

THE LITTLE GOLD RING

By COSMO HAMILTON

HAREWOOD was startled by a sudden urgent voice. "Is anyone awake? If so, will he or she be good enough to speak to me at once?" There was something in the peremptory voice of the man below which, although perfectly polite, suggested the right to disturb people, however late the hour.

He was standing on the border of bricks that divided a bed of geraniums from the path. His profile was clear-cut against the sky and there was something in it which stirred the memory of an offensive incident in Harewood's retentive mind.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"My wife and I are driving to Dover—or trying to, rather. Trouble all the way. We've now come to an abrupt full stop at the bottom of your lane. I saw a light in your window and so I've stumbled up to ask you to help us if you will."

"I'll come down," said Harewood. "Only too glad, of course."

He made his way down the narrow winding staircase to the flagstone sitting room. "Come in."

"George Lamberhurst's my name. What a charming place."

He shot a glance at the man whose sleep he had ruined and whose face was in the light.

"My God," he said to himself, turning away quickly to hide an uneasy flush. "Clive Harewood! . . . If he remembers me we shall spend the night in the car."

Harewood's examination of his uninvited guest had failed to open the chapter to which he seemed to belong.

Before, during and after the war he had met dozens of similar men and yet he felt pretty certain that there was something not altogether to the credit of this one in a mental pigeon-hole. "Where's your wife?" he asked.

Relieved and not a little astonished at having been forgotten, the confidence of Captain Lamberhurst came back to him.

"Sitting in the car. Have you a lantern of sorts? I nearly broke my neck coming up your jolly old steps."

Harewood led the way down the hill.

The car, as dead as mutton, was in the middle of the lane, and there, leaning against its rear-side door with a cigarette in her mouth was a most attractive girl, very young.

"My wife," said Lamberhurst.

He added after a brief hesitation, "You forgot to tell me your name."

"Harewood, Clive. Major R. F. A."

He was glad that his dressing gown was a smart one. He had never seen a more attractive girl.

A clear voice, round and warm. "How-do-you-do? You must be cursing us. I am afraid it's frightfully late."

"The major has been kind enough to open his cottage for us, if you'll carry your dressing case, Diana, I'll take mine, and our host, if he doesn't mind, can bring up your small trunk."

"Thanks a thousand times."

She took the lantern and flashed it coolly at Harewood. What she saw she liked. She liked the cottage, too, and said so, both to herself and to its owner as soon as he arrived.

When Harewood put down the suitcase he noticed that the initials on it were not D. L. but D. B.

"Honeymoon probably," he said to himself. "No time yet to have acquired married luggage. Lucky fellow this."

He was therefore much surprised when the young bride drew away from her husband's affectionate touch with a cutting expression of scorn.

"Will you have something to eat?" he asked. "I'm a wizard at scrambled eggs. Or would you prefer to go straight to your room?"

"Don't bother about food," she said gratefully, "and I'm far too wide awake to attempt to sleep tonight. I'll sit here and read one of your books."

"That's absurd," said Lamberhurst. "May I explore your house, Harewood, or will you lead the way?"

Appearing to accept the unspoken suggestion that argument was barred Mrs. Lamberhurst took a cigarette from a silver box and tapped it expertly on the nail of her thumb.

Harewood picked up the cases and put his foot on the stairs.

He said, "Bring a candle, will you?" but stopped when he heard the two quick questions which were asked by his visitors.

"Diana, what's the idea?"

"Did I never tell you how much I detest a liar?"

"I must wait until you come," said Harewood, reminding them of his presence on the stairs.

And as Lamberhurst followed immediately he proceeded on his way. He was astonished and curious. The look of disgust in the eye of that girl seemed to be an amazing one to use on a honeymoon. "And where on earth," he asked himself, "have I seen this man before?"

The spare room was charming. Lamberhurst put the dressing case, with an air of complete satisfaction, on the four-poster bed.

