

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 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 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, 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 engagements 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.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I've been counting the days and it seems as though I could scarcely wait. The cabin has a big fireplace where we can burn logs on cool nights; it's near enough to town—ten miles—so that our friends can drive out to see us. We'll have suppers for them—play cards—sing—dance to the radio."

"Friends," mused Hugh. "Any special ones?"

"Special?" The reticence of her English blood made her look suddenly shy. "You mean men? Well, there's always someone who—takes an interest."

"And he'll come out?"

"Yes."

"We can't get along very well unless someone takes an interest, can we? If it's too special I'll lose my very good stenographer, however. That would be a calamity—unless—it was essential to your happiness."

"He hasn't enough money," said Miss Ruskin in a low tone. She moved her pad on her knee and lifted her pencil for his dictation.

Hugh turned in his swivel chair and picked up a sheaf of letters. "Just one or two of these should go out today. The others can wait. I know you want to get away early."

"Mr. Marsh," said Miss Ruskin speaking with an effort, "you say we can't get along without someone who takes an interest. I say we can't get along without a vacation. It helps us to look at things differently; we are stronger to take care of our troubles when we come back. You haven't had a vacation. You—you look as if you needed one."

Hugh shook his head. "Just lack of exercise. I'm all right. Too many problems this summer to get away. Starting tonight, I'm walking home—two miles. I'm going to walk night and morning—exercise is all I need."

After she left the room, he remembered that Doc Hiller, whom he had run into at lunch had said the same thing. Doc had asked him what he was doing to himself—burning the candle at both ends? He had gazed at him critically. "You'd better drop in some noon, let me look you over. That old plant will be there after you're dead and gone, my boy. You are killing yourself with overwork."

He took his hat to leave the office. Five o'clock—Saturday afternoon. He would walk home, although he didn't feel like it.

It would be good to have a vacation, play and swim as Miss Ruskin intended doing, but that was out of the question. He had urged Dorrie to go away, visit her sister Beryl, or her mother who had married a dentist in Rochester, go to the seashore. But she had shaken her head. She was contented here. It was no fun at the seashore if he couldn't go along.

Late Saturday afternoon traffic tied up the crossings in a tangle of cars and hurrying pedestrians. The September heat was as oppressive as that of July, and it seemed a long way to his home. When he entered his front door he was grateful for the coolness of the house. He whistled a signal and received an answer from upstairs. He looked at the paper for a few minutes before going up.

Dorrie was dressing when he entered their room, was pinning the shoulder of her yellow dress. She pointed to her cheek and he kissed her there. "My make-up,"

she said smiling. "Hasn't it been ghastly hot? I envied you high up in your cool office."

"It was hot there, too. You're looking unusually devastating. What's the answer? Are we going out?"

"We're going over to Joan's—have you forgotten?" She did not say it with a hint of impatience as she usually did when he forgot; her tone was indulgent. "Had to work late again Saturday afternoon, poor Hugh? Why don't you lie down and nap for a half-hour before your bath? I'll call you in time."

"Bridge?"

"Yes; but one of Joan's good chicken and spaghetti dinners first. You'll like that." She folded the spread of one of the beds with meticulous care, pulled down the sheet invitingly.

He could have slept for hours but he was awakened in a few minutes by Dorrie standing over him saying: "Time to dress, Hugh."

Drowsily he opened his eyes. The late sunlight was glimmering yellow on the ivy which arabesqued the screens. He had to dress and go out to that confounded dinner-play cards.

"Would you like me to lay out your shirt and tie? Put the buttons in your collar?" Dorrie spoke gently. As if she had been in error about something and was tacitly apologizing.

He rose, rubbing his eyes. No apology was needed of course. It was understood between them that Saturday night they should entertain or go somewhere. Perhaps she felt the bridge game was an ordeal. "I'll wear white flannels and a blue coat."

"Then you'll want a white shirt and a blue tie." Dorrie pulled open his drawer.

He felt revived by her sympathy, in better spirits, more alert. Later she seemed to be thinking thoughts apart from him, listening to him and not hearing what he said. Sweet sometimes—sharply critical others.

He took his shower and was dressing when Dorrie said: "Anything happen today down town?"

"Not much. Just the usual."

Then his face brightened. "Yes, it did. I had lunch with Doc Hiller, met him in the grill of the Renshaw House. It was great to see him. I hadn't talked to him for a year. You know Doc and I were just like that," he crossed his fingers, "when we were boys."

"Go on," said Dorrie. "That's not all."

"Not all? Just about. He had some foolishness that I'm not looking well, and wants to see me Monday at his office." He looked at her from the tail of his eye. Should he have said that? Would she be alarmed?

But Dorrie was observing him with faint derision. "Go on with the rest of it."

"What do you mean?"

Hugh, you have no finesse—absolutely none! You were just about to say, "Let's have the Hillers over some night soon. We've never returned the dinner they gave for us,"—now weren't you?"

