

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 forebears, Hugh passes Doc Miller, 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. Soon Ellen Pendleton comes over. She is an artistically inclined girl who is a distant niece of Fluvanna's and a favorite of Hugh'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, announces that he has landed a new position. They see Ellen Pendleton and Jerry Purdue.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Art?" said Cun. "I see. Cuckoo—but beautiful."

Dorrie moved in her chair slightly.

"Dance?" asked Cun, his eyes on Dorrie.

They went off together.

Hugh stood up. "Joan?"

As they swung into step he said,

"Well, Jonny, the troubles are all over. I'm ever so glad that Cun has work. You've been a brick, but I could see it was hard on you."

Joan gave a smothered exclamation and did not reply. He looked down. Joan's eyes were filled with tears.

"What did I say? . . . Hurt you? . . . Awfully sorry." He was dismayed. "Come on; we'll go outside." He led her through the screened door to the long veranda.

They sat in a swing. "Overlook it, Hugh. Nerves, I think." She dabbed her eyes with his handkerchief. "And relief from the strain. A man has to work to fill up his time . . . Cun has to be busy more than most men—his built that way. Then you spoke to me so sweetly and sympathetically and I went to pieces."

Hugh sat beside her feeling touched and bewildered. It was plain she had some worry on her mind about Cun.

Presently Joan rose, saying: "Steer me around through the hall to the dressing-room and I'll wash up . . . I must be all streaky. Hugh, I'm sorry I pulled this scene for you. You don't know how abused I feel."

"Forget it. Glad you did, if you want to know. We skim the surface of conventionalities too much with our friends. We'd be more understanding if we knew what was in the other person's heart."

"Most hearts don't bear showing."

"I can't believe that."

"I suppose we think it good manners," said Joan dubiously. "And to live on the surface of things isn't a bad way . . . take what comes today and not worry about tomorrow; forget you have a heart! I'm trying to achieve it. I never quite make it . . . still I try very hard."

He left her at the dressing-room door and went back to their table. Dorrie and Cun were nowhere about, and Ellen and Jerry had disappeared. He saw his sister, Kezia, dancing with Arthur Williams. He left the sandwiches untouched but opened a bottle of beer, and sat sipping it.

Dorrie and Cun approached; she was animated, laughing. "Where did you and Joan disappear? We tried to find you but you had hidden yourselves in some secluded corner. Of course you weren't parked in the automobile? . . . Or were you, Hugh?"

Joan came up just then, her face freshly powdered and bearing no trace of emotion. "We were mooning on the veranda," she said gaily.

Cun drew out her chair. "I'll have to look into this," he threatened.

"Is there a moon? It seemed terribly dark to me!" Dorrie teased.

"Explain your absence!" said Hugh with a smile.

"Never explain!" answered Dorrie lightly. "Explanations lead to nothing and nowhere! Hugh, you haven't danced with me."

At home and in their own room, Hugh sighed with contented fatigue as he untied his tie.

Dorrie slipped off her dress and sat down on the bench before the dressing-table to cold cream her nails. "Lovely evening, wasn't it, darling?"

"Enjoy it?"

"Very much."

"I did myself after we got started. Naturally they wanted to celebrate after such good news. It has been a tough winter and 'pring for them. Especially Joan."

Dorrie frowned a little as she sent her head lower. "Why especially Joan?"

"I think she felt it more. Fact is, she cried tonight . . . that was the reason we left the floor. I said something about the new job, and she broke down—hysterical relief, I think. Wept all over the place when I got her outside."

Dorrie's lip curled. "Silly, boy"

"I thought it was rather natural. She's kept up a good front all along." He looked at her, troubled; he had expected more sympathy for Joan's predicament. "Reverse the case, Dorrie. Suppose I had been out of work for almost a year. Wouldn't you be a bit teary with joy when I did land something?"

"No—I'd have confidence enough in you to be sure you'd get something splendid in place of the old one. Cun is a simply marvelous salesman. Everyone says so. He was sure to be placed in a little while. The future with the Crescent company is much better than his old place at the Arrow Steel."

"But even so—" He hesitated.

"I gathered something else was bothering her. She seemed to feel that Cun might get into difficulties, not working."

"Oh!" Dorrie's eyes flew open, startled. "How odd."

"Perhaps."

"No, she didn't say what she was afraid of. Drinking—gambling. Cun's a popular fellow."

He started for the closet and said from its depths, "She gave me



"You're So Gullible!"

quite a jolt. It was so unexpected, coming from her."

"And I suppose when she wept, you comforted her?"

He laughed a little. "Yes; lent her my handkerchief!"

"You're so gullible!"

"Oh, I say now . . . Dorrie, really—" He stood over her.

Lights sparkled in her eyes from inward laughter. She lifted her face for his kiss. "Thin-skinned," she murmured, stroking his hair.

CHAPTER III

Ellen and Jerry lingered late at their dinner at the Freeland Farms. The dancing began at nine o'clock and the orchestra, a pianist, a saxophone player and a drummer, were just taking their places at the far end of the hall.

"They wanted to know whom I was going out to dinner with again. When I said you, they looked at each other—you know parents—and said that I seemed to be going out with you a great deal lately . . . so then I told them."

Jerry picked at his salad idly, then laid his fork down. His hair was dark brown, almost black, straight, and lay back, sleek and glistening on his head with the help of a pomade. His complexion was a smooth olive and went well with his eyes, the color of black coffee. When he smiled his eyes had sparkling depths, and his lips a combination of sensitiveness and sensuousness.

