

# 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 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. Cun and Dorrie dance together and then disappear for a while. Dancing with Joan, Hugh is amazed to find her in tears. Apparently she has some secret worry over her husband, Cun. Hugh sees Kezia accompanied by a young man.

CHAPTER III—Continued

They rose and floated away to the rhythm of the sentimental music. Ellen felt closer to Jerry when they danced than at any other time. They seemed so completely attuned then, step seeking step, turning instinctively in each graceful movement. He was just enough taller; he gave himself to the spirit of the underlying sensuousness of the air, communicated it to her.

The music ended with an increased tempo and a final bang. They walked to their table where the waiter had placed their dessert.

The place was filling up. There had been only eight or ten for dinner, but now almost every place was occupied. Across the room Ellen caught the eye of Hugh Marsh, gave him a laughing salute. Dorrie and Joan nodded to her, and Cun Whitney too. She had never met Cun, but supposed it was a pleasant informality evoked by the friendship of the others.

She turned to Jerry. "That's Hugh Marsh—you remember we called at Cousin Fluvanna's one night? The one in green with the stunning hair is Dorrie, his wife." Jerry put sugar in his coffee. "Your cousin, Hugh, is a good piker. What a profile!"

"Isn't it? Like a cameo." "What kind of person is she?" "I never feel I know her very well. She's not very friendly. You have the sensation she is passing judgment on you, finding you odd or amusing. It may be imagination on my part, or—"

"What?" "I think a person so beautiful creates a wall around themselves. Such a picture that you're a little in awe of them, wondering over the effect. Your fault, really, for you make them conscious of the admiration you feel, and they're amused by it."

Jerry nodded. "She sounds high-nosed to me," he pronounced briefly, cutting through Ellen's struggling analysis. "Is Kezia like her?" "You'll meet her soon. She wants me to take you over some night."

Just as they were leaving, Kezia came in with Arthur Williams and they met on the steps. Kezia turned cordial, radiant eyes on Jerry as she extended her hand. "Nice to know you. I've heard so much about you."

Ellen could see that Jerry looked pleased and impressed. "El, you're not leaving, are you?" came Kezia's sweet aggrieved complaint. "Do stay with us and dance—we'd have a four-some!"

Arthur seconded the invitation. "Sure—a foursome. What's the idea of leaving now?" But Ellen pleaded another engagement and they took their departure.

Jerry helped her ceremoniously into the car. His manners were much better than most of the men she knew, she thought with pride. If he hadn't learned them at home, he had picked them up from observation of others. They would pass muster with her mother, Kezia—anyone. She hugged the reflection to herself with pleased content. One more point in the sum total of the graces which endeared Jerry.

They drove down the winding drive to the main road. "I wish we had stayed," said Jerry, regretfully. "Kezia—she's charming, isn't she? I wouldn't have minded meeting Hugh and what's-her-name, too. We could have had a good time."

Ellen was conscious of a pang.

The knowledge that she was dragging him away from the gay company for an awkward interview with her family, made her feel guilty. "We'll go out again sometime," she said quickly.

As they spun along the concrete road toward town, edged with suburban bungalows and an occasional farmhouse, she wondered what Mother said? Any of the terrible things she had voiced before she left? She wouldn't hear Jerry insulted! She would be firm on that. But how protect him from the iniquitous insult of the look Lizzie could wear upon occasion? She had watched Fanny Plaise shrink and wither under its disdain and disapproval the time Caleb had brought her to the house. Her mother had asked Fanny icy questions designed to annoy her. She hadn't come a second time, and presently Caleb had married Ena Mills. Mother shouldn't do that to her and Jerry! She must not. Ellen's delicate face looked almost steely in its valor as she decided that nothing would shake her determination to marry Jerry.

