

SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, a vivacious little mouth about anyone, for before I 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 bridge party, excusing herself for being such a "runaway." The Herrendeens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrell frequently. Magda receives flowers from a wealth" 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 Ferdy rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferdy's drinking and attentions to other women. Vic dislikes him. When her mother and stepfather return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferdy's unwelcome attentions to her. Magda returns and tells Vic she and Ferdy have separated. Meanwhile Keith has remarried. Victoria is now a student nurse. Magda has fallen in love with Lucius Farmer, a married artist. While she and Vic prepare for a trip to Europe, Ferdy takes a suite in their hotel. The night before Magda and Vic are to sail, Magda elopes with Lucius Farmer. While nursing the children of Dr. and Mrs. Keats, Vic meets **Dr.** Quentin Hardisty, a brilliant physician, much sought after by women, who is a widower with a crippled daughter. In a tete-a-tete at the Keats home, he kisses Vic. Several days later he invites her with other guests to spend a week-end at his cabin.

CHAPTER V-Continued

Five o'clock came. Six o'clock came. "Nervous, huh?" Quentin Har-

disty asked, looking up.

I til I'm foaming at the mouth about him. And I'll never foam at the reach that point, I'll take my little

throat indoors and cut it. So don't worry about me!" Trimly equipped, they went out to the kitchen, where the younger doctor was mixing something liquid in a small pail, and the older one busy with a salad.

They all worked together, getting in each other's way, getting more and more hungry as the clock's hands slipped from half-past six to seven, from seven to eight. The boy carried the steaks into the shed, where they were to broil on a char-

coal fire. Victoria sampled the salad on a bit of cracker. "That," she said firmly, "is the most delicious salad I ever tasted!" It was a long and delightful meal. Presently they carried their cups to the fire, and Mock Suey cleared away the table, and still nobody made a move to go to bed, and the logs burned on, and the level branches of the redwoods swept

across the low roof in the restless wind of the spring night. "You girls going to freeze?" "Believe me, we have our hotwater bottles," Dora said firmly. Victoria, raising her eyes with a sleepy smile, met Quentin Hardis-

ty's steady look, and was disturbed to feel herself flushing. But when she and Dora finally did drag themselves off to the raised platform where their beds were, and had drawn the canvas curtain against the warm sitting room and the fire, she was conscious of a sort of dancing excitement in her veins.

This was all such fun! There was a rattle at the curtain rings. Victoria put her head through them and found Quentin Hardisty standing close to her at the other side!

Victoria's hair had been gathered | Marian. to the top of her head in a mass of "We're all driving up for supper ace was rosy from heroic washing

hours.

ground under their feet, especially when the trail went into the woods, was soaked and slippery from recent rains. Quentin gave her his hand; she slid against him; they both laughed. Reaching the summit of the spur | silence. with the dark blue rise of Tamalpais

high above them, they sat upon a ing down, breathing in the aromatic ently added. sweetness of the still, clear air, listening to the cries of larks all about and the occasional scream of a jay or chatter of a chipmunk in the

chaparral. When they started to slip and weary.

Once again the quartette that gathered about the table was in gala mood. More than once again Victoria told herself that this was one of the good days, this was one of the satisfying times!

But just after the leisurely meal there was an interruption. A car came up the circuitous bit of roadway to the porch with the speed of familiarity. Quentin's expression of horrified expectation, at which Victoria had been laughing, changed to one of odd embarrassment, of something like faint annoyance-like

gratification. "It's Marian, it's Mrs. Pool," he had time to say under his breath before he went out to welcome her. "Oh, help!" Dora commented, disgustedly. Victoria said nothing.

But the glory, the content of the day instantly were destroyed. It was with a sense of dullness, a vague feeling of hurt that she entered upon the requisite moving of chairs and shifting of places to make room for the newcomer. Marian Pool, lovely in the smartest of sportwear, came into the room with a rush and stood with her head tipped a little on one side, apologetically smiling at them

"Oh, you're having a party! Oh, how shameless of me!" she said. "But why on earth are you eating at half-past four o'clock? Sit down, everyone-do sit down, Dr. Upham

-here, everyone sit down!" They all sat down, and Victoria saw the expression on Quentin Hardisty's face. He saw nothing but

careless, tawny curls; her young at Maud's," the newcomer said. I've dropped Sally and George the village to see the Cushings. It "Here are two extra-things," the occurred to me that Quentin here He drew four firm parallel lines in had entirely forgotten that he promised to be at Maud's, and I told them I'd come up and get him. It's the golf thing, Quentin, and after-

together for one of life's happy only that. I'm thinking of you.

