. Then she broke a piece of toast, crumbled it thoughtfully. "I suppose I might have come down."

Her mother smiled as she saw victory in sight. Kezia was ashamed of her action, but had had to defend it.

"She has a tough time at home. No wonder she comes here so much. Cousin Gavin is too nervous to allow the radio to be played when he's in the house, and her mother, pretentious and calculating, nagging the life out of her—what a mother!" shuddered Kezia. "I have no reason to be envious of Ellen. If a man goes romantic over her—they think of Lizzie for a mother-in-law—then it's good-bye Ellen!"

She sat there, her eyes dreamy and misted. "I'm so mean," she faltered, "and you're so good to me! Oh, Mother, how do you put up with me?"

Fluvanna was moved, as she always was when Kezia was penitent and misty-eyed, even though she knew it did not hinder her from doing the same thing over again directly. The girl rose in a sudden whirlwind and came around to her chair, laid her cheek against hers. "I know I'm horrid!"

Charming, emotional and impulsive—like Jim. Her heart plunged with misgiving for Kezia, a vague anxiety. She caressed her automatically.

Kezia went back to her chair. "Be nice to her when she comes again—or, better still, telephone her."

"I will," Kezia nodded between bites. "I'll telephone her this noon. Pete told me about this Purdue she has been going with—very smooth looking—like Ronald Colman. They're all betting it won't last a month!"

"I wouldn't be too sure." "H-m-m-m, have you a scoop?—she tell you anything?"

"Not for the public yet. So keep it secret."

"No?" Kezia's brows went up. "Well, is that a headline! Ellen put it over! Cheers for Ellen!"

Kezia rose from the table. "I'll breeze around there after I get through playing tennis and ask her to bring him over some night soon." She dropped a kiss on her mother's hair. "I'll tell her that while I'm immured in the halls of learning, she grabs off the best-looking man in town!"

CHAPTER II

The back yard lawn of the Hugh Marshes was veiled in the translucent light which comes just before darkness. The west was a faint saffron streaked with mauve; birds talked in sleepy twitterings; a wood dove cooed in a willow.

Dorrie reclined on a wicker chaise longue and Hugh sat near her smoking a pipe. Hugh's eyes were on the arabesque pattern of the trumpet vine.

Dorrie allowed the evening paper to drift to the ground. "Hugh, I'm constitutionally lazy."

"M-m-m."

"Aren't you interested? Did you hear what I said?"

"That you are lazy? Yes, I heard. I don't know what we can do about it."

She shrugged and a curling smile that he never liked to see crept around her mouth.

"It means nothing that you have a lazy wife?"

"You make pretty things for the house—curtains, cushions. Your clothes—you spend a lot of time sewing."

"But that's what I like to do! I mean I'm lazy because I don't do the things I ought to—but don't want to! You see there's a distinction."

"I'm not complaining."

His mind slipped away to the plant. If they landed the Cincinnati order and the one from Dayton it would keep them running all through June, when there would be a natural recession. They hadn't done badly for a small plant, considering conditions.

"You're not thinking about me!" said Dorrie sharply.

"Who else?" He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "If I think about the business, it's for you, isn't it?"

"I'm trying to make a confession, but you won't listen."

His left brow went up in its humorous twinkle. "What's bothering your conscience?"

"I should have your family here once in a while. We're always being invited to your relatives'. It's one of the things I ought to do, but don't want to."

"You mean you don't care for my family?"

"I don't care for many people, do I?" she tossed back, smiling.

"No; but I thought you and Mother—"

"I'm fond of your mother. She has an extraordinary effect on me. Makes me feel good inside and out—like a steam bath and a soothing oil rub by a Swedish masseur."

"Gosh, Dorrie!"

"Margery, since she has those children, doesn't talk my language. I can't get passionate over croup and adenoids and spinach, can I? But Kezia has a streak of wickedness I understand. Fun to watch her maneuver her own purposes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

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Schoolmaster of a Nation

HE WAS "the most popular American of the Nineteenth century, the man who had the largest influence in determining the thoughts and ideals of the American people during that period and the man to whose work many great Americans of the present day pay tribute as being the fountain of their inspiration to aspire and to achieve." He was William Holmes McGuffey, the "Schoolmaster of a Nation."

