

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 forefathers, Hugh passes Doc Hiller, 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. 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 Pardue. 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 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. 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 improvident 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, how in a struggle for its possession he is fatally wounded. Overworked and worried over business, Hugh stays at the office Saturday afternoon. Doc Hiller advises a let-up. Hugh and Dorrie are dinner guests of the Whitneys.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—13—
"A perfect dinner," commented Hugh. "Jonny, you make cooking an art!"
"It should be," she said blithely. "We practice it enough."
"Notice that vinegar for the salad?" asked Cun. "She makes it in June from the rose petals—much milder than any other."
"And the strawberries?" Dorrie exclaimed.
"Fall bearing ones."
"I never see them. Where did you get them?"
"From the Mennonite farmer who brings me eggs each Saturday. There's a settlement of them a few miles south. They're very unworldly—so carefully honest about every penny."
"Religion means everything to many people," said Joan.
Cun settled in his chair more comfortably. His eyes sparkled, his florid skin was pinker than usual. "I grant you that, Jonny. But I can't see it. Too many hymn-singing hypocrites in church when I was young . . . blasted my youthful illusions!"
Joan looked at him steadily. "You don't believe in anything, do you?"
"I've never felt the need of it. Life has been pretty good to me and when it's over, I want it to be over!"
Dorrie's eyes were applauding. "My sentiments, Cun. Religion is the refuge of a defeated soul."
"Exactly," nodded Cun.
"A person has been overthrown by life, and prays for a heaven which will be a wish-fulfillment of the things missed on earth."
"Then there is no reality in religion? Merely wish-fulfillment?" questioned Joan. "So glad to have it explained—I never understood."
Dorrie took no notice of her irony. She went on: "It's good for some individuals. We have a case in our family—Hugh's mother. Oh, don't look shocked! Your mother isn't sacrosanct, is she? I'm only saying it before Joan and Cun . . . Hugh's mother has had a tremendous help from religion."
"Then I would say there is reality in it," Hugh defended. "How can one tell there is not? It's supposed to be experienced—a spiritual adventure which convinces people!"
Joan jumped up from the table. "Gracious! Weren't we stupid to get in an argument over religion when it always ends in a yammer? Cun, tell Hugh about your new wrk while I clear away."
"We went over that the last time," answered Cun. "What do you say we do the dishes for Joan? Wash and dry 'em?"
"That's a valuable idea," approved Hugh.
"Dorrie, you're always getting out of work—oh, yes, you are!—you can begin washing the glasses. Jonny will give you an apron to

cover up that creation you're wearing!"
"Oh, Cun, Dorrie will spoil her manicure!" said Joan.
But Dorrie entered into it gayly, took the dishpan, filled it with hot water, sprinkled some soap chips in it. "Bring on the glasses."
"Wash 'em clean, my girl, or you'll get fired!"
"Wash them clean?" Dorrie laughed as she rinsed a goblet and handed it to him to dry. "Don't you trust me, Cun?"
"No, not now."
Joan and Hugh were clearing the table, going back and forth between the kitchen and the dining-room. When Hugh came through with some plates, Cun and Dorrie were talking in low voices. She said at once in louder tones, "Get a dry towel, nitwit. That's just sopping"—the quick abandonment of a secret conversation for a casual one. But they were always chaffing one another, Hugh remembered.
Dorrie emptied the dishpan, glanced at the clock. "Twenty minutes—no more! Who said I didn't know how to work?"
"Don't misquote," said Cun, his eyes merry. "'Always getting out of it,' I said."
"That for you!" She snapped her fingers at Cun. "Hugh will tell you I'm a thoroughly efficient person. Come on, Joan, let's go upstairs and repair the damage. Hurry, before I get any more mean cracks from this husband of yours! Does he bully you this way?"
"Most of my waking hours, eh Joan?" said Cun. "She's too loyal to give me away."
"Don't count on me too much," said Joan over her shoulder as she followed Dorrie out of the room.
Hugh rather enjoyed the bridge game. He and Joan had the usual luck, won rubber after rubber. Dorrie seemed absent minded and several times made rather obvious misplays. Late in the evening she



"Jonny, You Make Cooking an Art."

