

ALL IS BRIGHT

By ELEANOR BROWNE

Author of "This Time Forever," "Diane Looks at Life," "Highway to Romance," "A Christmas Cruise With Romance in the Wind... Ghosts of Pirates!... Everybody Adventure Bent - And One Girl Finds The Golden Treasure - LOVE."

CHAPTER XXX

Star shook herself mentally. When she saw her own reflection in the mirror she never wanted to see her again. She would have to watch that tender, earnest face of hers. She would have to see him turn and leave her and make no move to hold him back.

Star never wanted anything so much as to talk to you, and you seemed to avoid me. Star—she said to herself. "You don't love me, do you?" she said to herself. "I have to talk to you," she said to herself. "Now!" she said to herself. "Don't say anything more." Her words came in a rush. "I have to tell you something that will make you hate me. Kent, do you know why I came on this cruise?"

"No, I don't know for me that you did come."

"No. She could not look at him now. She had turned away and speak straight into the darkness, she began her sorry little story. "Have you ever heard of a John Kenneth Barrett?"

"No," she said. "John Kenneth Barrett? He's a doctor, isn't he? Someone once mentioned the name to me. He is in the service, too. On the west coast, I believe?"

"I thought you were he."

"But—out why?"

"I came on this trip for revenge," Star told him miserably. "John Kenneth Barrett neglected his father—walked off and left me to die. He had to be killed, and I was ill and dying." Kent did not interrupt, while she told him how she had planned to humiliate her unknown father. "It seemed right when I started," she added in her own defense.

"Humiliate him? What she should have had is a good sock in the nose!" Kent cried warmly.

"No," Star shook his head. "I had no right to act as I did. And I—I hurt you. I'm sorry for that."

"Star!" Kent took a step toward her and then as if recollecting himself, stopped suddenly. Star noticed his action and flushed in the darkness.

"That's the kind of a girl I am," she said, "but I'm not the kind who would go off with Jack Coates. I mean, he only asked me to visit."

"I've known Jack Coates' kind before," Kent said grimly. "No matter how I looked, I knew that you wouldn't have left like that if he'd told you the truth."

They were both silent while they looked out over the water. Star reflected that she hadn't been so hard on her father. And Kent didn't seem to hate her. But he did act reserved, withdrawn, as if he were thinking over to himself the things she had said.

Suddenly she remembered the box she held.

"Well, I guess that's all then," she said with a sigh. "Except to return this to you."

Kent looked down at the little box as she held it out, and took it slowly. He turned it around in his hand before he said: "It isn't much, I know. I just wanted to—to wish you a merry Christmas. And I thought you might like it. But of course you have all the jewels you want."

He grasped her hand and pressed the ring back into them. "Anyway—keep it. You can look at it sometimes and remind yourself that a poor ship's doctor once dared to hope you might wear it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Star said, bewildered. "I haven't any jewels. And you certainly can't be as poor as I am. I don't know if I'll even have a job when I get back."

Kent released her hands only to grasp her shoulders more firmly. "Then your uncle didn't leave you all his money? On darling! Why didn't you say so right away? I've been afraid to tell you how much I love you—how much I want you!"

It seemed to Star that all the Christmas bells she had ever heard were chiming in her heart. With Kent's arms around her, with his ring gleaming in the moonlight as her hand crept up to his cheek, she felt that she had never known what happiness was before this.

The moon had climbed almost overhead before she stirred and said wonderingly: "I can't believe that this is I. When I took this Christmas cruise I thought three weeks would be long enough—"

"Mmm—" Kent interrupted, his lips on the curve of her chin. "Did I ever tell you how adorable you are? Why, you dear little idiot, a lifetime

shoulders blotted out the moon as she looked toward the bow of the ship, almost at the same instant she saw her own face rapidly along the deck.

"Star!"

Star trembled at the new note in his voice and for a second she could not speak at all. Then: "You wanted to see me?" she said in a very small voice.

"I never wanted anything so much as to talk to you, and you seemed to avoid me. Star—she said to herself. "You don't love me, do you?" she said to herself. "I have to talk to you," she said to herself. "Now!" she said to herself. "Don't say anything more." Her words came in a rush. "I have to tell you something that will make you hate me. Kent, do you know why I came on this cruise?"

