

BRIGHT STAR

By Mary Schumann

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

Hugh, on his way out, planned that he would have his mother invite Ellen for dinner very soon. Or he would issue the invitation, call up and coax her a bit if she seemed unwilling. Not tonight—he had to work late tonight. And tomorrow Mother had invited the John Renshaws for dinner, and the next night he had to go to the Wellers . . . well, some time soon! Perhaps next week.

But the Renshaws could not come the next night and Fluvanna went to a concert with Margery and Will. Hugh read the paper, looked at a trade journal, and at nine o'clock, feeling restless, decided on a long ramble. He took Rowdy, Kezia's dog, with him, a wire-haired terrier, which she could not keep in the apartment.

Hugh circled the boulevard and the park twice, a walk of two or three miles, drawing in deep breaths of the early March air which was keen and cold, yet with a difference.

He walked with a swinging step, submerged in his own reflections. Rowdy investigated lawns where lighted windows drained away into the shrubbery, then returned to him. Hugh did not know when he became conscious that a woman was walking half a block ahead of him. She must have turned out unnoticed from a side street. She walked rapidly, for it was a lonely place for a woman to be, the dark woods on her right, and on her left the houses set far back from the street. Young, slight, and faintly familiar.

Suddenly she turned abruptly to her right and plunged into the wood. She walked swiftly and without uncertainty until she disappeared.

Hugh stood still. He had recognized her by a forward movement of her shoulders—or thought he had. Why was she going into the



She Was Up to Her Knees in the Water and Wading Out When He Reached Her.

park at this time of night?—timid, sheltered Ellen. The perspiration broke out on his forehead as he remembered the small artificial lake . . .

She was up to her knees in the water and wading out when he reached her.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her to a seat near the bank.

She looked in his face dazedly. "It's Hugh? . . . Hugh?" Then in a low murmur: "Why did you come?"

"Fate sent me, Ellen," he answered simply. He drew her head to his shoulder. "Because you were never meant to do that thing."

She gave a long sighing breath that was more poignant than any sob, it held so much of tears unshed, of misery. "Hugh," she whispered, "it aches so here." She laid her hand on her heart.

"I know."

A pause, then her voice again on that tremulous, respiratory note: "Yes, you know." She drooped against him shivering.

Suddenly she sat up. The water dripped from her sodden clothes.

She faced him, her wistful blue eyes startled and examining. She shook her head. "You are braver than I—stronger. I can't—go on."

She began to cry, shuddering dry sobs, that licked his heart like flaming faggots. He drew her to her feet. "Let us walk. No good sitting here in wet clothes after that ducking. We'll walk very fast—see, like this."

He led her out of the woods, unresisting.

"Can you run? . . . Come, Ellen, run with me as far as the next corner."

They ran for a long block, then slowed down to a walk.

"Tell you what we'll do. You come over to my house and get off your wet clothes, put on something of Mother's. I'll fix you a nice hot drink—then you'll raid the ice-

box—get us a lunch! We'll have a nice clubby evening—come!"

She put her hand over her eyes. "Whatever you say—I'm so bewildered."

His mother was not home when they arrived. He took her directly upstairs, turned on the hot water in the bath. "Get in there, young lady, and be quick about it. I'll have changed and be pounding at your door in five minutes."

He changed his clothes quickly, then ran down to the telephone and called the Pendletons. Gavin's nervous, irritated voice answered.

"Ellen is here with us."

"Yes, yes," Gavin stammered.

"She's all right. We'll keep her until tomorrow if you don't mind."

"Wait—wait!"

Gavin had a colloquy with Lizzie, then muttered, "Mother wants you to bring her home."

"If I do I won't answer for the consequences!" replied Hugh.

There was a pause while Hugh heard Lizzie's strident voice in opposition. She evidently wanted to talk to him. "Keep her," said Gavin suddenly. "See you tomorrow."

He foraged for everything he could find in the way of food, cheese and ham, olives, white and rye bread, fruit and cake. When Ellen appeared she shook her head. "All this to eat? . . ."

She nibbled, then began eating. Presently at something he said the dimples came out and she laughed in soft merriment.

Her own laughter startled her, and a puzzled look came over her face. "It's beginning to seem ridiculous—like a joke . . . how could I?"

"Some people think life is a joke."

"Playing tricks—yes?"

