

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Up so late, big brother? How come?"
He turned from his introspective thoughts. "Lo, Kezzie. I waited up for you. After midnight again? . . . I'll have to look after you a bit."

If Kezia was annoyed she restrained herself. "Sorry. If I'd known you were waiting, I'd have come sooner."

"Jerry?"
She nodded and tossed her beret in the air, caught it. "Chasing dewy adventure out at Brierlands."

"Did you catch up with it?"
"Yes, but found it rather dull after I did. I used to have a better time—"

Hugh smiled. "You mean when things are new—?"

"You get such a zip out of them when they are new!" She sighed. "But the boys look down on you unless you accept things with savoir faire. So you learn to do it whether you feel that way inside or not. Presently that is the way you do feel—the kick all gone!"

"To get nowhere—follow the crowd!" quoted Hugh. "I'd say you were missing youth, Kezzie, when you sacrifice the kick. But I'm an aged thirty, not competent to judge!"

Kezia stood over him, ran her fingers through his hair, twisted a lock between her thumb and finger. "Got the toothache, Hughie?" she inquired softly.

"No worse than usual." A charred log broke in two, sent up a blue flame for a moment around the whitened edges. He rose, put the screen around the fire. "Time we were going to bed."

"Mother gone?"

"A couple of hours ago."

"Don't you want to sit here and talk to me?"

His left eyebrow lifted. "You can be sweet at times!"

His eyelids twitched a little as he gazed at the floor. "Kezzie, about Mother . . . she had a pain in her arm before she went to bed. I rubbed it with liniment. I'm sure you could make things easier for her. She doesn't look well; this has been hard on her. Won't you look after her a bit? See that she doesn't overdo? Your clothes, for instance. You really should see to them yourself."

"Yes, I will," promised Kezia. "And if she could sleep late, have her breakfast in bed? Couldn't you get up and attend to the ordering and running of the house?"

She gave him a dazzling smile. "I'll do anything you say, darling. I know I'm careless, but I haven't meant to be selfish." She clasped her hands around his wrist, leaned her cheek against his sleeve.

"Good," said Hugh relieved. His opinion of Kezia ran through such infinite modifications. She was so incalculable, never twice alike. He felt a warming tender glow toward her.

"And if I do that for you, will you do something for me?"
"Name it," said Hugh without thinking.

"Will you get Jerry a decent job in your plant, something with good pay and a future to it?"

Hugh gave a short laugh, drew away from her.

"Please, Hughie—please."

"So you were bargaining? Weren't you concerned over your mother?"

"That goes without saying. But this means such a lot to me—you can manage it!"

"A soft job with fat pay?" Any job at all is scarce in a steel plant. As soon as we can manage it we take back our old men whom we laid off."

Kezia gave a deep sigh; her eyes swam in mist. "Oh, Hugh, you aren't going to let us down? I counted on you."

"Us?"

"Certainly."

"Don't you see he's using you to help himself along? He wants you to ask me, your brother, for a good position! Why doesn't he apply in the regular way—go state his qualifications to Kelly Burns who has charge of that?"

"Don't blame him. I thought of it."

"Does he know you're asking me?"

"Ye-es."

He gave a shrug.

"He doesn't want a soft job," she hurried to say. "He wants something with a chance at advancement—something he'll never get where he is. 'Speak to this Burns,' she coaxed, 'just speak to him! Won't you do this tiny favor for me, Hugh?"

He shook his head. "No, Kezia. He's lucky to have work—if you ask me. Tell him to take good care of the job he has!"

"You're heartless," she roaned.

"I'm going to ask Uncle John Renshaw," she threatened.

The monotonous days of November dragged by with a preponderance of leaden skies, of chill, of fog; church and club activities started up; orders slackened at the plant, started up on rush business, died down again.

Dorrie applied for a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. Hugh thought he was all braced

for it, but it came as a shock when the papers were served on him, and again when he stared at the newspaper and saw their names linked together in the public admission of defeat.

His mother made cheerful conversation when he felt like talking, served his favorite dishes at the table. She accepted him naturally without reference to his wife—just her son who had been away from home for a few years and had returned.

Dorrie's name never crossed her lips. Instinctively she knew the throb which accompanies a name associated with fatality, realized that Hugh's nerves had not grown the protective layer which would allow him to hear it without agitation.

