

Bright Star

By
Mary Schumann

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Lizzie was uncertain in her manner, not knowing whether to be haughty or friendly. She melted under Hugh's friendly agreeableness, and was soon loquacious about her ill-health and the trials she had had to bear with her children. Presently Hugh began talking. She cried out when he related what Ellen had attempted, but when he suggested that the girl go abroad with his mother very soon, a half-scornful smile appeared on her lips. "I'm wondering—wondering!"

"Just what?"
"Do you suppose it was a trick she played to get her own way? She may have seen you—knew you'd follow her, tell us about it!"
"Did Ellen ever play tricks to get her own way?" Hugh asked gravely.

"No-o."
"She couldn't have seen me. I was too far away. I tell you the girl was desperate—half out of her head!"

"Then the place for her is a sanatorium—not Europe!" said Lizzie quickly.

"Do you want that stigma on her?"

Hugh pressed his point eagerly. "And my mother needs this trip. It will do them both so much good. She can leave easily now that Kezia is married—while you, Lizzie—"

"I can take her myself this summer! Gavin will send us if I insist."

An inspiration came to Hugh. "Lizzie, you know you couldn't—you'll never get away. Gavin won't let you out of his sight. He'd mope and grieve, get sick if you were gone longer than a week! . . . If Ellen is to get well, she must have a change of scene for several months."

A flush tinged Lizzie's faded fairness, a gratified light shone in her eyes. She sighed. "Poor Gavin—I'm afraid so! Quiet—never says much, but absolutely devoted. You'd be surprised if you knew how dependent he is on my advice!"

"We all know that."
"And how much his success is due to me!"

Hugh nodded encouragingly. The belief which he helped her build as to Gavin's need of her, was useful to him, and harmless to her. It gave her stubborn mind something to cling to, and might allow Ellen to depart in peace.

That night in the library he tossed some travel pamphlets to Ellen and his mother. "I got these today from an agency. Look them over and tell me which trip you two would like to take."

They looked at him questioningly as they unfolded them.

"There's a good boat sailing in three weeks."

"England—France—Spain—Italy—Germany," murmured Fluvanna. "Shall we take them all, or are we limited to two or three?"
"Greedy! . . . Paris or Florence, since Ellen wants to study."

Ellen's blue eyes flew open, startled. Her lips parted but she did not speak.

"Hugh!" said his mother, warningly.

"Not joking! I've had a busy day planning this. I couldn't speak of it until some details were settled—but they are now. Ellen's father and mother have given their consent. All you two have to decide is where you want to go and the earliest date you can be ready to sail."

Fluvanna looked agitated. "No—no," she began. She stopped at the radiant expression on Ellen's face.

The girl, sitting on a hassock near Hugh, clasped her hands. "Hugh, you're not fooling? . . . they said I could go away?—with Fluvanna? Are you sure there's no mistake? . . . Oh, I can't believe it!"

"There's no mistake," answered Hugh, smiling. "And you, Mother? . . . you said you always wanted to go—?"

"Cousin Fluvanna, think of it! Paris—Florence—the Louvre—the Uffizi Gallery!" Ellen buried her head in the arm of Hugh's chair; he patted her shoulders comfortingly.

Fluvanna's face was a study of struggling emotions. "Leave you?" she whispered.

Hugh nodded slowly, then indicated Ellen, as though her need were greater. His mother was quiet, gazed at the fire.

Ellen raised her head, touched her shining eyes with her handkerchief. "Excuse me . . . I go all weepy with grief or happiness lately . . . but it was happiness this

time! . . . Oh, Fluvanna, what wonderful precious times we will have together!

"Pull your chairs up close to mine," said Fluvanna in an oddly hollow voice. "We'll go over the folders together."

The sailing date was set for the seventeenth of April and the days flew by in a hurry of preparation until there was only a week left for Fluvanna to say good-by to dear familiar furnishings, to Margery and her children, to Kezia, to Hugh.

