

# 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 forebears, Hugh passes Doc Miller, a boyhood friend whom he no longer sees frequently because of Dorrie's antipathy. Fluvanna Marsh wakens 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. Ellen fears that her father and mother, Gavin and Lizzie, will not approve the match.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

"So then—?"  
"I'm going to throw a big dinner, have them all this Friday night. Suit you?"  
Hugh hesitated.  
"You'd like it, wouldn't you?" she challenged.  
"I'd like having them here of course, but I wish it were because you wanted them. Not a concession to my feelings."  
Dorrie turned her head to one side and looked at the willow tree. After a moment she said with slow sulkiness: "You'd better take it the way I do it."

He watched her with puzzled pain, watched her until he saw the coldness melt from her face, and another emotion come over it. She said in a faint voice, "You're worth a dozen of me, Hugh."

He was relieved. "What's brought this on?" he inquired laughing.

She shook her head. "Call it a mood."

"Forget it, Dorrie. You can be pretty sweet yourself!" He felt suddenly happy. She was chary with admissions of feeling. He never knew exactly how deep her feeling for him was. The occasional glimpses into her mind, when she grew introspective as to-night, were rare and accordingly precious.

The western light had entirely faded. The dusk ringed her around with magic. Her pale green dress shimmered like moonlight. A night-hawk wheeled restlessly overhead, uttering a raucous cry. Hugh, whose passionate feeling for her had never dimmed, felt her enchantment heighten, surround him with a mystical contentment, and yearning.

His eyes held hers. "You're lovely," he said on a breath.

"Thank you," she murmured, smiling.

The telephone tinkled inside the house.

"I'll go," said Dorrie, sliding off the chaise longue.

She never walked briskly, but when she came back she moved with more animation than was her wont.

"It's the Whitneys," she announced. "They want us to go out to Freeland Farms and dance."

Hugh gave a regretful look at the yard, bowered in bush and vine, at the moon, climbing now, a shimmering globe above the trees. "Sort of nice here," he commented.

She stood there, waiting for him to say more. The expression of her face was veiled, but he felt a vitality flow from her, a current of something indefinable.

"Do you want to go?"

"That's for you to decide," she answered almost coldly.

He took her attitude for reproach. He stretched his arms lazily. "Tell them, we'll go. Coming for us?"

"Yes. Can you be really in ten minutes?"

He nodded. "But we won't stay late, remember! I have a job to hold down—if Cun hasn't."

She started for the house, then turned her head with her secret smile. "You always say that—we won't stay late, remember!"

"But we always do!"

She vanished in the rear door. The Whitneys. Dancing. At least it wasn't bridge which had become so complicated lately with the new scoring and new systems which people quoted so confusingly.

Freeland Farms—always a crowd. The floor too small. But Dorrie wanted to go. . . .

"Hugh."

"Coming." He rose from his chair reluctantly.

Cun Whitney was of medium height, florid, and with curly brown hair. He was cheerful, talkative, and had an amazing vitality. He was restless, liked to go places, be

with people; he was full of visionary schemes for making money which he never followed through. He was an excellent salesman, succeeding through sheer charm of manner and enthusiasm, but had been out of work since the November before. He was thoughtful and kind to his friends, and when Hugh had been laid up with influenza the winter before, had sat up with him all one night.

Joan was small, with an olive complexion, straight black hair which she dressed severely, and great smoky gray eyes with thick-black lashes.

"Hurry up," she called as Hugh and Dorrie came down the walk, "we're simply bursting to tell you the news!"

"What news?" asked Hugh. "Did the old man come through?"

"Right the first time!" "Congratulations!" cried Hugh, climbing into the car. "Wonderful," said Dorrie.

"He has a job with the Crescent people and starts work the first of the month!"

"You see how glad she is to be rid of me!" complained Cun. "Sick of having me underfoot around the house!"

"You weren't at home much! You went down town every day," flashed Joan.

"Will you have to travel, Cun?" asked Dorrie.

"More or less—several days a week. And they came to my figure—which is important."

"We'll look after Jonny for you when you're away—take her around. Eh, Dorrie?"

"Of course."

Joan's elation gave a lilt to her quiet voice. "It's the most glorious feeling! Almost worth the agony of suspense for eight months to experience it. Although I must say Cun was marvelous about it—always cheerful."

"Always marvelous!" said Cun. "I was the one who was afraid—afraid of his—"

Cun, as he drove, looked back over his shoulder. "Go ahead and spill it. What were you afraid of? My sinking into bad habits?"

"Oh, keep quiet."

Cun laughed and nodded. "You see, no confidence in me at all—and from one who knows me best! Anyhow we're here, and it's a grand night and we're all good fellows!"

