

★
Bright Star
By
Mary Schumann
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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Sloan relaxed. "My advice is to get out of town for a few days. Get a new perspective on your worries, whatever they are. We see things in proportion after a change of scene." He nodded at him kindly. "I can spare you next week." He turned it over in his mind as he walked home. Probably Sloan was right and new scenes might be a help, might ease the burden.

The radio was chanting with a plangent sonority. "I got those Decatur Street bloo-ooes!" when he came in. Dorrie, near it, a newspaper in her lap, was gazing out the window. She started at his entrance, rose, dropping the paper. "Oh, Hugh," she said in soft surprise.

"Didn't you expect me yet?"
"Of course—five-thirty. But I hadn't realized it was so late." She put her hand absently to her hair, patted it back.

"Hughie, I haven't any dinner ready. I've run out of ideas about food. And see—I burned my hand this morning."

"I'm sorry."
"On the toaster. I touched it when I put it away—had left the current on. It started so I had to bandage it. Will you be very nice and take me out to dinner?"

"I have my moments!" He endeavored to speak lightly.
"You're sweet." She smiled into his eyes.

Release flooded his heart, tingled through his veins. "Where shall it be? The club?"

"Most anywhere. They say that tea room near the bridge has a special dinner."

He wanted her to sit down, wanted to tell her about the vacation, but she slid out of his arms with a feline grace. "I'll make myself beautiful," she murmured, starting for the stairs.

As he stood heavily where she left him, her haste to get away closed down on him.

Presently he picked up the paper, sat down by the window. His eye traveled over the headlines—the orders received by the steel mills which would put several hundred more men to work, the dying out of the last epidemic in infantile paralysis, the suicide of a prominent banker, the President's latest speech. On the third page a small item caught his roving eye: Joan Whitney, 120 Mimosa street, vs. Cunningham Whitney, 120 Mimosa street, on the grounds of mental cruelty. They were married April 6, 1924, and have no children.

Ellen, half-hidden in a big chair, clutched the magazine she was reading and braced herself, for her mother had come into the room.

She settled herself in a chair opposite Ellen. "What are you reading?"

"The Modern Arts Magazine."
"Lizzie's lips thinned disapprovingly."

"It's harmless, isn't it?" demanded Ellen with sudden spirit.
"I suppose you have to have something to occupy your mind."

It was hard to concentrate with Mother staring at her, and she read it only because she hoped Lizzie would go away if she saw her absorbed.

"How he could treat you that way—the cad! My blood boils when I think about it!"

Ellen threw the magazine down. Some more bloodless surgery was to be attempted—cutting—dissecting—probing! And there was no anesthetic to deaden you to the pain of the knife held by maternal hands. "It's exactly what you wanted," she said in a low voice.

"You didn't approve of him."
"I was very nice to him—very!"

"And if he likes Kezia better, he has a right to change his mind. Let's not discuss it any more."

"Ellen, you never give me your confidence," complained Lizzie. "You always keep me at arm's length."

Ellen was silent for a moment, then she leaned forward pleadingly. "Mother, couldn't I . . . please don't say 'no' right away . . . couldn't I take that last year of art school this fall? I know it is October, but I'd only be a few weeks late. I could make it up. They go abroad in December. Please talk it over with Father! . . . I'm very unhappy here . . . please let me go away!"

Lizzie straightened herself regally. "Now we've been all over that before. No daughter of mine can go around studying naked statues in France and Italy with a troop of dissolute students."

"They're not dissolute."
"I don't care how well you are chaperoned, or how famous your instructors are—I won't hear of it."

Perhaps some summer you can go with me to Europe. Your father will never leave long enough to take me, so we'll go together! Just be patient."

"But it's not the same. I want the instruction in the class. I want to graduate from Pearson school."
"But why in the world do you want another year? You can't seriously mean to be an artist?"

"Why not?"
"An artist?" Lizzie's voice whined like a saxophone off key. "With all your father's money! Such nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense, Mother. It's seeing things further than anyone else sees, expressing things that others feel dimly . . . it's something too tremendous to put into words."

The silver voice ran off Lizzie like rain off water-proof. She reached up and swatted a fly on the curtain. "I'm sure you paint very pretty pictures now," she said flatly.

Ellen knew her cause was lost. She wondered dreadingly if Lizzie had ever been in love—not liking, not acceptance, but had known this lovely terrifying thing she felt for Jerry. She couldn't have—or she would remember.