denied Cun's heart bid with one of spades, went back to spades when Cun raised his heart bid, and was promptly doubled. The spades were bunched in Joan's hand and with the double she drew, she went down disastrously.
"If you'd led clubs last, you'd have saved two tricks," said Cun. "Forget they were high?"
"So they were. Sorry, Cun, I played it like a—"
"Nitwit?" he suggested. "It's all right. Your game is usually so cracking good you're entitled to an occasional lapse."
Hugh looked at his watch. "Eleven-thirty," he reminded them.
"Come on, Hugh," said Joan, "we'll go out and fix up a nightcap, get some cheese and crackers—the duty of the winners."
Hugh followed her to the kitchen, lounged against the wall while Joan opened segments of cheese wrapped in silver paper. He admired her deft movements as she went from cupboard to table, quick but not brisk, light but sure. He thought her eyes were like those wild asters on the dining table, smoky blue. And her lashes a thick fringe of black. Nice eyes, Joan had.
He ventured a compliment. "You're looking yourself tonight."
She paused, smiling. "Meaning—?"
"Yes—very," he said emphatically.
"Thanks."
The kitchen was a shining place of cream-colored walls and woodwork, red tile linoleum, and red voile curtains. He opened the door to the porch. "Do you eat out here often?"
"Yes, all our breakfasts. If we pull down the shades on the left side we're hidden from our neighbors. We can see our garden, watch the birds visit the cement pool."
"I wonder if I could build something like this on our place. I've always wanted to eat outside."
"Come over and have breakfast with me some morning."
"I will some morning when Dorrie isn't up and the maid is having a vacation."
"Let it be soon then. No: many more weeks of summer." Her white teeth gleamed in her dark face as she smiled this challenge. Her eyes, so burningly alive, lingered on him with something thoughtful and caressing, something evocative in their depths. She turned away.
(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 June 13 THE BROTHERLY LOVE OF JUDAH

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 44:18-34. GOLDEN TEXT—Let brotherly love continue. Hebrews 13:1. PRIMARY TOPIC—Benjamin's Big Brother. JUNIOR TOPIC—Big Brothers. INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Loving as a Brother. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Self-Sacrifice in the Family.

The fundamental unit of society is the family. It is of more importance than the state, the church, and the social order of which it is a part. The breakdown of the home and the sacred relationships sustained between parents and children, or brothers and sisters, points to the destruction of society itself. God established the family in the garden of Eden. His plan and purpose have never been changed, nor have his laws for the protection of the home, for the sanctity of marriage, for brotherly love, been set aside. Men and nations may devise other plans and follow the dictates of the flesh, but that road always leads to ruin. The continuation of our story of the life of Joseph and his brethren brings before us today the filial and paternal love of Judah, and affords us an opportunity to stress true brotherly devotion. No one should fail to review the connection between the chapter before us and the lesson of last week. Joseph had been dealing with his brethren who had failed to recognize him as the one they had sold into captivity. He was bringing them kindly but definitely to that point of repentance at which he could show himself gracious to them. In doing so he had brought disaster upon them. Being happily on their way homeward with a new supply of food, they were overtaken and Benjamin, the beloved of Jacob, stands accused as a thief, and by their own words condemned to die. In this crisis the mouths of the ten others are closed, but Judah, who had really saved the life of Joseph (Gen. 37:26, 27), stands forth to make an eloquent and pathetic appeal to Joseph. It presents him as a brother who is

I. Courageous

Easy rests the yoke of family life as long as all is joyful and prosperous. But when adversity strikes, when sorrow comes, or sickness, or sin, then the true test of devotion is at hand. It was a brave and manly thing for Judah to stand before the one whom he knew only as the man who was "even as Pharaoh." The circumstances were all against him. He expected the flaming anger of the offended ruler. His brethren had collapsed in despair. It was one of those dark hours which come to every family when someone must demonstrate true love by being strong-hearted and steady.

II. Intelligent

Crises call for more than a cheerful smile or an encouraging word, much as they do mean in such an hour. But we must be prepared by our close contact with our loved ones to speak and act with vigor and assurance. The plea of Judah is a masterpiece of logic, argumentation, and appeal, demonstrating that Judah was not only well-informed about his family and its problems, but ready to use his knowledge skillfully and effectively.