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# UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

## Christmas Flower

WHEN you buy one of those scarlet-petaled flowers called the poinsettia to add to the festive appearance of your home at Christmas time, you are helping perpetuate the fame of an American who little realized that his name would become associated with one of the symbols of the Yuletide. For Joel R. Poinsett had so many other claims to distinction that it seems curious he is best remembered because a flower bears his name!

Born in South Carolina in 1779, he studied both medicine and military science abroad but his father induced him to abandon his intention of entering the army and to become a student of law. Poor health forced him to give that up and he asked President Madison for a commission in the army. He was about to be appointed quartermaster-general when the secretary of war objected.

Instead he was sent on a diplomatic mission to South America where he mixed in the politics of Chile, and fomented revolution until he became known as "the scourge of the American continent" and was recalled. Next he was sent to Mexico. Always interested in botany, he brought back from that country the flower which was given the scientific name of "Poinsettia Pulcherina."

Just as he had been a stormy petrel in international politics, so he was a disturbing element in the politics of his native land. During the Nullification controversy in South Carolina he organized and led the Unionist forces. By doing that he won the esteem of the national government and President Van Buren made him secretary of war.

Poinsett improved and enlarged the army, organized a general staff, built up the artillery, directed the Seminole war and managed the removal of some 40,000 Indians to Indian Territory. In the midst of this activity his scientific interests were not neglected. He experimented with scientific agriculture, sent out the Wilkes expedition into the Antarctic and was largely instrumental in founding the National Institute for the Promotion of Science and the Useful Arts which later was merged with the Smithsonian Institution. His busy career came to an end in 1851 while he was living in retirement as a plantation owner in his native state.

## Brooklyn Bridge Jumper

BACK in the eighties the Brooklyn bridge was one of the wonders of the modern world. Its dedication on May 24, 1883 was an event of nation-wide interest but three years later it was even more in the news because of a man with whose name that great span has been linked in popular memory ever since.

He was Steve Brodie, bootblack, street car conductor, sailor and worker around the docks who became a professional walker as a means of earning some easy money. But he was never better than a second-rater and none of his walking matches ever benefited him greatly. In the summer of 1886 he was nearly "broke."

One day in July he heard some of his friends talking about the latest casualty among the men who had tried for fame and fortune by diving from the Brooklyn bridge to the river, 135 feet below. Seven of them had tried it and all of them had been killed.

"Huh, I bet you I could do it and not be killed," boasted Brodie. "Bet you \$100 you can't!" replied a friend. "You're on!" was Brodie's answer. But he was evidently none too confident that he could make good on his boast for he took out a life insurance policy for \$1,000 as a protection for his wife, just in case.

On July 23, 1886 Brodie jumped off the bridge and came up without a scratch. Officials of the life insurance company were furious because he had risked \$1,000 of their money to win \$100. They returned his premium and cancelled his policy—which was foolish, for he lived to a ripe old age!

His successful jump was widely publicized. It won him an engagement in a melodrama called "Blackmail" in which he had to dive off a great height into a net—a feat which, he declared, was even more dangerous than his jump from the bridge—and his performance in this (at \$100 a week) made "Brodie, the Brooklyn Bridge-Jumper" famous all over the country. His achievement encouraged imitators and during the next few years no less than 11 others tackled the nation's most spectacular high dive. Although the first seven had perished in their attempts, Brodie seemed to have broken the jinx, for every one of the 11 survived.

By that time the novelty of such a feat had somewhat worn off. But Brodie's fame as the first to make a successful jump was secure. Moreover, he contributed another picturesque phrase to the American language, for "doing a Brodie" is still a synonym for a spectacular jump or plunge from a height.

# 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 11

### THE SIN OF ADAM AND EVE

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 3:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Ezek. 18:4.

PRIMARY TOPIC—In the Garden of Eden.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Trying to Hide From God.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Sin Is and Does.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Consequences of Sin.

"One of the curiosities of the British Museum is a brick from the walls of ancient Babylon which bears the imprint of one of Babylon's mighty kings. Right over the center of the royal seal is deeply impressed the footprint of a 'pariah' dog which apparently trod upon it when it was soft and plastic. Long ages have passed; the king's superscription is visible but defaced; the footprint of the dog is clear and sharply defined.

"Human nature is like that brick. . . . Man originally was made in the image of God, but over the royal beauty of the Divine likeness there has been superimposed the dirty disfigurement of the Devil's imprint" (D. E. Hart-Davies).

Last Sunday we saw the heavens and earth, the animals, yes, the entire creation crowned by man himself, as it had come from the hand of God—"and behold it was very good" (1:31). But, sadly enough, it did not long remain so, for sin which had already entered the universe soon found its way into the world.

God created Adam in his own likeness and image, gave him "a helpmeet unto him," and placed him in perfect surroundings. He gave him congenial employment, and above all the inestimable privilege of fellowship with Him.

