

# BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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## CHAPTER VI—Continued

Hugh stood still. He was conscious of something different in Joan. An unwilling response tingled through him. "Shall I crack the ice now?" he asked calmly.

Sunday Joan was standing close beside him, dangerously close. "Hugh."

He laughed nervously. "What's got into you, Jonny?" He kissed her lightly on the cheek; his arm went around her with a little squeeze. Then he pushed her away.

She came back with the swift light movement of a bird. Her smoky eyes burned with tenderness. "Would I be so hard to love?"

"Of course not."  
"Then why—?"  
"Lots of reasons, Jonny. You know them as well as I do. Be a good girl—step back to the table. Dish out the crackers—do something."

She stood still and very close to him. She said in a small distinct voice, "There are no good reasons."

He stared at her. A hollow something beat in his brain like the blow of a mallet. One . . . two . . . three . . . crack. One . . . two . . . three . . . crack. One . . . two . . . three . . . crack. He wet his lips and was suddenly conscious of the taste of brass in his mouth.

"Explain."  
"Don't you know?"

He turned his heavy gaze on her. "I don't know—" He paused stupidly.

She went to the kitchen cupboard, and with trembling hands began to set out some glasses.

He followed her, seized her arm. "What do you mean? You'll have to tell me."

She fell back from him. "No, I won't tell you."  
His eyes held hers and in their shining fearful depths, he read the destroying truth.

He pushed open the swinging door to the hall. The soft chenille rug gave no sound of his footsteps. He felt as if he were a soldier going to meet a destined bullet. The lights were dim in the living-room; the card table was vacated. He stood in the door for a moment, then went back very quietly.

He leaned up against the wall of the kitchen. His face was swept with agony.

It burned like acid, and it froze like ice. He had seen it with his own eyes. If someone had told him, he would have explained it away to meet the desirous need of his soul to believe in her. But he had seen it—Dorrie and Cun were lovers.

Joan looked at him compassionately. "Poor Hugh," she murmured.

It came upon him in black waves that this knowledge was the thing he had been fleeing from. He had turned his face away; denied the possibility to his soul. A secret voice had whispered that her coldness had a reason . . . He had refused to listen.

Finally he said in a croaking, foggy voice, "You knew it that night at Freeland Farms."

"When I cried? Yes, I was so sorry for us both. I hoped when he was working, things would be different—"

"How long?"  
"I don't know. It must have started early last winter—January, perhaps. I wasn't sure who it was until that week—the day or two before Freeland's. But I thought you must know by this time . . . they're so very . . . they don't care any more."

She had known about it, yet had been able to entertain them—at Cun's insistence, probably—come to their house, act a part . . . "living for the day." Her courage was beyond him. He took out his handkerchief to wipe his dripping forehead. His hand trembled. He slumped into a kitchen chair. A groan escaped him.

Joan poured something in a glass. "Here, drink this. It will do you good. You're so white."

He lifted it to his lips and the odor of the liquor sent a violent and uncontrollable nausea shuddering through him. He rose and plunged toward the back door. "Sick, Joan . . . sick . . . going out."

In a few minutes she heard his car drive away.

## CHAPTER VII

Hugh fumbled through the fog to the street and climbed into his car. He drove automatically, stopped at through streets, shifted gears, rolled into his own driveway and garage. He shut off the engine, sat humped over the wheel, his head on his arms. If death would come now . . . suddenly . . . end this chaotic desolation! The agony was more terrific than any physical pain.

He went into the house, dragged two suitcases from a closet. He reeled as he deposited them on the bedroom floor. He sat down on the bed, shaking with weakness. Presently he got up, opened a drawer of the chiffonier, lifted a pile of shirts.

A car stopped in front of the house; he heard light footsteps on

the porch. Dorrie came running up the stairs.

