

Bright Star

By Mary Schumann

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Not tonight. I won't let you." "I can't stay here."

"Yes, you can. Let us talk things over quietly—decide what is best to be done."

"Best to be done? What was best to be done?"

"It's so late—where will you go? Get your mother up at this hour . . . or a hotel? Publish the whole thing . . .!"

The roots of habit and of home are mighty in their strength, sturdy in resisting an attempt to break away. But he could not occupy the bed so close to her, knowing—His mother? What explanation could he offer? . . . It would have to be a hotel! He reached for the knob of the door behind her back.

But she had read his wavering of a second. "The other room, Hugh—the guest room! You can sleep there!"

Sleep? She thought he could sleep? At length he gave an unwilling gesture of assent. Dorrie hurried in to turn on the lights, remove the silken coverlid. She hated the idea of change, he thought; wanted to go on without definitely facing the issue. Something would have to be done. What—did he not know. Perhaps the morrow would bring some clarity.

Dorrie turned at the door before leaving. "Does Joan know?"

He nodded. "She does?" She bit her lip. "Then I suppose she told you."

He did not answer. She said with a curious venom, "I'm sure she did—and it was pretty mean of her, when she knew how it would hurt you!"

Hugh stared at her. Her door closed. The darkness folded the room round, an aching evil darkness. An iron band tightened around Hugh's skull, and his mouth seemed filled with the taste of brass. The second time that night, that taste. Odd thing. He had never had it before! . . . His heart pounded until his chest ached, and his nerves were as tense as fiddle strings.

Over and over the scenes, the words repeated themselves—Joan . . . Dorrie and Cun . . . Dorrie. They would not let him alone. And each time the act was played, he became aware of sinister implications, ghastly ogre faces that leered and mocked at him, suggested details, whispered: "Don't you remember that time—?"

Joan had said "they don't care any more." Then she meant that others must know, and he, like the fool in the snickering fable, was the last to learn what was going on under his own roof.

Then like an imperious flood it came over him, distaste and longing mingled in its waves, his desire for this woman who had betrayed him, for the sweet, dear flesh which had seemed so inalienably his own. He despised himself for his passion, but he could not quell it or master it.

At length the chattering of robins and sparrows, the crescendo and diminuendo of passing cars, the sound of the maid going out to early church, warned him that no matter how calamitous, he must take up the burden of the day.

Dorrie had loved Hugh when she married him, but she had never been in love with him. He offered a mode of life much pleasanter and more dignified than her wanderings with her mother before she met Hugh.

Her marriage pleased her at first. She rejoiced in the background of the Marsh family in Corinth, faintly boasted of it in letters to friends, liked the novelty of having a home of her own and an indulgent husband who could not do enough for her. Later when she became bored with the conventionalities of Corinth, which was so much like the Harrisville of her youth, she sternly told herself she was lucky—lucky; that Hugh was far too good for her.

Fluvanna puzzled her at first. She was not the traditional mother-in-law. Could anyone so generous, so wisely kind, so free from envy or criticism exist? She suspected a pose at first, but came to recognize that the circumstances of Fluvanna's life had left her beautifully self-contained, instead of bitter and broken. Dorrie, who had expected to patronize or be patronized, looked up to her, wanted her approval, praise, and did little unexpected kindnesses now and then to deserve it.

When she met the Whitneys, she had found in them a congenial couple for bridge, conversation, or an outing. Joan was clever; Cun a lively companion. Cun couldn't

talk of books or plays or music, and swept away the idea of their having significance for anyone else with a magnificent ridicule. This amused her, for she knew it came from his naive desire to have the world he knew—that of virility, of smart achievements in salesmanship, of golf, of success in a material way—supreme before the world of the intellect.

Cun was always decorous in his manner toward her, but secretly she recognized a quality that moved her. "You're my own kind!" Coul had said to her roughly the last time she saw him. "You can't get away from it for all your airs! You understand me—because you're like me!" He had seized and kissed her until she pushed him away, filled with loathing and fascination.