They reached New York the morning of the day they were to sail. It was mild and sunny. They leaned at the rail of the ferry, watching the spires of the city come closer.

"The skyline has soaring aspiration in it," mused Ellen. "Sometimes the tips of buildings are in the clouds—but they always reach up—up! I like this approach to the city so much."

Hugh smiled down at her. Again he had the feeling of a rose opening; the delicate face, the petal texture of her cheeks, had the softness of a flower. She looked like a different person these last few weeks since she knew she was to leave Corinth. Whether Ellen would paint great pictures or not, he did not know, but he knew that as her charm moved him, it would move others. The unconscious seeking for love was in her melodious voice, in the graceful movements of her slight figure. What she sought she would find—perhaps on this trip. He hoped so.

"I recognize the Empire State building," said Fluvanna.

"We'll go to the top of it today," Hugh promised.

Their taxicab went slowly across town, held up by the traffic and the whirling lights. The crowds of people on Forty-second street, moving in restless rhythm, lashed back and forth like the sea. A man, selling roses at the corner of Fifth avenue, extended his bunches ingratiatingly to passers-by. The sun sparkled on the silvery top of the Chrysler building.

"When we come back we will stay here a week," said Ellen. "All of America is here, the west, the north and the south, all fused in a kind of eagerness for achievement. I felt that when I went to school here. Hugh, when we come back, will you come on to meet us?"

Hugh smiled at his mother. "Haven't you heard? I'm coming over to get you when you are ready to come home."

"No!" Ellen leaned forward to look in his face with a sparkle in her glance. "Are you bribing us to cut short our stay?"

Fluvanna rested in the hotel while Hugh and Ellen shopped, then went to a matinee. After late dinner they went down to the boat which was to sail at eleven. Although they were early, knots of people promenaded the decks, gay, laughing groups. Boys scurried down corridors with luggage; the whole ship buzzed with activity. Hugh had secured an outside stateroom with twin beds. Flowers were already there from Kezia and Jerry, fruit from Margery and Will, books, candy, letters, and bon voyage telegrams from friends.

"You're so quiet, Mother," said Hugh, sitting on the arm of her chair. "Tired?"

"No, dear," she replied. She reached for his hand. Hugh, her boy. The moments, the dear moments were flying, and all the while her heart knocked the passionate certitude: "I shall never see him again." Twice lately she had had attacks which she felt might be her last. Two or three months. . . . Only a little while at most, she reasoned. And he wanted this—wanted to help Ellen. He had been better lately in his enthusiasm for helping Ellen. It would work out for the best. Perhaps a dear wish would be fulfilled. . . . that old wish. . . . Good-by, dear loveliness, dearest and most tender of sons! What are a few weeks of life to give—to help you? The wheel is turning—turning. . . . This body will never come back. No harder to say good-by now. . . . at least not much harder.

"Ellen and I are going for a stroll around the deck, Mother. We'll be back in a few minutes."

Ellen tied a ribbon about her hair, put on her beaver jacket. Fluvanna watched Hugh hold open the door for her, pass through after Ellen. His tall, easy bulk filled the narrow aperture; the light from the corridor shone on his face. A wave of pride surged up in her, exquisite exultation. "That's my son—my son!" her pale lips murmured.

Ellen and Hugh explored the lounge, the library, and the dining salon, then went for a turn about the deck. They paused and stood at the bow of the boat. The April air was sweet and murmurous. A mystery overhung the deep water of the river.

"The lights on the Jersey shore remind me of necklaces strung in a jeweler's window," said Ellen softly.

"You have pretty thoughts, Ellen."

She tucked back a strand of hair which had escaped from the ribbon. Her white forehead gleamed above the straight, fair brow.

"And you're very pretty, too."

She smiled dreamily.