Mrs. Pendleton was evidently waiting for them, for she sat very erect in a torturingly stiff carved, high-backed chair. The living-room was in the full blaze of all the chandeliers. "Like a queen," crossed Ellen's mind in a nervous snickering instant. Mrs. Pendleton was a blond, big-boned woman, with distrustful, cold gray eyes and lips pressed close together. She hesitated about taking Jerry's hand, then withdrew hers quickly. Gavin Pendleton greeted them, gave short hard pulls at his mustache, then rushed out of the room, only to reappear in a moment.

"Ellen's father and I were very much surprised—very," began Mrs. Pendleton accusingly.

"But knowing Ellen," said Jerry, striving for lightness and ease, "knowing Ellen—you couldn't be, could you?"

"Just—what do—you mean—by that?" she spaced her words and fixed him with a glittering eye. This is awful, thought Ellen. Mother giving him the third degree and Father waiting for his cue to play the heavy parent. . . . "I mean that anyone should be forgiven for loving Ellen."

"Loving Ellen? . . . Mm-mm." Gavin rushed out of the room, snapped on the lights in the dining-room, put them out, returned.

"You see," said Gavin, brusquely, "we don't know much about you." He turned, got as far as the French doors, came back. He stood with feet apart; his hand reached for his upper lip. "Haven't paid much attention to whom Ellen was seeing . . . gave us quite a shock tonight . . . Mother not strong . . . very bad for her . . . shock. Girls—mm—thoughtless—mm—parents—mm—consideration."

Lizzie raised her platinum-framed eye-glasses, held them at the corner. "Do I know your parents?" she asked insolently. Jerry colored at her tone. Ellen rushed in with: "Mother, they are Mr. and Mrs. Paul Purdue and they've lived here all their lives."

"I've never met them." It was slogging hopelessly. But Jerry braced himself and came through smoothly with: "Extremely nice parents—mine. Awfully fond of me and all that. I know it has come suddenly. I'm sorry that you're not well, Mrs. Pendleton, and that it has shocked you."

"I was feeling better, hoping, ever so faintly, that I might be able to enjoy the pleasures of life again . . . and then this comes!" "But, Mother, it is nice. Something to be happy about! Why do you take that dismal tone?" cried Ellen exasperated.

Lizzie glared at her and drew a deep sighing breath. "I have been a martyr for years. No one knows what I have endured. Some days better—some days worse. I can never make plans like other people, never do the pleasant things I want to do. A sudden shock like this—"

Gavin disappeared from the room and came back with a cigar wrapped in cellophane which he offered to Jerry. Jerry took a chair nearest Lizzie, shook his head gravely. "It must be terrible," he murmured. "I have an aunt who is an invalid."

Lizzie looked somewhat mollified. "It started with a sore throat, an infection in the blood stream. A very slow and dangerous disease. Few are ever cured." She actually smiled, although it was the slow, self-pitying smile of the invalid who enjoys her illness. "I've tried every doctor here that I have any confidence in, and I've been to specialists in other cities. Sometimes I am helped for a time—usually it is money thrown away. I manage to get about—just get about."

"Seems to me my aunt tried some kind of drinking water, a special kind." Lizzie knitted her pale, scraggy brows. "Gavin, what was the name of the one I used so long?" Gavin shook his head gloomily. "Dunno." He, also, took a chair as if the worst of the tension was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Goat Eats Cactus**  
The cabretta, the half-wild goat of Curacao, practically lives on thorny cactus. The animal pounds the thorns off with its hoofs and then proceeds to feast on the cactus bark.

# UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

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**Founder of the Chautauqua**  
THERE was a time when the chautauqua was "next only to the public school system in bringing to the masses of people some share of their inheritance in the world's great creations in art and literature." It was literally the "university of the people" and it was the creation of a man who did not himself have a college education.

He was John Heyl Vincent, born in Alabama in 1832 of a line of Pennsylvanians who moved back to that state soon after John was born. Educated at Wesleyan institute in Newark, N. J., he began to preach at the age of eighteen and later was ordained into the Methodist ministry. Transferred to the Rock River, Ill., conference in 1857 he became the pastor of a church at Galena, Ill., where one of his parishioners was a quiet little ex-captain of the army named Ulysses S. Grant.