"I don't think I was," replied Hugh with irritation. "It wouldn't have been any use . . . and they probably wouldn't come if we did ask them. They'd tell us to go hang—they have some pride."

"You're mad," teased Dorrie. "Do get mad often! I like you when you storm like that and get red in the face!"

"Oh—rot!" He pulled his tie undone and retied it, muttering, "We could have been courteous to them at least!"

In silence they finished dressing and in silence they got into the car. Half-way to the Whites, she laid her hand on his knee. "Be nice," she coaxed.

His left brow went up whimsically. "You be nice."

"I will," she promised, and began to chat gayly about the clever way an agent for a coffee concern had wormed his way into the house that morning. "He was just like a phonograph!"

"Treat them kindly, even if you don't buy," he advised Dorrie. "It's the hardest kind of work, and they make scarcely anything."

"I ordered a couple of pounds of his coffee—sent him on his way rejoicing."

Cun greeted them at the door, with a hearty welcome. "The ice is almost melted! I made the mistake of shaking them up too early! . . . Come on, Joan."

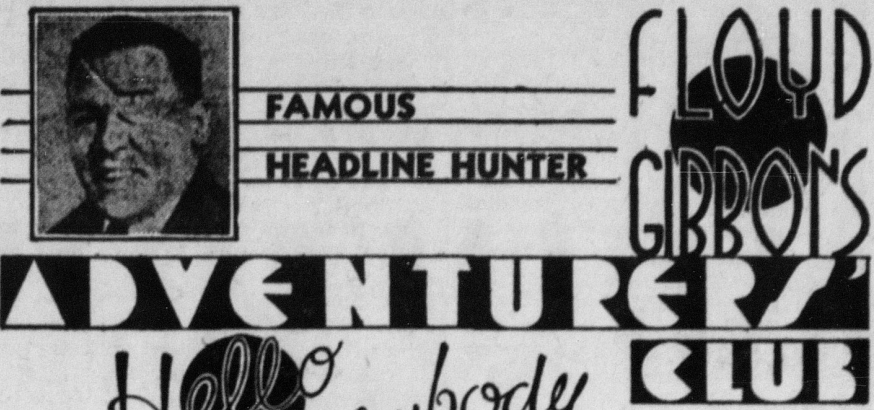
Joan came hurrying in from the kitchen; the open door wafted in an odor of appetizing food. "Are the Marshes dry—or wet?"

"Evening, Joan! Very dry with this blistering heat."

"Well, soak this up," said Cun, refilling Hugh's half-emptied glass. "Dorrie, say when."

Joan's table, with its lace cloth, tall candles and centerpiece of red lavender wild asters, was attractive. She kept no maid, and served everything herself with the aid of a tea wagon. The spaghetti was cooked in Italian style with a highly seasoned pepper and tomato sauce; the spring chickens were browned to a delicate crispness; the endive salad had a dressing made of yolks of eggs and rose-petal vinegar; the dessert was strawberry shortcake.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



FAMOUS

HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

ADVENTURERS CLUB

Hello Everybody

"A Twenty Dollar Bill"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

THERE are some things that money can't buy, but there are lots more things that you can't buy without money. This is the story of the money a man didn't have and how the lack of it almost cost him his life. And it's the story of a twenty dollar bill and how it came to the rescue of Ignatius Craig of Bronx, N. Y.

And when I tell you that Brother Craig produced that twenty smack-note at a time when he didn't have twenty bucks to his name—well—that just makes it all the more puzzling. As a matter of fact, it sounds just plain impossible. But here's the story and you can judge for yourself.

For six years, Ignatius Craig owned and operated a grocery store. And in that grocery store, on a bitter cold night in November, 1932, he had the adventure and the twenty bucks he didn't have.

In Came the Two Hold-up Men.

It was late in the evening. The last customer had left the store, and he was getting ready to close up. He stepped out from behind the counter to lock the door, but before he could reach it, two young men walked in.

One of them stuck a gun in his side and hissed, "Get into the back room—and if you want to live, don't try any funny stuff." And he did as he was told. Then, while one of them held the gun on him, the other took the money out of the cash register.

There was only thirty dollars in the register. The second bandit looked at it and cursed. Says Ignatius Craig: "As a rule during the day I would take the money out of the register and hide it in some part of the store, just in case there was a hold-up. That day I had paid a sixty-dollar grocery bill, so the cash in the register was every cent I had. But the bandits must have known of, or suspected my trick of hiding money."

Gave Him Ten Seconds to Produce.

"The fellow outside now came into the back room. He walked over to me, stuck his gun in my side and said: 'Where is the rest of the



"You Won't Be the First Rat We've Shot"

dough? The other fellow pushed his gun in my stomach. 'We'll give you ten seconds to make up your mind,' he snarled. Then if you don't tell us where the rest of the money is, we'll shoot you like a dog."