She showed him some colored pictures of French villages in a magazine one night. "I have the wanderlust at heart, and I've always wanted to see France. Notre Dame, the Seine, the Place de la Concorde, the Bois de Boulogne—and I've kept up my school French by reading Anatole France and de Maupassant in the hope that I might go there some day. I've seen most of my own country—I had hoped that Europe would be my next adventure."

Hugh examined the pictures, not from interest, but from the wish to respond. "It's not impossible at



"You're Heartless," She Moaned.

all—you and Kezzie might go next summer. She'd like it."

She shook her head. "I wouldn't leave you."

"Nonsense—why not? Satisfy your wanderlust, Fluvanna!"

Her eyes looked as if she were seeing distant things. "I won't plan ahead. Time has taught me the folly of that."

"Why not plan? Would it tempt you if I said I would try to come over and bring you home?"

"Even that would be leaving you—not seeing you for a while." She paused; her voice became almost inaudible. "These days—are precious to me in a way you don't know about, Hugh."

CHAPTER XII

"You talked to him then, Beautiful?"

Kezia's face assumed an expression of silken discontent. "Mmmmm."

"No results!"

"None."

"Comments?"

"He crabbled about the men they laid off at the plant and had to take on as work picked up; he said you should go to Kelly Burns who hires them."

"Never mind. I expect you did the best you could. Providence wasn't willing! It is—or it isn't! . . . Shall we drive to Brookline? Too far? . . . Cold?"

"Not much." Kezia shivered.

"You might run up that window a bit . . . There—that's better."

"Your brother doesn't like me, but that," said Jerry, heroically, "doesn't keep me from seeing what a fine fellow he is! I hear it on all sides—'Hugh Marsh—a prince of a chap!'"

"Hugh is pretty swell."

The car crossed a bridge with a rattling of planks and made a rather chugging progress up a hill.

"Cousin Gavin probably would have taken you in his bank," said Kezia reflectively. "Didn't Lizzie say he would?"

"Once," admitted Jerry.

"Until I threw the cat in the electric fan!" teased Kezia.

"Woman," cried Jerry with vehemence, "I'll—kiss you!" He suited the action to the word swiftly.

"Now will you be quiet?"

"Like a mule!" She laughed and leaned possessively against his shoulder.

Jerry's voice came to her with seductive sweetness above the roar of the noisy engine. "It's you, gorgeous, I'm thinking of. I want to marry you, but how can we do it on twenty-five a week?"

"You're so practical."

"A fellow has to stop and think occasionally. I adore you, precious—too much to tie you up to poverty! Sometimes I think—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cool Organdy for Midsummer Dance

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



DURING midsummer moments when a high-registering thermometer gives promise that torrid weather has decided to prolong its stay even to the point of trespassing on the rights of autumn then is it that dainty cool lingerie frocks swing into the spotlight in all their glory.

Especially this season the craze seems not to have abated for frocks of simple, inexpensive, yet fine and lovely wash materials. The younger set adore the pretty dainties, organdies, dotted swisses for their party frocks and when they go away to school this fall many a college-faring girl will slip one or two of her summery wash frocks into her wardrobe trunk knowing full well that she will get any amount of wear out of them ere the cool fall days come upon us.

If you have never tried shadow print organdie for your midsummer-night party frock, do it now! You can get this lovely material in pastels or white and it makes up beautifully, and best of all it costs such a trifle compared with luxury-type weaves, while it "looks a million." The charming gown on the seated figure is made of white shadow print organdie and we venture to say when this gown dances hither and thither on the ballroom floor or under the stars at the country club it will be voted among the prettiest. The fact that it is picturesquely and fashionably full-skirted makes it all the more enchanting. The corsage of flowers in realistic coloring is in gay contrast thus adding another beguiling note.

Some there are who prefer statuesque slenderizing lines rather than bouffancy.

The princess gown to the left will

tune to the liking of those who prefer the slim and tall silhouette. There is an exquisiteness expressed which reflects the new trend toward meticulous detail such as fine hand-tucking and myriads of wee self-material covered buttons such as fasten this princess all the way down the front. Here is really a very charming way to make up organdie if you like to be outstanding in distinctive dress.

It is not only that delightful lingerie materials are favored for party frocks but the tendency all the way through the season is to wear dainty frilly blouses in the daytime of exquisitely fine cotton sheers, also prettily feminine neckwear and beguiling accessories—jabots, ruffled halter fronts and other such flattering items. With the approach of fall, tailored suits are coming out in full force and the fad of the moment is to wear with them the frilliest fluttery blouses that fancy might picture. Fine handwork is lavished on the high-quality types.