"I'll unpack for my wife," he said with a smile, and opened the case,

"Good idea," said Harewood and returned to the sitting room. He found the girl with her back to the fireplace. It made a queer frame for such a youthful figure.

She might have been married for years, so unruffled and cool she was. She asked a most curious question with a perfectly steady look. "Is there a key in that bedroom door?"

"Yes," he said, "why do you ask?"

"I like a door with a key. . . . Are you a relation of the Major Harewood who commanded a battery near Villars Cotteret and was cut off during the great retreat in March? He picked up my young brother who was badly wounded and brought him safely in."

"Then the B I saw on your luggage stands for Banbury," he said.

"What I heard about you from my brother made me like you very much. How-do-you-do once more?"

She laughed and held out her hand. It was a frank and trustful gesture which pleased him very much.

"I thought I liked you in the light of the lantern. And now I know that I do. Small place the world."

"And the odd part of it is that I seem to know Lamberhurst, too."

"I thought I did," she answered.

"But I don't as it turns out."

Which added another block to the picture puzzle that he was trying hard to build. He felt bound to let her hand go. It belonged to another man.

"All in order," said Lamberhurst. "Toodle up to bed." He watched her wave her hand as she mounted the creaking stairs. But it was with an expression of great anger that he heard the key turn in the lock of the spare room door.

He had been locked out, he knew. And as he bent forward over the embers of the fire his profile was outlined against the flicker of the logs.

Dugout! A pall with holes in it in which wet sticks were burning in the rain. That frightful night in March. . . . No wonder the memory of an offensive incident had stirred in Harewood's mind.

"You never delivered that chat," he said. "Four of my officers and half my men might still have been alive, if you attempt to go upstairs," he added, "I'll let this act be known. Diana's a friend of mine. She is under my protection. I don't know why but it's quite obvious that I'm to protect her from you."

Lamberhurst said nothing. There was nothing that he could say. He had played the coward that night and had saved his own skin.

He picked up his cap and his suitcase, went out and disappeared.

No nearer to a solution of this puzzle, Harewood gave it up. He took the thought that Diana was even more charming than he had imagined her to be in his dreams.

He found her as fresh as paint in the morning in the sitting room.

She received him with a wave of the hand and a rather mischievous smile. "I heard him go," she said, "and there is not the slightest chance of his ever coming back."

"And I hope that it won't be until Monday—I'd love you to stay for the week-end—that you'll join your husband," he said.

"He is not my husband," she answered.

"I've been saving that little surprise. You gasp, and I knew that you would. You see, I'm a full-blown modernist. I look upon marriage as a stuffed Victorian canary under a dusty enclosure of glass. All the same, of course, I'm human and so I fall in love. I imagined that I was in love with George—it was my first great breakaway—but he passed me off as his wife to you and so ruined the thing at the start. I detest a liar. And so this is where it ends."

Harewood was appalled and angry but he knew that ridicule was better than indignation with children of that age.

He said, "There's a dangerous streak of lunacy about the modern girl. You and the rest of you don't know it—what do you know?—but what you call your modernism is hopelessly out of date. You and your gang, my dear Diana, haven't been watching the water which has gone under the bridges of late. The most modern modernist, as a matter of fact, of whom I happen to be one, has discovered that the little gold ring has become the fashion with what you'll be amazed to hear, is love."

Whereupon he left her sitting bolt upright and hoped that she felt a fool. He hoped that during the whole of that day and the next one she would think the episode over and emerge with a grain of sense.

And when on Monday morning he took her to her father's London house optimism was still with him. And there was something else.

"What are you doing next Friday afternoon?"

"I thought of hiring a car and breaking down in your lane."

He said, "God bless your sense of humor."

"God bless yours," she said.

And that's really the beginning of the thing.

The Picture "September Morn'"

The picture, "September Morn,'" was painted by Paul Chaban of Paris. The same model was used for this picture as was used for a similar painting entitled "Twilight." The latter did not prove popular, but "September Morn'" became exceedingly popular in the edition of the print published by Art company of Elizabeth, N. J. The picture was painted prior to 1910.