One December day Cun had dropped by with a silver tray which Joan had borrowed, and lingered to talk by the crackling fire. Outside, it was a gloomy, menacing day, and it had seemed magically warm and cosy in the dim room. The talk slipped into easy rhythm and laughter, harmless talk of cars and hunting trips, and the merits of various bridge systems. Then a silence fell and something fluid and stealing passed between them. She looked at him and he was smiling at her. She recognized the light



"Not Tonight. I Won't Let You."

in his eyes and dropped her own. A disturbance urgent as the vibration from a humming wire ran up the inner part of her arm. She took the hearth broom and swept back some ashes, averting her face.

Cun rose to go, extended his hand. "Good-by, nice of you to be home."

"Wasn't it? I'm that way—nice," she said carelessly.

He kissed her. It was not the hasty self-conscious kiss of a bumpkin, yielding to a furtive desire, but a deftly slow meeting of his lips with hers.

They had both laughed with soft understanding and self-excuse—a kiss?—what was a kiss between friends? She rebuked herself afterward for her response. But she found herself looking forward to the next meeting with a reluctant excitement.

He brought her an illustrated weekly. The others were near by. "This is the advertisement I told you about. Pretty clever, eh?"

Then in a tone low enough for only her to hear: "What you do to me is worse than a bank failure!"

"Very clever—ad." She hummed and moved away. She snubbed him several times after that and felt very moral about it. But with Cun in his place, life lost a certain zest.

She was in a dull mood that January day when Cun called. "Hello, how do you like this blizzard? . . . Don't you need a man who is out-of-work to clean off your sidewalks?" Then in a lower voice: "Please let me come over and talk a while! Joan went down town and I'm as lonesome as the last passenger pigeon!"

She gave her consent. After all it was a kind thing to do—even Hugh would approve. Cun was feeling down. No job—poor fellow! These were the excuses her conscientious mind gave, while the inner mind sent her upstairs to change her dress, spray her hair with perfume, in riotous excitement.

"Cun, you mustn't sit on the arm of my chair! Sit over there where you belong—across from me. . . . I'll make you shovel snow if you don't behave! . . . I know my hair is pretty . . . and I know I'm beautiful. I've been told it a hundred times! . . . Now are you going to be sensible—good friends—or shall we have to stop seeing each other altogether? . . . Please don't! . . . I hate to be touched . . . I'm not seductive . . . This old dress? Just an afternoon thing which you said you liked once! . . . But I didn't put it on for you . . . Why do you say that? Aren't you taking a great deal for granted?" All weak defenses. Words which did not deceive him, for her tone did not match her sentences. He knew he was evoking a response in her, read it in the slurred uneasiness of her voice, in the deep sparkle of her eyes. It was a game which he had played many times before but never for such quarry.

(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 27

LESSON TEXT—Hebrews 11:3-10, 17-22. GOLDEN TEXT—These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Hebrews 11:13.

PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Honor Roll. JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Honor Roll. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Heroes of Faith. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Faith Tested and Triumphant.

The great "heroes of the faith" chapter, Hebrews 11, provides an excellent review summary of the messages in Genesis, which we have studied during the last three months. Fittingly, the entire account, from the Creation to the hope for the future expressed by Joseph, revolves around the word "Faith." The patriarchs had many noble qualities but these were all rooted in the fundamental of all virtues, namely, that faith in God without which "it is impossible to please him" (v. 6).

Our study may well attempt no closer analysis of the text than to note the results of faith as they appear in the verses of our lesson.

I. Understanding (v. 3). Philosophy and human research frequently bog down in the confused bypaths of unbelief and partial knowledge, but faith cuts right through the clouds and the confusion and "understands" that God is the creator of all things. If you want to know, believe God.

II. Worship (v. 4). The world abounds with cults and religions of almost unbelievable diversity, and of appalling insufficiency for the needs of man. Only when man does as did Abel, and worships God in accordance with God's holy law will he obtain "witness that he is 'righteous.'"