Girls do get so entirely out of touch They climbed straight up the in those places. I know it. My fagreat shoulder of the mountain; ther was at Barbados when I was a stopped, panting and flushed, to get girl; it's much the same thing. The their breath and to look down on life gets one; it's easy, insular, unthe sparkling world; went on again. ambitious. After a bit you're tell-The sun was hot on the singing ing visitors that you've been there blue February morning, but the ten years, fifteen years. In a few years there's no out."

"Vi, I'm going away on account of Quentin Hardisty," Victoria said. Mrs. Keats was standing beside her at the window; they did not look at each other; there was a

"I've got to get away before I make a complete fool of myselfsun-warmed rock for a while, look- before he knows," Victoria pres-

"You mean you-you like him?" Violet Keats said in a stunned voice. "I guess that about expresses it," Victoria said, with a brief laugh.

The thing happened quite simply slide down, the going was infinitely about ten days later. Victoria had easier, especially with the tree- taken Kate down to Dr. Hardisty's smothered brown goal of the cabin offices to have one of the younger roof right ahead. Vicky and Quen- men there look at a small sprained tin came back to the cabin at one elbow. He stood looking thoughto'clock, breathless, ravenous and fully at Vic and the child for a



"You Mean Without Loving Me?" Victoria Asked.

long minute, finally asked her, in almost an absent voice, if she would see him in his own office before she went away.

and inaccessible sanctum made molasses peppermint to console her for recent indignities, and Vic sat tancy at the doctor.

"I want to talk for a few minutes.



Man With Branded Hand

N EVERGREEN cemetery in I Muskegon, Mich., stands a monument which bears the inscription "Capt. Walker's Branded Hand" and below it a bas-relief of an open hand with the letters "S. S." on the heel of the thumb. This monument recalls one of the stirring incidents of pre-Civil war days and marks the grave of a man who played a part in bringing on that conflict.

Capt. Jonathan Walker was Massachusetts sea captain and in 1844 was engaged in coastwise trade. Hating negro slavery, Walker tried to help seven blacks, who had fled from a Florida plantation, escape to the Bahamas. He was arrested, brought to Pensacola, tried as a thief in federal court and found guilty. He was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letters "S. S." (slave stealer), to stand in the pillory one hour, be imprisoned fifteen days and pay a fine of \$150.

After the first part of the sentence had been carried out, he was led again into the courthouse. Ordered to put his hand on the post of the railing in front of the judge's bench, Walker protested when the marshal bound it fast to the post. He declared that he could hold it firm during the ordeal, but his protest was ignored and the branding took place.

After his release from prison, Walker went back to his home in Massachusetts to find himself a hero dress. Why since you've taught and a martyr. John Greenleaf Whit- me to sew-my-own I never want tier wrote a poem in which he besought Walker to hold his branded right hand aloft for all the world stance, took me only one afterto see. Abolitionist leaders recognized in the incident a potent argument for their cause. Accompa-

nied by a fugitive slave he traveled through the North and lectured on the evils of slavery.

The "Man with the Branded Vic found her way to this guarded | Hand" became a famous figure and he did much to arouse the North for suggesting this style. It does strangely easy. Kate had a wrapped and put it in a receptive frame of right well by my hips, and it's so mind for Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a faithful ders. I guess I should diet but in earnest and pretty in her new spring picture of the horrors of slavery. this dress I feel nice and slender. clothes, looking in puzzled expec- In the '50's Walker and his family Don't you see, girls, how impormoved to Wisconsin and a few years | tant it is to choose a style that's



new dress-it's so attractive I'm it for me. Why-"

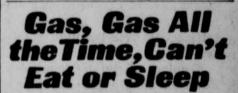
"What's this, what's this? If that isn't a laugh. Aunt Alma! Imagine me wanting anybody's anything. I just make it and that's that. This sport dress, for innoon.