"I can't think of anyone I'd rather have feel that way about me," she said simply.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Way Back When

By JEANNE

GENERAL WAS SCHOOL TEACHER

SOMETIMES one small incident changes a whole life's trend, and leads to prominence beyond all previous dreams. We all recall one or two unexpected happenings in our own lives which changed their whole course.

John J. Pershing, who rose to be general of all the United States army, might have had an entirely different life had he not taken advantage of a lucky opportunity. He was born in 1860 at Laclede, Mo. His father was boss of a railroad gang and, later, a farmer. John quit school when he was thirteen to work on the farm, digging fence holes, herding sheep, planting corn, all the usual jobs that are the lot of a farm boy. Ambitious to be a lawyer, he studied night after night. In 1879, he got a job as teacher in Prairie Mount, Mo., and saved most of the \$40 per month he re-



ceived to study law at Kirksville Normal school.

Then came the incident which changed his whole life. Jack Pershing saw an advertisement announcing competitive examinations for West Point. He had only two weeks to prepare, but he won the appointment. At West Point he won prominence as president of his class and as first captain of the corps of cadets. Possessing the characteristics of a perfect soldier, his assignments after graduation into the army were marked with success. While a military instructor at the University of Nebraska, he resumed his law studies and took his degree. Since the army conducts its own military courts, this gave Pershing an opportunity to combine his business love with his soldierly success. When the World war broke out, he was made general of the U. S. army.

FAMED TENOR MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CLERK

SOMETIMES parents despair unnecessarily about their children. Just because a youngster shows no aptitude for the job his parents may choose for him is no indication that failure awaits him.

If John McCormack had followed the plans of his father he might have been a Catholic priest. The famous tenor was born in Athlone, Ireland, in 1884, fourth of eleven children. His father worked in the woolen mills of the town and the family was very poor. John attended the Catholic schools and was an excellent student, winning a scholarship to college. There he studied for the priesthood.

At an early age John McCormack's voice showed promise and at the age of nine he sang in a school entertainment. Music was not one of the subjects offered at



college, and so John had no opportunity to receive training for his voice. It did not occur to him at that time that singing would be his profession. However, he did decide against becoming a priest, which must have been a hard blow for his father. But the man did not lack understanding and he encouraged the boy in his desire to become a civil service clerk. When John failed in the entrance examinations at the school where he would receive his training, and when given a second chance forgot the appointment, his father must have truly despaired.

Then it began to dawn on John McCormack that singing was his true vocation. He had loved to sing all his life. He went to Dublin and got a job in the Marlborough Street cathedral choir at \$125 a year. He began to gain more and more recognition, sang for recordings of the Edison and Gramophone companies, and eventually became a star of opera. Today he is known the world over for his golden tenor.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST,
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute
of Chicago.
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Lesson for September 5

GOD REQUIRES SOCIAL JUSTICE.

LESSON TEXT—Leviticus 19:1-18, 32-37.
GOLDEN TEXT—As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. Luke 6:31.
PRIMARY TOPIC—At Harvest Time.
JUNIOR TOPIC—At Harvest Time.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Championing the Rights of Others.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—My Responsibility for Social Justice.

Labor Day—in this year of our Lord 1937—looks out upon a world deeply divided in opinions of what is right and what is wrong in the relationship between capital and labor. Political and economic leaders are talking much of social justice, of a planned economy in which all shall have a full share of the products of labor. Surely, we would all agree that there should be only kindness and justice in all such dealings of man with man. But how to accomplish that result in a world of selfishness and sin, that indeed is the question.

