

## 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 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 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 Ferdy rents a beautiful home Magda is unhappy over Ferdy's drinking and attentions to other women. Vicdislikes 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. Vic is enchanted with the cabin. Next morning she and Quentin go hiking and return ravenous. The party is disrupted Sunday afternoon by the arrival of Marian Pool, a divorced woman. Vic is jealous of Mrs. Pool and a few days later tells Mrs. Keats she is going to Honolulu. In his office, Quentin questions Vic about leaving. He proposes to her.

the house were not sufficient to keep her occupied, then, she threatened, she would positively take on some work for the blind, or for

the city's orphanage. But the blind and the orphanage had had no opportunity to experi- thing happened. ence her kindly charity. For from the Sunday night when she and Quentin had ended their thirty-hour honeymoon with a sleepy, slow trip these operations well under way, to the city, and had found tempo- she had gathered Susan under one rary quarters in a large hotel, there arm, Susan's brief legs dangling had seemed to be no moment in from her hip, and preceded the othwhich Vic, to use her own words, ers downstairs, to reassure the waithad had time to sit down for five ing Quentin as to everybody's beminutes to ask herself whether or not she was happy, whether or not she was glad that she had married the Gannetts' house; a hall now as she had.

So the first year had flown, and and empty except for Quentin; the at the end of it Vic had awakened cheerful voices of the hosts, saying Quentin in the early dawn of a farewells, could be heard through full of life and mischief. spring morning, and had given him the open porch doorway. charge of her waiting suitcase and her somewhat silent, frightened self. There had been a hospital then: bright, clean rooms, flat clean beds, everyone telling her that she was behaving splendidly, everyone sure of it except herself. And after a while the realness of all these things, and the city, and Gwen, and the big house and even Quentin had all disappeared into a hot, hurtful fog, and still later, ashamed and bewildered and apologetic, Vic had gratefully slipped away into nothing-just nothingjust blackness and oblivion and relief from the task that was too hard.

Then there had been Kenty, and Vic had lain staring at him thoughtfully, thinking not of him but of her mother. "My mother-she was so beautiful and young; she must have been so frightened, and she went through all that for me!"

After the long struggle she had said to Quentin: "I don't want another baby. This one's darling; I want him. But never another!" But the unexpected ecstasy of having one child, after all, had made the possibility of having another seem nothing less than a miracle. Susanna Hardisty had swiftly followed her brother, and on Susan's second birthday, the crowded Hardisty nursery had been enriched by the arrival of Richard and Robert together. Even the mother of what she sometimes described as the "Light Infantry" had been temporarily left breathless and startled senses in wild confusion. "If a man by this promptitude. Vic lived now in a world of small beds, small stamping footsteps, small shrill voices. Kenty and Sue, Dick and Bobs had filled her life to overflowing; she adored them even while she

and there was lunch, a delicious "Quentin, who was the pretty girl at the very end-the one in lavender Printed Cottons Rank High in Chic Ask Me Another asparagus and beaten biscuit and linen?" "Oh, that was Mrs. Billy McGrew. strawberries, and several nice A General Quiz

Josephine McGrew - she's a nice neighbors to share it. Then all the men went to play golf on the club kid. But nutty!" links a hundred yards away, and "She's affectionate, I gather?"

some of the women played contract. Quentin laughed, guiltily, giving Victoria played neither, and she and her hostess sat talking together. "Vic, you mean you're that way

his wife a sidewise, shrewd smile. "A little." Victoria said nothing, but her

heart was lightened again. It was "September. I rather hoped you'd all so silly! not guess."

"How'd you know that?" Quentin "Guess! A child in arms would presently asked, chuckling. "I was on the stairs when she was

know. How old, in heaven's name, talking to you in the hall. I got the are the twins? Are they a year old balcony scene."

