

# BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



## SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, a vivacious little girl, had been too young to feel the shock that came when her father, Keith Herrendeen, lost his fortune. A gentle, unobtrusive soul, he is now employed as an obscure chemist in San Francisco, at a meager salary. His wife, Magda, cannot adjust herself to the change. She is a beautiful woman, fond of pleasure and a magnet for men's attention. Magda and Victoria have been down at a summer resort and Keith joins them for the week-end. Magda leaves for a bride party, excusing herself for being such a "runaway." Later that night Victoria is grief-stricken when she hears her parents quarreling. The Herrendeens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrel frequently. Magda receives flowers and a diamond from Ferd Manners, a wealthy man from Argentina whom she had met less than a week before. Manners arrives a few hours later. Magda takes Victoria to Nevada to visit a woman friend who has a daughter named Catherine. There she tells her she is going to get a divorce. Victoria soon is in boarding school with her friend Catherine. Magda marries Manners and they spend two years in Argentina. Victoria has studied in Europe and at eighteen she visits her mother when Ferd unites a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferd's drinking and attentions to other women. Vic dislikes him, but for her mother's sake is nice to him. When her mother and stepfather return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferd's unwelcome attentions to her. Magda returns.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

Maid, dog, parrot, bags, they got into a large waiting car at the Embarcadero. Mrs. Manners talking, as is the custom of returned travelers, of the amusing steward on the boat, the races at Havana, of everything unimportant and inconsequential. They were driven rapidly up the steep hills to the big hotel; everything going with the smoothness of custom; Victoria's mother had been arriving and departing in just this manner ever since her second marriage five years earlier.

Soon Victoria and her mother settled at luncheon beside the fire.

"Well, this is fun!" said Magda then. "And now we can talk. You look so well, Vic, and you're really handsome. Really you are! What have you been doing with yourself, tell me everything, you got my wires?"

"You're the one with the news," she said smilingly. "Nothing has happened here. Miss Butler put me on night duty last night—only the second time, and I'm dead! I had breakfast at the hospital at seven, and had to clean up three bath-rooms, and stopped on my way downtown to leave my bag here."

"The hospital!" Magda echoed aghast, not hearing the rest. "You've been ill!"

Victoria's smile was reassuring. Her color was beginning to come back now, as she fell with vigor upon a three-inch steak, and there was revived light in her eyes.

"I'm in with Catherine," she explained. "Student nurses."

Mrs. Manners sat back and regarded her with puzzled eyes.

"Mummy, you're such fun—it's such fun to be talking to you again, and it's the best food I ever tasted! But darling," Victoria pleaded, "I had to do something. I couldn't just take a room somewhere and wait for you. You were with Ferd 'way down in South America, and I was absolutely on the loose."

"But you were with Anna and Catherine."

"Aunt Anna got a most flattering offer from a school in Cleveland. We couldn't go with her, and Kitty was going to be a nurse. So I went along to the hospital with her."

"You are handsome," Magda said, under her breath, not listening. "Don't they let you use make-up at all?"

"Not on duty, and you sort of get out of the habit. What are you looking at?" Victoria asked, with an embarrassed laugh, as her mother continued her placid scrutiny.

"Well, you're simply adorable, Vicky," she said at length, "and you get enthusiastic just the way you used to. But—although it's a little soon to talk about it, I had rather a different plan in mind for you. I was thinking of Europe, after your debut."

"Europe!" Vicky echoed, her own eyes suddenly blazing. She remembered her student year there under the gentle unremitting chaperonage of the Dominican nuns. Again she heard the fountains of Rome splashing; saw the lights of the Place de la Concorde setting white statues and dark tree tops in bold relief against a blue night sky, caught a whiff of wet spring greenness from the grass beside the London Mall.

"Oh, Mummy!" she said. "Would you like it?"

"Oh, well, Mother—you and I?"

Victoria's voice shook with excitement.

"We two."

"Ferd wouldn't mind?"

"Instead of answering, Mrs. Manners looked away through the exquisite silky shadows of half-lowered lashes. Victoria's heart sank; she knew that gentle patience, she knew that long, resigned sigh. All was not going well between her mother and Ferd."

The luncheon was cleared away, the two women resumed their chairs by the wood fire.

"There are a thousand persons to whom I ought to telephone," Magda said lazily. "I won't. I love this sitting here with you. You haven't told me anything about yourself. Vicky, have you seen or heard anything of your father?"

The question came suddenly, and with it the color rose to Magda's face.

"Yes, I saw Dad about two weeks ago," she said aloud.

Magda added no further questions, but her eyes were expectant.

"He's married again, you know, Mummy. I wrote you that. And they're going to have a baby. They were married last February, and they expect the baby at Christmas. He simply adores Olivette, and he's all excited about the baby."