Born in Pennsylvania in 1800, McGuffey became a pioneer teacher in Kentucky after his graduation from a little college in his native state and later was offered a position on the faculty of Miami university in Ohio. Recognizing the lack of good reading material in the common schools of those days, McGuffey resolved to do something about it.

The result was the publication in 1836 of the first and in 1837 the second of a graded set of readers. The next year he published a third and a fourth reader. Then, with the help of his brother, Alexander McGuffey, who aided in the revision of the earlier works and collected much of the material for the next two, he issued his fifth and sixth Eclectic Readers.

McGuffey not only had a keen literary sense but he was also able to select from the world's best literature selections that appealed to children. That fact, combined with the high moral tone of the selections, which recommended them to parents trying to bring their children up in the way they should go, gave his readers great popularity. They sold by the millions in this country and were translated into many foreign languages so that the McGuffey influence was extended into other lands.

How great that influence was—especially in this country—it is impossible to estimate. But there is no doubt that the serious purpose of the McGuffey Eclectic Readers, their kindly spirit and their teachings of the essential virtues made children of an earlier generation better men and women today. At least, that is the unanimous testimony of many American notables—authors, educators, industrialists, statesmen—not to mention thousands of "just plain folks" who belong to the numerous "McGuffey Societies" scattered all over the United States. At regular intervals they gather together to read again their favorite selections from the Eclectic Readers and to the end of their days they cherish in their hearts the lessons they once learned from this "Schoolmaster of a Nation."

He Saved an Empress

IF IT had not been for the resourcefulness and courage of an American dentist, the last empress of the French might have met death at the hands of an infuriated mob of revolutionists and another tragic chapter might have been written in the history of deposed royalty in that country. The empress was Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, and the man who saved her was a Dr. Thomas W. Evans.

Not long after Louis Napoleon became emperor, Dr. Evans was made court dentist of the second empire. At that time dentistry was not the respected profession that it is today. But such was the genius of this former Philadelphian that he was held in equal esteem with all of Napoleon's ministers.

So on September 2, 1870, when news of the disaster at Sedan reached Paris and a bloodthirsty populace began clamoring at the gates of the Tuilleries and threatening the life of the empress, she said to the officers of the palace guard "I will go to Dr. Evans. He is an American. I am sure he will render us every assistance we require." With only a veil as a disguise and accompanied by one of her servants, the empress fled by a secret passage to where a carriage was waiting for her. Then she was driven in safety to Dr. Evans' home, only to find him absent.

When he returned, he realized that it would be dangerous for the empress to try to escape then, so she and her servant spent the night there. Meanwhile Dr. Evans had engaged a private carriage and the next morning he started out with the royal fugitive on a perilous journey.

Everywhere soldiers were on the look-out for the empress but the quick-witted action and ingenious ruses of the American, more than once prevented their capture. By spending his own money freely he brought Eugenie in safety to the coast and there he persuaded the owner of an English yacht to take her to England.

Dr. Evans continued his practice in both France and America, and his inventions in his profession made him world famous. He later became one of the founders of the Red Cross society, and upon his death in 1896 he bequeathed his entire fortune of some twelve millions to American institutions.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for April 4

GOD THE CREATOR

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 1:1-5, 26-31. GOLDEN TEXT—In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Gen. 1:1. PRIMARY TOPIC—When God Made the World. JUNIOR TOPIC—In the Beginning—God. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—God the Maker of All. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—God in Creation.

From the completion of the great Gospel of John, which took us back to that time "in the beginning" when the Living Word "was" and "was with God and was God," we turn to the first book of the Bible, which is, as indicated by its title, a book of "beginnings." We find in it not only the record of the creation of the heavens and earth, but of man, and the beginnings of his history, the entrance of sin into the world, the beginning of God's revelation of redemption. It is indeed a most important book, fundamental to an understanding of the rest of the Bible.

Genesis has been the special object of attack on the part of critics, and especially by those who saw in its account of the creation statements which apparently did not square with the announced findings of science. Fortunately, as men make advances in scientific discovery, as well as in the understanding of God's Word, they are beginning to realize that there is no real conflict between the established facts of science and a proper interpretation of Scripture. When there is an apparent clash it will be found that either the Bible has been misinterpreted by men or they have mistaken a hypothesis of science for a fact.

