

★
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 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. Ellen Pendleton comes over. She is an artistically inclined girl who is a distant niece of Fluvanna'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, 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 Kezia's van. 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. She finally agrees to accompany him. They spend a delightful day and Hugh is happy. At a family party, Kezia encounters Jerry. Ellen is disturbed when Jerry is absorbed by Kezia. Kezia goes out of her way to charm Jerry. Fluvanna is concerned about Kezia, who is evasive about dates she has been having at night. She muses over the resemblance of Kezia to her late husband, recalling how temperamental, moody and imprudent he had been. She recalls the tragic picture of his death—how after drinking and gambling to excess he is faced with financial ruin, how he tries to force her to mortgage her resources to pay his debts and threatens her with a gun.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I borrowed the last on that."
"Will you telephone Kimball?"
He's waiting."
Her thoughts raced. If she could get away from him until he came to his senses! "I won't do anything until you lay that revolver down!"
He looked at her and then at the weapon sullenly. "I'll keep it until you go through with it."
"Escape? . . . Escape?" Behind her was the attic door. Why hadn't she run downstairs—cut in to the yard? It was in her mind to gain the maid's room and lock the door. She whirled and ran up the stairs.
He caught up with her as she was closing the door, grasped her by the shoulders. "Give me time to think! . . . You are frightening me to death!" she moaned.
He placed the revolver at her breast. His face was savage. "You'll do as I tell you—now!"
She had caught the weapon in her hands, struggled with a strength she had never known she possessed. It had gone off with a terrible report.
The gun fell to the floor. Jim stared at her, his arms, his shoulders relaxed. She watched a red stain appear on his shirt—spread. He staggered. Chilling from head to foot, she put her arm around him, eased his fall.
All the beastliness was wiped out of Jim's face. He looked faintly surprised and puzzled. "I wasn't any good," he whispered with a half mocking smile. "Just as well I did it."
Downstairs she heard running footsteps.
He was still conscious when Dr. Carey came. "I did it, Doc—business losses," said Jim. He closed his eyes.

The universe did not cease its swaying and a remote and cloudy veil closed down upon her. The doctor kept her in bed; she couldn't have risen if she had tried. In her condition of shock she was beyond anything that required decision.
"I'm sending a nurse for a day or so," Dr. Carey had said.
In her sick fancy she seemed to see a pilgrimage of people, laughing, singing people, passing along a road, the women wreathing themselves with flowers picked by the roadside, bound together by the unity of happiness—their troubles only inconveniences—while she stood on an isolated crumbling precipice, alone.
Presently she knew comfort. But not of earth. The phrases of those on earth who longed to comfort, were kindly intentioned, but inadequate. Comfort came from interstellar spaces; through a million million light years it traveled to her, from higher, finer realms of ether. It radiated along the vast and delicate spider-web of thought in whose center dwells Divinity.
Warm and soft the comfort enveloped her. Understanding of every aching nerve and shattered illusion, understanding of loneliness,

sorrow, and disgrace; understanding even of the overwrought soul who slays a fellow-being. Precious, pure vibrations, healing and upbuilding, like white fire that glowed, that warmed, but did not burn.

It came after weeks. She found herself able to rise from her bed and make her way downstairs. The rooms were half dusted, and had an air of neglect and disorder. The bird had not been fed regularly or his cage cleaned. The geraniums in the window boxes were dry and yellow. The sound of altercation came from the basement and a slap. Kezia's voice rose in a wail of abused misery.

Katie, the maid, came up dragging Kezia by the hand. "Never was such a mean little brat! Into everything!" She stopped, stared to see Fluvanna on the first floor.

Kezia, seven, but her baby, a mean little brat? Only a mischievous, lovable darling! She took a swift step forward and Kezia ran sobbing to her. She heard the story of Kezia's blowing out a fuse while Katie was ironing her dress for a picnic; she sent Katie back to her work. She sat in a big chair comforting Kezia, knowing the delicious sweetness of the child's fragile arms around her neck.

Hugh came in presently, his lean boyish face too grave for his years, leggy and awkward in his first long trousers. She saw the look of incredulous joy in his eyes. Hugh . . . Hugh. Always one child who is closer to the heart. Hugh was sensitive, had a grave inarticulate idealism—he was shouldering a burden too great for sixteen.

He kissed her fondly. Margery was bicycling on the speedway. It was black with cars going forty miles an hour, and if her bike wobbled . . . But she wouldn't come for him. He would go back and tell her Mother wanted her. That



"You'll Do as I Tell You—Now!"

would bring her. He departed. In a few minutes Margery, usually so dainty, came in shrill and blowsy, her dress on backward and two buttons missing.

Fluvanna began to laugh. They stared at her round-eyed. Then they all joined in with sheer relief. It had been so long since there had been any laughter in that house.

Life was kinder now. All seemed going well. Faintly she heard Kezia moving about upstairs; Eric was cutting the lawn now—evidently had finished his work on the car. The sound of the mower came in with steady rhythm, the swish of the grass as it fell. The sunlight was so bright that it had a quality of phantasm.