CHAPTER X

On Monday morning Hugh departed on a week's hunting trip with Doc Hiller and two of Doc's friends, both of whom Hugh had met on several previous occasions. Hugh sat beside Doc who drove; Rappaport and Akin were in the rear, together with duffle bags, grips and gun-cases, and Rap's English setter, Laddie. Two restless setters were boxed on the trunk rack in the rear. Toward noon they had covered a hundred and fifty miles and were approaching the hunting preserve; Doc became more and more enthusiastic.

"This little burg is Tunketstown. A mile from here we turn off on the roughest road you ever saw—narrow as the gate to heaven, and second gear most of the way! Three miles of that before we come to the lake and you see the lodge."

They were driving through country where rising hills were gayly flying the last banners of autumn. They had the colors of a Paisley

shawl, infinite shades of yellow, rose, scarlet, green and mauve.

"At the next curve you'll see it," said Doc. He had cast aside his professional manner and was a boy out on a lark. Hugh Marsh was unexpectedly with him. He had met Hugh in an elevator a few days ago, said to him: "I'm going on a hunting trip Monday, bird hunting, ruffed grouse. Going up in northern Pennsylvania where our club has twenty-two hundred acres." An impulse had made him speak of it suddenly that way.

Hugh's eyes had kindled. He had laid his hand on his arm. "Take me along, Doc! I'm no hunter, but I need to get away. Couldn't I go as a guest? Pay my share?"

"Go?" He had almost choked. Hugh—go? The darned old idiot! No one he would rather have with him! "Sure you can go!" he had answered. And they had gone into Hugh's office and talked over the equipment he would need.

Doc Hiller had explained about this club to which he had belonged for three years and suggested that Hugh join it. The dues were only fifty dollars; the comfortable lodge house could take care of twenty men; they had dammed the stream and stocked the lake for trout fishing; in November the members went for grouse and quail, and in December for deer and black bear. It was a hunter's paradise! The air was like wine; the fellows were a good sort—no game hogs. They had a colored cook who could cook like nobody's business. Hugh would be so tired he would sleep like a baby, eat well, and forget he ever had a steel plant to worry over!

Hugh had drawn his hand across his eyes with a tired gesture. "Just the thing—just what I want."

Doc shut his teeth grimly. He knew what was eating the old boy. He had guessed it before the hints came.

"Here we are," he sang out. (TO BE CONTINUED)



"It's Exactly What You Wanted," She Said.

Printed Lace and Other New Prints

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SEEMS as if every type of material ever known has gone into print. The latest entrant into the printed realm is lace. Printed laces are the big news in the lacy story for the coming season. Granted that prints for resort wear and for spring are more lovely each year, but never have they risen to greater heights of glamor than when colorfully printed on sheer Chantilly lace which brings the pattern out color-gloriously.

The evening gown in the picture is fashioned of printed Chantilly lace, the patterning done in green and shades of yellow and orange. Black ribbons make the shoulder straps and belt of this handsome gown. And if you want to wear printed lace in daytime let it be a blouse of printed lace worn with your new spring bolero suit—a word to the wise is sufficient.

The advance arrival of new prints would indicate that the vogue for the spring and summer of 1937 promises to exceed all previous records. In the new showings silk prints fairly hold one spellbound with their daring, their unusualness and their artful art both as to color and design. The same may be said of the grand and glorious linens, also pique prints whose spectacular fling at color is simply breathtaking.

See the youthful contrast jacket-and-skirt costume centered in the group illustrated. An ensemble like this is an especially smart cruise fashion for deck-pacing or for going ashore at points enroute. It is fashioned of cloque pique combining print and plain. The fabric is one of the new pre-shrunk cottons so ideal to wear in warm climates where frequent tubbing is necessary.

The fact that prints are going strong in sunny resort and among cruise-faring fashionables in no way

implies that midseason stay-at-homes are being left printless. On the contrary the prints that are peeping from beneath winter coats are as refreshing a sight as could possibly greet winter-weary eyes. The colors are entrancing and the patternings are unmistakably "new." The fact that the motifs are widely spaced makes for an absolutely "different" look. As a tonic that acts instantaneously we recommend a frock forthwith and sans delay made of one of the radiantly colorful new prints.