Colors of the old Goddy prints, such as old pinks, cocoa brown and violet, are seen in some of the new evening gowns.

Novelty Is the Word for Velvets

By cherie nicholas



PLAIDED, striped, ribbed, lusterful or lusterless, thin and supple as chiffon or stiff with elegance or mayhap with glint of gold and silver running through its weave—how will you have your velvets, ladies? For in this day and age you can get any types of velvet, from most informal to most formal, according to your needs and tastes. Which is why the world of fashion has taken to donning velvet most any hour of the day.

However, it is not about formal velvets that we are going to talk in these few paragraphs for we are so intrigued with the plaided and checked and striped velvets which designers are working up into stunning and practical daytime clothes we would like to tell you about them. These swagger new novelty velvets are simply irresistible. And to prove our statement we are illustrating here with a group of charming velvet fashions just turned out by leading Paris couturiers.

The bow-trimmed dress of checked velvet, shown at the top to the left in the picture, bears the stamp of the house of Mainbocher. It is the type which style-knowing women are choosing to wear when the urge comes to sound a note of coming spring in their "first" gown of the new year. Special comment should be made in regard to the bow-tie fastenings down the front of the blouse. Not only are self-fabric ties a dressmaking theme for the newer costumes, but jabot effects also are being widely featured.

The coat-and-dress ensemble, to the right in the group, will probably start its career at some fashionable resort this winter, but it will be sure to carry on into the spring when its wearer returns to the north. The dress is

black with white and black checked velvet for the coat and the trimming on the bodice—a likable wrap to wear with other frocks, too!

For the pretty afternoon dress, centered in the foreground, LeLung uses brown velvet plaided with a beige pin-stripe. Bias contrasted with a straight cut of the velvet adds a most pleasing designful touch.

For a blouse with your black or dark brown, green or wine-shade velvet tailored suit you will find a brief little affair of gay-striped velvet wonderfully effective. We have made a wee sketch of a late model of this description just to show you how cleverly they are styled with fancy buttons and cunning scarf effects at the neckline.

It is not only that blouses of plaid or stripe velvet, as the case may be, are glorifying daytime tailleurs, for just as striking are all sorts of accessory items which are made of velvets in gorgeous plaids and stripes as well as in exotic monotoxes.

In this category belong such interesting items as hat-and-scarf sets, usually with gloves to match. If not the entire glove of novelty or plain velvet then at least the wide flaring cuff is of velvet. If you wish to carry the ensemble idea to beyond this a belt and handbag of the same velvet is often added.

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SHOES IMPORTANT WARDROBE ITEMS

Here is a little style dissertation we shall go into feet first, shoes being as important as any item in the entire wardrobe.

Rauol makes a sort of sandal pump in brown kid and black patent leather. There is a swirly movement with the patent leather in quarter-finish stripes from the instep of the shoe at the vamp, to the outer side between the instep and the toe. Half moons are cut around the side and through these a narrow strip of leather is laced in and out twice. The rest of the shoe is perfectly plain brown kid for the heels which is in black patent.

Greco has a new cut-out oxford in navy blue kid that has no systematic reasoning for its motif. In the front there are two leaf-like holes fastened together with a metal pin about an eighth of an inch long and a sixteenth wide. From this is extended and finally applied to the toe of the shoe an unevenly cut strip of leather in the shape of the letter L.

Loveliest of Footwear is Fashioned of Gold Kid

Nobody seems to be talking anything but gold these days—and as was to be expected, fashion follows right through with economics. We have gold sequin trimmings for evening gowns, gold lame collars for afternoon dresses, and gold kid mules for wear when there's a spare hour to relax at home. Some of the loveliest footwear in the lounging footwear departments this season is done in gold kid, and it reaches the height of luxury when it is trimmed with silver kid bands and linings. There are also interesting colored kid boudoir slippers to match or contrast with different negligees.