Praise From Auntie

'I think you do wonderfully well with your sewing, my dear. You'll be making my clothes the first thing I know. I feel especially pleased with my new spring dress and I have both of you to thank comfortable through the shoul-

UNT ALMA, there's just one | fashions for little children and the A thing I don't like about my difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature afraid Sis over there will appro- figure; afternoon dresses for the priate it when I'm not looking. most particular young women and Outside of that I'm crazy about it, matrons and other patterns for and I think you're swell to make special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents today for your copy.

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"Not very," the girl smiled, flushing.

"Why at all?"

"Well, then, not nervous at all!" Vic said, laughing. "But there is something fundamentally-disturbing about being shut up in a lone mountain cabin with a handsome and fascinating man," she re-

minded him. "Listen, why do you rub in that fascinating, handsome stuff? That's the third time."

"The second, I think."

"I've seen you," the man insisted, "when you were nothing short of-well, there's only one word for it, beautiful."

"Thank you. Seriously, there aren't many real beauties, and the few I've known have had a vile time!"

"Well, coming back to first principles," Dr. Hardisty said, "don't worry about the Uphams; they'll get here. And if they didn't, I assure you that you'd be as safe as my own sister."

The girl looked across at him, handsome and brown, and quite serious, in the soft fire and lamplight, and her heart gave an odd twist, a physical plunge of emotion. Her throat thickened suddenly, and she felt silly and confused. But she gave no sign of it, and before either she or her host spoke again the Uphams arrived, in a gay flurry of apologies, and after that everything was smooth sailing.

The two women were relegated to the south alcove, drew their curtain, and proceeded with their unpacking and changing to a lively exchange of gossip. Dora was going to have a baby in six months; nobody knew it but Chase, but they were tremendously excited. Vic was all sympathetic enthusiasm here. There might be some question in her heart and mind as to wifehood, but motherhood was all

joy. "Oh, Dora, I envy you!"

"I'm terribly happy about it."

"Isn't this fun, being over here together, and just ourselves!"

"I adore this shack. We had our honeymoon here. And isn't he a darling? Vic - listen - " Dora impulse thousands of years older paused.

ing the impeachment before it was voiced.

"No, but listen, don't you think

he's darling?" "Dr. Hardisty? Yes, I do."

"If he liked you?"

"There isn't the slightest chance of it, even if you continue to broadcast your romantic suspicions all over Mill Valley!" Vic began. Dora sank her voice to a whisper.

"Just the same-They can't hear, their shower's going," Dora said. "Just the same you'd be an awful fool not to marry him if you could, But Victoria, in an old, short skirt, Vic."

"I'll never marry anyone," Vic said, putting on a blue apron, "un- for it. She and her host went off on you, and we all do! But it isn't ment.

with scented soap, her eyes danced. doctor said a little confusedly. "They're stone hot-water bottles; some people like 'em. Anyway, they'll keep hot until morning." "Oh, God bless you, mister!" Victoria said, the curtains parting as

she put out her arms to show her slim body in square, blue-striped pajamas open at the soft young throat. party!"

"You look like a doll!" the man said in a whisper. Victoria stood still, her throat sud-

denly thick. She smiled at him confusedly.

"You're lovely!" Quentin said. He laid his hand on her arm. "Goodnight!" he said, and somehow the

"And Isn't He a Darling?"

familiar little word was not a farewell. It was everything quivering, thrilling, amazing, breath-taking, Hardly knowing what she did, car- hurt and failure. ried away from her moorings by an "Oh, shut up!" Vic said, deny- little from her higher position, rested her face against his for one second of madness and vertigo, and "Goodbreathed an answering

night!" But in the morning she forgot everything except that a new delicious day had dawned and had brought complete happiness with it. Everyone was in wild spirits on this singing spring morning. "How about a walk?" Quentin said then. The Uphams declined.

Chase was sleepy, and Dora tired. a white cap, an enveloping borrowed

ward a big supper at Pete's." "Sure; I hadn't forgotten," Quentin said, in a lazy, smiling voice. His eyes caressed her.