Her hair was blown a little; her blue scarf trailed over one shoulder. "I must say that was a queer thing to do—go off without saying a word," she said, angry excitement in her eyes. "What was the matter?" Her voice had a raw edge, unlike her usual tone.

When he did not answer, she went to the dresser and picked up a comb, ran it through her hair. "Even if you were sick—Joan said you were—why did you go off with the car? How do you suppose I felt before Joan?"

She was thinking he was the same person as before dinner—going to carry it off as if she were the offended one. Now—even now. That was what she had been doing right along, making him feel at fault, because she was so horribly at fault herself. He was beginning to understand. Everything that had puzzled him . . . And the understanding poisoned his soul.

She must have seen his white face in the mirror for she turned suddenly. She saw the suitcases, the open drawers, the expression on his face. Arrested, she scarcely breathed as she stared at him. Comprehension blanched her face. "What—does this mean?"

When he did not speak, she said in quivering low voice, "Hugh?"

She caught the dresser behind her with both hands. Her tone curled and lashed. Presently she said, "You were spying on us!"

He gave a laugh that was like a sob. "Do you call it that?"

"Well, now you know, what of it?" she flung out. "What of it? . . . Am I any worse than a hundred women you can name?"

A hundred women. She was implying there was no such thing as virtue—fidelity. All their friends in the same treacherous business. Filmy defense.

"And you—what about you?" She was smiling scornfully. "You can't make me believe you're as lily white as you're painted! . . . What about that stenographer you've had so long? . . . And you and Joan getting clubby? . . . And that Ellen Pendleton whom you kiss each time you see her at your mother's? And—"

"You're lying, and you know it." She looked sullen. She began again, heaping blame upon him. "Even if you haven't met anyone you care for, I should think you'd be understanding and sorry for me if I have! . . . Do you think we could help it? Don't you suppose we struggled against it? Tried not to see each other, hoping we'd get over it? . . . And didn't I try to make you leave this town? But you wouldn't go!"

"So you care for him," Hugh repeated dully.

Her long green eyes looked at him with cruelty and contempt. She threw back her head with a little gesture, and the words came out with a passionate ringing stress: "Care for him? . . . I love him—love him!"

A sword ran through him . . . two swords—with the agonizing knife thrust of her repeated words. She loved Cun—not him. Love. The word was hideous.

He put his arm weakly across his eyes. "Please—no more—just now."

But Dorrie was not finished. She went on in a tangential torrent of reproach. "I'm sick of all your relatives and thousand cousins telling me what a prize I've won in you, their fair-haired boy!—as if I were nothing! And you've humiliated me—yes, you have! . . . It's your fault—yours only! I meant to be a good wife to you—intended to be—but all you think of is that old business! . . . You never understood—"

"Shut up!" he thundered suddenly. A vein was livid across his temple.

She stared at him. Then threw herself into a chair and began to cry, long, tearing sobs that set his raw nerves quivering.

Grimly he emptied the drawers, throwing things to the floor, then crowding them into the cases. He snapped them shut, lifted them and started out.

She flew to the door, barred it with her outspread arms. "Hugh—don't go."

"Stand away," he ordered impatiently.

"Not tonight. Hugh—don't go. Tomorrow . . ."

"I'm going."  
He looked at her with set face. "There is no place for me in this house—haven't you told me?"

"I said wild things . . ."

"That have been in your mind. Waiting to be said."

"I didn't realize—"

"You talk about understanding—well, I didn't. I thought of you as something special, rare, and enchanting. My life revolved around you—you knew it—I told you. I never saw you as you really are—common, vulgar and selfish. When you said things that disturbed me, I thought it was caprice. I worked hard to make more money to give it to you, because I loved you. No one could have made me believe this thing if I hadn't seen you in his arms, seen your filthy caresses . . ."

He choked, turned his head aside. "Now let me go!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Beguiling Silk Sheers This Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



YARDS and yards and yards of entrancing silk sheers will go floating and billowing through the evening mode this summer. Airy-fairy, vaporous, frothy and transparent tulle, nets, organzas, chiffons, marisettes, mousseline de soies and other as filmy fabrics have an importance this season such as they have not achieved in years.

