

# BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

Copyright by Macrae Smith Co.  
WNU Service

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

The afternoon over, she was dizzy with remorse and told herself she was a weak, voluptuous woman—like her mother. She wouldn't see him again.

But she did. It became imperative for her to see him. Frightened, she sent for him to exact his promise to be discreet. It was very easy to allow Cun to take her in his arms while he vowed his discretion.

Sometimes she had moods of self-loathing when she met some new evidence of Hugh's affection, or of his mother's confidence in her. Finally these ceased altogether. There were no more struggles to attain the shore; she was swept along by a deep and dangerous current. The stolen love stimulated her whole being, and life was only a frantic waiting until the next meeting could be arranged with some degree of safety.

Her feeling for Hugh progressed through several phases, apology and pity at first, then resentment that he should possess her personality, and finally hatred, where she magnified trifles, seized on each variance of opinion and attitude to bolster up her own position. She had come to the point where she felt it would be a kind of pleasure to have Hugh know. She had often wanted to tell him—watch his smug assurance that he could fill her life, fall away!

The Sunday morning after her declaration to him, she awoke late. The chromium-framed little clock pointed to ten. She looked over sleepily. The bed beside her had not been occupied. Then she remembered and sat up abruptly. Last night?

Joan and Hugh had been in the kitchen. It hadn't seemed long at the time, but perhaps it was a half hour. She and Cun sitting on the love seat at the far end of the dimly lighted room, drugged by caresses, whispering, had been rather oblivious. They were confident that at the sound of returning voices or footsteps they could rise and casually survey a book, a picture. Then Hugh's car had started and he had driven past the windows on the drive.

Cun got up and went out to the kitchen. He came back with his forehead knitted. "Hugh was sick, Joan says. He must have gone home. . . . Funny, wasn't it? I wonder . . ."

"What?"

"Could he have looked in the window? No . . . the blinds are down."

"Where is Joan?"

"Out there, sitting in a chair."

"Do you think—?" She felt guilty and uncomfortable.

Then Joan had come in. Hugh had suddenly complained of feeling sick, had gone out the back door. Cun could drive Dorrie over if she felt she must go.

On the way home, Cun, who had recovered his spirits, reassured her. Hugh was too stupid to suspect anything. Honestly, it made him laugh the way she led that fellow around! . . . And probably he hadn't gone home—just to a drug store for some medicine. Why worry? Nothing to worry about. At the worst, she could fix up a story, make him swallow it. He had been with Joan a half a dozen times when she had been uneasy, questioned him. A smart girl, Joan—but glib.

He'd call her on Monday at the same time. Hugh there—or other company—say "wrong number" and he'd try later.

She rose and putting on slippers and a negligee, ascertained that he was not in the house. His car was gone from the garage.

Her fingers trembled as she dialed Cun's number. She hoped Joan would not answer. In a few seconds she heard Cun's cheerful voice, "Hello."

"Cun, I must see you at once."

He hesitated, then said, "I don't hear you very well."

"Come over. I must see you."

He hesitated again before he replied, "I'm not in the market for a bargain in a car. I expect to run my bus until next spring at least . . . I might drop around and look it over, however . . . This year's model and only gone two thousand miles? . . . I'll see you a little later."

He came in less than half an hour. He was freshly shaved, looked carefree, florid and anticipatory. He smiled as he entered the door. "Not here?"

"No, no one is."

He flung his hat on the hall seat and with his arm around her drew her into the living-room.

She faced him determinedly. "Cun, Hugh knows. He saw us last night."

"The deuce he did!"

"He was packing his bags when I got home. I got him to stay the night, but he was gone before I awakened this morning."

really know anything . . . You can handle him all right. But it means we'll have to be more careful in the future."

Dorrie felt a nervous doubt of Cun assail her. "But he does know. I told him."

He stared at her unbelieving. "My God, Dorrie, you told him?"

She answered a little sullenly, "I lost my head. I suppose I was tired of all this pretending."

"What was the need of it? This is awkward. Do you realize what the consequences may be? Hugh's not a bad fellow. I might like him if he weren't married to you! And there's Joan—and the town—and my company." He seemed positively edgy and there was a queer, critical curve to his lip.

She turned away. "You don't love me!"

He drew her back to him, his eyes still troubled. "I'm out of my head about you, you know it, you dear golden-haired Circe! But just the same—"

"Just the same—what?" Dorrie insisted tautly.

"You've got us into a sweet mess when it wasn't necessary. I'm awfully fond of Joan, as I've often told you; I've outgrown her—kid marriage. But there are—complications. Alimony—you know Joan hasn't a cent. And I'm not making a princely salary."

"Perhaps she won't ask any," said Dorrie hopefully.

"Can't count on that."

Dorrie looked about her. "I'm awfully fond of my home. He let me get just what I wanted. He couldn't take it, could he?" Her voice quavered.

"Afraid he could. Although I imagine Hugh would be awfully decent."