III. Fellowship (v. 5). Here again faith triumphs. The societies and associations of man fumble around trying to establish "good will," "fellowship of faiths," and what not, only to fail. But when a man knows God as Enoch did, then he is ready for true fellowship with his brother.

IV. Assurance (v. 6). When a man trusts God implicitly the uncertainties of life vanish. It is an easier thing to talk about than to do, but thank God, it can be done. We must believe not only that God is, but by faith we must recognize him "as the rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

V. Salvation (v. 7). Saved by faith—that is the story of the Christian, even as it was the story of Noah. The ark is typical of Christ. Only in him is there salvation.

VI. Obedience (vv. 8, 9). The world has a ribald saying, "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way," which represents a dangerous philosophy of life. But faith in God enables one to go with Abraham who "when he was called went out, not knowing whither he went." He knew God and that was enough to call forth unquestioning obedience.

VII. Vision (v. 10). Men of vision—that's what we need, we are told. Well, then we need men of faith who can see the unseen, who can see "a city which hath foundations" even in the midst of the wilderness.

In the fields both of secular and spiritual achievement vision has marched before victory. Carey, Judson, Livingstone, every great missionary, dreamed dreams and saw visions before they achieved lasting victories in distant lands.

VIII. Resurrection (vv. 17-19). God gave a promise and the only means of fulfilling that promise was to be taken away, but Abraham did not hesitate for he believed that God was able and ready to raise the dead if necessary to fulfill his promise. Have all our prospects been dashed to the ground? Is everything hopeless, humanly speaking? God is both willing and able to make all things work together for good and for his glory.

IX. Hope (vv. 20-22). The forward look—that is the look of faith. Isaac's blessing concerned "things to come." Jacob, too weak to stand alone, leaned on his staff and worshiped, and passed on the covenant blessing. Joseph gave commandment concerning his body, looking forward to God's fulfillment of the promise.

Christian hope is not a wishful desire that an unbelievable thing may somehow occur. That is an unbelieving misuse of the word "hope." To a child of God hope means a well-grounded assurance that God will keep his word.

Right and Wrong Conscience is that faculty which perceives right and wrong in actions, approves or disapproves them, anticipates their consequences under the moral administration of God, and is thus either the cause of peace or of disquietude of mind.

Opportunities There are people who would do great acts, but because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.—F. W. Robertson.

Way Back When

By JEANNE DREISER WAS A BILL COLLECTOR

IF YOU lived in Chicago, Ill., years ago, you may have bought carpet tacks or a can of paint from a young hardware clerk who looked like nobody at all to you. A few years later you might have rented an apartment from the real estate office where he clerked; a little later you may have seen a young man persistently ringing the doorbell of that neighbor of yours who was careless about her furniture installments. For Theodore Dreiser, famous in American letters today, was in his youth hardware clerk, clerk in a real estate office, and bill collector for a furniture house.



He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1871. A poor boy, he attended the public schools of Warsaw, Ind., quitting at the age of sixteen to go to work in Chicago at \$5 per week. An ordinary young man, with an ordinary background, who could have foretold that some day he would produce a book ("American Tragedy") which would arouse

world-wide controversy, banned in some cities, required reading in some school systems?

After the collector's job, persistent calling at the Chicago Daily Globe got him a job as a reporter. His rise was rapid as he developed a clear reportorial style, until 1898 he became editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications which included Delineator Magazine. His first book, "Sister Carrie," was published in 1900 and immediately banned for its frankness. It was not until 1911 that his next, "Jennie Gerhardt," appeared; and it was followed at regular intervals by other books of the "call a spade a spade" type. "American Tragedy" appeared in 1925, was translated into many languages and was adapted to the stage in America and in Germany as late as 1936.

LOWELL THOMAS WAS A COOK

THE life of Lowell Thomas has been tremendously exciting, but it may be encouraging to those of you in everyday jobs, and pining for adventure, to know that he was not always free from humdrum occupations.