"I shall never forget the looks on those thugs' faces. I knew they would make good their threat if I didn't produce more money. But there was no more money in the store. Five seconds ticked by while I stood like a statue, terror-stricken and afraid even to breathe."

"Then the first crook said: 'You won't be the first rat we've shot either. And don't make any false moves or one of these guns might go off before your time is up.' The clock ticked off a few more precious seconds. Still I held my breath. I was in the worst predicament of my life."

Yes—Ignatius Craig was in a spot—and well he knew it. If he could only gain a little time! His voice shook so badly that he could hardly get a word out of his mouth, but he tried as best he could to explain why he had so little money in the store. He even offered to show them the receipted grocery bill he had paid earlier in the day. But all the answer he got was another poke in the ribs from the muzzle of a revolver.

Useless Plea for Mercy.

The terror in his heart was too much for him then, and he broke down completely. "I'm a married man with a wife and kid," he cried. "Please—for God's sake—don't shoot me. I'm telling the truth." And the first bandit growled, "We're not interested in your wife and kid, see. We know you've got money here, and you can produce it or it'll be just too bad."

That sounded like a death knell to the helpless captive. How he prayed that a customer would walk in! These men had murdered in their hearts, and if he didn't produce money he was done for. Yet he knew there wasn't a dollar in the place.

One of the men said, "I'll count up to three. Then if you don't talk, you'll get plugged. The other one said, 'Never mind the counting, Jack. Let's give it to him right now!' And then, suddenly, Ignatius Craig had an idea!

Understand, he knew there was no money in the store. And I know there was no money in that store. Both of us will swear it on a stack of bibles as high as an undertaker's hat. But nevertheless he said, "Wait a minute. I have money. There's a twenty dollar bill hidden under a can of tomatoes on the shelf right back of the cash register."

The Bill Satisfied Them—Then.

One fellow nodded to the other. They marched their captive out of the back room and made him point out the can. One of the men lifted the can, picked up the bill beneath it, glanced at it and put it in his pocket. The thugs pushed him into the back room again, and one of them said: "We ought to shoot him anyway." But the other said, "We've wasted too much time already. Leave him alone and let's get going."

Then they pocketed their guns and walked calmly out of the store, apparently satisfied at getting that extra twenty dollars that Ignatius Craig swears to you—and I swear to you—that he didn't have!

A call to the police brought no results. The two men were never caught. Ignatius Craig sold his business a short while later, because he was afraid those fellows would come back. You see, all those bandits got was the thirty dollars in the register. Craig told the truth when he said he had no more money. The twenty dollar bill under the tomato can was a counterfeit—one that he'd been stuck with and wanted to keep separate from the real money in the cash drawer.

"Bad money," he says, "is usually hard luck to the one that gets it—but not always. I'll swear to this day that my life was saved by a counterfeit twenty dollar bill."

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Giving Happiness

Be cheerful! Which will you do—smile, and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everyone miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face and speak pleasant words. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through all the day when about your business.

Underpaid Writers

Oliver Goldsmith wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," his only novel, to pay his landlady who had threatened his arrest. The novel was sold for \$300 to a bookseller by Dr. Samuel Johnson. Then Goldsmith paid his rent and scolded his landlady. For writing one of the world's best sellers "Black Beauty," the Englishwoman, Anna Sewell, received only \$100. On a straight royalty basis, it would have returned her upward of \$300,000.

Several Standby Designs



SEWING CIRCLE fans

will get a "lift" out of this week's selection of dapper designs for home sewing. It's not a bit too early to be anticipating your first-of-the-year requirements and each frock here presented is a veritable winner in its individual class.

The cleverly cut slip, Pattern 1909, consists of just six simple pieces including the shoulder strap and offers a choice of straps or a built up shoulder. With a combination of bust ease and a fitted waist, this number will prove a popular favorite in silk crepe, crepe de chine, pongee, or taffeta. An excellent gift for an intimate friend, by the way, the pattern is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.

The slick princess frock, Pattern 1993, has everything it takes for success and—you'll hardly believe it, but it's so—requires just seven pieces for the pattern. Princess frocks are always tops for home sewing, and whether for campus, business, or general gab-about wear this clever number, with a choice of long or short sleeves, simply compels admiration and demands immediate attention. The sleeves are gay and youthful, the pockets trig and tricky. Your selection of fabrics is almost as long as the counter!

—wool crepe, flannel, broadcloth, velveteen, silk crepe, satin, taffeta, linen, rough weaves, or cotton. Send today for Pattern 1993 designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yds. of 54 inch or 5 1/2 yds. of 39 inch fabric.

The charming morning frock for matrons, Pattern 1841, speaks for itself. A one-piece model, five pieces to the pattern, it too offers

Castles in the Air

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; there is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

a choice of long or short sleeves and slides through your machine in a jiffy. A perfect number for comfort combined with a pleasing appearance, this delightful pattern is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. Size 36, with short sleeves, requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material—percale, rayon, poplin, gingham, tub silk, or seersucker.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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