

# Bright Star

By Mary Schumann

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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

A premonitory shiver went through Kezia. "What do you think?"

"That it might be better for us to break it off."

Kezia sat bolt upright. He would go back to Ellen! . . . People would say he had thrown her over! . . . She had a feeling for Jerry that no one else had ever stirred.

He brought a swift challenge to her. He was elusive; he never satiated her with his dependence. Jerry guided the car to a bumpy pause on the shoulder of the road, switched off the ignition. "Come here," he said gently. He gathered her in his arms, laid his cheek against hers. "She cares . . . my little Kezia cares," he whispered. She felt his lips tremble as they touched hers.

"You want to give me up!"

"No, Angel, no! . . . I love you—you know I do."

"You've been horrid."

He gave a despairing gesture. "It seems so hopeless."

"We won't allow it to be hopeless."

He was silent for a moment, keeping his arms tightly about her. "No?" he questioned. Another long pause then he said, "Have you anything to suggest?"

"We might live with Mother."

Life was very dreary, thought Kezia, when you couldn't have what you wanted! And Jerry was the right combination for her. Just the way his hair went back was invested with a certain quality of emotion; the sulky fullness over his dark eyes sent warm waves up her arms into her shoulders. She was caught up in that attribute of youth which drives for what it wants, mistakes or not, the imperious urge which cannot wait for wisdom.

"Yes, we could live with Mother," she said a little more firmly. The hesitation on Jerry's face deepened. "Yes, that's a thought to hold to! . . . Have Hugh patronize me?"

"He wouldn't."

"I can see him welcoming me to the family circle—big boy he had to keep!" His tone was rueful.

"It would be for only a little while," she coaxed. "You'll get something good in a few months. Perhaps Hugh would . . . then."

"Do you think so?" His voice, still uncertain, was slightly yielding.

"And Uncle John Renshaw—not really my uncle, but a cousin of Mother's—has a weakness for me. I think if I went to him, asked him very prettily, told him how fond I am of him—and of you—he'd try to help."

"He might do something," said Jerry thoughtfully. "No matter how good you are, it's pull and family that put a fellow up. I've seen it happen too many times not to know. And if I made just a little more—say forty or fifty a week—you'd be willing to try it, Loveliness?"

Kezia nodded, her eyes like stars. He started the car. They drove for a mile or so when the headlights swept a sign on a curve of the hill: "Brookline. Marriage Licenses. No Waiting."

Kezia smiled to herself as she turned it over in her mind. Why, it actually stood there as if it were suggesting a way for them! There might be advantages to it. She chuckled a little and he turned to her inquiringly.

"I was thinking about that sign on the hill—the one about marriage licenses."

"What about it?"

"Think!" she commanded. "Then tell me if you are thinking the same thing I am."

His eyes gleamed with swift intelligence. "You wouldn't—?"

She snuggled her face against his sleeve. "Funny boy—it would work, wouldn't it? . . . All over and done with . . . everyone would have to put a good face on about it! . . . Is it a grand idea or isn't it?"

"Not give a hang for the future? Let it take care of itself?"

"It would—it would!" she chanted gleefully. "I know my family—they're very loyal. Once it's done and over with they'd—"

"Have to like it?"

"They'd help us—Hugh, Uncle John, Will Platt."

Excitement played over Jerry's face, excitement and something more. He drove with one hand slowly while his right arm encircled her. "And I'd have you for keeps, darling Kezie!"

In Brookline which was just over the Pennsylvania border, it was not difficult to be directed to the frame house of John Bascome, the marry-

ing squire. He was a small man, with a round head, and close-set eyes. He looked greedily pleased at their appearance, surveyed them with quick speculation, and exacted a good sized fee from Jerry before he asked the necessary questions. He would have the marriage license made out and would mail it to them in a day or so. His wife and daughter appeared as witnesses.

Margery and Will Platt had been over for dinner, and afterward, Hugh and Will discussed the last municipal election and the calibre of the men in office. The talk, with Fluvanna and Margery, making comments, asking questions, switched to national affairs, to the labor situation and to the revolution in business methods.

Hugh was restless after they left. Now that the interlude of having to make conversation and listen to others was over, he was conscious of a slump. "I think I'll go for a walk, Mother."