"Ha!" Magda said and felt thoughtful. "Still up in Seattle?"

"He says he loves it."

Magda twisted the Herrendeen pearls in beautiful restless fingers.

But for some reason or other she felt a little chill in the air, felt that her mother wasn't wholly pleased with the news that Dad was happy and that a new baby was on the way.

"Ferd," said Magda, out of thought—"Ferd is a strange creature, Vicky. I may as well tell you now as at any time that everything's wrong—it's all wrong."

Victoria was silent, puzzled, and after a pause Magda went on lightly:

"And so—Mr. Fernando Ainsa y Castello Manners and I have decided to separate. No, no, no, not a divorce," she interrupted herself to say quickly, as Vicky's stricken face was turned from the fire in involuntary protest. "He doesn't want a divorce. If he got a divorce Maud Campbell would have him married before he could turn around, so he doesn't want a divorce, and neither do I. If you get a divorce they can do all sorts of funny things about alimony, go to court and have it adjusted and lessened—I don't know what they can't do. But a separation means that you and I can live where we like, and do as we please. And so it's to be Europe—off we go! I'll get you some things—or we can get them there."

"The only thing," Victoria began somewhat hesitantly, "ought Ferd pay for me, too? I mean, it's all right for a visit—it's all right for a few months. But after all—after all he doesn't owe me—"

"It's my money, and you're with me," Magda explained simply, with a touch of impatience.

"I was thinking of Ferd, Vic," Magda said, out of a silence, "and thinking—" she stopped for a long sigh—"thinking of the tremendous difference there is in men," she said.

"I mean, Vic," she began again, as Victoria could find nothing to say—"I mean that—well, I suppose I was thinking of Lucius Farmer."

"Who's he?" A familiar tightening, a familiar sinking sensation was at Victoria's heart. Oh, dear, Oh, dear. This was commencing again was it?

"You must know his name, darling. He's about the most successful painter of murals in America. He made the trip with us from Buenos Aires, but he lives down here in Carmel with a perfectly impossible wife and daughters."

"And what did the impossible wife and daughters think of you, Mummy?"

"Oh, they weren't along—perish the thought! No, he was alone." Magda's voice fell to a dreamy note. "One of the finest men—" she said, under her breath "I mean one of the simplest and—and biggest—and gentlest—"

"This life would be heaven for women, Vic, if many men were like him!"

And again Victoria could find nothing to say.

Lucius Farmer came to see them the next morning.

Magda was restless; Victoria had gone into her own room to try on a gown her mother had brought her. It was of sheer batiste, embroidered delicately with tiny garlands of roses, all in white. It was the sort of gown that makes any girl's eyes dance, and Victoria, coming back with its frail folds blowing about her, wore the radiant expression

that only a new gown gives to twenty years.

She halted at the sight of a strange tall man standing at the foggy window, talking with her mother. They both turned. Victoria's hand was taken in a big hard hand. She liked the man at once, one must like him; there was something about Lucius that disarmed criticism, that won all hearts. Something simple and friendly, and a little uncertain and timid, and at the same time something definite and vital; there was a world of mirth, a child's secret and delicious merriment in his gray eyes.

He was not smiling this morning; he seemed serious and burdened, immediately the pleasantries of greeting had died away. Victoria, presently going back to her room, could hear through the open doorway the gravity of his tone as he and her mother talked at the window, their heads together.

"I can't, Magda," he said more than once. "I'm so sorry—I can't."

But when Victoria came out again to find her mother alone, there was an air of disappointment or defeat in Mrs. Manners' attitude. She was glowing with inner fires; she was shaken, laughing, ecstatic. She put her arms about Vicky; held the girl away from her to laugh into her eyes.

"My darling, do you like him?" Victoria regarded her with a smile that had small heart in it.

"Isn't the question—do you?"

"Vic, on the steamer, the day we left Buenos Aires, we found each other!" Magda said. "He came up to me and said, 'Aren't you the Valdes' friend, Senora Manners?' I don't know how he ever nerved himself to do it, for he's not like that as a rule. But he said he had seen me at the country club. We hardly spoke to anyone else on the voyage; we had our meals on deck, we talked and talked as if we never could talk enough!"

"For the first time in my life, Vic, I have met a man who stirs in me—something—something that I might have been, might have had?" Magda continued. "He loves me, I know that, although he's never told me so. But it isn't that. It's the companionship, the exquisite delight

CHAPTER IV

Victoria looked sympathy, distress.

"We'll be gone in a week, Mummy. Then won't it be better?"

Magda looked at her daughter soberly.

"I'm forty-two, Vicky, and I've never—liked—anyone before," Magda faltered, with a little difficulty. "It isn't only myself—truly, Vic, it isn't. But it's to hurt him so horribly—to ruin his life, now when he's just beginning to succeed—that's what kills me," Magda whispered.