"You did tell me you had a house "We didn't know it ranked as a

house party, did we, Dora?" "I beg pardon?" Dora stam-

mered, starting. "You don't remember me, Mrs. Pool?" Victoria said, in the dreadful moment of silence when everyone stirred and smiled, but no one had anything to say. "Victoria Herrendeen--down at the lodge, years

ago?" "Oh, frightful, don't remind me of those ghastly days," Mrs. Pool

said lightly, her eyes on Quentin. this?" "That was before, all blushes and confusion, I got my divorce! I cried all day, when I was first married, and danced all night when I got my divorce. I mean I really did, Quen."

The dullness, the wearisome stupidness of it all deepened. Vic, from the moment her eyes had first fallen upon the visitor, had known that it would.

"She is beautiful-perfectly beautiful." Victoria said to Dora, when they were gathering brushes and jars in the bathroom.

"I don't see it," Dora answered stubbornly, and Victoria laughed without much mirth. To deny Marian's flawless and amazing beauty would be to deny the mystery of the stars, the glory of an apple orchard in the spring. It worked upon men like an irresistible anesthetic.

Vicky and the Uphams were swift and brief in their farewells. The girl admitted she was tired; the

day's happiness, cooking, tramping, making fires had not tired her, but there was no shred of the felicity left, and she felt jaded and weary. The Mill Valley visit had ended in

The drive home was dull and flat, and the atmosphere of the Keats than she was, Victoria stooped a nursery, when Victoria entered it, somehow jarred on her nerves. "Violet," she said, some days later, when she and Mrs. Keats were lunching together, "did Dr. Keats

> talk to you about my going to Honolulu?' "You mean Miss Reynolds' recommending you for it?"

"It's definite now. I've a letter here from Dr. Bert about it." A cloud came over the older wom-

> an's face. "Vicky, I'd be so sorry to see you "Why would you, Vi?"

pencil on a scrap of paper, looking at them, crumpled the paper and threw it aside. "'I thought you said the other night

that you were lonesome, that you were thinking of going to Honolulu because you were lonesome?"

"I said it to Vi," Vic admitted, after a moment. Her heart thumped.

"Why do you say that you said it to Vi in that funny way?" "I didn't know I said it in a funny

way. I suppose I meant that I didn't say it to you."

There was a pause, after which the man recommenced:

"The thing is-" He hesitated. "The thing is that I want a home." he said. "I want my little girl with me. I told Violet about it and fore they finally dethroned this faasked her if she thought you'd take the job. She said-did she tell you

"She didn't tell me anything." "Well, she said, 'D'you mean as a nurse and housekeeper, or as a wife?' I said, 'Well, if you put it that way, as a wife!' D'you get what saying 'housekeeper,' but maybe what I meant all along was wife." He sat back.

"I see," Victoria mused, not moving her eyes from his. Color came into her face and receded again and they both laughed nervously.

"And-and, thank you!" she said then, a little confusedly.

"I need a wife, badly," the man presently added. "Everyone knows that-Violet and John, everyone. You're the kind of woman I want to marry, I admire you tremendously. I-I like you very much."

"You mean without loving me?" Victoria asked.

said, simply.

scarlet. "Here's the thing," Quentin said,

as she did not speak. "I'd be awfully proud if you'd do it, really I many. But I'd much rather not you say?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Had No Doors

Persons who like to let the entire household know of their anger by slamming a door or banging down a window would have had to resort to some other means in the early days. For in the place of the door, most early Ohio pioneers had only a blanket or animal skin hanging in "Well, for the obvious reasons, of the opening, while in the place of sweater of Quentin's, was all ready said. "Because Mother depends so used greased paper or an old gar-

later bought a small fruit farm in particularly becoming? It's abidand then you talk," Quentin began. Michigan. There he lived during the | ing by this theory that gives some remainder of his days and there he died in 1878, an almost forgotten figure who had played no little part in bringing on the greatest civil war in history.