"A year! We've just had our second birthday celebration." Quentin asked "Well, honestly," Mabel Gannett

said, "I think it's dreadful! Going in relief. in for a perfectly enormous family these days! With Quentin as stunning as he is, and all the women

less, she's not very happy with Mcmad about him-" Grew-he has nothing but money, "Oh, that!" Vicky said indifferently, as the other woman paused. And then, just before the Hardistys went home at five, the odd

Victoria had led her troop upstairs for last wiping of small faces and buttoning of small coats;

ing "just about ready." There was a wide lower hall in

filled with soft late-afternoon light,

Victoria had reached the landing obviously and patiently awaiting his family, when another person came into the hall. She came from the direction of the dining rooms; a slender, graceful woman-almost a girl, though the voice was a woman's. It was a voice low with reproach and pain now, and as she



apparently. She'll get out, some day; she'll quit him cold. She wanted to say good-by to methey're going to Biarritz, they have a place there-and she had to tell me that it was all over, and we would always be friends and all that!"

"Caught with the goods, eh?"

"Red-handed." Victoria laughed

"Poor little Jo," the man said,

after a peaceful silence. She's aim-

"What was all over?"

"Well, exactly. Nothing!" He laughed heartily, engineering the car through the complicated turnings of Daly City, and Victoria was silent for a while.

Victoria laughed, her fears all laid to rest.

The five children were uproarious in the nursery at supper time; their long sleeps in the car coming home had refreshed them, and they were

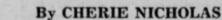
The nursery was full of noises and thumps; the children's laughter and was about to call to Quentin, ringing high above every other sound. Mollie brought Dicky to his father. "There's one that'll take all the loving you want to give him," she said, and Quentin sat holding the quieter twin, loving the serious exploratory glance that Dicky occasionally sent over his shoulder, as one who would be sure that these

big arms, these big knees were quite safe.

"I thought a girl was always gentler than a boy," Quentin said .-"I knew you'd break that, Kenty!" he interrupted himself. "You jerk it, and then Susan jerks it; why don't you wait until you want to use it?"

"There's nothing gentle about Susan," Vicky said, the broken cord designers are now turning out cotalready mended. Bobs, the other | ton costumes for both day and evetwin, having finished his entire dinner with scrupulous attention and in them no matter the place, the thoroughness, now came to climb time or the company you are in. up beside Dicky. Gwen was animatedly demanding if Daddy would like to see her new dress for danc- Merchandise Mart of Chicago reing school.

"Somehow I never thought I'd pictured) that cause one to become hear you talking about dancing cotton-conscious to ace-high point school, Gwen," Quentin said, his





A RE modern cottons putting on high-style airs! Their emergence from the humble housefrock field tells as fascinating a story a any Cinderella romance might offer. Cottons are certainly going places and doing things in the way of color, weave and design such as

they never ventured to do before. This spirit of cottons to do and tc dare is especially true in regard to this season's prints which are flaunting a glory and glamor that is taking them into the swankiest

places cottons were ever known to go. As pretentiously fashioned as ning wear, you feel smartly dressed

It's cottons such as were displayed at a style clinic held in the

cently (three of which are here

short puff sleeves are important style details. The gypsy sash girdle repeating leading colors in the print adds the final "touch that tells." A bright green felt hat with grosgrain ribbon trim colorfully tops this costume.

A peasant print and the new spaghetti trim are combined in the dress shown to the left to interpret style at its best. The print is in peasant blues, greens and yellows on a russet background ground. The spaghetti trim for belt and for the modish lacing on the waist is in multi colors. The skirt is flared as fashion now demands. The hat has a square high crown and the brim is bound in grosgrain.

Royal crimson (echoing coronation colors) and navy blue on a white background of cloky pique presents a stunning color study for the gown centered in the group. Because the print is a vividly colorful widely spaced bold floral it registers definitely 1937. This ensemble

features a jacket with puffed sleeves

and paneled down the back to cor-

respond with the panel in the dress

which is sleeveless and collarless.

A new Gaucho style felt hat in-

spired by South America gives a

nonchalant touch which is most in-

triguing. Adjustable knots hold the

When you go cotton-print shopping

don't forget that the bigger, the

bolder, the print the smarter. You

can go to any extreme and still not

be found guilty of exceeding the

speed limit so far as the colors and

designs of the new cottons are con-

cerned. There is a decided trend

toward bold stripes and plaids. Then

too, fancy turns to East Indian and

oriental print designs. These are

particularly smart for the now-so-

**FASHIONS DEMAND** 

hat under the chin.

