

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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SYNOPSIS

Kezia Marsh, pretty, selfish and twenty, arrives home in Cornish 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 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. Ellen fears that her father and mother, Gavin and Lizzie, will not approve the match. Hugh and Dorrie go out to the Freeland Farms to dance with their friends, Cun and Joan Whitney. Whitney, who has been out of work, announces that he has landed a new position. They see Ellen Pendleton and Jerry Purdue.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Art?" said Cun. "I see. Cuckoo—but beautiful." Dorrie moved in her chair slightly. "Dance?" asked Cun, his eyes on Dorrie.

They went off together. Hugh stood up. "Joan?" As they swung into step he said, "Well, Jonny, the troubles are all over. I'm ever so glad that Cun has work. You've been a brick, but I could see it was hard on you." Joan gave a smothered exclamation and did not reply. He looked down. Joan's eyes were filled with tears.

"What did I say? . . . Hurt you? . . . Awfully sorry." He was dismayed. "Come on; we'll go outside." He led her through the screened door to the long veranda. They sat in a swing. "Overlook it, Hugh. Nerves, I think." She dabbed her eyes with his handkerchief. "And relief from the strain. A man has to work to fill up his time. . . . Cun has to be busy more than most men—his' built that way. Then you spoke to me so sweetly and sympathetically and I went to pieces."

Hugh sat beside her feeling touched and bewildered. It was plain she had some worry on her mind about Cun. Presently Joan rose, saying: "Steer me around through the hall to the dressing-room and I'll wash up. . . . I must be all streaky. Hugh, I'm sorry I pulled this scene for you. You don't know how abased I feel."

"Forget it. Glad you did, if you want to know. We skim the surface of conventionalities too much with our friends. We'd be more understanding if we knew what was in the other person's heart."

"Most hearts don't bear showing."

"I can't believe that." "I suppose we think it good manners," said Joan dubiously. "And to live on the surface of things isn't a bad way. . . . take what comes today and not worry about tomorrow; forget you have a heart! I'm trying to achieve it. I never quite make it. . . . still I try very hard."

He left her at the dressing-room door and went back to their table. Dorrie and Cun were nowhere about, and Ellen and Jerry had disappeared. He saw his sister, Kezia, dancing with Arthur Williams. He left the sandwiches untouched and opened a bottle of beer, and sat sipping it.

Dorrie and Cun approached; she was animated, laughing. "Where did you and Joan disappear? We tried to find you but you had hidden yourselves in some secluded corner. Of course you weren't parked in the automobile? . . . Or were you, Hugh?"

Joan came up just then, her face freshly powdered and bearing no trace of emotion. "We were mooning on the veranda," she said gaily.

Cun drew out her chair. "I'll have to look into this," he threatened.

"Is there a moon? It seemed terribly dark to me!" Dorrie teased.

"Explain your absence!" said Hugh with a smile. "Never explain!" answered Dorrie lightly. "Explanations lead to nothing and nowhere! Hugh, you haven't danced with me."

At home and in their own room, Hugh sighed with contented fatigue as he untied his tie.

Dorrie slipped off her dress and sat down on the bench before the dressing-table to cold cream her nails. "Lovely evening, wasn't it, darling?"

"Enjoy it?" "Very much."

"I did myself after we got started. Naturally they wanted to celebrate after such good news. It has been a tough winter and spring for them. Especially Joan."

Dorrie frowned a little as she bent her head lower. "Why especially Joan?"

"I think she felt it more. Fact is, she cried tonight. . . . that was the reason we left the floor. I said something about the new job, and she broke down—hysterical relief, I think. Wept all over the place when I got her outside."

"Dorrie's lip curled. "Silly."

"I thought it was rather natural. She's kept up a good front all along." He looked at her, troubled; he had expected more sympathy for Joan's predicament. "Reverse the case, Dorrie. Suppose I had been out of work for almost a year. Wouldn't you be a bit teary with joy when I did land something?"