For these handmade blouses sheerest of fine white organdie or daintiest batiste or filmy handkerchief linen are first in favor. Popular too and heartily to be recommended are the attractive allover embroidered organdies that are definitely practical and pretty for the making of the blouse to be worn with one's jacket-and-skirt tailleur. It should by all means have a sprightly frill fashioned after the manner of the model pictured in the inset to the right. Trimmings with lace edging, as is this blouse, makes the effect all the more daintily feminine and alluring.

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SHIRRED JACKET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



As if the new sheer woolsens for fall were not attractive enough in themselves designers are making them even more so in the clever way they are manipulating them via elaborate shirrings, tuckings, stitchings, bandings and other intriguing workings. Sheerest navy wool makes this graceful costume. Its full cut jacket is fascinatingly shirred and banded. The frock itself, which is a slim one-piece, is also beautified with shirred bodice and slenderly fashioned skirt.

TIGHT SLEEVES ON FROCKS FALL STYLE

While the designers are draping blouses, lowering waistlines and straightening out the hemlines of skirts they also are cutting out the fullness of sleeves. Advance autumn fashions which forecast the coming season's mode have sleeves that are straight and tight. Absence of shoulder pleats is especially noteworthy and if any fullness does appear it is in the form of a drape on the forearm.

Sleek satins are the fabrics which show off the new straight sleeves and slender skirts to best advantage so the shiny fabrics are the first to show the changes of fashion. Look for them not only of perennial black but flaunting such colors as bright blue and purple.

Dressmaker Details That Class as Important News

The continued importance of embroidery is noted. Gold embroidery on black is much employed; also fanciful effects on the new silk frocks. Much favor is expressed for appliqued felt motifs on black silk crepe day dresses. Dressmakers are making use of any amount of shirring and tucking and they delight in scalloped and sawtooth hemlines, thus trimming the dark silk sheers and crepes effectively. The skirts of the newest silk print frocks are frequently pleated or vertically tucked all around.

Lace-Trimmed Lingerie

Black lace as a trimming on lingerie is a prominent note in the summer season's offerings. It is contrasted with pastel shades, particularly blues, greens and yellows, and sometimes worn with all-black.

Intimate With Chic



THE lovely flower may have been born to blush unseen, Milady, but not you. Anyway, what chance could you have of going unnoticed when you wear one of these exciting new frocks by Sew-Your-Own—not the Ghost!

Cool, Cool, Cool.

The clever new dress at the left is as young as you are, and in dotted Swiss you'll be as crisp, pretty, and cool as though you bloomed always in an air-conditioned room. A little fro-frou here, a little swing-swing there, and throughout a dainty new appeal that's irresistible. You can be certain of success too, because Sew-Your-Own has made everything easy for you in the step-by-step sewing instructions.

We Only Heard. Maybe we're wrong, Little Sis, but we heard that this is the dress Mommy has her heart set on for you. You know princess lines that

flare, and puff sleeves that give you that cunning big-little-girl look go over well with both mother and you. You may have it button all the way if you like—it makes laundering easy and it's smart. Mommy will let you choose the material if you ask. You won't go wrong on gingham, silk crepe, broadcloth or percale. So here's hoping, Little Sis.

Vivacious Version. Thumbs up on taffeta; eyes right for pattern 1349! It's a picture-pretty frock with a knack for bringing out the best in you and your escort. It's a dream for waltz time; it's supreme for luncheon or afternoon wear. A happy idea is to cut one copy with short sleeves for now, another with the long style in a fallish fabric for that popular season just ahead.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1341 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 2 1/2 yards of machine pleating.

Pattern 1328 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1349 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material; with long sleeves 4 3/4 yards. To trim as pictured, 13 yards of ribbon are required to gather with 1 1/2 yards for the bow.

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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Foreign Words and Phrases

La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum. (F.) Beauty without virtue is like a flower without perfume.

Giucco di mano, giucco di villano. (It.) A practical joke is a villainous or vulgar joke.

Ruat caelum. (L.) Let the heavens fall.

Sapiens qui assiduus. (L.) Wise is he who is settled; that is one who has landed property.

Dare pondus fumo. (L.) To give weight to smoke; to give importance to trifles.

Al piu. (It.) At most.

Consuetudo pro lege servatur. (L.) Custom is observed as a law.

Lana caprina. (L.) Goat's wool; hence a thing of no consequence, or which has no existence.

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