

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann
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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Fluvanna gasped as revelation came. "Kezzie! . . . Not Jerry?"
"I suppose we couldn't keep it much longer. You'd have heard. In fact I'm surprised Lizzie hasn't been over already, ranting to you!"
Fluvanna shook her head, gave a hopeless sound in her throat. "Don't you realize what you've done? It's not Lizzie—it's Ellen! The poor child had confided in me all spring. She was in love for the first time in her life! . . . Oh, Kezzie—Kezzie!"
Kezia drew her mother's hands down from her face, which she had covered. Her voice was light and winning. "Sweetest darling Mother, you'll allow him to come to the house? . . . You said you would! And you'll be nice to him when he comes?"
Fluvanna thought, "Was she really thinking of marrying him?"
"Yes, he may come to the house. There must be no more secret meetings."

CHAPTER IX

As the weeks wore by Hugh experienced the disintegrating effects of split emotions. Try as he would he could not reconcile the situation into ease of mind. It was like a broken dish which had been unskillfully mended. You saw at once the ugly dark line where it had been joined together. Grudgingly he admitted that Dorrie seemed to be making an effort to efface her conduct; she was conciliatory, consulted his wishes in a new way. This last was disconcerting for it continually reminded him of the reason. She had been wont to demand, not to appeal. She did not try to get another maid when Tillie left, studied a cook book, and had new dishes for dinner. She carefully recounted where she had been each day, as if to reassure him.
He had a new wife—but at what price?—he told himself. Although his longing for her did not cease, became more powerful as he became more aware of it, it was a hideous thing, humiliating him because he was helpless before it. He was often short and curt with her, then to make up for it, was carefully polite.
One day he went into a new restaurant for lunch. The owner had achieved the synthetic atmosphere of a Moorish inn, stone floors, rude fireplaces, and jugs before a drinking fountain in the wall. The place was dimly lighted and it was not until he had ordered that he saw Ellen Pendleton eating luncheon with Ronny Wakes. They occupied a red leather wall seat just opposite him.
Ellen was talking animatedly to Ronny, her frequent laughter a little feverish in its gaiety. Preoccupied with his own affairs, he had seen and heard nothing of Ellen for some time, and when Ronny left the table to telephone, Hugh crossed over.
"Hello, stranger. I haven't seen you all summer."
"It has been a long time."
Hugh fumbled. "Everything going well?" he inquired after a pause.
"Everything."
"I must be getting back to the office. By the way, you're with Ronny. How come?"
Ellen's lashes swept her cheeks, then she raised her eyes unflinchingly. "I suppose because he asked me."
"I'm squelched! But I thought—I was given to understand—that your interest lay in another direction. That soulful young chap, Jerry."
He saw an odd thing. A quiver of pain, so sentient, so defenseless, crossed her face that he thought she was going to faint. Then she was controlled; she even smiled.
"Haven't you heard? His interest lies in another direction."
"I haven't heard a thing," he replied frowning. "Mind if I say he has rotten taste?"
She laughed on a low note. "Loyal as ever! . . . But—people change."
"Yes—they do," said Hugh slowly. His own predicament made him more alive to the remote suffering in her eyes. "Call on me if there's anything . . ."
Ellen shook her head firmly. "Thanks—there's nothing."
Ronny came back from the telephone with apologies. Hugh spoke to him and then took his departure. He found himself wishing he did not have to go back to the office; the work had gone flat to him and he found himself struggling to concentrate on the simplest problems. When he hung up his hat, Miss Ruskin passed with a paper in her hand. "Mr. Sloan wants to see you, Mr. Marsh."
He went into the office of the president. Sloan was telephoning but he nodded him to a chair. "Marsh," he began briskly when he hung up the receiver, "how would you like to take a vacation?"
Hugh felt a faint perspiration break out on his forehead. "You mean you're not satisfied with my work?"
Sloan gave a short laugh. "Look in the glass, my boy. You've been off color for a month. Run away for a week or so, play golf, keep out in the open air, forget the business. You're heading for something—an illness, I would say—if you don't snap out of it."
The thought clicked in Hugh's brain that twice lately he had heard of men sent on vacations by thoughtful companies, men who in a few days received a wire that their services would no longer be needed. "I'm all right," he answered brusquely. "I feel better working."
His superior played with his fountain pen. "Something bothering you?" he inquired.
Hugh did not answer.
"Financial?"
"No."
"No."
"No."

such news. Death shouldn't be heralded months in advance. It's an individual—matter." She smiled a little.
So her son and daughters only heard that the fainting attack was brought on by exhaustion and the hot weather. There was some talk of a trip and a change of climate, but this Fluvanna vetoed and the matter was dropped.