But because man was not a mere automaton—a toy in the hands of a superior being—God gave him the power of moral choice, the opportunity to exercise his God-given personality in making that choice. Obedience is the underlying moral principle of the universe.

Today we had with Eve and Adam into that cataclysmic experience which we call "the Fall of Man," for as we read in Romans 5:12, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

**I. Temptation (vv. 1-5).** Satan is not a cloven-hoofed monstrosity with a forked tail and a trident in his hand. No, indeed, he is more subtle than anything in creation. We read that he is "transformed into an angel of light" (II Cor. 11:14). His approach in our day is as smooth, and cultured as it was in the garden of Eden. An example is the insidious liquor advertising of our day. Another is his use of the man who stands behind the pulpit or sits in the professor's chair and destroys the Christian faith of young men and women.

Note the five steps in the fall of man:

1. Listening to a slander against God (Satan lied about God).
2. Doubting God's Word and love (If we trust God we will obey him).
3. Looking at that which God has forbidden (The eye will betray us unless we guard it).
4. Lusting after what God had prohibited (Compare Genesis 3:6 with I John 2:6).
5. Disobedience to God's command.

**II. Sin (v. 6).** Sin is deliberate transgression, not a natural weakness, nor a necessity. It showed itself in its true light when it at once reached out and dragged down another. We do not sin alone for very long.

**III. Consequences (vv. 7-15, also 16-19).**

1. The serpent is cursed.
2. Sin, death and condemnation enter the world.
3. Sorrow is linked with motherhood.
4. Responsibility and headship is given to man.
5. The ground is cursed and the burden of labor introduced.

**IV. Redemption (v. 15).** Here we have the first promise of redemption, and the scarlet thread of redemptive truth thus runs from this point at the Bible's beginning to its very last chapter. Even in judging the first Adam for his sin God promises the coming of the second Adam who is to redeem the race. You are in the family of the first Adam by natural birth; have you entered the family of the second Adam by supernatural rebirth? (I Cor. 15:21, 22, 45.)

**Employing Character**

A good character when established should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good. —Atterbury.

**Punishment That Hardens**

If punishment makes not the will supple, it hardens the offender. —Locke.

**To Have Friendship**

The only way to have a friend is to be one. —Emerson.

# From Perfectly Cut Patterns



"I'M GLAD I'm not on the serving committee this week," muses Mrs. Smith of Walnut street, as she takes stock of herself in the mirror preparatory to leaving for the church supper. "I look entirely too swell for me—why, I'm almost excited! I always knew surplice waists were becoming, but how becoming I never knew till now. That little deceptiveness is just what I need, and these sleeves are the most comfortable things! If about half our circle wore dresses like this it would be better for all concerned; so many of us have outgrown the tailored streamlined styles. Now, Mrs. White for instance—"

**Enter an Admirer.**

"Why Mother, you look de-vel-ly in that shade of blue! And you look real stylish, too—you ought to be going to a Coronation."

"Oh, I'd much prefer the church supper, dear. I'll be a somebody there in my new dress but at a Coronation I would be little potatoes. By the way, what did they say about your new jumper at school?"

"Mother, I meant to tell you. Mary Jane and Betty are both going to coax their mothers to make one just like it. I said maybe you would loan them the pattern, would you?"

"Why of course. Did you tell them it took me only two afternoons to make yours including two blouses?"

**Enter "The Duchess."**

"Sis, you're pretty young to be talking about clothes so intelligently. When you get a figure that clothes really count on—ahem, like Yours Truly's for instance; then it might be different—oh Mother, how nice! I'm crazy about it. Gee, such smart lines! Remember, you promised to help me with a new party frock next week if I did well with this shirt-waister. I wish all dresses were as easy to sew and as well to wear as this is."

"Perfectly cut patterns spell success for any frock, Kay; your party dress is as good as made right now. But I must be on my way or I'll be more than fashionably late for the affair. Bye, bye—be good girls and see that Daddy gets something to eat."

**The Patterns.**

Pattern 1268 is for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1996 is for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 39 inch material for the jumper and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse.

**FOR COLDS**

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit

**Salicon Tablets**

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

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**HEATHMAN**

ALL COMFORTS AT RATES ALL CAN AFFORD

BROADWAY & SALMON

SALMON & PARK

HARRY E. HEATHMAN, MGR.

**PORTLAND'S FINEST HOTELS**

**PORTLAND**

A lady comes to clean our house Who bothers me a lot, So scornfully she bangs around What little things I've got.

Copyright—WNU Service.

Armscye and neck edges of jumper require 2 1/2 yards of 1 1/2 inch bias fabric.

Pattern 1226 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material.

**New Pattern Book.**

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents (in coins) today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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**DETOUR DOGS**

"BLACK LEAF 40" Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc. Use 1 1/4 Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

**We Underrate**

I have somewhere heard it is a maxim that those to whom every-body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.—Swift.

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