1. How many languages and systems of writing are there?

C Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

2. What state has contributed the most Supreme court justices? 3. In what year was a performance of "Aida" given at the foot of the Pyramids in Egypt?

4. Who guards the White House? 5. Who wrote the "Comedie Humaine"?

6. What was a bireme?

#### Answers

1. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly says that there are six thousand seven hundred and sixty named tongues and systems of writing in the world.

2. New York has contributed the most United States Supreme court justices, 10.

3. In 1912 an impressive openair production of the opera was given there.

4. The White House has its own police force of 48 men. This includes a captain, a lieutenant, three sergeants and 43 policemen. There are also 10 Secret Service men.

5. This is the title of an uncompleted series of nearly a hundred novels by Balzac, designed to give a panoramic picture of the manners and morals of the time. He began the work in 1829, adopting the general title in 1842.

6. An ancient galley having two banks of oars.

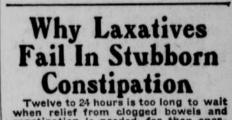


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Sign of Age

Old people take vacations when they don't want them. Young people never do.



#### **CHAPTER V—Continued** -7-

"I think you'd better try Germany." For a few seconds Victoria really thought she had said it. Then she knew that she had said nothing audible, but that she was looking at him with her throat dry, and her heart beating hard, and all her wanted you he could get you," she heard him saying. "If a man wanted you he could get you."

"I say yes, of course," she said steadily.

"Good!" he said. "I'll come out toiled herself into a daily state of to dinner tonight and we'll tell Vi exhaustion for their sakes. and Johnny. Good-by, Kate, give me a kiss-that's the girl! No, this is the way out."

Victoria left him standing there, city. in his white coat, with the little instrument still in his big hand.

She was quiet that evening; quiet during the days that followed, downtown for some music, for There were but few between the odd, sudden talk in Quentin's office and the hour when they two were married. Only Catherine and the Keatses witnessed the very simple ceremony. Victoria, with a smart loose coat and a small hat, was like a serious child, obeying, docile, seemingly bewildered. She had arrested Quentin with a small hand on his arm, when they went into the clergyman's study; had spoken in quick fear and nervousness:

"Quentin — you're sure, aren't you?"

his wide smile.

"Why, aren't you?" "Yes. Yes, I am," she said

staunchly. Afterward, when the doctor and Violet had kissed her, and she and one o'clock, and Quentin was driv-Quentin were down beside the ing her and the three older children parked car, she had another mo- down to Menlo Park. There was a ment of irresolution.

"Are we going to Mill Valley?" "Well, you knew that," Quentin distys would go to lunch with the

said. "Yes, I know." Victoria got into | doctor husband had summoned the car. "We'll be back Monday, Quentin to this emergency case, had Vi," she said, through the opened hospitably insisted upon the lunch. window. The Keatses waved; Quen- It needn't be until two o'clock; she tin started the engine; they were had beds upon which the small fry moving.

ton street overlooked the Presidio saw the Hardistys any more! wall, and the long lines of pines inside the military reservation, and the shoulders of the hill ranges that the grass while Quentin was inside. descended on either side of the Then he came down again, and Dr. Golden Gate. There was plenty of Gannett came down, and the Harfog out here on the summer morn- distys were to follow the Gannett ings, and Victoria's back garden car. was often dripping with milky mist.

CHAPTER VI

nection with Quentin and Gwen and away with little Betsey Gannett, ed spring twilight with romance.

Quentin meanwhile was busily building up for himself the most important surgical practice in the

They rarely went to dinner parties. Sometimes after their late dinner at home they would slip the last acts of a play or the final run of a good film. But almost always they were at home in the evening, Quentin glad to smoke his pipe, to go early to bed; Vic happiiest when she was within reach of any call from the nursery. Other women laughed at her, perhaps pitied her a little. She never pitied herself; she was supremely content. "We like each other." she told

him on a certain Sunday morning when they had been six years man and wife, and when an unusual lull in domestic and professional inter-The man looked down at her with ruptions had by chance afforded them a lazy hour together.

