

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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WNU Service

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 wakens the next morning from a dream about her late husband, Jim, whose unstable character she fears Kezia has inherited. 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 a new position. 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. When Ellen and Jerry speak about their engagement to Ellen's parents, Lizzie is disagreeable until Jerry sympathizes with her imagined ailments. The matter is left pending. Unexpectedly Hugh has to visit a neighboring city on business. Returning home to ask Dorrie to accompany him he finds her telephoning. In confusion she quickly hangs up without saying good-by. After hesitating about Hugh's invitation, she finally agrees to accompany him.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"I am glad I had to go to Congress City," he waited. "Not pining to have me go to New York? Got over it?"

"It's all right. If you couldn't—you couldn't, I suppose," she answered. "Sweet here, isn't it? Too bad we have to leave. I could loaf here all afternoon."

"And yet at first you said you couldn't go. When I came in"—his brows puzzled. "By the way, who were you phoning when I came in? You hung up without saying good-by."

Her body stiffened against his ever so slightly. A subterranean tiny pain moved in Hugh.

"None of my business of course!" he said with an apologetic laugh. "Shouldn't have asked you. Excuse me." He sprang to his feet.

"You would ask that?"

"I'm not checking your phone calls, my dear. It was just an idle question . . . I didn't think how it sounded when I spoke."

She traced the rock with her finger. In a moment she said: "Anyone who is having a birthday in a few days shouldn't be too inquisitive."

"Next month—August."

"Well, even then?" she parried good-humoredly.

The pain vanished.

He looked at his watch. "One-thirty."

"Time to go?"

"Afraid so."

Ellen switched on her light and looked at the clock on the mantel. A quarter to four and she hadn't been able to go to sleep! Two hours and a half of this tossing about.

She poked at the pillow to soften it. What were some of the things which made you go to sleep? Counting? Squeezing your eyeballs and then watching the funny lights that came under your shut lids?

Scenes from the evening over at Marshes' kept intruding. "Hello, Ellen! Hello, Jerry!" Kezia had smiled enchantingly up at Jerry. "You're ever so nice, aren't you? Almost up to Ellen's description!" She had helped Ellen with her coat and whispered, just loud enough for Jerry to hear, "He's precious. You're in gorgeous luck, Ellen."

Kezia's hair had been in soft curls all over her head, an effect which looked natural, yet had taken time to achieve. She wore a long white organdy dress, with a huge scarlet chiffon handkerchief drawn through a bracelet.

"Just two tables of bridge—you know Art? And that's Hugh over there . . . Hugh, put up the card tables like a love!" she said. Margery and Will Platt, and Mrs. Marsh—Dorrie—beside the mantel."

And Dorrie had been very cordial, had said to Jerry: "Welcome to the family!" Her voice had a rich moving animation sometimes. "We look like the home guard drawn up to receive you, but we're really not so formidable."

Hugh had been fine—always was. "I wondered why you were so disturbingly pretty this spring, Ellen . . . so this is the reason!" Will Platt had told her of the pictures he had seen in the Roerich Gallery recently . . . poetry and symbolic mystery, he called them. That was while Kezia was out fixing the lunch. She had come in and called—not Art Williams—but Jerry to come out and help her with the ice cubes. They were gone a long time, and came in laughing . . .

But the thing which kept her awake was trivial—even ridiculous. All evening long no look from Jerry, no quick little glance of reassurance that said: "Hello, dear . . . all right?" So absorbed in being agreeable to Dorrie, to Margery, to Kezia, that she might have been anyone—just someone whom he had met for the first time and was not interested in . . . Of

course she didn't want him to act dithering in her presence—give her burning glances. She liked him to be reserved. Still, if only once his eyes had flickered in her direction with trust and mutuality, made her aware that he remembered . . .

She clasped the palms of her hands together. "You know, God," she said soundlessly, "that I don't bother you very often, but I do believe in You. For I prayed to go to art school . . . Mother was so against it. Suddenly she gave in—gave in all at once for no reason at all . . . So You must have done it . . . And this time it is about Jerry . . . I love him so terribly that I don't believe I can go on living if I don't get him. I don't have to tell You—you understand. Please don't let him stop loving me—ever . . . Thank You. Amen."

Three hours before this Kezia switched out the light in her room with the gold and green chintz draperies, snuggled down in her pillow. The night wind rustled the oaks, stole in with the fragrance of honeysuckle; the window was a framed oblong of silver from the moon; the clock downstairs tinkled the half hour. Kezia was very sleepy, very contented with herself.

The power she had over men was tremendous—simply tremendous. It was all quite easy, just as Lolly had said. It worked every time. You made your eyes soft and innocent, got your face very close to theirs, spoke low, and said "You" a great many times . . . It had worked with Walter DeGraffe, with Arthur, with Pete Matthews—Pete was almost engaged to that Pease girl, too—with Eric Olsen, with Jerry Purdue tonight.