The vast yardage that goes into the making of the new romantic full-skirted dance frocks is almost unbelievable. Certain Paris dressmakers are using as much as forty yards for a single gown—the type (slim bodice and voluminous skirt over stiff petticoats) that "us moderns" regarded as belonging to quaint century-past scenes, but scarcely expected to see revived in our own day and generation. Yet here they are dancing before your very eyes into the current style picture.

The skirts of these picturesque gowns vary, from floor-touching to the very new ballerino type. Nothing in the way of a dance frock so startled the world of fashion this season as the appearance of the waltz frock which Schiaparelli brought forth. Now that we are getting used to the idea, this soubrette silhouette which caused such a sensation at the openings is developing into a big vogue among the younger dancing set. The frock centered in the group illustrated plays up the new favorite. It is made of white mousseline de soie exquisitely detailed with tiny tufts on the waist and wee buttons that fasten at the back.

Some of the more informal waltz frocks are often of printed silk with perhaps shirred fullness at the waistline like a girdle or with flaring pleats in the peasant skirt. The bodice is neat and slim at the waist

with demure square neckline in front and cunning short puff sleeves. Not that all party dresses are full skirted, but the fragile sheers and gay silk prints certainly do make up beautifully in full-skirted versions.

The gown to the right and to the left in the picture demonstrates the effectiveness of sheer material for the evening mode. The lovely summery redingote model shows up the exquisiteness of transparent materials to a nicety. It is designed of two tones of chiffon—green over yellow, with ties at the neckline and back waistline. A brown orchid corsage adds the final accent to an artful color study.

If there is one type of dress that is running away with the honors more so than the redingote styles it is the bolero costume. Not only are the bolero and the bolero important daytime features but they are just as significant throughout the evening mode. Here, to the left in the picture, is a lovely bolero dress for summer night, moonlight dancing under the stars. White silk marisette is the chosen medium for this pretty ensemble. Large floral appliques on the bolero and the skirt add color glory to the scene.

Silk sheers featured for evening gowns are also suggested in dark colors, the latest being bold and glamorous plaid transparencies or stripes if you prefer. Triple sheers are also shown in luscious plain colors or in exotic prints. Some of the silk marisettes are flock-dotted or embroidered.

Clever and ornate trimmings that accent the width of swirling hemlines include bands of contrasting colors, full stiff ruchings, borders of delicate lace, sprays of natural looking flowers positioned effectively, also scalloped or picotéd edges.

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## COSTUME ACCENTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It's a daisy, she is a daisy—getting our pronouns somewhat confused—but perhaps it would be better to study this picture of a modish young miss and figure it out for yourself. The soft white petals with fluffy yellow gold centers of the most American of flowers, form the crown of a charming hat by Jean King. A rough natural straw braid of circular weave is the brim, and the hat is worn tilted slightly over one eye. A Victorian scroll monocraft pin beautifully wrought in gold, tines to the glinting gold highlights in the straw of the hat as it clasps a sweetly feminine jabot made of the daintiest of dainty val edging. The secret that the young woman pictured would tell you is that carefully selected flattering accessories play a big part in the fine art of dress.

## Colorful Corset

The color contagion has spread to corsets and there is a youthful corsetette available in all the better stores which may be ordered dyed in any one of a dozen colors to match your evening gown or your new suit.

## GRADUATES SHOULD THINK OF GLOVES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Gloves have always been a mark of sophistication. If this year's crop of sweet girl graduates realized that, there would be a rush for the glove counter. Most of the time, we are so concerned over the big items, like the dress, that we forget about the things that go-with, those little tell-tale touches.