We are in error when we talk about the Bible's being confirmed by archaeology or by science. If the United States naval observatory should find that its master clock does not agree with the observation of the stars, it would not assume that the universe had gotten out of order. It would know that the clock is wrong, and would make correction. Science does not confirm the Bible; the Bible confirms true science.

The account of creation may be considered in two great divisions. I. The Creation of Heaven and Earth (1:1-5).

"In the beginning God"—what awe-inspiring words! How fully and satisfactorily they state the origin of all things.

Men ask us to believe their theories, but there is no cosmogony offered which does not call for a measure of credulity. Man cannot explain the origin of matter, the origin of life, the origin of rational life. These three great gaps and many smaller ones his theories cannot bridge. Man asks us to take his word for them. But we prefer to take God's Word.

Study the entire account of creation. Space here forbids more than the briefest reference to its perfect order and symmetry, its completeness, the self-evident fact that it is a true account of the working of God. It is so received by thoughtful men and women of our day. Even scoffers have long since ceased to speak foolish words about "the mistakes of Moses."

II. The Creation of Man (vv. 16-23).

"Let us" is an indication that the Holy Trinity was active in creation. God the Father is mentioned (v. 1), the Holy Spirit (v. 2), and without the Son was nothing made (John 1:3).

Man was created in "the likeness and image of God." This undoubtedly refers to a moral and spiritual likeness. Man is a moral being, possessed of all the characteristics of true personality. He is a living spirit, with intelligence, feeling, will-power. This image, no matter how it may have been defaced by sin, is that in man which makes it possible for us to seek him in his sin and beseech him "to be reconciled to God." "Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, feelings lie buried that grace can restore."

Notice that God gave man "a helpmeet unto him," that he established the family as the center of life on this earth. He gave man dominion over the entire creation, and his restless pioneering spirit still carries him on to the complete realization of that promise. He provided not only for man's spiritual and social needs, but also for his every physical need. Surely we may say with Moses that "everything that he (God) had made . . . was very good" (v. 31).

A Man of Sorrow

One reason why Jesus was a man of sorrow was that He saw as none other the pain and sin and woe of the world.

A Hard Road

The hard road of sin is always so crowded that it gives little room for turning around and going back.

Determination

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.—Emerson.

Harmonizing With Spring



THIS week's crop of fashions seem fully as sweet and gay and long-awaited as lovely Spring—with which they're meant to harmonize. Mary, Sue and Emily, three charming standees, know how to have day in day out chic without forfeiting that pretty silver lining in their new Spring purses.

Hints From Mary's Boudoir.

"I'm especially fussy about the slip I wear, perhaps that's why I always sew-my-own! I never miss the few hours it takes, and I can spend the difference for a finer, better-wearing fabric. A slip that's well-behaved is a joy to yourself—others as well—and just as easy to have. So take a tip from one who knows: choose this model and a good fabric and you'll have no further slip troubles."

A Lift for M'Lady.

"A new frock means more to me than a new fabric and a change of color—it means a lift, a new lease on life!" So says Miss Sue, a snappy sophomore who sews. "I decided 1252 had the kind of newness I want: the clever cut of the waistcoat bodice first caught my fancy, and the saucy swing skirt made me sign on the dotted line. I go for simple necklines, and I like lots of buttons too. You should see my version in royal blue silk crepe—really, it's something to be proud of."

Designers Win Praise.

"Smart Matron your granny," retorts Emily to an intended bit of flattery regarding her new welcome-to-spring frock. "If I look as young as I feel I'll be mistaken for a Laf-a-Lot! But honestly, this new dress gives me a more dressed-up feeling than any I can remember in Springs gone by. I think Sew-Your-Own designers are smart to give us '40's some of that swing the youngsters rave about. Do you suppose they sympathize with the poor young men who are urged nowadays to 'Swing, Swing dear Mother-in-law!'"

The Patterns.

Pattern 1909 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1252 is for sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1233 is for sizes 34 to 52.

Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

New Pattern Book.

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Your Glorified Vision

The vision that you glorify in your mind, the ideal you enshrine in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become.—James Allen.



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