

# Bright Star

By  
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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 they 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 Kezzie!"

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.

"It 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 his 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?"

"Um-m-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."

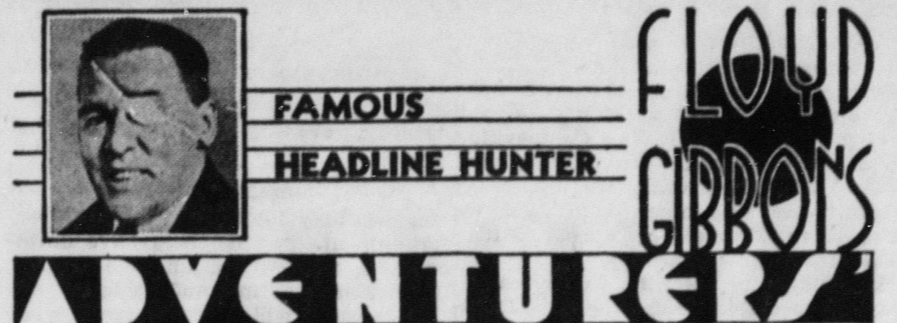
"Good woman, Fluvanna!" blurted Gavin. "Try it." He looked at his watch, and nodding in dismissal to Hugh, rushed for the door.

(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.

The Trocadero  
The Trocadero was a palace on the chailot slope of the right bank in Paris. It was an ugly building, a poor version of the Hispano-Moresque order—an ironic fact, since it was named to commemorate a French victory in Spain. It was built for the Paris exposition of 1879. It was torn down to make way for a new Trocadero.

Alright Is All Wrong  
No such word as "alright" is recognized in modern English usage. For a period during the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries, before the invention of printing, the form "alright" was used to some extent by English writers, but the phrase "all right" had been previously preferred and it has been regarded as the correct form ever since.



## FLOYD GIBBONS FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER ADVENTURERS CLUB

Hello Everybody  
"Business Card"  
By FLOYD GIBBONS

IT WAS just a business card—a square of pasteboard with a Spanish sounding name printed on it. But it gave Nat Schwartz some of the most terrible moments of his life. Nat lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. His business is flying, and here's how he got hold of that card.

On the eighteenth of April, 1935, Nat flew to Cuba on business. Three days later he flew back and landed his plane at Miami, Fla. The next day, while he was going over his ship a man who was out at the field taking flying instruction came up to him and said:

"I hear you were over to Havana with your plane. Did you have any trouble getting in or out of the country?"

Cuba Was Having a Revolution.  
It was a natural enough question, for a revolution was going on in Cuba at the time. Nat discussed the question with his questioner, who said his name was Delgado. When the conversation was ended, Delgado gave Nat his card. Nat stuck it in a pocket with his other papers and forgot about it. But he was to remember it again—not quite a month later.

On May 4, Nat had to fly to Cuba again. He had to go in a hurry this time, so he didn't go through the formality of getting clearance papers. "I thought that if I got caught without them," he says, "I would probably have to pay with a small fine. But little did I know what lay ahead of me then."

Nat landed at Key West and refueled. It was too late to get weather reports, so he had to take a chance on the trip across. His compass and charts showed that he was headed straight for Havana, but when he reached the Cuban Coast he found he had been blown forty-odd miles off his course, and he landed near a town called Hershey. He was running short of gas and thought he'd better land as soon as he had a chance. He saw a likely looking spot, and set the plane down.

"And then," Nat says, "the fun began." His plane had no sooner hit the ground than it was surrounded by RURALES—the Cuban version of our State Police. Nat says he never saw so many rurales together in one place in his life. It looked as if the whole Cuban army had come out to meet him. HE NEVER SAW SO MANY GUNS IN HIS LIFE, either—and most of them seemed to be pointed straight at the little pocket in the left side of his flying jacket.

Thought It Was Gueterras' Plane.  
It seemed as if they were making an awful fuss about one plane landing for lack of gas. Nat had half a notion to give her the gun and



The Guns Were Pointed Straight at His Pocket.

try to take off again. But another look at those guns convinced him that he'd be riddled before the plane could leave the ground. He shut off his motor and gave himself up.