"But you're separating, Mother. We'll be gone in a few days. That'll help," Victoria said, forcing herself to gentleness and sympathy.

"That's just it, Vic. It'll kill him," Magda shut her eyes, and tears squeezed themselves under the lowered lashes.

"But he'll have his work, and his wife and children—" Victoria began and stopped.

"His wife means absolutely nothing to him, Vic. They've been nothing to each other for five years. He told me so."

"But Mother," she presently offered doubtfully, "doesn't a man belong to his wife?"

To this Magda superbly made no answer. With an expression of patient endurance she rose and swept into her room.

When the bright soft morning came, Magda was exhausted. Her face was bleached and blotched with tears, her eyes swollen, and the hair that had so often been pushed off her forehead during the fevers of the night hung in careless locks and showed darkness at its roots. Victoria was dressed in silk pajamas, having her own breakfast, when her mother awakened; she set Magda's tray on the tumbled bed before her. But her mother could not eat. She drank a little coffee, set the tray aside. "Vic," she breathed, "what shall I do?"

"Mother, you mustn't cry so. Ferd's coming up this morning; he'll be here for lunch!"

"Ferd knows," her mother whispered, not opening her eyes.

"Ferd knows!" Victoria was startled.

"I told him," Magda shrugged indifferently.

"Well, what does he think? Is he—what does he say?"

"Nothing. It amused him, I think," Magda said, with more bitterness than Victoria had ever seen in her before.

"You wouldn't like to divorce Ferd?" Victoria asked doubtfully. "If Lucius got a divorce?"

"He won't hear of it."

"Ferd won't!" It was an exclamation.

"No. He's frightened to death of that Campbell woman. She's going to be on the Loughborough yacht; he knows that the minute I'm out she'll be in. He's tiring of her already, or if he's not he's beginning to feel that he will some day. As long as he's married to me he's safe."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shilling, Anyway

The expression "cut off with a shilling" is believed to have its origin in the ancient Roman law which provided that a will, to be legal, had to make some provision for true heirs, no matter how small. Thus, it became customary in England to insure the validity of a will (though the Roman law had never been adopted) by providing for a true heir with at least a shilling, no matter in what disfavor he may have stood.

him entirely oblivious of what was going on; sometimes she thought he knew. Magda was burning up with it; she could not have wholly concealed it even if she would. She glowed and trembled, laughed and cried; she was strangely, awkwardly like a girl again—a girl upon whom the inexorable forties had set their tragic seal. Somehow it hurt Victoria to the depths of her soul to see her mother's agony in this grip of young love.

Lucius was fighting it; grimly, honestly, uselessly. He and Magda met; sat long over hotel tea tables telling each other that this must be the end, that there was no honor, no happiness for them except in renunciation. Magda, in her dark violet velvet, with the broad brim of her dark velvet hat shadowing her splendid eyes, and the rich gold-brown of sables setting off her exquisite skin, was perhaps as beautiful at such moments as she had ever been in her life. Just to be with Lucius brought the transparent color to her face and the strange liquid pulsing to her eyes.

But when they had parted it was only to begin the agony again.

Ferd was settled in a suite of rooms connecting with Magda's own.

It was Ferd who brought to Victoria and Magda a handful of steamship companies' folders. They opened the shining, brightly colored little booklets eagerly, studied floor plans, discussed "Deck B" and "Deck C." It was Ferd's idea that Magda and Victoria take one of the canal steamers to New York, stopping at South America and island ports, using up the coldest of the winter weeks on the leisurely trip.

"It's just possible that Lucius will be on the Eleatic with us," Magda said one day innocently.

"Mother, don't let him!" Victoria pleaded. Magda looked at her, and the color rushed into her own face.

"But, what am I to do, Vic? I can't stand this!" Magda suddenly muttered defensively.

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

## Founder of the Chautauqua

THERE was a time when the chautauqua was "next only to the public school system in bringing to the masses of people some share of their inheritance in the world's great creations in art and literature." It was literally the "university of the people" and it was the creation of a man who did not himself have a college education.

He was John Heyl Vincent, born in Alabama in 1832 of a line of Pennsylvanians who moved back to that state soon after John was born. Educated at Wesleyan institute in Newark, N. J., he began to preach at the age of eighteen and later was ordained into the Methodist ministry. Transferred to the Rock River, Ill., conference in 1857 he became the pastor of a church at Galena, Ill., where one of his parishioners was a quiet little ex-captain of the army named Ulysses S. Grant.

After a trip to the old world Vincent was elected general agent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union in 1866 and two years later corresponding secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society in New York. In these offices he did more than any other man to shape the International Uniform Sunday School Lesson system.