New Stiff Silks That "Stand Alone"

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WITH the midwinter social season upon us and festivities at southern resorts going at high tempo, smart women everywhere are preoccupied with new evening gowns to add glamour to time, place and the occasion. Greater formality than in years is the rule, and women are playing up to this edict by wearing gowns of rare beauty and richness.
One may belong to either of two schools of fashion—that which favors heavy stiff heirloomlike silks with a regal air or the type which favors diaphanous sheer silks that float about one enchantingly as one dances or promenades in the great concourse of fashion.
Stiff silk satins such as slipper satin or duchess satin are lovely choices for dramatic gowns. The "delicious" colors of these glorified satins are simply entrancing—make you think of moonlit rays that go glimmering over rippling waves, or icy blues that crown snow-capped mountains or the lovely tints of the rainbow as it enhances summer skies.
To be style-correct these stately satins should be fashioned along graceful princess lines with quaint artfully gored skirts that sweep into widened hemlines. See the model to the left in the illustration. It is a frock of Edwardian period influence done in ice-blue satin with the new shirred bosom styling. The puffed sleeves and princess lines achieve a charming youthful silhouette. The diamond sunburst worn

suggests an heirloom that accords harmoniously with the type of silk used for the gown—a silk so grand and stiff it, as was the boast in grandma's time, would "stand alone."
Some of the newest silk satins are studded with gold or silver sequins or rhinestones. To the right in the picture stands a modern Juliet gown in gardenia white satin, all-over starred with gold paillettes with halter neck of matching paillette banding. Accessory highspots include a Juliet cap and a handbag done in gold paillettes, together with an exquisite white ermine coat.
Warp printed silk taffetas have new looking patterns such as colorful bow-knots in vivid hues on white or green. Centered in the group a modern Jenny Lind greets us in a rustling silk taffeta frock warp-printed with red bow-knots. With it this lovely lady wears pale pink kid gloves embroidered in gold and pearls. The new and fashionable gloves featured this season are veritable works of art. There are pearls at the throat of this fair lady and she wears a superb pearl bracelet.
Other charming versions of the princess dinner and dance gown are done in stiff Lyons velvets with puffed sleeves and buttons all the way down the front. Rich silk damasks are also fashioned in princess lines made square-necked, in puff-sleeve styles which look like Edwardian ladies come back to life.
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FUR AND FEATHERS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



For high-style this midwinter season let your hat be either fur-trimmed or feather-trimmed. The model at the top is a stunning fez turban of black felt and Persian lamb designed to complement a fur-trimmed cloth costume or a fur coat or cape. Smart vogue calls for fur trimmed millinery. With the coronation in sight ostrich feathers are enjoying increasing popularity. A lovely British film star wears the delightful hat shown in the picture. It is an exquisite black felt with twin ostrich feather plumes in two shades of rose. Another cunning new style for young girls that takes on an ostrich trim is the little felt shape that is somewhat a Juliet type, being a shallow round skull cap. This is worn far back on the head with two wee ostrich tips posed perkily at the front.

BLACK SHEERS FOR DAY AND EVENING

For daytime sheer black woollens are smartly in fashion, and for evening the vogue for black nets and chiffons is everywhere apparent. Just now fringe trimming is important on the afternoon black sheer. The narrow fringe, placed row and row, forms cunning short cap-like sleeves with accents of fringe elsewhere on the bodice or at sash ends, or that which is tremendously chic—outlining the skirt hemline.
In the early showings the new daytime black sheers are feminized with the daintiest of white lingerie details in form of frilly jabots, and novel cuffs and becoming collars and bib effects.
The party-frock nets in black are made up in full-skirted styles with just yards and yards floating about.
Mustard Yellow and Beige Favored Colors for Spring
Look for these colors in the new spring fashions. In fact the vogue is on at this very moment for these flattering and very new-looking colors.
Best dressed women are favoring tweeds in beige and gowns of light-weight woollens in beige or golden hues are the "last word" for mid-season, worn under the not-yet discarded coats, in the daytime.
For evening simply styled frocks of "old gold" satin are very pleasing. Some of the newer brocades are also in this color.