He had reached for his hat when the front door bell pealed sharply. He took the telegram the boy handed him, signed for it, tore it open. "The fool! the little fool!" he ejaculated.

"Why, Hugh?" questioned Fluvanna.

So this was what Kezia had meant when she said "You'll all drive me to something one of these days!" He hesitated a moment before he handed the message to his mother. "From Kezia . . . she's done what we hoped to prevent—married him."

Fluvanna read: "Jerry and I were married in Brookline this evening. Home in a day or so. Very happy. Tell mother. Love, Kezia."

Kezia and Jerry came home to live. Jerry was devoted to Kezia, thoughtful of Fluvanna.

Uncle John Renshaw, after much wheedling from Kezia, found a place for Jerry in some government work at a better salary. An interview with Jerry predisposed him in his favor and he recommended that he go to a school for salesmen that his company was promoting. Kezia was triumphant. She did not see the trying, intermediate steps of a salesman's life; her imagination visioned Jerry as a trusted steel salesman with trips to California, New York, South America, Russia. She immediately went out and rented a two-room apartment, had the excitement of finding furnishings for it with the check furnished by her mother and Hugh, and moved in the week after Christmas.

In January Dorrie got her decree, and a few days later was married to Cunningham Whitney, whose divorce had been granted in December. They were married at her sister's home in Forest Hills and went to live in Philadelphia where Cun had secured a position.

Hugh frequently was invited to dinners at the houses of his friends, parties which were dull or lively according to the company. It was a wrench to go but he made it a point to accept most of the invitations. People, places, things which were normal were the best antidote for the perils of introspection.

He saw Gavin Pendleton one noon at a director's meeting, and thought he looked much older.

Gavin touched Hugh's arm as they were leaving the meeting. "Hi' yuh?"

"Very well. And you?"

Gavin looked meaningfully back at the room they were leaving and Hugh understood that he wished to speak to him privately. He followed him back to its farther corner.

"Mother well?" blurted Gavin.

"Rather frail this winter. How is Lizzie—and Ellen?"

Gavin's left cheek and eye twitched, giving the effect of a grimace. "Wanted to speak to you . . . puzzled . . . don't know what to do."

Hugh waited.

"One of the family . . . like your advice. Ellen."

"Ellen?" said Hugh with quick concern. "Something wrong with Ellen?"

Gavin nodded gloomily. "Won't eat . . . hardly talks . . . sometimes I think . . . Mother not good for her." He peered at Hugh with his near-sighted eyes. "What to do?"

"Have you had a doctor?"

"Umm-m," he assented. "Tonics and iron no good—nerves."

"Young friends?"

"She won't go . . . did for a while . . . says people terrify her."

"You might send her away."

"Sent her to Louise in December—sister—Boston—after that—came out." He shrugged his shoulders and Hugh felt he referred to Kezia's elopement. "No good . . . came back in ten days . . . says she's haunted . . . funny stuff."

"She used to be fond of Mother, came to see her almost every day—and Mother has missed her very much," said Hugh. "My sister isn't there now. Perhaps she would like to come over. . . . you might suggest it to her."

"Good woman, Fluvanna!" blurted Gavin. "Try it." He looked at his watch, and nodding in dismissal to Hugh, rushed for the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Westminster Confession

The Westminster Confession was the confession of faith framed by Presbyterian and Calvinistic divines at the Westminster Assembly, whose sessions lasted from 1643 to 1649. The confession was mainly an exposition of the Calvinistic doctrine.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

### Lesson for August 22

#### THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN A NATION'S LIFE.

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 25:1, 2, 8, 9; 29:43-46; 40:34-38.

GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. Ps. 33:12.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Meeting House.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The House of the Lord.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why a Nation Needs Religion.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Place of Religion in a Nation's Life.

The nation of Israel was under the direct government of God—a theocracy as distinguished from a monarchy, or a democracy. God spoke to them through his servant Moses, but his relationship to the people was far more intimate than that of a distant power delivering laws through a representative. God dwelt in the midst of his people, and today we consider how he made provision for a place in which to meet with them, for a holy priesthood to minister before him, and made known his personal presence by a manifestation of his glory.