III. Sacrificial

One step deeper goes the devotion of this man to his father and his brother. He has done no wrong that merits punishment, but evidently his brother has been guilty. Had he been of the spirit of Cain he would have said "Am I my brother's keeper?" and let him answer for himself. Why should he suffer for another? Why should he allow himself to be imprisoned in a strange land to save his father from sorrow and his brother from what seemed to be the just reward for his deeds?

This reasons the man of the world, but such is not the language of love. "Let thy servant abide instead of the lad as a bondsman"—so speaks the true brother. And this is but a faint prefiguring of the One "who sticketh closer than a brother," who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor that ye through his poverty might be rich" (Prov. 18:24; II Cor. 8:9). Let us improve the opportunity to review our relations with our own family, to determine whether there is aught that we in intelligent and courageous self-sacrifice should do for our own.

An Aim in Life

We want an aim that can never grow vile, and which cannot disappoint our hope. There is but one such on earth, and it is that of being like God. He who strives after union with perfect love must grow out of selfishness, and his success is secured in the omnipotent holiness of God.

A Guide to Paradise

The life of a faithful Christian man is a guide to paradise.—Thos. a Kempis.

Correct Vacation Toggery



VACATIONING they will go—Vera, Mom and Flo. And they will enjoy themselves the more because their wardrobes after Sew-Your-Own are just exactly right. Mother in this model will be mistaken for daughter many a time because her design and dots are so very youthful. She will have various frocks in various materials developed on this theme, and in one of them, at least, the dots will be red. Dates for Dancing. Vera, to the right, has a date for dancing and when her escort admiringly effuses some such nonsense as, "That gown must have come on the last boat from Paris" she will toss her dark head and say, "No foreign frocks for me. I Sew-My-Own." Her dress of soft flowered material with demure braid at the neck and hem al-

"Quotations"

To make a home under any and all conditions, with whatever is at hand, is genius.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
It's not the size of the dog in the fight—it's the size of the fight in the dog.—Will H. Hays.
The most paralyzing question that human beings can ask is "What's the use?"—Bishop Francis J. McConnell.
It's not brilliance that gets one any place, it's application.—Lady Reading.
It takes a hundred years to change the public mind on a great question.—Carrie Chapman Catt.

my death"; her plaid as British as she would like her accent to be. Best of good vacation wishes to the three of them from Sew-Your-Own.

The Patterns.
Pattern 1297 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 14 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting. Pattern 1998 is designed in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. With long sleeves 4 3/4 yards of 35 inch material is required.
Pattern 1307 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material. For trimming 7 1/2 yards of braid or ribbon is required.
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 N. Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.
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YOUR TOWN—YOUR STORES
Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet all competition in both quality and price.

JOYS AND GLOOMS

HEY... COME ON, GLOOMS... I'VE FOUND A FAMILY THAT'S STARTING ON A PICNIC!

NICE WORK! HURRY UP MEN... WE'LL SPOIL THEIR FUN!

I HOPE DADDY HURRIES UP... SO WE CAN START!

HIST! THERE THEY ARE! GET 'EM, GLOOMS!

SAY, YOU'RE NOT STILL EXPECTING ME TO GO ON ANY PICNIC, ARE YOU?

WHY, JOHN... WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

WELL, GO AHEAD AND WAIT! I DIDN'T SLEEP MORE THAN TWO WINKS LAST NIGHT... AND I FEEL TERRIBLE!

WELL... IT IS HARD TO FEEL SORRY FOR YOU! THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU COFFEE NERVES CAUSED YOUR SLEEPLESSNESS... BUT YOU WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION!

IF YOU WOULD CUT OUT COFFEE FOR 30 DAYS AND DRINK POSTUM INSTEAD AS THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO, YOU WOULDN'T FEEL SO BAD ALL THE TIME!

BEAT IT, GLOOMS... POSTUM LICKS US AGAIN!

OH, WELL... MAYBE I WILL TRY IT!

30 DAYS LATER

WHAT FUN THESE PEOPLE HAVE HAD SINCE HE GOT RID OF HIS HEADACHES AND SLEEPLESSNESS!

YES, SIR! HIS DISPOSITION IS SURE SUNNY SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM.

YOUR MONEY BACK... IF SWITCHING TO POSTUM DOESN'T HELP YOU!

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