"It looks like that sometimes when we have set our hearts on something we don't get. Then we think that there is a malicious being who enjoys our scrapes, a leering, cruel, practical joker."

"It must be true," Her head drooped, her tone was muffled. "He blocks each exit as you hurry from one to another. He says, laughing horribly: 'Stay in your prison! . . . it seems that way to me.'"

"And there's another way to look at it. He may be a great wise Force that foresees more than we can—has a plan for us. He lays on each one the burden of destiny . . . and says: 'Take this, carry it—it is my plan for you. Bear it the best you can; grow under it; and I shall lead you out and beyond.'"

"The burden of destin'," Ellen repeated in a dazed tone, "or a practical joker? . . . Which is right?"

"The one which gives us courage," said Hugh with sudden conviction.

"You believe that?"

"I believe that," he answered in a low voice. In his effort to help Ellen, he had suddenly clarified his own vague gropings—was conscious of the uplift of spirit which accompanies an illumination of thought.

So absorbed were they, that they did not hear Fluvanna enter. She stood at the door in her velvet evening wrap, surveying them with wonder and surprise. "Ellen—Ellen!" Ellen ran to her and hid her face on her shoulder.

"So glad you've come, darling," murmured Fluvanna, caressing her.

"She's going to stay all night—perhaps a week or two," said Hugh.

"Nothing would make me happier—Ellen knows I would like to have her forever."

CHAPTER XIII

Gavin took off his glasses and rubbed the place behind his ear where they had rested, then put them on again and blinked at Hugh.

"Lizzie will raise a fuss," at length came his pronouncement.

"I've not talked to Mother yet, but she is so devoted to Ellen that I think she can be persuaded to go," said Hugh.

Six months in France and Italy would restore Ellen, Hugh had pleaded. His mother would accompany her, he thought. It would be well for his mother to have the change; the family difficulties—had paused—had been hard on her.

Gavin frowned. "But Lizzie—"

"You mean she'll disapprove?"

You must make her see how important it is. It means more than I've been telling you, Gavin . . . He leaned forward and rapidly told him of the incident down by the park lake.

Gavin rose, paced the room, muttering unintelligibly under his breath. He came back. "You go to see her . . . tell her . . . Oh, my God . . . Ellen!" He slumped down in his chair.

Hugh rose. "You want me to talk to Lizzie?"

"Yes, I'll drop around there this afternoon." He did not fear the interview with Lizzie a fractional part as much as her husband did.

Gavin wrung his hand at parting. "I'll pay expenses for both," he blurted.

Lizzie received Hugh in the square expensive ugliness of the Pendleton living-room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Smart Coats for Now and Early Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NOW is the time of year when a midseason coat becomes a wardrobe requisite. Much is demanded of this coat. It not only has to round out the summer season with a perfect touch but it is expected to usher in the new fall season with a proper style flourish. Then, too, it must be not too heavy-weight for immediate wear and not too lightweight for autumn comfort.

It is with cunning awareness of all these "musts" and "must nots" of a midseason coat that versatile designers fell into step, cutting capricious capers with tempting tweeds and featherweight fleeces, also with soft lightweight woollens.

White and pastel wool coats, always important dots on the summer landscape, are especially good style this year being as popular for wear in town as in the country. The wide variety of weaves and patterns in these lightweight monotone woollens has added much to the style interest in these casually correct coats. The white, buttonless, three-quarter length full swinging swagger coat centered in the illustration is the sort you treasure, for, accompanied by a matching skirt, it makes a most practical and stunning costume to wear when weather is fair, be it a midseason or a warmish autumn day. To add to its practicality this coat may be worn over summer dresses and the skirt may double with delightful contrasting lightsome wool sweaters.

A week-end vacation calls for one of the soft, well-tailored wool tweed swagger coats of three-quarter length. Casual and comfortable it must be. It should be styled with

deep, roomy pockets and broad lapels, hang straight in front and have a full swing-into-folds backline. Checks, stripes and monotones are the gay themes that sing to riotous color tunes. Consciously fashioned for nonchalance, these wool tweeds are indifferent to the hard knocks of traveling and they never know the meaning of wear and tear. The model shown to the left tallies with this description of what a casual, practical travel coat should be. The tweed so expertly tailored with wide rounded lapels, deep patch pockets and wide turnback cuffs in this instance is in brown, rust and white check. It is worn over a beige featherweight knit wool frock with brown hand-knit scarf.

