

Bright Star

By
Mary Schumann

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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 startled 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



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

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 damned 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)

Fashion Is in Mood for All-White

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AFTER all when it comes to looking your sweetest and prettiest is there anything in the way of a lovely party frock more flattering to endearing feminine charms than all-white? Really now, is there?

Evidently fashion feels the same way about it for with all the exciting, the glamorous, the esthetic, the hectic, the eye-appealing delectable tones and tints on the color card this season, comes all-white on the scene and the contest is on, written all over the style program and in big headlines—white versus color!

The chic and the charm and the immaculate nicety with which the all white costume dresses you up during the daytime hours is exceeded only by the magic and the irresistible loveliness of the dine-and-dance and the formal party frocks that designers are creating of frothy white silk sheers this summer such as mousseline de soies, silk organdies, finest dainty silk nets and soft "drapy" filmy chiffons that sway and flutter and dance to the strains of rapturous music.

Then there are the stiff silks that are such favorites and which require such queenly styling to do them justice. Their vogue in all white is outstanding with particular emphasis on gleaming white satin which this summer is more than ever holding sway in ballroom and at formal night functions. A most fascinating white silk satin gown is shown centered in the illustration. Its stately princess lines are delightfully in keeping with the exquisiteness of the fabric itself. The Jenny Lind shoulder line adds in-

describable charm and the square-inclined neckline and the majestic sweep of the skirt so expertly styled so as to slenderize at the same time that it achieves a full hemline, are all details that glorify. The sophisticated simplicity of this gown and the elegance of the all-silk satin is its big appeal.

An interesting feature about present party dresses is that their silhouettes go to such extremes. Some are sheathlike to the knees with flaring hemlines and slenderized fitted waistlines, while others are that bouffant it requires yards and yards of material to make them. For the airy-fairy types that are so entrancing and so beloved this season by the younger set, vaporous filmy chiffons and billowy tulle and nets are the logical answer.

Beautifully draped in classic lines is the dress pictured to the left. It required yards and yards of white silk chiffon for its fashioning. The girdled straps of narrow ribbon reflect Greek influence.

To the right a most exquisite silk chiffon evening ensemble is shown. The girlish simplicity of this dainty gown and cape commends this costume to the young debutante. This lovely creation naively informs you that not all the honors are going to all-white for in this instance the chiffon is in the new exquisite desert dawn tint, which is a delicate pink shade that is too lovely for words. The gown has a halter neck which is most becoming to the wearer. The cape is grace itself. By the way, you really should have a cape of chiffon or of net or of some type of silk sheer to wear with lingerie dresses, for the transparent cape is one of fashion's pet vanities this summer.

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RIBBONS TAKE ON ADDED IMPORTANCE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Ribbons have not been so important for a long time as they now are. They are used for sashes, for girdles, shoulder straps that are part of the design of the dress, for bandings and for entire jackets and toques.

Many of the better styled frocks and tailored suits have their edges finished with grosgrain ribbon bindings. The new idea of these bindings is carried out both in monotone and in contrasting effects. Beige finished with black or brown ribbon bindings is a favorite theme, also black bound with white grosgrain.

Perky velvet ribbon bows trim print frocks while many dress fronts are fastened with narrow tied ribbons. Ribbon trims on hats are widely advocated and there is considerable use of broad belting ribbon to artfully band high crowns.

Use of All Kinds of Lace Revived for Summer Wear

The use of all kinds of lace has been revived for summer wear. Helene Yrlande uses pure white lace for a fitted deshabille which has enormously full, puffed sleeves to the elbow. The low cut front décolleté is filled with doubled bands of chiffon in pale yellow and pale green.

These two colors are repeated in the chiffon sash which is twisted about the bodice Grecian fashion, and tied in back with the floating chiffon streamers hanging in back and forming a suggestion of a train.

Use Pink Chiffon Roses to Trim Evening Jacket

Pale pink roses of shaded chiffon are applied cleverly as trimming on an evening jacket of sheer, white chiffon in the new Schiaparelli collection. The same type roses are used as a back shoulder yoke on a blue satin evening cape.

Pale yellow and green chiffon is used effectively to make sprays of mimosa applied on a white organdie evening gown.

NET OVER PRINT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Broad brimmed hats which fashion has decreed for summer wear combine well with this type of afternoon dress which is of black cable net worn over an underslip of gay print on dark background. It is made with puff sleeves and sailor collar. Catalin costume jewelry including a bow clip-brooch and bangle bracelets in the new "pepper and salt" design by Schiaparelli add chic to this costume. The hat is of black baku with a large white poppy.

For Discriminating People



NOW is the time for all smart women to come to the aid of their wardrobes. Sew-Your-Own wants to lend a hand, Milady; hence today's trio of mid-summer pace makers.

At The Left. A trim little reminder that careful grooming is an asset anywhere, anytime, is this frock. It features simplicity. Its forte is comfort. Make one version in cotton for all purpose wear, another of sports silk for dressy occasions. You'll praise the cool cut of its short sleeves and softly rolled collar. Yes, Milady, you'll enjoy making it.

In The Center. Here you have a light and breezy ensemble that's the per-

fect attire for Society. It has cosmopolitan dash, refinement, and engaging charm. Once more you'll be the subject of complimentary tea table talk with your delightfully slender silhouette. Make it of sheer chiffon or more durable acetate. You'll have a hit in either.

At The Right. The little lady who likes unusual touches in her frocks will go for this new dress and pantie set. It has the chic of mommy's dresses plus a little-girl daintiness that is more than fetching. Wrap around styling makes it easy for even the tiniest girl to get into and it's quite a time saver on ironing day. A splendid idea is to cut this pattern twice and be assured of little sister's all summer chic.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1237 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting for collar.

Pattern 1333 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The dress alone requires 4 1/2 yards. To line the jacket requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1322 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/4 yards of 35 inch material plus 5 1/2 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured.

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

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Favorite Recipe of the Week

THIS is truly an ice cream age, for never was ice cream more easily obtained or better than it is now. Good ice cream can be bought, and it can be made at home—in a freezer or in the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator. As quick as a wink a package of ice cream powder can be turned into luscious dishes of many-flavored ice cream.

Here is a basic recipe for freezer ice cream—and with the addition of fresh fruits and berries or sauces, the recipe can be varied in many delicious ways.

Freezer Ice Cream.

1 quart milk
1 package ice cream powder (vanilla, strawberry, lemon, maple, or chocolate flavor)

Add milk very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved. Pour into freezer can; place in freezer and pack mixture of cracked ice and salt around can (use 8 parts ice to 1 part salt). Turn slowly for 3 minutes, then rapidly and continuously until frozen. Makes 1 1/2 quarts ice cream.

Any of the following may be substituted for milk in this recipe: 1 quart rich milk or light cream, 1 cup cream and 3 cups milk, or 2 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups milk or water.

*With chocolate ice cream powder, add 1/2 cup sugar.



Uncle Phil Says:

But It's Callousness

People with no feeling can acquire a reputation for great fortitude. It's all right to bank on the future, but it's quite another matter to draw checks against it. When one undertakes to "plan" happiness it consists mainly in eluding unpleasantness. When the government thermometer agrees with yours it is accurate and reliable, when it doesn't "what can you expect from an instrument away off there?"

Now to Curb Imagination

Man is unreasonable only on account of his imagination. If it were not for that he could be as prosaic as an old work horse.

How are you to find out the meek are meek unless they tell you so?

Men who make a success, when called on to explain why, generally don't know exactly.

An incompetent man is often one who didn't get started on the right thing.

Advantage of living in a small town is that you can be so many kinds of a charter member.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous; all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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