She buried her head on his shoulder. "I don't care about anything—only you," she whispered. "I want to be with you."

His arm tightened about her. Then she felt an unease in his muscles. "This is darn danger-

ous—my being here," he whispered as he kissed her and released her. "But you're a dangerous woman."

"Going?" she faltered. "But we haven't settled anything. You haven't told me what to do."

He paused on his way to the door. "I'll have to think about it. And by the way, better not call me at the office again. I'll find a way to call you." He picked up his hat.

She felt she could not let him go. She, who was so chary of caresses, felt an irresistible longing to have his arms about her. Her lips trembled with appeal. "You won't let me down, Cun? . . . I've grown to love you so terribly. I thought you'd be glad we were free of all this hiding. You've said so often you'd give anything if I could be your wife."

He answered with vehement ardor, "Darling, I'd lay down my life for you!"

She gave a gasp of relief. She loved every motion of his quick agile body, loved his gaiety, his carelessness, his fire that kindled in her an ungovernable passion. She would give up her home, her matching rugs and draperies, her Duncan Phyfe furniture, her silver—everything—if only she could have him. "When shall we see each other again?"

He twirled his hat. "Dorrie, you must be a good girl—be sane and sensible."

"Yes—yes?"

"Now you've been rash about Hugh. My advice is to fix it up. He'll overlook it. He's crazy about you." He stopped at the expression on her face. "Love you, precious? . . . Good Lord, yes. But I can't move hand or foot now! . . . We'll not see each other for a while. Perhaps things will blow over."

He was shedding things with his easy optimism, escaping her. She watched him go with a hurt curve on her red lips, and a stony feeling in her chest.

Her thoughts flew here and there like frantic caged birds. Hugh—there was only Hugh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Printed Organdie Ideal for Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



There's an exquisite femininity and a new elegance in this season's mode to be seen in the beguiling and flattering ruffled lingerie touches given to costumes, the whisper of taffeta underslips and the seductive charm of sheerest of sheer fabrics for daytime, afternoon and evening wear.

Of all the very lovely sheers on the summer fabric program there's none more lovely than the entrancing printed organdies. These dainty crisp cool-looking and cool-feeling gaily flowered Swiss organdies are the very embodiment of the new elegance and femininity that so distinguishes current fashion.

The fact that they are so enchanting, so lovely tells their story of allure only in part, for after all is said and done it is their utter practicality that offers the big appeal. With the permanent finish and fast color given to the new Swiss organdies you can depend upon them surviving endless tubbings, retaining their crisp vitality and handsome color tones the entire life of your frock.

The exciting variety of new finishes and new patternings given to organdies this season has greatly enhanced them in the eyes of designers who are launching a new vogue for tailored effects as well as the dressier-type costumes. The new matelasse organdie is especially attracting attention. These smart matelasse weaves come in most any coloring and patterning from multi-color florals to smaller geometric figures and fascinating dotted prints that tailor to perfection in attractive one and two-piece frocks such as are ideal for warm weather wear. With dark backgrounds they especially tune to street wear and to costumes for active moments the whole day through as their crinkled finish requires little or no pressing.

The distinctive daytime frock centering the fashions pictured, demonstrates the adaptability of organ-

die in the new cloque or matelasse finish for practical wear. The novelty patterning of this organdie is done in red, blue, green and white dots against a black background. Self-fabric applique in unique design on plain white organdie ornaments the short puffed sleeves and shoulder yoke, also banding the edge of a separate full-cut overskirt that has been cleverly contrived so it may be also worn as a cape if you feel an urge to wear it that way.

For comfort and joy supreme there's nothing more to be coveted than a beflowered print organdie done in exotic colorings. The summer fabric showings are playing up some of the most fascinating flower-printed organdies eyes ere beheld. That pretty-pretty frock to the right in the illustration is made of crisp and dainty floral printed permanent finish Swiss organdie. Given a simple tailored styling it makes a very practical daytime dress as well as a very attractive one. The self-fabric saw-tooth edging at neckline and sleeves adds a voguish finish.

Glamorous is the word for the new organdie evening gowns. In youthful party frocks or in romantic trailing sophisticated styles, they run the gamut of color and fabric finish from dainty allover embroidered cutout patterns to pastels in brilliant floral patterns and striking flocked embroidery designs. For the beguiling evening frock shown to the left the designer uses crystal-clear organdie in white with a flocked floral motif in vivid red. It has a high pointed collar at the front and a sweeping double ruffle cascading so as to swirl about gracefully at the back in dancing.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### DOTTED LAWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fashion seems never to get tired of dots. This season more than ever dotted effects are playing a most important role in the fabric realm. Daytime costumes tailored of sheer dotted materials are featured in dark tones that are practical. Navy, black, burgundy, brown, copen, green, with tiny white dots are proving big sellers. Clean cut, cool as a breeze, is the suit of dotted lawn as here shown. Its linen collar and pocket flaps are scalloped. Being sanforized shrunk it can be successfully tubbed time and time again.