She heard wheels on the drive, the click of a brake, then voices. Small pattering footsteps ran over the porch. She moved forward to welcome Margery's children.

"Billy and Mike has come to play," a childish voice announced.

CHAPTER VI

Hugh's office was a corner room on the twelfth floor of a midtown building, and three great windows gave him a panoramic view of the city.

His stenographer, Miss Ruskin, came in. She was a thin girl with an engaging, pleasant manner, a scrubbed-looking freckled face. She was supporting her mother, who lived on the edge of town.

"Next week I want you to get together all the correspondence we have with the Dayton people on that contract. Have it ready by Monday noon. They are talking of a lawsuit and I want to go over it."

Her face looked a little bricky with the flush which spread over it. She bent over her pad. "I'll have Miss Jones do it—or I'll work late tonight. Next week—have you forgotten?—I'm to take my vacation."

"I had forgotten. You asked for the first two weeks in September, didn't you? And what are you doing during your vacation?"

Her face lighted. "Four of us—girls—are taking a cabin on Rocky Creek. We'll cook our own meals, go swimming, fishing, just be generally lazy."

"And forget all about the steel business?"
She smiled. "Yes."
"It sounds like a nice vacation."
(TO BE CONTINUED)

FARM TOPICS

SHOULD TURN EGGS WHILE INCUBATING

Poultry Expert Cites Four Fundamental Factors.

By Dr. W. C. Thompson, Poultry Husbandman, New Jersey Experiment Station, WNU Service.

Temperature, ventilation, moisture and change of position are the four fundamental factors in obtaining good hatches in incubators. Changing the position of the embryos during the three weeks of development within the shell is very important. Mother hens, incubating their setting of eggs on the old-fashioned nest, usually move the eggs beneath them at least twice during the day, thus tending to equalize the exposure of each egg to the conditions of temperature, fresh air and moisture, all of which must be uniformly applied to each egg.

In the operation of the modern incubator, man can well copy this rule of the hen. Experimental evidence seems to indicate that he can go the hen one better by doubling the number of turnings during each 24-hour period.

If hatching eggs are changed in position once every six hours, optimum results, other things being equal, will generally result. It is partly a matter of preventing the sticking of the developing embryo to some one position within the shell, and partly a matter of equalizing the exposure of the respective eggs to the conditions which will bring about normal, natural embryonic growth.

Most modern incubators are provided with devices for turning eggs. It is important to be regular and consistent in this practice. It is one of those many small items which, taken collectively, spell successful hatching and the production of chicks.

Warm Soil Is Necessary to Grow the Sweet Corn

With jaded winter appetites hungering for such spring dishes as roasting ears, home and commercial vegetable gardeners are advised that no definite date can be given for the safe planting of sweet corn, since the seed will not germinate or grow until the soil is fairly warm, according to B. L. Weaver, of the department of horticulture, University of Illinois, college of agriculture.

Planting a number of varieties which vary as to time of maturity is a recommended method of obtaining a succession of roasting ears throughout the season. A good succession of white corn may be had by planting Howling Mob, Early Evergreen, Stowell's Evergreen, Narrow Grain Evergreen or Country Gentleman at the same time. A succession of yellow varieties may be obtained by using Purdue Bantam, Golden Bantam, (Bancross), Golden Cross Bantam and Yellow or Golden Evergreen.

Yield and uniformity are much greater where hybrid seed is used. Hybrids, because of their vigor and possibly because of some inherent resistance, may be less susceptible to bacterial wilt than open-pollinated types.

Selecting New Flock

Poultrymen who are selecting their new breeding flock, if they are planning on raising their own baby chicks this spring, says D. D. Moyer, of the Missouri station, should retain only those hens which are healthy. Hens which have laid well certainly should be included. Satisfactory future breeders are also indicated by thoroughly bleached skin in the case of yellow skinned breeds, and an old, dry coat of feathers, a sign of late molting. Pullets to be used should have large, rugged bodies, well covered with muscle and fat.

They should show early sexual maturity by well developed comb and wattles, and a large, pliable abdomen with flexible pin bones that are spread apart. A healthy flock should be the aim of all poultrymen.

Higher Farming Costs

Labor and products bought by the farm in 1937 are predicted by the Department of Agriculture to cause a sharp increase in the cost of farming. Price for feed for live stock and seed will stay high until the crop of the 1937 season replenishes the present drought-reduced supply. Farm machinery, fertilizer, and building supplies are expected to advance some in price due mostly to the increased cost of labor and material.

Keep Brood Sows Gaining

Brood sows should be kept gaining at the rate of about one pound per day up to farrowing time. Difficulty in farrowing, pig eating and poor milk flow are often traceable in inadequate rations, states a writer in Wallace's Farmer. A good ration includes about a pound of oats per sow daily, a small amount of protein supplement such as tankage or soy bean meal, free access to legume hay and enough corn to put on the desired gain.