Most schools require a simple, youthful white dress. The majority of these are the short-sleeved, garden-party variety. In the prep and high schools, they are almost informal evening dresses. Such formality with no gloves? Your hands will look much prettier when accepting your diploma if they are well gloved in snow-white glove kid. There is such a variety of little short formal gloves in the shops that you should have fun choosing the pair that particularly suits your dress.

And don't forget gloves for the spring frocks. It's not so much the basic costume as the finishing that makes a well-dressed woman. Gloves are indispensable to even the most divine evening dress. Nude hands are fast fading out of the picture. You must look feminine and romantic these days. And don't you feel a lot more dressed up when you wear gloves? You can indulge your taste for long ones or very short ones as both are correct.

## Smart Coats

The fitted, slightly flared coat is ace-high in chic and will be seen in numbers. Redingotes are a fashion favorite. Short coats have come to town, too, pruned from last year's full swag lines to a straighter box cut.

## Overalls Go Wading

Summer overalls have cuffs that can be turned up for wading in the surf. The newest adaptation of last year's popular fashion barely reaches the knee, and is very baggy. The characteristic overall straps remain the same.

# AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

**Cooking Rhubarb**—Rhubarb is disliked by some people because of its acidity. But this can be considerably reduced if the fruit is covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then strained before being stewed in the ordinary way. This method is only recommended to anybody who dislikes ordinary stewed rhubarb, as the healthful salts are lost when the fruit is cooked twice.

**Brightening Piano Keys**—Discolored piano keys can be brightened by rubbing with a soft cloth dampened with alcohol.

**Tinting Milk**—When small children refuse to drink their daily milk requirements, try tinting the milk with vegetable coloring.

**Custard Sauce**—One and one-half cups scalded milk, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, yolks of two eggs. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding gradually the hot milk. Cook in double boiler till mixture thickens, chill and flavor.

**Storing Tea and Coffee**—Home supplies of tea and coffee will keep their flavor longer if stored in stone jars.

**Cleaning Rubber Rollers**—The rubber wringers on washing machines can be kept clean by washing with kerosene.

**Boiling Sirup**—If the saucepan is well buttered around the top sirup that is being boiled in it will not boil over the top of the pan.

**Cabbage Cooked with Milk**—Two cups milk, six cups shredded cabbage, one-third cup milk or cream, two tablespoons melted butter, two tablespoons flour, half teaspoon salt. Heat milk and cook cabbage in it two minutes. Add

milk or cream, flour blended with butter and salt. Cook for three or four minutes, stirring constantly.

**Keeping Flowers Fresh**—A couple tablespoons of sulfurous (not sulphuric) acid added to each pint of water encourages buds of cut flowers to continue growing and leaves and stems remain greener.

**For Blacking Stoves**—An old shoe polish dauber is an excellent tool for blacking stoves.  
WNU Service.

## Charm of Yester-Year in Crochet

There's the charm of Grandmother's time in this lacy panel-inset, a luxurious bit of dress-up for your "best" bedspread! In string it measures 24 by 35 inches, but goes quickly, for the background is in lace stitch. It would also be effective as a door panel.



Pattern 5790.

The stunning panel running lengthwise of the bolster may also serve as a scarf. Crochet this beautiful design of humble, durable string or in finer cotton for smaller panels. In pattern 5790 you will find detailed instructions and charts for making the panels shown; illustrations of the panel and of the stitches used; 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. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

## Science and the Home

EAST, West, home's the best. And our enjoyment of home life certainly owes a lot to modern science. Consider our modern comforts. The radio which entertains us, the newspaper which keeps us informed. . . the modern household appliances, and the first aids and home remedies standing by in our medicine cabinets to help us in minor emergencies. All are achievements of modern scientific research brought to us by our local merchants.

## A Moral Success

The highest needs must have most care, and the lower needs the least care, and we must so train ourselves that hunger for the ideal things shall chasten and subdue every worldly hunger, fulfill the true ideal of men and women, and make life a moral success and not a moral failure.—John Hunter.

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