### Full Skirts

Skirts that are kilted, pleated and shirred, with the fullness held in just below the hipbone, are indicated for the youthful, slim figure and are very new.

### LACE AND VEILINGS FOR EVENING HATS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A new collection of Suzanne Talbot millinery, just emerged from their Paris boxes and wrappings, presents the last word in delight to the eyes. To say the Talbot hats are feminine does not describe them quite adequately, for they are sheer bits of inspiration. She has taken finest horsehair and fashioned hair cloth of it that in some cases looks like patterned lace, and in others like sheerest straw. With this, in white, in black, in midnight navy, she has used Chantilly lace for veilings and trimmings instead of the accustomed mesh veilings.

One of the hats is a flat sailor made of the hair cloth in black, and vertically across the crown is placed an inch band of white insertion lace of fine linen thread. Then the same insertion falls from the edge of the brim, ever so delicately, to the eyes. Another model, a true basket type, is made of fine black hair woven in a lace pattern, with a full lace veil and a narrow velvet ribbon band coming under the chin and tied in a bow and streamers at one side. To complete the pretty picture, a pale blue ostrich feather curls up under the veil.

### Higher Waists Being Shown for Day and Evening Wear

Vera Borea's summer collection shows higher waists for day and evening wear with short bodices that usually are draped. Shoulder width is maintained throughout but the sleeves are plain and straight in line.

There are many cotton prints and linens shown for wear at all times of the day with bright yellow as the outstanding color.

Bright colors are used for short little jackets over dark skirts—for example, pastel blue is now shown with dark red, and rose is shown with dark gray.

Cut-out applied designs are used for trimming for daytime and evening clothes.

### Luggage Styles

New luggage styles prove that the old "suit case" is getting lighter every year.

## Cool, Smart, Comfortable



COOL is the word for Carrie when she wears one of these smart new frocks by Sew-Your-Own. No matter whether she's three or thirty, a June bride or a proud mama, Carrie will find what she needs for summer comfort here.

### Left to Right.

The young frock with the interesting middle and sporty inverted pleat is one that's going in for extra credit at summer school. It has that advanced chic which readily distinguishes co-eds' clothes. If you're campus bound (or just bound for an ordinary vacation) be sure to have a couple of versions of this fashion first with you. Then you'll be set for that heavy summer schedule.

### Lines for a Princess.

Second to none in the summer is this princess dress. As fit for golf as it is for dancing, you can see at a glance that this is the one dress you can't be even half-way happy without. Fresh in spirit, dainty in detail and becoming to all figures this simple-to-sew frock will introduce countless women to new chic this season. Come on, Milady, shake hands with Chic.

### Tot's Tidbit.

Only when we're very young are we privileged to wear dresses as cute as this one. The most unaccustomed seamstress can make it with its half dozen pieces; the merest remnant will suffice for material. There is more than ordinary intrigue packed in the diminutive skirt that shows a

couple of darling dimpled knees so lusciously sun tanned. Use it as a cool, cool top with panties as the ideal hot weather attire, or slip it on as an apron—either way it will be a fine little companion for mother's pet this summer.

### The Patterns.

Pattern 1258 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 4 1/2 yards for braid trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1323 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for the short length. Beach length requires 7 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1944 is designed for sizes 6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 1 year requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The pockets, cuffs and facings for collar in contrasting material require 1/4 yard of 27 inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

## Foreign Words and Phrases

Vultus est index animi. (L.) The face is the index of the mind.

Troppo disputare la verita fa errare. (It.) Too much dispute puts truth to flight.

Caecus iter monstrare vult. (L.) A blind man wishes to show the way.

Bavardage. (F.) Idle talk; prattle; garrulity.

Macte virtute. (L.) Proceed in virtue.

Omne perfectum. (L.) Every perfect thing is threefold.

A tout prix. (F.) At any price.

Questo vento non criba la biada. (It.) This wind winnows no corn.

### Need of Self-Control

Health and happiness are generally looked on as enviable gifts, whereas the fact is that, to a large extent, they are duties; only we prefer not to recognize this, as it involves such an unpleasant amount of self-control, mental and bodily.—L. H. M. Soulsby.

### "Quotations"

The body has been divided into blood, cells and organs; the soul has been neglected in the analytical process.—Dr. Alexis Carrel.

More homes are wrecked through women worrying about their clothes, pride, and the comforts of their husbands than when they are interested in politics.—Lady Astor.

With all the friction, jealousy and antagonism rampant in the world, radio offers a wide channel for the mutual improvement of relationships.—Newton D. Baker.

Morality, like life itself, is not static; it is dynamic and progressive.—Sherwood Eddy.

Too few people are more intent upon living than making a living.—Dr. Lin Yutang.

## CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

## LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"She thought if she hid my clothes I'd have to stay at home!"