The rurales took Nat to a nearby town and brought him before their commandante. Then Nat began learning things. It didn't look so good for him. A revolutionist by the name of Dr. Antonio Gueterras was located nearby at Matanzas with a flock of his rebels, and the Federal forces were on the watch for him. Gueterras was supposed to have three hundred thousand dollars collected as ransom for a kidnaped landowner and the Federals suspected that he would try to get out of Cuba with the money. They had a hunch he'd try to sneak out on a plane and—well—here was a plane. More than likely it had come to take away Gueterras.

And to top it all, Nat had no papers to show what his business was in Cuba. It might take weeks for him to establish his identity and get him out of that scrape.

But still Nat didn't know the worst of it—didn't know that he might never get out of that scrape alive.

They Found Delgado's Card.  
The Commandante of the Rurales began going through Nat's papers and belongings. And suddenly he came across that business card Delgado had given him. He turned on Nat, his face red with anger. "So," he cried, "you are a rebel—and you came to get Gueterras!"

Says Nat: "You could have blown me down with a feather duster. I didn't know what he was talking about. Until a few minutes ago I wouldn't have known whether Gueterras was a fan dancer or a side dish on a Spanish menu. I insisted I was an American. They wouldn't believe me, for I am dark and look like a Cuban. Besides that, the commandante pointed out that so was Gueterras an American. He was born in Philadelphia."

"I swore I did not know him—that I did NOT come to get him in my plane. But I could have sworn until I was blue in the face for all the good it did me. I was threatened with the fifth degree—told that I would be put through the mill at the Cabannas fortress if I did not talk. And I couldn't say a word, for I was not implicated, and wouldn't have known what to say even if I'd wanted to talk. I did find out, though, why the commandante became so excited at the sight of Delgado's card. Delgado was GUETERRAS' AGENT IN THE UNITED STATES!"

It Looked Very Bad for Nat.  
They put Nat in jail. It looked mighty bad for him. Caught in Cuba without clearance papers. Caught in a neighborhood where a plane was expected to land to smuggle out a rebel whose pockets were full of kidnap money. Found with the card of that same rebel's agent on his person. The United States consul would intervene to save his life. For three days Nat lay in jail with his mind full of visions of the firing squad. They were shooting plenty of people in Cuba in those hectic days. But on the third day, Lady Luck came to the rescue.

On the third day, Gueterras was caught up with and killed. Then the Federals learned that he had a yacht waiting in the harbor to take him to the States—that he wasn't planning to escape by plane at all. No matter how bad the evidence against Nat looked, it just wasn't evidence at all.

They let Nat go, and he lost no time getting back to the United States again. "I never wished Gueterras any bad luck," he says, "but on the other hand I couldn't feel very sad about what happened to him. If they hadn't caught and shot him I wouldn't be sitting here writing this yarn today."

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## Household Questions Items of Interest to the Housewife

Never fasten suspenders below the reinforced hems of stockings. Wash stockings with lukewarm lather and squeeze out gently—they'll ladder if they are wrung.

A pinch of alum added to the water when washing blue or green articles of clothing will prevent the colors from running.

Two or three slices of bacon placed on top of a liver loaf during baking adds to the flavor.

Press woollens the right side up with a woolen pressing cloth. Apply moisture to muslin cloth on top of wool and press with hot iron.

Don't use any kind of artificial heat for drying stockings. Hang by the toes in an airy place to dry and don't fold away damp.

A tablespoonful of vinegar will soften glue that has become hardened in a bottle.

Ice box cookie dough can be packed in pound butter cartons, loaf pans or small bowls, or it can be shaped into rolls 2 inches in diameter and wrapped in waxed paper. The dough should be chilled 24 hours or longer and

then cut into thin slices using a sharp knife dipped frequently in cold water.

The stock left from cooked spinach makes a valuable addition to vegetable soup.

Wash sweaters on a windy day, then put in a pillow case or twine bag and hang out to dry. Shake often until dry. All knit or crocheted articles should be dried in this way if you want them to keep their shape.

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## Here's New Way to Initial Your Linens!



Pattern 5749

Here's an exciting new way to initial linens—with crocheted letters that you can make in varied sizes according to the thread and hook you take. Used as insets in towels, pillow cases, sheets or whatever, they make for a "showy" effect, and may be further enhanced by a bit of flower stitchery. There are enough cut-work motifs to make two pairs of towels or pillow cases or two scarfs. In pattern 5749 you will find directions and charts for a complete alphabet; a transfer pattern of two motifs 5 1/2 by 8 3/4 inches and two motifs 5 1/4 by 6 inches; directions for use of initials; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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