In 1874 Vincent and Lewis Miller founded a summer assembly on Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., for the training of Sunday school teachers and in 1878 the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was instituted, providing a system of popular education through home reading and study. The next year the first of the summer schools was organized and these developed rapidly.

In speaking of his work at Chautauqua Bishop Vincent said, "I do not expect to make a second Harvard or Yale out of Chautauqua, but I do want to give the people of this generation such a taste of what it is to be intelligent that they will see to it that their children have the best education the country can give."

How well he succeeded in doing that is shown by the extension of the idea—to the summer schools of colleges and universities, the summer assemblies, conferences and training schools of the various religious and secular organizations and the summer courses of lectures and entertainments which made the word "Chautauqua" a common noun. It is also shown by the declaration of Theodore Roosevelt that "Chautauqua is the most American thing in America."

Camera Man

WITH telephoto lens to aid them in getting long distance "shots" and high-speed film to record the scene even when the light is poor, it's not so difficult for the camera man of today to "cover" a modern war. But it was very different when the first camera man who ever "covered" a war went into the field to do his job.

His name was Mathew Brady, the son of Irish immigrants to New York state, who was engaged in the trade of making jewel and instrument cases when he became interested in the art of daguerrotypy soon after it was introduced into this country in 1839. The man who brought it here was S. F. B. Morse, a painter, later famous as the inventor of the telegraph.

Brady learned his first lessons from Morse and learned them so well that by 1853 he was this nation's outstanding photographer.

When the War Between the States opened he was both famous and wealthy and he could have lived a life of ease on his income. Instead he chose a career of privation and danger on the battlefields.

Brady fitted up a canvas-covered wagon to carry his equipment and to serve as his dark room in the field. In it he had to make his own emulsion to coat the large glass plates that were his negatives, for the convenient film roll had not yet been thought of.

His wagon became a familiar sight to all the armies. It plowed through muddy roads, it was ferried over rivers in constant danger of being dumped overboard and all his precious equipment lost.

But fortunately for posterity Brady came safely through all these dangers and the United States government now owns a collection of his negatives, which are priceless records of one of the greatest tragedies in our history. It is also the symbol of a tragic career. After the war was over Brady found himself in financial difficulties. His negatives were sold to pay a storage bill and in 1874 the government acquired them by paying the charges of \$2,840. Brady did not benefit by the deal but later—much later—the government did give him \$25,000 for the collection which was then valued at \$150,000. In his later years Brady lost his pre-eminence as a photographer and he died in comparative poverty and obscurity in 1896.



"If you'd take a few steps, Sis, I believe I'd be inspired to answer that question, 'Did you ever see a dream walking?' You are nothing less than devastating—truly a menace!"

"You meow so sweetly, Connie. I'm a bit suspicious that this little peplum frock of mine has got you catty. Your eyes really aren't green by rights, you know."

Connie Sews Her Own.

"How could you? I think my dress looks as nice on me as yours does on you. Why practically all of the girls at the Laf-a-Lot last night wanted to know where I found such a lovely frock. Not one of them guessed that I made it myself. And did I feel elegant when I played Mendelssohn's Spring Song on Diane's new baby grand! The girls said I fit into the picture perfectly. I thought if only Dwight could see me now."

"I still say my two-piece with its piped peplum, cute little buttons and stream-lines is the No. 1 spring outfit in this woman's town."

Mother Happens Along.

"Girls, girls, if your talk were only half as pretty as your frocks you'd be better off. Sometimes I wonder if you wouldn't be more appropriately titled The Cheek Twins, rather than The Chic Twins."

"Okay, Mother, you win. Let's change the subject by changing clothes. We'll put on our collottes and join you in a round of golf, how's that? Gee, Mother, you never look sweeter than when you're wearing a casual young two-piece shirt dress. The plaid pique is just the thing for you, too. In fact, Mom, you're just about tops from any angle."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1257 is for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 11 yards of ribbon or bias binding. Pattern 1231 is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1236 comes in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

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Use of Raillery

Raillery is a poison which if undiluted kills friendship and excites hatred, but which qualified by a mixture of wit and flattery of praise, produces friendship and preserves it.—La Rochefoucauld.

"Black Beef 40"

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Ignorance and Knowledge

Distance sometimes endears friendship and absence sweeteneth it.—Howell.

NERVOUS WOMEN

Mrs. Albert Still of 5712 Morrill Ave., Lincoln, Neb., said: "I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic at a time when I felt weakened and was all nerves, due to functional disturbances and it helped to stimulate my appetite and the greater intake of food strengthened me and made me feel just fine." Buy of your druggist. New size, tube, 50c. Liquid \$1.00 & \$1.50. Consult Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"I'll be goin' to town with ya jest as soon as Paw falls outa my boots!"