> Cap'n Streeter, Squatter King FIFTY years ago it was only a sandbar on the shore of Lake Michigan opposite Chicago's famous "Gold Coast." Today towering skyscrapers, huge office buildings, a famous hotel and a great university stand on land valued at half a billion dollars. But Chicagoans still call it "Streeterville," thereby honoring the memory of Cap'n George Wellington Streeter, who battled valiantly against "them dern capitalists" and held out for 30 years be-

mous "squatter king" from his "Deestrict of Lake Michigan." Streeter was a Civil war veteran who became a boatman on the Great Lakes. In 1884 'he built a 100ton ship in which he started for Honduras to take part in a revolu-I mean?" he finished. "I had been tion then in progress. But his ship went aground on a sandbar and the skipper found himself marooned several hundred yards out in Lake Michigan from the Chicago shoreline. So he decided he might as well stay right there. Out of the timbers of his ship he and his wife, Maria, built a little shack on their sandy island and settled down.

But the rich owners of property in that part of Chicago were extending their riparian rights out into the lake. As the little peninsulas of filled-in land reached out toward the captain's island, which had been enlarged by drifting sand, they decided that his shack was an eyesore and "I thought-I thought that was should be removed. They called on how you wanted it to be," the man the law to evict these squatters and five husky constables started out to Victoria looked at him thoughtful- do it. Cap'n Streeter put on his fightly, her breath uneven, her face ing costume-a nigh silk hat and a frock coat-he and Maria took muskets in hand and the constables retreated hastily.

Streeter found an old map of the would. If you won't I'm going to city on which the boundary of Lake get out for a while-I'll go to Ger- Michigan was plainly marked. He contended that the "made land" get out, on account of Gwen, and my was outside that boundary, therehospital work-everything. What do fore it was under federal jurisdiction and he claimed it by right of discovery. But the courts refused to recognize his claim to this "Deestrict of Lake Michigan." He and Maria were evicted time and again but they always came back. So the struggle went on year after year, in court and out of court.

"Cap'n" Streeter died in 1921. But his second wife, "Ma" Streeter, true to her promise to him, carried it on for several years more. Finally she had to give up the fight and Chicacourse," the cultured English voice windows with panes of glass they go's "Thirty Years' war" with the "squatter king" came to end when she died last year.

women such enviable chic."

The Patterns.

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Oui, Monsieur

bouillon, "Consomme, hors d'oeuvres, fricassee poulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demitasse des glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see?"-Masonic Crafts-

Quite a Difference

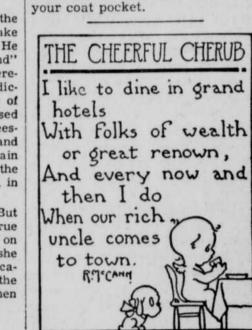
man.

Abie-Vill you please explain to me the difference between shillings and pence? Ikey-You can valk down de

street vidout shillings.

Advance Information Commuter-Good-by, Dear. If I can't get home for dinner tonight

I'll send you a wire. Wife-Don't bother, Milburn. I've read it already-found it in



Silent Lies

The cruelest lies are often told in silence.-Stevenson.

Get Rid o

Ants are hard to kill, but Peterman's An Food is made especially to get them and get them fast. Destroys red ants, black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along windows, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢, 35¢ and 60¢ at your druggist's.



Unwanted Things

What you do not want is dear at a farthing.-Cato.

CHANGE

coln, Nebr., said: Pierce's Favorite scription brought through the 'chan excellent health. I w uite hard all during that time too. Whenever I felt tired and wornout and I soon felt fine again. It increased my appetite. The 'Prescription' was recommended to me by a physician and for that reason I had the utmost confidence in it." Buy now!

The Hardened

Watch Your

Justice must tame whom mercy

Help Them Cleanse the Blood

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to re-

move impurities that, if retainen poison the system and upset the body machinery.

ody machinery. Symptoms may be nagging l ersistent headache, attacks of

persistent neadache, attacks of d getting up nights, swelling, r under the eyes—a feeling of anxiety and hoss of pep and si Other signs of kidney or blad order may be burning, scanty

order may be burning, scale, frequent urination. There should be no doubt that treatment is wiser than negle Doan's Pills. Dean's have been new friends for more than fort They have a nation-wide rep Are recommended by grateful pe country over. Ask your neighbo

of Harmful Body Waste

Kidneys

18-37

cannot win.-Saville.

WNU-U