Peasant Jewelry
Carved in brilliant peasant reds, greens, yellows, and blues, minute Tyrolean figures are set in a red and white catalin frame a fourth of an inch thick. The pins and clips are one-and-a-half inches square.
Alphabet on Blouses
Letters of the alphabet are spilled all over the fine cashmere blouses that are worn with winter street suits. The letters are usually in bright colors over a dull background.



A Few Little Smiles

MIMICRY NO SUCCESS
A man who prides himself on his powers of mimicry is always keen on adding to his repertoire. His latest is an imitation of the buzzing of a bee, London Tit-Bits says.
After practicing assiduously in private, the day arrived when he considered it sufficiently realistic to try on his wife.
Standing quietly in the hall, he began the buzzing noise and, gradually opening the diningroom door, gave full vent to the imitation.
"Lifelike, dear, what?" he hazarded, smilingly.
"Pooh!" his wife answered. "I don't think that's much like a cow."

GOOD PROPOSITION



"Couldn't we form a stock company and sell lots on this ocean front?"
"I should say so—and look at the water we could put in the stock?"

A Suggestion
She woke up in the early hours of the morning and nudged her sleeping husband.
"Wilfred," she said in a hoarse whisper, "Wilfred, wake up! There's a mouse in the bedroom!"
Hubby unwillingly sat up. "Well, what about it?" he groaned.
"I can hear it squeaking," she said fearfully.
"Well, d'you want me to get out and oil it or something?" he snapped.

Hubby Was Spared
A motorist was giving a woman lessons in driving.
"The hand lever," he said, "brakes the rear wheels only, and the floor pedal brakes all four. Is that clear?"
"Myes," replied the woman, doubtfully, "but I'd rather not have any of them broken."

Obstinate Husband
"And what's your new husband like, dear?"
"Oh, simply too obstinate for words, darling. You wouldn't believe the job I have to convince him that I'm always right!"—Smith's Weekly.

Or Begin Praying
Skipper—Is there any man in this crew who can't swim?
Bosun's Mate—Just one, sir, the carpenter's mate.
Skipper—This ship's going down. If he's really a carpenter he'd better start building himself a boat!

THE PROBLEM



Mrs. A.—How beautiful they dance together.
Mrs. B.—Yes, I wonder whose husband her partner is?
In Sea Terms
"Good morning, parson. Haven't seen you lately."
"No, captain, I've been busy. Only this morning I married three couples in 15 minutes."
"Smart going, parson! That's 10 knots an hour!"—Outspan.
True, All Right
Motorist—I've had it a whole year and I haven't paid a cent for repairs or upkeep on my car since I bought it.
Friend—Yes, so the man at the service station tells me.—Exchange.

Old-Fashioned
Sweet Young Thing—My boy friend has cold feet.
Fond Auntie—Shame on you, young lady. In my day we didn't find out those things until we were married.

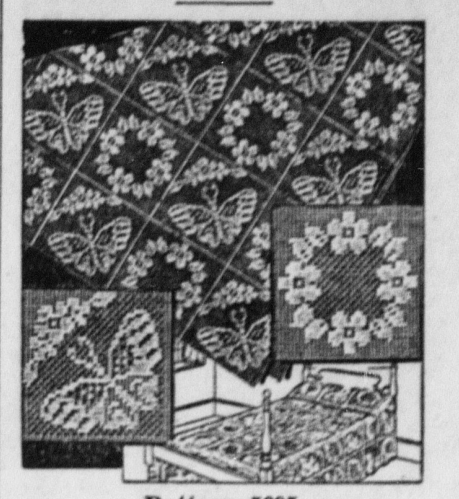
No Spare Parts
"Please, ma'am," begged the beggar timidly, "I've lost my left leg—"
"Well," snapped the woman, slamming the door. "I'm sure it isn't here!"