**I. A Place to Meet God (Exod. 25:1, 2, 8, 9; 29:43-46).**

Every place of worship, whether the tabernacle in the wilderness, or a church on a busy city street, testifies to the fact that man is indeed "incurably religious." He is a spiritual being, made by God for fellowship with himself. He is never satisfied until he meets God.

The pattern or plan for the tabernacle was given by God (v. 9), and was to be followed in every detail. But note that the people were to make a willing offering of all that was needed for its construction. God gives man the glorious privilege of partnership with him. Shortsighted and foolish is the man who grumbles because the church needs money. A father might just as well grieve because his children outgrow their clothing. Thank God if your church is alive and growing, and be glad for the opportunity to buy it some "new clothes."

Sacrificial gifts and faithful building according to God's plan, brought to completion a place of meeting which God sanctified and accepted.

**II. Priests to Minister to God (vv. 44,45).**

Note, first, that they were men called of God. Those who stand to minister to him for the people dare not appoint themselves, or seek an appointment by men. They must be "God-called."

They were also sanctified, or ordained, by God. Only as men act in true recognition of God's selection and setting apart of his chosen servants does ordination have real meaning.

Finally, notice that the priests were "to minister to" God. His servants are to serve him, and thus to meet the need of the people for whom they speak. They are "put in trust with the gospel," and therefore to "so . . . speak; not as pleasing men, but God" (I Thess. 2:4). If you have that kind of a pastor, praise God for him, and give him your earnest support and encouragement.

**III. The Presence of God (Exod. 29:45, 46; 40:34-38).**

He dwelt in the midst of his people. Christians also know what it means to have "God with us," for such is the very meaning of the name "Immanuel" (Isa. 7:14; Matt. 1:23). He it was who as the living Word "became flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:14).

For our further instruction and blessing let us observe that when God dwelt with his people his glory "filled the tabernacle" (v. 34). Is that true of our churches? Have we so loved God and so fully yielded ourselves and our churches to him that he is free to fill the place with his glory?

The word "abode" in v. 35 is significant. What blessed peace and assurance must have come to Israel when they knew that God had come to abide with them. In this world of transitory things we need such an anchor for the soul—God's abiding presence.

But God's people must move on. There are victories to be won, a promised land to take. So we read that the cloud arose when they were to move forward, and when it was "not taken up, then they journeyed not until the day that it was taken up."

The Psalmist tells us that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" (Ps. 37:23). I believe it was George Mueller of blessed memory who inserted three words—"and the steps." The man, or the church, or the nation, that trust God, will have both "steps" and "steps" "ordered by the Lord."

**Beginning of Eternal Life**

Eternal life does not just mean that when our bodies die our souls last on. It means a kind of life which we can begin to live here and now, and which cannot be destroyed by death because it is united with God.—A Day Book of Prayer.

**Always an Answer**

A little girl was once teased by a skeptic, who remarked that God had not answered her prayer. "Yes," she said, "he answered. He said no."

## Here's Planned Prettiness



IF AUTUMN comes will you be left behind with faded summer frocks, Madam? No, no, many times no—that is, not if you will but accept this cordial invitation from Sew-Your-Own. It's the easy way to become frock-sure of chic for yourself and your daughters, as well. So Madam, why not sew, sew, sew-your-own!

### A Dutch Treat.

It isn't often mother gets a break (it's beauty before age, you know) but this trip she does. Sew-Your-Own has designed, especially for her, an all-occasion frock (above left) that's simply lovely to look at. If father's compliments have become a bit rusty from lack of use, this frock will bring them back to their former brightness. It's pretty in any fabric: gingham, silk crepe, rayon prints, percale, or sheer wool.

It's a treat, too, for mother when

she finds a dress for Little Sis that's as carefully planned as the captivating model above center. It gives the growing girl the fluffing out she needs in the shoulders, and the prettily flared skirt offers her graceful poise indoors, plus full freedom for activity out of doors. It's adorable with the collar and cuffs in white linen. It heightens the contrast of her luscious healthy suntan.

### Chic for the G. F.

And a treat for all concerned is the frock Sew-Your-Own has created for The Girl Friend. She may be collegiate, high schoolish, a steno, mother's helper, or a young

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO



## 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 prices.

## JOYS and GLOOMS