Ellen didn't need to think she had that boy on a hook! . . . When he was getting out the ice cubes, he had turned his eyes on her—he had seen eyes, dark brown with a sort of droop to them—and said,

"I'm not checking your phone calls, my dear."

"None of my business of course!"

"Shouldn't have asked you. Excuse me."

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"I'm Not Checking Your Phone Calls, My Dear."

"Don't stand so close; I might splash that dress. Mind if I say you look charming tonight?" She hadn't moved from his side but answered in a half whisper, "You're sort of unusual yourself—you fascinate me." He had laughed and replied, "I'm not really sophisticated, you know!" . . . He had understood. It was enough for a start.

He'd be calling her up soon, she assured herself. Like the others. She might have a little fun with Jerry—show Ellen—then hand him back to her . . .

CHAPTER V

The telephone jangled constantly for Kezia. Young people came and went with chatter and laughter, the radio played at all hours and meals frequently were delayed, for Kezia was always hurrying from one engagement to another. The constant clamor began to pall on Fluvanna, and her usual serenity was now occasionally disturbed.

It was a little hard to become adjusted to the furor of excitement after the quiet winter. Fluvanna assured herself that it was good for her—good to have a gay young person in the house. Kezia must have this youthful time of pleasure. This springtime of her life was so fugitive; its memories threaded the pattern of life with shining strands for the years to come.

For the past week, Margery had been having illness in her family and had sent the boys over to stay with her each day. Michael and Will were a strenuous pair, aged three and five, who came at nine each morning, and departed with tears and grubby embraces at five when Will Platt came to take them home. She had been strangely languid each night, too tired to glance at a paper or a book.

She stood near the window after lunch, glancing over some mail she had received. The telephone rang. It was Margery.

"Mother, can you take the children out in the car this afternoon? Millie Jennings is here visiting, and I haven't seen her for ages. I haven't been out of the house since Baby took sick ten days ago." Her voice had a plaintive note.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for May 16

THE FORBEARANCE OF ISAAC

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 26: 12-25. GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Matthew 5:9. PRIMARY TOPIC—A Man Who Wouldn't Quarrel. JUNIOR TOPIC—Was Isaac a Hero? INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How to Prevent Quarrels. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Promoting Peace.

In a world largely dominated by the philosophy that might is right, and in which men are urged to assert themselves and demand their rights, exacting them even by lawless and violent methods, it is increasingly difficult to proclaim the truth that meekness is not weakness and that the Christian virtues of patience and long-suffering are not simply outmoded theories which do not fit our modern world.

The story of Isaac, the second of the patriarchs, is instructive from beginning to end. The five chapters preceding our lesson merit careful reading. Isaac had come through many blessed experiences and had also sadly tasted the defeat of unbelief and sin before we reach the time of our lesson. Fearing a famine, and evidently not being certain that God would care for him, he had gone down from the promised land, and was dwelling in the land of the Philistines. But God had not forsaken him, and even there he blessed him.

I. Peace, Prosperity, and Envy (vv. 12-17).

Isaac was at peace although he was in the enemy's territory. God had given him great prosperity with the result that the Philistines hated him. Times have changed, but men are the same. Many are they who will not have the Lord Jesus Christ to rule over them, but who cast envious glances toward those who because they have honored God have been honored by him with peace of heart and have prospered in whatever they do. (Read Psalm 1.)

Note that Isaac's testimony is strengthened by his willingness to yield even what was his right, rather than cause contention. Undoubtedly there are times when one must defend his name and his possessions, but all too often those who "stand up for their rights" have wrecked homes, churches, and nations, and have gained nothing but an empty victory.

II. Peace in the World Is Temporary (vv. 18-21).

Isaac moved on and dugged more wells, and for a time he was again at peace, but not for long. He was still in the land of the Philistines. We are in the world. We long for peace, we would throw all our influence on the side of peace. But let us not be misled, for as long as sin is in the world there will be strife and war.

Many noble Christian men and women have permitted their God-given hatred of war and killing to mislead them into support of unscriptural and impossible peace programs, often to the loss of their interest in the preaching of the gospel and the winning of souls to Christ.

But is there then never to be "peace on earth"?

III. Perfect Peace in the Presence of God (vv. 22-25).

When Isaac came up into Canaan the land which God had promised him, he found permanent peace and renewed fellowship with God. Even so, the Christian man and woman who will step out of a spirituality-destroying fellowship with the world and will come wholly over into the spiritual Canaan will find true peace and intimate communion with God.

A broader application of the same truth brings before us the teaching of Scripture that when the One who has a right to reign, the Lord Jesus Christ, returns to take his throne, then and not before, will peace cover the earth. In the meantime those who bear the beautiful name Christian, who are true followers of the Prince of Peace, will give themselves to such patient, loving, and long-suffering testimony to Him that their personal influence will be toward peace in the home, in the church, in the community, in the earth.