An interesting characteristic of early arriving modes is that the emphasis is placed on the smartness and novelty of the print which fashions the dress rather than on its making. In fact the new print frocks are styled most simply the more to show off to advantage the beauty of their material which thrills with unique designs and dramatic colorings.

The print fashioning the daytime gown shown in the foreground of the group illustrated makes color-play its big feature. Green and red on a brown ground is the color scheme. The belt is of brown suede. The large jeweled clasp (huge ones are worn this season) at the neckline further emphasizes the idea of striking color.

Speaking of the new spring prints in general they are newest looking when the florals are large and distinctive and set far apart. Just now it is the dark grounds that appeal, that which is ultra chic, the background in a vivid color. Paisley patterns and bold stripes are especially smart.

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BEIGE LACE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Beige is high fashion again as in fact are all shades that suggest cinnamon and yellowish and delicate brownish tints. These colors are especially effective in lace and have the added advantage of practicality and wearability. The stunning lace dress pictured is tailored of beige lace. It has a nicety of detail that is recognized at a glance. The full skirt lends itself to movement and is most graceful on the dance floor. This is a grand type for the winter cruise and for packing up for a southern resort vacation as well as for the "little" evenings in town.

LACE HEADDRESSES SMART FOR SPRING

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Fashion has always decreed that you shall be smart—and this year that you shall be pretty as well. This combination is entirely possible when you have seen yourself in the all-lace hats which are becoming more and more popular for dining out and the theater. One, a Schiaparelli model, is helmet like, with a conic crown. The lace is fixed on wire and gives the Spanish touch, which of course is the thing this season.

If you prefer to get your Spanish effect in another way, don't forget the mantilla. It can do wonders towards conveying that air of mystery and romance. And you can make it yourself, fashioning it in your own way. Some are made of squares of Chantilly; others have lace borders around net. We noted particularly one of plain net, with a wide border of lace. They are, incidentally, equally attractive when worn as scarves or shawls, and even folded in a triangle and tied ascot-fashion in front.

Black and White Popular for Formal Evening Wear

Black and white have established themselves as the height of formality for evening wear. Used together, they are always the more effective. Seen recently in one of the best New York fashion ateliers was a formal gown of white lace, pailletted all over with rhinestones, and over it was worn a charming, hiplength jacket of black net. Fitted snugly at the waistline, and with straight sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder, it flared out in a full peplum below the waist.

The black net jacket suggested itself as an admirable light wrap to be worn with all evening dresses.

Going to the Party?



WHERE is the party? At Mrs. Smith's on Walnut street and it looks awfully much as though the principals were caught by the candid camera. Luckily, however, they're perfectly groomed for their parts:

Introducing Janet.

Janet in her jumper (Pattern 1996) is asking Mother which glassware to use. Her plaid blouse in taffeta makes her feel very dressed up. Mother chose this style because the many possibilities for change make it a wardrobe rather than a dress and she knew it would be easy-to-make. Your own little girl may have this same ensemble in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for the jumper and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse.

Mother, the Hostess.

Mother is the perfect hostess, calm and assured, because she knows her all-occasion frock with its sprightly crisp apron (Pattern 1220) is becoming and appropriate. For house wear she made up this model in print. She is wearing here the crepe version and knows that it will be delightful for later on in cool black and white. It comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. The dress and apron in size 38 require 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The apron alone requires 1 1/2 yards.

And the Guest.

The guest just arriving is wearing her trigest Sew-Your-Own! She likes it because the puffed shoulders and swing skirt make her hips look smaller. The collar is young and the sleeves stylish. This frock is especially chic in silk crepe alpaca or one of the lovely new prints. For your own daytime distinction, then, why not make up Pattern 1205? It is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20

(32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. One ball of yarn required for trimming as pictured.

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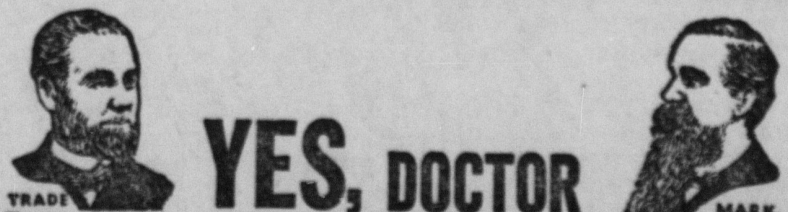
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