"No—I'd have confidence enough in you to be sure you'd get something splendid in place of the old one. Cun is a simply marvelous salesman. Everyone says so. He was sure to be placed in a little while. The future with the Crescent company is much better than his old place at the Arrow Steel."

"But even so—" He hesitated. "I gathered something else was bothering her. She seemed to feel that Cun might get into difficulties, not working."

"Oh!" Dorrie's eyes flew open, startled. "How odd."

"Perhaps." "No, she didn't say what she was afraid of. Drinking—gambling. Cun's a popular fellow." He started for the closet and said from its depths, "She gave me



"You're So Gullible!"

quite a jolt. It was so unexpected, coming from her."

"And I suppose when she wept, you comforted her?"

He laughed a little. "Yes; lent her my handkerchief!"

"You're so gullible!"

"Oh, I say now. . . . Dorrie, really—" He stood over her.

Lights sparkled in her eyes from inward laughter. She lifted her face for his kiss. "Thin-skinned," she murmured, stroking his hair.

CHAPTER III

Ellen and Jerry lingered late at their dinner at the Freeland Farms. The dancing began at nine o'clock and the orchestra, a pianist, a saxophone player and a drummer, were just taking their places at the far end of the hall.

"They wanted to know whom I was going out to dinner with again. When I said you, they looked at each other—you know parents—and said that I seemed to be going out with you a great deal lately. . . . so then I told them."

Jerry picked at his salad idly, then laid his fork down. His hair was dark brown, almost black, straight, and lay back, sleek and glistening on his head with the help of a pomade. His complexion was a smooth olive and went well with his eyes, the color of black coffee. When he smiled his eyes had sparkling depths, and his lips a combination of sensitiveness and sensuousness.

"And what did they say?" "For an instant Ellen looked troubled, remembering. Then, the dimples played over her face as pride in Jerry reassured her. "They want to see you—talk to you. When they do that, it will be all right."

"Sure?" Jerry was not smiling now. There was a hint of brooding in his eyes.

"I'm certain of it. I told them I'd bring you in after dinner." Jerry gave a faint groan and looked at his plate.

"Frightened?" "I feel as if I were to be shot at sunrise."

"Silly! . . . My parents have never committed a murder so far!"

"Yes, but it sounds ominous. I'm to be brought in—tried—executed! Couldn't we put it off until tomorrow night?"

When she did not answer, he went on: "Look your last on me as a whole man! I have a feeling I'll resemble a sieve in an hour or so—shot full of holes. I've met your father several times but he doesn't speak to me on the street, and your mother has never been friendly! What will they say when they know I have the audacity to want to marry you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hog Bristle "Chu Chang" In Hotu, China, where bristles are obtained for paint brushes, the natives call hog bristle "chu chang." After being scraped from the hog's back the bristles are beaten with sticks to knock out the rough dirt.

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 18

THE EFFECTS OF ALOCHOLIC BEVERAGES

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 13:13; 19:23-25; Deuteronomy 32:31-33; Proverbs 23:29-32. GOLDEN TEXT—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Proverbs 23:32.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Man Who Had First Choice.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Way of Woe. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Science Says About Alcohol.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Scientific Basis of Temperance.

The American people are alert to the forces which threaten the bulwarks of national life, and are ready to take intelligent and effective action against them when fully aroused to the danger. The powers of evil know this to be true and are careful to avoid anything that directs our attention to what is constantly going on under cover. The liquor question is one of our nation's most serious problems. The devastating results of the widespread sale and use of intoxicants will only be known as Christian men and women unmask this wicked business which poses under the banner of congenial and pleasant living, and proudly points to its recognition by the government as a legal enterprise.