After a trip to the old world Vincent was elected general agent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union in 1866 and two years later corresponding secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society in New York. In these offices he did more than any other man to shape the International Uniform Sunday School Lesson system.

In 1874 Vincent and Lewis Miller founded a summer assembly on Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., for the training of Sunday school teachers and in 1878 the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was instituted, providing a system of popular education through home reading and study. The next year the first of the summer schools was organized and these developed rapidly.

In speaking of his work at Chautauqua Bishop Vincent said, "I do not expect to make a second Harvard or Yale out of Chautauqua, but I do want to give the people of this generation such a taste of what it is to be intelligent that they will see to it that their children have the best education the country can give."

How well he succeeded in doing that is shown by the extension of the idea—to the summer schools of colleges and universities, the summer assemblies, conferences and training schools of the various religious and secular organizations and the summer courses of lectures and entertainments which made the word "Chautauqua" a common noun. It is also shown by the declaration of Theodore Roosevelt that "Chautauqua is the most American thing in America."

**Camera Man**

WITH telephoto lens to aid them in getting long distance "shots" and high-speed film to record the scene even when the light is poor, it's not so difficult for the camera man of today to "cover" a modern war. But it was very different when the first camera man who ever "covered" a war went into the field to do his job.

His name was Mathew Brady, the son of Irish immigrants to New York state, who was engaged in the trade of making jewel and instrument cases when he became interested in the art of daguerreotypy soon after it was introduced into this country in 1839. The man who brought it here was Samuel Finley Breese Morse, a painter, (later famous as the inventor of the telegraph).

Brady learned his first lessons from Morse and learned them so well that by 1853 he was this nation's outstanding photographer.

When the War Between the States opened he was both famous and wealthy and he could have lived a life of ease on his income. Instead he chose a career of privation and danger on the battlefields.

Brady fitted up a canvas-covered wagon to carry his equipment and to serve as his dark room in the field. In it he had to make his own emulsion to coat the large glass plates that were his negatives, for the convenient film roll had not yet been thought of.

His wagon became a familiar sight to all the armies. It plowed through muddy roads, it was ferried over rivers in constant danger of being dumped overboard and all his precious equipment lost.

But fortunately for posterity Brady came safely through all these dangers and the United States government now owns a collection of his negatives, which are priceless records of one of the greatest tragedies in our history. It is also the symbol of a tragic career. After the war was over Brady found himself in financial difficulties. His negatives were sold to pay a storage bill and in 1874 the government acquired them by paying the charges of \$2,840. Brady did not benefit by the deal but later—much later—the government did give him \$25,000 for the collection which was then valued at \$150,000. In his later years Brady lost his pre-eminence as a photographer and he died in comparative poverty and obscurity in 1896.

# 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 25  
**THE OBEDIENCE OF NOAH**

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 9:20-22; 9:8-17.  
GOLDEN TEXT—By faith Noah, being warned of God concerning things not seen as yet, moved with godly fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house. Heb. 11:7.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Meaning of the Rainbow.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Rainbow's Message.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Following God's Plan.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Deliverance through Obedience.

The "book of beginnings" (Genesis) has already brought before us the creation of the world, the origin of man, the entrance of sin into the world, and God's judgment upon that sin. In chapter 4 we find the first murder. Cain, who brought an offering before God which was not acceptable, murdered his brother Abel, whose offering pleased God. Strange it is that man has it in his heart to hate those who expose his sin by their godly life.

God does not leave himself without a witness in the earth. The God-fearing line of Seth appears. There are always those who have not bowed the knee to the Adversary. Consider the astonishment of Soviet officials at the deep-seated and wide-spread faith in God revealed in their recent census.