"And what did they say?"

For an instant Ellen looked troubled, remembering. Then, the dimples played over her face as pride in Jerry reassured her.

"They want to see you—talk to you. When they do that, it will be all right."

"Sure?" Jerry was not smiling now. There was a hint of brooding in his eyes.

"I'm certain of it. I told them I'd bring you in after dinner."

Jerry gave a faint groan and looked at his plate.

"Frightened?"

"I feel as if I were to be shot at sunrise."

"Silly! . . . My parents have never committed a murder so far!"

"Yes, but it sounds ominous. I'm to be brought in—tried—executed! Couldn't we put it off until tomorrow night?"

When she did not answer, he went on: "Look your last on me as a whole man! I have a feeling I'll resemble a sieve in an hour or so—shot full of holes. I've met your father several times but he doesn't speak to me on the street, and your mother has never been friendly! What will they say when they know I have the audacity to want to marry you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hog Bristle "Chu Chang"

In Hotu, China, where bristles are obtained for paint brushes, the natives call hog bristle "chu chang."

After being scraped from the hog's back the bristles are beaten with sticks to knock out the rough dirt.

"The Man Who-o-o"



Tales and Traditions from American Political History

by FRANK E. HAGEN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THAT TWO-THIRDS RULE

IN 1832 a Democratic President decided to have his party's convention (the first it had ever held) renominate him and along with that decision he directed that the nomination of his running mate should be made by vote of two-thirds of the convention delegates.

One hundred and four years later a Democratic President decided to have his party's convention renominate him and along with that action he brought about the abolition of the century-old "two-thirds rule."

The man who originated that distinctively Democratic institution was Andrew Jackson. The man who ended its existence was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Jackson had selected his secretary of state, Martin Van Buren, for the position of vice-president. The senate had only recently rejected Van Buren's appointment as minister to Great Britain and "Old Hickory" thought it would square accounts with that body to have the "Red Fox" preside over it. Also vice-presidents in those days usually succeeded to the Presidency through regular election and Jackson wanted Van Buren to be his successor.

So when his party prepared to hold its first convention in Baltimore in 1832, Jackson wrote out this resolution which he gave to one of his lieutenants to present to the delegates:

"Resolved, That each State shall be entitled, in the nomination of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, to a number of votes equal to the number to which they will be entitled in the Electoral College under the new apportionment in voting for President and Vice-President; and that two-thirds of the whole number of the votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."

The Baltimore convention was as completely dominated by Jackson as the recent Philadelphia meeting was controlled by Roosevelt so the delegates obediently adopted the resolution. During Jackson's lifetime several efforts were made to abolish the rule but all of them failed. After his death it became all but sacred and for the next hundred years the shadow of Andrew Jackson, in the form of this rule, hung over every Democratic convention.

GASTRONOMICAL

ONE of the best ways to win a Presidential campaign is to get a good slogan and din it in the voters' ears. A good slogan appeals to the instincts or to the emotions rather than to the intellect. Combine that fact with the old saying about "the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach" and it's easy to understand certain incidents in political history.

Back in 1840 when the Whigs were trying to elect Gen. William Henry Harrison over Martin Van Buren, the Democratic candidate, they raised the cry of "Van's Policy, Fifty Cents a Day and French Soup; Our Policy, Two Dollars a Day and Roast Beef." Would a hungry voter hesitate long between the two? Of course not!

But there was another gastronomic angle to this campaign. The "singing Whigs" set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" such words as these:

Should good old cider be despised
And ne'er regarded more?
Should plain log cabins be despised
Our fathers built of yore?
For the true old style, my boy!
For the true old style,
Let's take a mug of cider now
For the true old style.

So the thirsty voters who wanted "good old cider" joined with the hungry voters who wanted "roast beef" and together they elected Harrison.

Although the Whigs' slogan in 1840 was the ancestor of the "Full Dinner Pail" of a later era, that expression didn't actually come into use until 1896. In that year the opponents were Democratic Bryan and Republican McKinley. The tariff was the principal issue and the Republicans had various prosperity slogans. But wise old Mark Hanna boiled them all down into the vengeful slogan of the "Full Dinner Pail" and the American laborer who wanted one voted for McKinley and elected him.

Thirty-two years later the Republicans used a variation on the prosperity theme and their promise to the voters of "A car in every garage and a chicken in every pot" helped Herbert Hoover defeat Al Smith in the election of 1928.

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Wood Carving in Black Forest
For hundreds of years the Black Forest people of Germany have carried on their wood carving and homecrafts. They make cuckoo clocks, some entirely of wood, furniture, music boxes and toys. In former days many gems were cut there, and the region was famed for its glass. After the discovery of America, this last industry experienced a great boom, for traders needed great quantities of beads to trade with the Indians.

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and gives the much desired flare to the hem.

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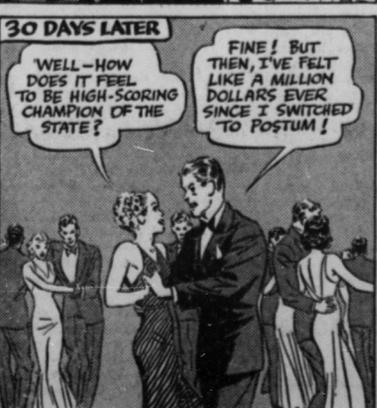
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DEXTER SCORES A VICTORY!



OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you have headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened.

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