An Antique
Guide — This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced.
Visitor — Um, they must have the same landlord we have.

"Up here, Dorrie." She sat down suddenly in a chair, overcome with weakness.
"I brought you a cake I made myself," said Dorrie.
"How delicious that will be! You're so thoughtful, Dorrie." Dorrie was a good child.
"I haven't had a maid lately. I've been doing everything myself." Dorrie seemed to seek approval.
"Did Tillie get another place?"
"She had to go home because her mother was sick. I wanted to do it . . . thought I'd feel better."
Fluvanna bit her lip with the sudden pain, closed her eyes. After a moment she heard Dorrie's voice, sounding as if it were far-off, "You look so strange."
She did not answer. Then seeing Dorrie's eyes fixed on her in a kind of fright, Fluvanna answered with an effort: "Don't mind me. I'm terribly upset and worried."
"You know about it?" asked Dorrie, a little sharply.
Fluvanna nodded. Dorrie must have heard about Kezia and Jerry too. That was the reason for this visit, the cake was an offering of sympathy. "It's all so sad—so cruel." She sighed.
Something leaped in Dorrie's face; something rebellious and unkind. "Hugh told you! He said he hadn't!"
"No, not Hugh. I just heard it today. I suspected something—things puzzled me. I asked Kezia. It took her a long time, but finally she told me."
Dorrie's lip curled. "Kezia!"
Why did Dorrie speak in that tone? Why did she stare at her with such a hostile gaze? Suddenly the pain in Fluvanna's chest gripped her; her heart began to beat with quick hammer-like strokes. Faster and faster until the pain seemed to be bursting her lungs. The room revolved swiftly like a whirling black disk with a circle of light at the center. The circle of light became smaller and smaller until the blackness blotted it out altogether. She knew nothing more.
Later she became conscious of Dr. Carey holding her wrist, his finger on her pulse. His face was grave.
"I must have fainted," she murmured.
"You must have indeed."
A day or so later he said, "You'll have to face it, Fluvanna; that heart of yours is a leaky old organ. With care it might see you through some little time—a year, two—three. And then again . . ."
She listened to him with no feeling of shock. Had not some inner presentiment told her that it would not be long? "And then again—?"
"Three months—six months."
"I won't burden my children with

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lacy Squares Form a Spread or Scarf



Pattern 5695
In this pattern filet crochet, that favorite of the modern needlewoman, is adapted to two lovely squares—handsome used together—effective each used alone in cloth, bedspread or scarf. The lace stitch sets off the design in each square. String is the material used and you'll be delighted with the result. You can also use mercerized cotton to make the squares a smaller size. In pattern 5695 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches needed; material requirements.
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.



Crullers
1 cupful of sugar
2 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls of cream
1 cupful of sweet milk
¼ teaspoonful of nutmeg
½ heaping teaspoonful of baking powder
Flour enough to make the dough stiff enough to roll. Cut out and fry in deep fat.
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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets made of May Apple are effective in removing accumulated body waste.—Adv.
Power in Truth
There is nothing so powerful as truth; and often nothing so strange.—Daniel Webster.

DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD

1. Keep your head clear
2. Protect your throat
3. Help build up YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE
LUDEN'S DO ALL THREE

Shadows of the Mind
The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us.—Longfellow.

Less Monthly Discomfort
Many women, who formerly suffered from a weak, run-down condition as a result of poor assimilation of food, say they benefited by taking CARDUI, a special medicine for women. They found it helped to increase the appetite and improve digestion, thereby bringing them more strength from their food.
Naturally there is less discomfort at monthly periods when the system has been strengthened and the various functions restored and regulated.
CARDUI, praised by thousands of women, is well worth trying. Of course, if not benefited, consult a physician.



AFTER YOU EAT?
After you finish a meal can you be sure of regular, successful elimination? Get rid of waste material that causes gas, acidity, headaches. Take Milnesia Waifers for quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.