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 30

THE REMAKING OF JACOB

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 28:16-22, 32:24-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind. Romans 12:2. **PRIMARY TOPIC**—Jacob's Great Discovery.

JUNIOR TOPIC—What Changed Jacob. **INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC**—Finding One's Better Self. **YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—Face to Face With God.

Front Page News! "Well-Known Crook Converted!" After years of deception, thievery, and all kinds of wickedness, Jacob, "the supplanter," had a transforming experience of the grace and power of God and became Israel—"a prince of God." That is indeed front-page news and the marvel of it all is that we may today proclaim the grace of God in Christ Jesus for the redemption of every one that believeth.

Memorial day is a most appropriate one for our lesson, for the first portion tells us of a memorial stone, and the last section tells of a great victory. We do well on this day to remember the days that are gone, to recall the heroic deeds of our valiant dead. It is right that we should honor them for victories rightly won and for a noble cause. But let us not fail to recognize that the great battles of life are those fought in the realm of the spirit and that the victories won there endure for all eternity. Every teacher of a class in the Bible school should with God's help endeavor to make this a day of blessed memory and victory in Christ for the boys and girls, or men and women of the class.

We consider today two experiences in the life of Jacob, both of which have their counterpart in the lives of many of God's children in our day.

I. A Vision and a Vow (Gen. 28: 16-22).

Jacob met God. Have you met Him face to face? Have you had "such a revolutionary experience in some unexpected spot"? What a sacred place it has become in your life. Perhaps it was at mother's knee, or in a little crossroad's church, or on a busy city street. God was there—you dealt with him—he blessed your soul—life was changed. Such may be the experience of each one of us. The place where Jacob had this experience had been known only as Luz. Now it became Bethel—"the house of God."

Spiritual experiences are not simply for our pleasure; they carry a real responsibility. Jacob recognized this and set up a memorial and made a vow. The depth of his purpose is revealed by the fact that it touched his earthly possessions.

The pledge of one-tenth to God is in accord with the Old Testament principle of the tithe. Many earnest believers regard the tithe as equally obligatory in our day. Others contend that it is an Old Testament principle only. Well, there is no need to differ too sharply on that point, for it is not clear that as children of God all that we have belongs to Him? Surely then we would not wish shamefacedly to admit that we give less than the Old Testament tithe. All that we have comes from His bountiful hand. He it is that gives "bread to eat and raiment to put on." Let us be cheerful (hilarious) givers of what he has entrusted to us, that his work on earth may be put forward.

II. A Struggle and a Victory (Gen. 32:24-30).

After varied experiences of both victory and defeat Jacob turns back to his own land. He hears of the approach of his brother Esau with 400 men. Before he meets him he spends a night alone. Whether it was in fear or in trust that he approached God on that night, we do not know. But we do read of the great struggle. It was more than a physical battle—real as that was—for here we have God wrestling with a weak and defeated, but proud man, seeking to bring him to the place where he will once for all "let go and let God" have his way with his life.

Into the night of struggle at Peniel have gone God's people in all the centuries, and lo, those who have submitted themselves to the mighty hand of God have come out as those that have "power with God and with men" (v. 28). Such an experience is the key to successful living and fruitful service for God. It is still true that "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." (Jas. 4:6).

A Strong Arm

Give me the pure heart, O Lord, to feel Thy presence near me. Give me the clear mind that understands. Give me the stainless soul that shall return to Thee fearless when my time shall come. And give me the strong arm to defend, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, the glory of Thy kingdom.

Doing Right

Do right and God's recompense to you will be the power to do more right.

Fashions to Pep You Up!



HERE'S spring tonic for you, Miss America, done up in fine formula by Sew-Your-Own! The ingredients are bracing and please the taste.

The model at the left is the type to take right away before spring advances further. It is especially beneficial to the willowy figure with its alluring swing and grace, its delicate waistline, becoming collar and stylishly cuffed sleeves. Any of the lovely sheers will do well here.

Miss Athletic Girl.

The center package is labeled Miss Athletic Girl. She goes for it because without fuss and furbelows it still is feminine. And, too, she knows that the smart lines down the front and back are not gores but tucks which give the same stylish effect, and necessitate half the effort, thanks to the clever designing of Sew-Your-Own.

A Builder-Up.

Upper right is the Builder-Up for the younger Lady of Fashion. Because of it and her other Sew-Your-Owns she will go down in the Year Book as the Best Dressed Girl in the class the first thing she knows. This two-piece has style unmistakable in its absolute simplicity of line, round collar so tiny as to be a mere suggestion, and in the perfect balance of its flared sleeves, peplum, and skirt.

The Patterns

Pattern 1257 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 11 yards of bias binding for trimming as pictured. Pattern 1288 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch

material plus 3 3/4 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured. Pattern 1294 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

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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What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 50c.—at druggists.

Counsel From All
Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less, than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.—Arab Proverb.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