The radio and news-reel reporter was born in Woodington, Ohio, in 1892. The family moved to Cripple Creek, Colo., where Lowell attended public schools set in the midst of a typical rough-and-ready mining town. His parents were not wealthy, and Lowell Thomas had to work for a higher education. While attending Valparaiso university in northern Indiana, he was a janitor, a salesman, and night cook in a short-order restaurant. Thirsting for more knowledge after graduation, the boy went on to the University of Denver where he took several degrees, working at odd times for a newspaper. During the summer months, he punched cows and pitched alfalfa. In Chicago Kent

College of Law, he studied law, and then took post-graduate work in English literature at Princeton. After that he worked as a teacher and on a newspaper.

His beginning did not promise excitement and adventure. But then came the World War, and Lowell Thomas went to the front with a staff of cameramen making official pictures! It charge! his whole life. He joined D. H. Lawrence and his bedouin army in Arabia, emerging from that "revolt on the desert" with the exclusive story and pictures. It was the beginning of his fame. Since then, he has met almost everyone of importance, seen everything of note, and reported his observations in newspapers, on the screen, and over the air in a graphic style that has gained him an audience to millions.

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Modern-to-the-Minute



AS RIGHT as rain, and as cooling, are these clever young modes for the woman who sews. Each is simple to make, pleasant to wear, and may possibly be the difference between a modern and a mediocre wardrobe for you this summer. Sew-Your-Own wants to help you look your best, to stamp you modern-to-the-minute, and therefore is anxious and proud to present today's trio.

A Two Piecer for Chic. If he tells you you're just a nice armful you are the right size and type to wear the blouse 'n' skirt shown above, left. The waistcoat idea is very much the thing in blouses. The skirt is terribly young and figure flattering. What more could any little heart desire? You can have this smart ensemble for a song and a minimum of stitches. Think of the countless summer occasions ahead that all but specify this very outfit.

Not Smart Matron. You should sue for slander anyone who calls you a Smart Matron when you don this gratifying new fashion (above center). You step into an entirely new size range when you step forth in this frock. So simple is its technique—merely a deftly designed feminine jabot, softly draped contours, and a meticulously slender skirt—yet so effective. It will thrill you in marquisette chiffon or lace, and it will keep you deliciously cool.

Snappy for Sports. Play the net or the grandstand in the sports dress at the right and feel perfectly confident in any event. There isn't one among us who hasn't a real yen for a streamlined all-of-a-piece sportster that's on and off in a jiffy, launders easily, and comes up smiling time after time. You can concoct something clever of seersucker or pique and complete the whole thing in an afternoon. Why not order your size today and have all-summer benefit of a really companionable sports dress?

The Patterns. Pattern 1302 is for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards of 39 inch material for the blouse, 2 1/4 yards for the skirt. Pattern 1286 is for sizes 36 to

48. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1915 is for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 3 1/2 yards of bias binding to finish edges as pictured.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Barbecued Ham.—Fry the required number of thin ham slices from a left-over boiled ham. Arrange them in a serving dish, and pour the following sauce over them; add to the ham fat in the frying pan a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful sugar, three tablespoonfuls vinegar and a tablespoonful of red currant jelly. Warm all the ingredients up together, sprinkle with paprika (optional) and pour over the ham.

Clearing the Atmosphere.—Burn a few drops of vinegar on a hot shovel for a quick way of clearing the smell of stale smoke out of a room.

Washing Linoleum.—Oilcloth and linoleum will dry with a brighter finish if a lump of sugar is dissolved in the scrubbing water.

Washing Woolens.—Rinse woolens in warm water to which a little olive oil has been added. This helps to keep them soft.

Removing Spots From Tile.—Spots can be removed from the tile bathroom floor by rubbing with a cloth moistened with kerosene and then polishing with one moistened with paraffin.

Cleaning Silver.—Moist salt will remove egg tarnish from silver.

Rice, Scrambled Eggs, Cheese.—Have ready a border of rice (boiled) in a dish. Make some scrambled eggs to which cheese has been added. Place the mixture in the center of the dish and sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the top. Serve piping hot.

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CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"I'll race ya, cowboy!!"