These little metal kid D'Orsays or mules are being shown by the shops this season in the most tailored styles or fashions dressy enough to suit the fluffiest taste.

Old New Colors

Colors of the old Goddy prints, such as old pinks, cocoa brown and violet, are seen in some of the new evening gowns.

"MUDDY" PASTELS



If you are studying up on the color question here is a tip for the future. "Muddy" pastels are being shown in cruise clothes in midseason collections. It is also predicted that they will be very important for the late spring and coming summer months. With the dress of rather dark yellow crepe here pictured, a large white picture hat, white gloves and effective white kid sandals are worn. Which is good news, for most every one likes sandals and when made of perfectly finished kid they are not only delightfully comfortable but they carry an air about them which stands for refreshment and high style.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I made one good resolve today—
Just food will win the war 'tis said
So I've resolved that all this year I'll feed my dog on whole wheat bread.



ONE-SIDED

She—Mr. Clumsey doesn't dance evenly.
He—How so?
She—He dances mostly on your left foot.



ON THE CHIN

Wife—What are you laughing at now, you poor simp?
Hubby—I was just thinking how marriage, in comparison, makes the rest of one's troubles look like a funny joke.



THIS WAY OUT

"There's one thing about me, when asked to sing, I don't say I can't, I just go ahead."
"I see, and let the company find it out for themselves."



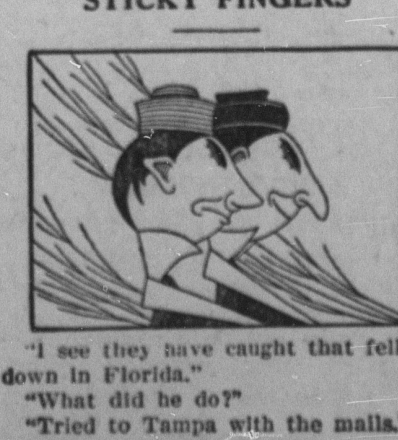
IT MUST BE

First Youngster—Is golf a better game than football?
Second Youngster—It must be. You are allowed to play it on Sundays.



COULDN'T TAKE IT

"Wot wuz de matter wid you an yer pa last night?"
"Why, I ast 'im how ter spell hipopotamus, an' he thought hard fer a minute an' then got mad an' licked me fer botherin' 'im."



STICKY FINGERS

"I see they have caught that fellow down in Florida."
"What did he do?"
"Tried to Tampa with the mails."

HOW GODDESS OF LUCK SMILED ON HARRY JOHNSON

Ocean Island is well named. It is a speck of land about four miles round in the Pacific ocean. Yet it might have been named Eldorado or Bonanza or Golconda, or any other name associated with fabulous riches, because it is probably the richest piece of land in the world.

At one time it was a calling-place for South sea whalers, and one of these casual visitors took away with him a piece of the rock of which the island mainly consists and submitted it to the manager of a New Zealand guano firm which had an office in Sydney. The manager thought little of it, and used it to prop open his office door.

Presently a man named Harry Johnson, an expert in phosphates and other fertilizers, called, and, being attracted by the appearance of the manager's door-stopper, obtained leave to take it away and subject it to tests. These proved that the stone was almost pure phosphate of lime.

Johnson kept his own council, but, having learned from the manager that the stone had come from Ocean Island, he went there. He found the island composed of it! Here was incalculable wealth if only it could be exploited, yet Johnson had great difficulty in financing his project.

But the reward was only delayed. There is an almost boundless supply of phosphate of lime, and it is the most powerful fertilizer known. It is used also for match-making and other manufacturing processes.

Today about 2,000 colored laborers, under about 50 white overseers, work the phosphate and ship it to all parts of the world. The total value of the product in sight or eventually available is estimated at \$400,000,000.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Query

Does the devil wear horseshoes? You know he has hoofs.

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