But sin again lifts its ugly head and ere long God is driven to the necessity of judgment upon mankind. Read the terrific indictment of humanity in Genesis 6:5-7. It is still true that the heart of man apart from God's grace is "desperately wicked" (Jer. 17:9). Well does a contemporary writer say that even modern "psychology has unveiled the dismal and sinister depths in human nature. Man can no longer flee from reality into the romantic refuge of his own heart; for the human heart has become a house of horrors in whose murky recesses man cannot erect for his solace either a shrine or a citadel. Man is bad; he is a sinner. The depths of his meanness are being unveiled in a ghastly way in individual and social life in these times. What a contemporary ring there is about these old biblical judgments on mankind! (Gen. 6:5, 6; Isa. 1:6.) What a tremendous arraignment of sinful human nature is Paul's prologue in Romans 1" (Mackay).

So God sent a flood upon the earth. It used to be fashionable to doubt the story of the flood, but archaeology has joined hands with geology and history to agree with Scripture. The facts are available; let us use them.

"But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord" and prepared an ark at God's command. Here again it can be demonstrated that the ark was sufficiently large to meet the need of Noah and all his family, with the animals and their food, and with room to spare. It is significant that the proportions of the ark were those of a well-planned boat. God knows how to build, and man does well to obey his instructions.

The rain came, the fountains of the deep were opened, and all the living perished, except those within the ark. What an instructive type of our safety in Christ is the ark!

But our lesson concerns primarily what occurred after Noah came forth from the ark and presented himself before God.

**I. An Obedient Man (8:20-22).**

To come before God with acceptable worship, man must come with clean hands. The question is not whether he is brilliant, learned, or of high position. The one thing that counts is obedience. When such a man offers the worship of his heart before God, it goes up to him like a sweet savor.

**II. A Covenant-Keeping God (9:8-17).**

The beautiful rainbow in the cloud became a token of God's promise, and the visible assurance to "all flesh" that the judgment of the flood will not be repeated. Never again will seed time and harvest, nor any of the orderly processes of nature, fall throughout the whole earth.

What a gracious God we have! And what a pity that men presume upon his goodness. Because he "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust" (Matt. 5:45), men not only forget that he is the giver of all things, but assume that they may sin against him with impunity. Let us remind them that it is the clear teaching of Scripture that "every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14:12).

**Well Spent Days**

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on, for him who with a fervent heart goes forth under the bright and glorious sky, and looks on duties well performed, and days well spent.—Longfellow.

**Purity of Heart**

A holy life is the very gate of heaven; but let us always remember that holiness does not consist in doing uncommon things, but in doing everything with purity of heart.—Cardinal Manning.

# Murmurings of Spring



"IF YOU'D take a few steps, Sis, I believe I'd be inspired to answer that question, 'Did you ever see a dream walking?' You are nothing less than devastating—truly a menace!"

"You meow so sweetly, Connie. I'm a bit suspicious that this little peplum frock of mine has got you catty. Your eyes really aren't green by rights, you know."

**Connie Sews Her Own.**  
"How could you? I think my dress looks as nice on me as yours does on you. Why practically all of the girls at the La-f-a-Lot last night wanted to know where I found such a lovely frock. Not one of them guessed that I made it myself. And did I feel elegant when I played Mendelssohn's Spring Song on Diane's new baby grand! The girls said I fit into the picture perfectly. I thought if only Dwight could see me now."

"I still say my two-piece with its piped peplum, cut little buttons and stream-lines is the No. 1 spring outfit in this woman's town."  
**Mother Happens Along.**  
"Girls, girls, if your talk were only half as pretty as your frocks you'd be better off. Sometimes I wonder if you wouldn't be more appropriately titled The Chic Twins, rather than The Chic Twins."

"Okay, Mother, you win. Let's change the subject by changing clothes. We'll put on our culottes and join you in a round of golf, how's that? Gee, Mother, you never look sweeter than when you're wearing a casual young two-piece shirt dress. The plaid pique is just the thing for you, too. In fact, Mom, you're just about tops from any angle."

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