Unfortunately, many of those in the church who have greatly stressed social relationships have forgotten that the true foundation for such teaching and living is the preaching of the gospel of redemption. In reaction to their impossible position, others who have faithfully preached the necessity of regeneration have forgotten to stress the need of the expression of regenerated life in the social relationships of man. We need God-given balance, with a proper reflection of gospel truth in honest and helpful living. God wants his people to show that they belong to him by

I. Providing for the Poor and Needy (vv. 9, 10, 14, 15).

When Jesus said, "Ye have the poor always with you" (Matt. 26:11), he referred to one of the responsibilities which thoughtful and considerate men have always gladly borne, but which has been a constant problem to both individuals and nations. We have dealt with it in our day on a broad and supposedly scientific basis, but those who are closest to it are quick to admit that we have even now an imperfect solution. In the days of Israel the poor were fed by the purposeful leaving of gleanings in the field—which the needy were free to gather as their own. Thus they had the joy of helping themselves even as they were being helped by others, and, in the final analysis, by God himself.

II. Guarding Another's Reputation (vv. 16-18).

Gossip is a destructive means of breaking down the good standing of another. It is a sin all too common in our day, even within the circle of God's own people. Tale-bearing and evil-speaking are a blight on our social and religious life. We should put them away.

Akin to this common and awful sin is the bearing of grudges and the seeking for revenge, neither of which serves any good purpose.

III. Honoring the Aged (v. 32).

Old-age pensions undoubtedly have their place in our complicated social life, but it is evident that they would be entirely unnecessary if men and women had in the fear of God honored "the hoary head" and "the face of the old man," even as God gave command to Israel.

IV. Loving the Stranger (vv. 33, 34).

The man who knows what it is to have been a stranger, and to meet with love and protecting care, should never forget to go and do likewise. Living, as many of us do, in great cities makes this somewhat of a problem, and yet one sometimes wonders whether the bustling city is not often kinder to the stranger than the little community, which makes him feel like an "outsider."

V. Being Honest in Business (vv. 11-13, 35, 36).

No stealing, no false swearing, no defrauding, no withholding of wages, for all these things dishonor or "profane the name of thy God."

A good motto to hang up behind the counter or over the desk in a business house is found in the words of verses 35 and 36. False bottoms, trick scales, short measure—oh, yes, they are against the city ordinance, and you will be fined if you are caught. But remember, they are also an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

The closing verse of our lesson reiterates that important truth. In carrying out the tenets of social justice we are not simply being humane and kind. We are observing the statutes and ordinances of the Eternal One, him who says, "I am Jehovah."

Being One in Faith

It is good to know that in whatever country we are found, and under whatever sky, we are, through faith in the divine Saviour, members in the same body, sheep in the same fold, children of one home.

Pay Up Our Debts

Debt comes under the eighth commandment. It hangs a millstone round the neck of the man or woman who incurs it. It corrodes honesty.

They're Cinches to Sew



YES, the sewing bug will get you, if you don't watch out, young lady! And when it does there will be a hum in your life (and we don't mean head noises). Right now is the time to begin; right here is the place to get your inspiration. So all together, girls: it's sew, sew, sew—your own!

Inspiration Number 1.

The vivacious model at the left is the number 1 piece for your new autumn advance. It calls for taffeta, embellished, as you might expect, with grosgrain. You may use vivid colors too, Milady, for Fashion has gone color mad this fall. Reds of every hue, bright blues, lavender, warm browns, all are being featured in smart avenue shops along the Rue de la Paix.

Morning Frock.

For most of us, each day demands that a little work be done. Sew-Your-Own appreciates this and the need for frocks that are practical, pretty, and easy to keep that way, hence the new utility frock in the center. Five pieces are its sum and total; seven mornings a week its cycle. Any tub-well fabric will do nicely as the material—try one version in printed rayon.

Tailored Charm.

The waistcoat used to be a gentleman's identification, but, alas, like many another smart idea, womankind has copied it. Here you see an attractive example of this modern contraband. Not only does it have suavity, but it is entirely feminine, as well. The exquisite waist line, sweet little collar, and puff sleeves, make this a number you can't afford to pass up.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1363 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material, plus 18 yards of ribbon for trimming, as pictured. Pattern 1354 is designed for

sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch material.

Pattern 1252 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3¾ 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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The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.—Herschel.

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