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Some Were Taken And Others Left

LONDON, Dec. 14.—(CP)—Conscientious Objectors' Tribunals, set up to determine the fate of those men who object to war on principle and "to see that conscience is not made a cloak," have brought out series of tragedies and comedies since the war began.

Applicants are removed from the register of "conchie," ordered to "do their bit" in non-combatant service, or absolved altogether from national service, depending on their individual capacities or the sincerity of their views as determined by the civilian judges.

A "C.O." in London told a tribunal he was a vegetarian, and his "conscience revolted against the killing of man or beast." His father testified they had a "deuce of a time at home over this vegetarian business—his mother and I are meat-eaters." The last an electrician, was registered for non-combatant duties.

A draughtsman whose mother still suffered from the effects of air raids in the First Great War was signed for non-combatant service when he declared before a court "war is man-made, and killing a sin."

A Cambridge applicant, an economic student, said he was seeking a solution to "the problems which will face us when this war finishes." "Good luck," said the chairman. "I hope you find the solution." The student was registered "unconditionally." He won't have to serve.

Another undergraduate, a musician, declared his objections extended to providing entertainment for the troops with his music.

He was registered on condition he continue his studies along that line.

Rather than war and bloodshed a South of England objector would welcome "the absence of freedom and the imprisonment and torture of people without trial" which the tribunal's chairman presented as an alternative to war against despotism. He was absolved from active service on condition he retain his occupation as a calligram sorter.

A Manchester applicant's father and two uncles were killed in the last war and his mother "had struggled to give him a start in life." He asked to be exempted on humanitarian grounds. His request was refused and his name struck from the roll of objectors. He was told the tribunal was not entitled to grant him exemption because his family had suffered loss. He will have to join up.

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ASTHMA BRONCHITIS
AND TOUGH, HANG-ON COUGHS DUE TO COLDS
YIELD FASTER TO
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

OUT-OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



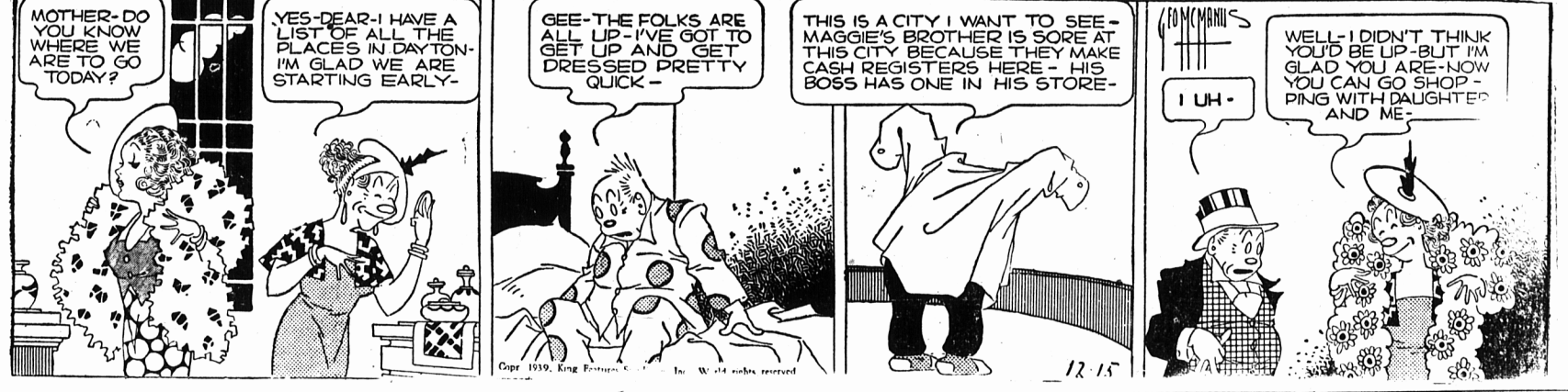
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