Lustrous fleeces are very good this season, especially in the polo coat style. No camping jaunt, motor trip or ocean voyage is complete without one of these sturdy old reliables in either white or natural shade. Cut just like those made for the men-folk with deep slash pockets, tab cuffs and vent back, a coat of this type should be included in the wardrobe of every woman who expects to run into damp winds or who will spend any time in a "don't dress for dinner" region. The double-breasted polo coat pictured to the right is a classic. Of lightweight wool fleece, it is styled with raglan shoulders, vent back, tab cuffs, stitched slash pockets, wide notched revers and wide self belt.

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GOING HIGH-HAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Watch crowns! The advance fall hat fashions declare that height is the chief aim of designers. The three types that lead the millinery procession for midseason and early fall are berets, toques or turbans and the hat with a brim that takes an abrupt turn up at one side revealing half of the coiffure. There is no doubt that millinery fashions are tending toward the extreme, and they are also very versatile. The three silhouettes pictured convey an idea as to important millinery gestures. The high draped toque at the top is significant of the future. The beret of velvet is featuring as a smart midseason number, and women who lead in fashion are wearing them with their summer frocks at this time. The dashing high-side-brim hat is something to look forward to since milliners are featuring it in various moods often with rather spectacular feather trims.

FEATURE VEILS IN MODELS FOR AUTUMN

Veils which not only cover an entire hat but the face and the shoulders are the most striking feature of many advance fall models.

The large mesh veil which is dotted with chenille is the favored type for wear during the daytime, but there are some handsome lace veils to wear for more formal occasions. Most of these veils are circular in shape and are thrown over the high peaked crowns of the new hats so that their draped edges extend well over the shoulders. Sometimes they are placed over the head before the hat is put on so that the part which covers the crown of the head serves as a crown for the hat.

Another type of veil, also circular in shape, has the center cut out so that the veil fits around a crown or edges the brim of a hat. It usually is worn to give a downward sweep at the back, frequently extending halfway to the waistline.

Uneven Skirt Line Latest Style in Evening Gowns

A Paris fashion house shows a practical evening gown with a short skirt in front and a definite backward dip to a greater length. These full skirts resemble the tarleton skirts worn by ballet dancers. The material is gathered into so many folds that the skirts swing out gracefully in wide sweeps with every movement of the body.

These short skirts are far more practical than floor-length ones, which are likely to get trampled underfoot when dancing, and their width and fullness make them graceful as well as practical.

Matching Hats and Heels Are Popular for Sportswear

Matching neaddresses and heels are providing a gala touch to simple summer outfits worn by attractive young spectators at smart Midwestern country clubs. Dusty pink frocks combined with beige turbans and ostrich skin pumps with beige-colored built-up heels are a popular combination. On many of the smartest white ensembles, effective accents are furnished by paisley print headbands and heels.

Fine Feathers for Three



SEW-YOUR-OWN wouldn't be your weather prophet for the world, but you know, Milady, and so does S-Y-O, that it's always fair weather when good fashions get together. Which brings us to today's three sparkling new frocks—a whole crowd of style for the pretty part of any man's family.

A Fun Frock.

Rain, nor gloom, nor a flat tire (either kind), can dampen the spirits of the girl who wears this buoyant, young sports frock (above left) on her daily rounds—be they on the fairway, the campus, behind the counter, or merely from pillar to post. You can easily see why it's a winner: a button-all-the-way front, the matched collar and general shipshape styling make it just that. It's surefire in acetate, or silk crepe.

Here's to Mothers.

Sew-Your-Own loves nothing more than catering to mother's wardrobe needs. The frock above (center) is for all mothers: old sweet ones, young darling ones, yes, even for mothers-to-be. It is easy to run up, easy to do up, and best of all, easy to look at.

Little Brown Girl.

An all-over suntan is her forte, and many sunny days are ahead for young Miss Fortunate whose mommy chooses to interpret the fetching model at the right. A scalloped-edged waist front accentuated by frou-frou trim is right down her avenue, and a gored skirt, that's second to none for class, fits into her scheme of things to a T. Mother, why not make one dressy version, as pictured, another finished differently for school? (Perhaps with a simple braid trim) Rayon prints, gingham, or

sheer wool, will do nicely as the material.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1249 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1207 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material. With long sleeves 4¾ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1366 is designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 39-inch material plus 1¾ yards of machine pleating.

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