Victoria looked enviously at the comfortable peninsula homes they were passing, for by this time the day had somehow rushed about to skull fracture to be diagnosed at the hospital, and after that the Har-Gannetts. Mrs. Gannett, whose own

could take their naps; please, The Hardisty house on Washing- please, please come; they never

They were at the hospital. Vic and the children walked about on



"Mother!" She Said.

spoke she put her hand on Quentin's arm. Victoria, halted on the landing, had an odd feeling of amusement, a surprising feeling that was something like fear, as she watched.

"Quentin," the woman said clearly, but in a low tone, "how can you be so horribly unkind to me?" Victoria saw Quentin look down at

her from his big height; saw the good-natured smile in his eyes. "Am I horribly unkind to you?" he asked mildly. "You're killing me!" the woman

answered passionately, with a little choke in her voice. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, Joseph-

ine," Quentin said. "You hate me, I know that!" Josephine said. "But I can't help it. I have to see you-we're going Friday. Yes, he settled it. I didn't. I think he's crazy. But we're going. And I have to see you before we go! Will you lunch with me on Wednesday?"

"Operating on old Fuller in Los Angeles. I go down Tuesday night."

"You know, I don't believe you, Quentin," the woman said with a shrewd look. But instantly her manner changed and softened. "Oh, don't be unkind to me-be kind to me just this once!" she faltered, with unmistakable signs of tears. Victoria, rooted to the landing saw from Quentin's face that he was embarrassed, but he gave no sign of nervousness; he was completely master of the situation.

"I don't know what you can have to say to me, my dear," he said, in the kindly masculine look and tone and manner that Victoria-that all women-loved. "Listen, you're get-

ting yourself all wrought up," he added. And he put a hand on her shoulder. "Come into the library with me a minute," he suggested.

They left the hall together. When they were gone Victoria descended the remaining stairs and began her thanks and farewells. Al-

most immediately the other chil-

arms full of nightgowned small fashions of the type pictured avail-Gwen's suddenly affectionate kiss. animatedly.

"I kin limp!" Susan shouted with the usual accent on the personal to Gwen's immense delight. "She walks just as if it hurt her, Moth-

er!" exclaimed Gwen. After a while, Quentin, with the sureness of long practice, slid the sleeping twins into cribs and left after him:

"When you've made your telephone calls, Quentin, see if you can get Dora, and find out how Dorothy is, and remind the Findleysons that they're coming to supper. Tell Billy not to dress, and say to Sally that

of course if her father's with her we want him, too!" "And shake the hall rug and see if there's any mail," the doctor added. But he was grinning as he

went downstairs.

About an hour later, when a party of six had just harmoniously settled down to Sunday's cold supper there was an interruption. It began with a ring at the doorbell, but that was nothing in a doctor's household; nor was Meta's appearance a moment

later. What was unusual was the appearance of the woman who followed Meta; the sound of her voice.

For a moment Vic didn't know the voice at all, or the little tinkle of high laughter, or the person in the lace-edged hat and frilly silk coat, frilly blouse, frilly sweeping skirts who stood there. Then the whole world turned upside down and she got to her feet and tried to speak, but couldn't hear her own voice and tried again with better luck.

"Mother!" she said.

"My dear, the proverbial bad penny!" Mrs. Herrendeen laughed, coming in to sit down at the chair Quentin provided, and looking about the circle gayly. "Well, you're having a party!" she said. She was introduced, all the voices spoke together cordially.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# The Egyptian Scarab