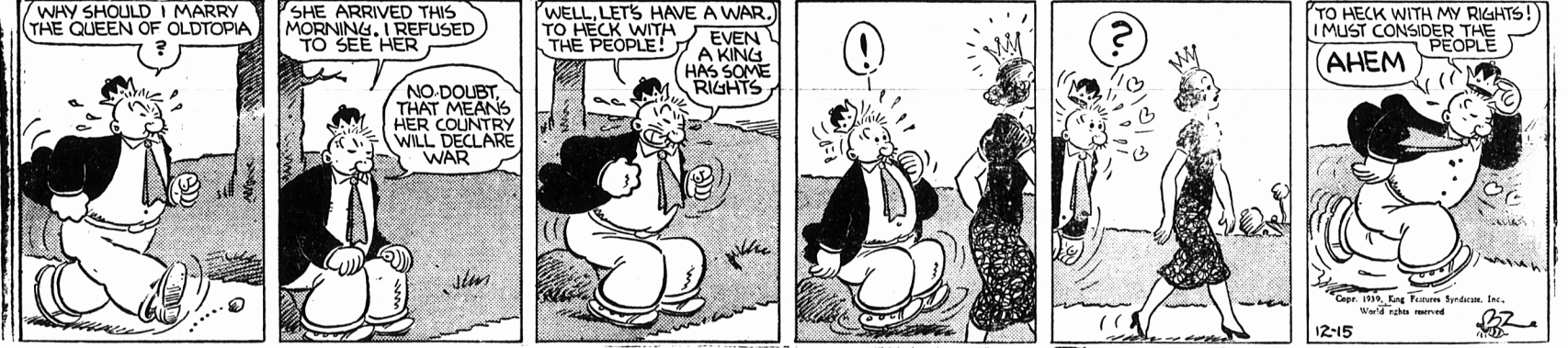


BRING UP FATHER

By George McManus

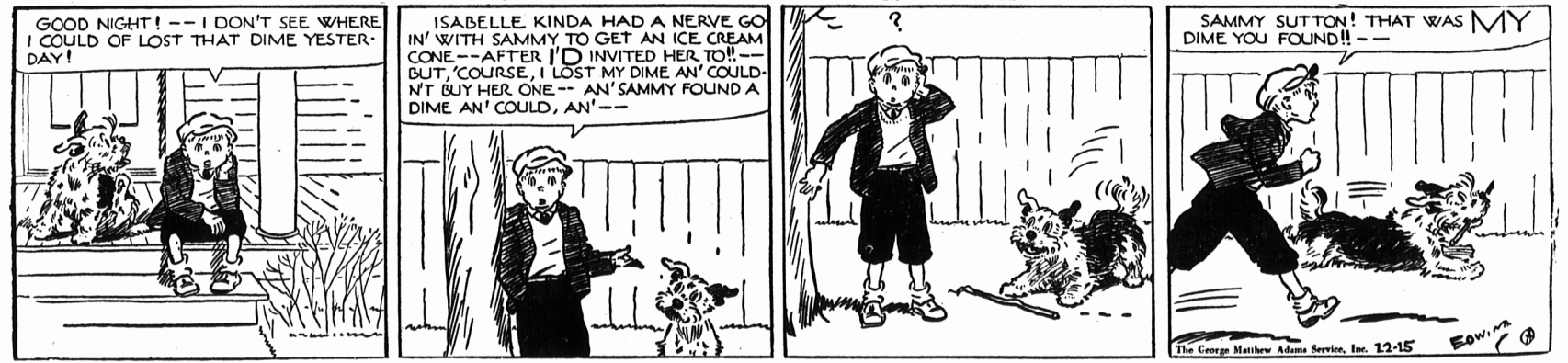


Thimble Theatre — Starring POPEYE



TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin



TILLIE THE TOILER — PROOF OF THE PUDDING

By Westover



★

Roger Kent, sent to the Mediterranean to recover his employer's yacht, is persuaded to undertake a mission which leads where? Romance or tragedy?

See THE GUARDIAN'S LATEST SERIAL PRISONER IN MAJORCA By BENTLEY RIDGE Begins Saturday