The facts are available through various temperance organizations and in such books as "Alcohol and Man," by Dr. Emerson of Columbia university. The Sunday School lessons for 1937 present four opportunities to bring the matter squarely before the adults and children who are in our Bible Schools. We have already (Jan. 31) considered the economic problem, and will later deal with temperance as a social and moral evil. The lesson for today affords a special opportunity to touch on the scientific side, presenting intoxicants in their true light as a poison. Look up the word "intoxicate" in a good dictionary and you at once have a picture of what beer, wine, and whiskey do to the human body.

The Christian approach to any consideration of the matter is by recognizing that man is a spiritual being, dwelling in a physical body.

I. We Live in a World of Moral Responsibility (Gen. 13:13; 19:23-25).

Life is not a careless drifting from day to day, from pleasure to pleasure, into sin or not as one may choose, with no responsibility for one's actions. Man was created in the likeness and image of God. He possesses the power of choice. He knows right from wrong. If he chooses to do right he has all the resources of the omnipotent God to call upon as his strength and stay. But if he chooses to turn his back upon God and upon Christ, and to go into the ways of sin, let him be sure that there is a day of judgment to come from which he shall in no wise escape. The destruction of the wicked cities of the plain, terrible as it was in itself, is but a prophecy of judgment to come. See Luke 10:10-12.

II. Men Go Two Different Ways (Deut. 32:31-33).

Moses contrasts the Rock in which his people trusted, and the corrupt standards of their heathen neighbors by which they were tempted. One greater than Moses spoke of the two ways (read Matt. 7:13, 14), and pointed out the sad fact that there are many that go down the broad way to destruction, and few who walk in the narrow way of life. Let us seek to win our young men and women away from the sinful ways of this world.

III. The Liquor Way Is the Wrong Way (Prov. 23:29-32).

Skillful indeed are the advertising devices of the liquor interests! They associate their intoxicants (poisons) with holiday festivities, happy family gatherings, social preferment, and so on. They do not picture the bleary eye, the babbling tongue, the "wounds without cause." They carefully overlook the broken-hearted mother, the ragged children, the empty cupboard, and the devastated home life. They say nothing of the men who have lost their characters and their jobs, and of the women who have lowered themselves beyond description because of their love for liquor. Let us in tenderness and heart-broken humility present to our Sunday School classes that picture, which is a disgrace to our nation. The wine may look red, and it may even go "smoothly down the throat" (a possible translation of the words "when it moveth aright," v. 31), but it still has the bite of a serpent and the sting of an adder (v. 32).

Aims and Duties

What are the aims which are at the same time duties?—they are the perfecting of ourselves, and the happiness of others.

Injustice

The injustice of men subverts the justice of God, and often His mercy.—Madame Swetchine.

Doing Good

"Doing good is the only certainly happy action of man's life."—Sir Philip Sidney.

A Crocheted Party Dress



Pattern 1388

She'll be proud of his dainty, crocheted frock, in a clover leaf pattern. In one piece, gathered to a contrasting yoke, it's effective in string or mercerized cotton. Pattern 1388 contains directions for making the dress in sizes 4 to 8 (all given in one pattern); an

illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Polisson. (F.) A rascal. Au grand serieux. (F.) In deadly earnest. Latet anguis in herba. (L.) A snake lurks in the grass. Nuit blanche. (F.) A sleepless night. Sui generis. (L.) Of its own kind. Vient de paraître. (F.) Just published, or, just out.

My Favorite Recipe

By Irene Castle McLaughlin

Marshmallow Sweets

Boil some sweet potatoes. Mash and mix in a little cream and a good-sized lump of butter. Place in a baking dish and bake until brown.

Remove and cover the top with marshmallows; put into the oven again and just let them get a rich brown on top.

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Present Helpers

Give the help you are able to give now rather than wait for the greater gift you hope to bestow by and by. If the poor widow had waited to cast more into the treasury when her fortunes improved, she never would have won that commendation of the Master which has come down through the centuries.

There may be far greater need for that help you can give now than there will be for your greater assistance at some later time.

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