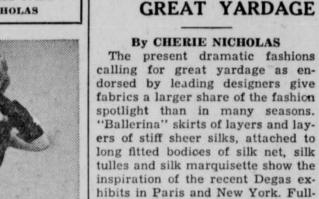
The Scarab is made of many sorts of sterling quality. Especially is of stones. In many varieties of this true at the present moment dren, Betsey, the nurse were with stone the Egyptians copied the scar- since Paris is showing greatest en-Their way wound up into the hills her, and within five minutes of her abaeus or sacred beetle. The an- thusiasm for black silk sheers of evnear Woodside; they were presently having first glimpsed that tableau cient Egyptians took the scarab ery description. One of the argubeing welcomed by Mrs. Gannett on in the lower hall she and Quentin beetle for their symbol of creation. ments in favor for black net is that a porch; everything went just as were on their way home. But it They associated the symbol with it can be worn over different slips. In the beginning of her marriage such days always went, doctor talk, had left its mark, she had to speak their god Khepera, who rolled the the latest idea being multi-colored she had said that she hoped to be nursery talk, spring Sunday talk. of it, the passionate young voice, sun across the sky as the beetle plaid or striped taffeta or gay floral busy; idleness was what jeopardized Vic was alternately proud of her "How can you be so horribly un- rolled its egg. The Egyptians be- print topped with black sheer. The so many women's happiness. If her children and anxiously exasperated kind to me!" was ringing in her lieved that by wearing the scarab silk net evening gown pictured has duties and responsibilities in con- about them; a nurse walked them ears and coloring the languid scent- they absorbed the strength of crea- a charming Empire decolletage. tion.

of enthusiasm. Attractive cotton boys, but his forehead held up for able in department stores and specialty shops the country over give "Oh, but you know I limp, Dad- the perfect answer to women seekdy?" the little girl reminded him ing maximum style at minimum outlay.

A stunning dress, as shown to the right in the group, holds no terrors pronoun. And she gave an exag- for a limited budget for it is anygerated imitation of a cripple's gait thing but costly even though it does give its wearer an air of high-brow chic. Which is the grand and glorious thing about this season's handsome cottons, they are inexpensive although they have all the voguish details you would expect of much Victoria reading. Victoria called higher priced modes. In the gown referred to you see how dramatically splashy cotton prints have stepped into the 1937 scene. The graceful black scroll patterning

popular house coats and for sports boldly contrasts vividly colorful flofrocks. rals. A girlish round collar and © Western Newspaper Union.

**VOGUISH SILK NET** By CHERIE NICHOLAS



skirted evening gowns sometimes use forty yards of silk. Schiaparelli's ballet waltz dress with short skirt over stiff petticoats. the soubrette silhouette which caused such a sensation at the openings, is frequently interpreted

### **Cotton Laces Are Just the Thing for Daytime Frocks**

Cotton laces, fashion forecasters declare, are going to be prominent among the daytime frocks worn this spring and summer. Street-length dresses made of lace in the many tailored styles are just the thing for the perfect combination of smartness and practicalness. The laces are varied in their patterns, some having big flower designs made up of large or small flowers or different sizes together. Others are patterned in geometric and modernistic figures. The beauty of the cotton laces is that they can usually be worn straight through the day, finishing up at the country club as fresh and smart as a daisy. A little sports dress may be just a sports dress, but when it's lace, you have sounded a style-correct decorative note to say nothing of coolness and uncrushableness

constipation is needed, for then enor-mous quantities of bacteria accumu-late, causing GAS, indigestion and

late, causing GAS, indigestion and many restless, sleepless nights. If you want REAL, QUICK RELIEF, take a liquid compound such as Ad-lerika. Adlerika contains SEVEN ca-thartic and carminative ingredients that act on the stomach and BOTH bowels. Most "overnight" laxatives contain one ingredient that acts on the lower bowel only. Adlerika's DOUBLE ACTION gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old poisonous waste mat-ter that may have caused GAS pains, sour stomach, headaches and sleepless nights for months.

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WNU-U

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19-3

Sentinels of Health

#### Don't Neglect Them!

Don't Neglect Them I Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—ls constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide dis-tress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all won out.

under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diurctic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist op Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB It hurts my conscience to be rich -We're really all of equal rank, And some folks starve while here am I Just hoarding pennies in my bank. RICANN



If you have to make one party

dress do for various occasions there

is no better buy than black silk net