Always remember that God's Word, the Bible, is our guide. Let us read it diligently, intelligently, prayerfully. To help the reader to do this, the writer of these notes will be glad to supply without cost or obligation a Bible-reading calendar with a workable plan for reading the blessed Book through in a year. If possible enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with your request.

Faults Showing Up

The good often sigh more over little faults than the wicked over great. Hence an old proverb, that the stain appears greater according to the brilliancy of what it touches. —Palmieri.

Sin of Not Doing
Doing nothing at all is often the worst kind of wrong doing. Simply failing to do what we ought to do may be more inexcusable than any mistake in our best methods of do-

AROUND the HOUSE



Outer Leaves of Lettuce—The outer leaves of lettuce, often trimmed off and thrown away, are more than 30 times as rich in vitamin A as the inside leaves.

Hanging Pictures—Never allow picture frames to touch the wall if it is damp. The frame will soon become damaged. With a small tack or gramophone needle, attach two small corks at the bottom of your frame. These will keep the frame off the wall.

Removing Mustard Stains—Mustard stains can be removed from table linen by washing in hot water and soap and rinsing in warm water.

Boiled Whitefish—Clean a whitefish. To sufficient water to cover add salt and vinegar and a bunch of parsley and a quartered onion. Cook until the flesh separates easily from the bones. Drain and place on a hot platter, garnished with parsley and serve with a sauce.

Beef Juice—To make beef juice add 1 pound of fresh, raw, finely chopped round steak without fat to 6 ounces of cold water. Add a

pinch of salt, put the beef and water in a glass jar and stand it on ice, over night. Shake and strain it through coarse muslin, squeezing hard to obtain all the juice.

Butter Layer Cake—When raspberry jam that is not of firm consistency is to be used for filling a sponge sandwich cake it is advisable to butter the inner surface of each layer before spreading it with jam. This will prevent the moisture from soaking into the cake and making it sodden.

Soaking Salt Fish—When soaking salt fish add a small glass of vinegar to the soaking water and it will draw out more of the salt.

Washing Windows—Add a little starch to the water used for washing windows. It not only helps remove the dirt, but gives a lasting polish.

Tomato and Lima Bean Casserole—Drain the liquid from a No. 2 can of green baby lima beans and combine the beans with a can of tomatoes. Add a little butter and seasoning, then mix. Place in buttered casserole. Cover.

With Fancywork—Before starting to draw the threads on linen for hemstitching, wet a small brush, rub it over a bar of soap until a lather is produced, scrub the threads of linen that you wish to draw, and they will pull out easily.

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"Quotations"

Let me not forget that the power and joy of sacrifice grow upon those who exercise it. Pure passions grow as well as dark ones.—Dr. W. L. Watkinson.

This thing that we call "failure" is not the falling down, but the staying down.—Mary Pickford.

Village improvement is the only foundation on which conditions in India can be permanently ameliorated.—Mahatma Gandhi.

Human beings feel bored in this mechanical world which they themselves created by means of brains and hands.—Dr. Alexis Carrel.

As once we put an end to slavery, so now we must stop war or war will destroy us.—Sherwood Eddy.

Americans are becoming too civilized—too much like the effete Europeans.—Dr. James Marshall.

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JOYS and GLOOMS

BAH! EVERYWHERE I LOOK I SEE JOY AND HAPPINESS! IT'S GOT TO STOP!

HE'S RIGHT! GLOOMS—GET AFTER THOSE JOYS!

OH, DADDY—MOTHER SAID YOU WOULD BUILD ME A PLAYHOUSE!

WHAT! ME BUILD A PLAYHOUSE? I SHOULD SAY NOT! I'M DEAD TIRED!

TEAR INTO EM, BOYS!

WHY... WHY... WHY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

OH, YOU WOULDN'T. YOU NEVER SHOW ME ANY CONSIDERATION! YOU KNOW I NEED REST! I HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL... BUT WHAT DO YOU CARE?

I WORK HARD ALL DAY—LIE AWAKE ALL NIGHT—AND ALL YOU DO IS THINK UP MORE WORK FOR ME!

WELL... IF YOU'D DO AS THE DOCTOR SAID, YOU'D NOT ONLY SLEEP BETTER, BUT YOU'D BE A WHOLE LOT EASIER TO LIVE WITH!

HE TOLD YOU COFFEE-NERVES WAS CAUSING YOUR SLEEPLESSNESS! WHY DON'T YOU QUIT COFFEE AND DRINK POSTUM INSTEAD FOR 30 DAYS, AS HE SUGGESTED?

OH, ALL RIGHT... I WILL!

BEAT IT MEN—WE'RE LICKED! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES US OUT!

30 DAYS LATER

SINCE HE GOT RID OF HIS SLEEPLESSNESS, HE'S BEEN A NEW MAN!

YOU SAID IT SWITCHING TO POSTUM SURE DID THE TRICK FOR HIM!

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 at your grocer's 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 fast 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.

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