

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Quentin looked at her absently, moved his gaze to Victoria.

"Any chance of your going down to Del Monte with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, darling, not on Sunday! Mollie off, and Nurse with all of them to supper! They're bringing all the children—I thought that since you wouldn't be here it would be a grand chance for a children's supper."

"H'm!" Quentin said noncommittally. Victoria, made vaguely uneasy by his tone, sent him another questioning glance. Quentin wasn't quite like himself on this hot still Sunday.

"The other doctors are going, Quentin? You're to have your golf in the morning?"

"I don't know," he said irresolutely. "I thought I might telephone Johnny. We might have our golf right here. You'll get over there and see her, won't you, Vic?"

"Get—?" She was completely at sea, using Susan's bib, as Susan bunted into her. "Take your caddy and run, darling," she said to the child, "and don't wake Baby—she's out on the side porch!"

"Get over and see the Morrises," Quentin completed it.

"Oh? Oh, yes!"

Somehow—somehow, something was wrong. Through the familiar scene a chill faint wind seemed to blow; a faint apprehension of trouble—of change. Vicky couldn't analyze it, was only vaguely conscious that she felt it, but it was there.

"I'll walk over to the Morrises' this afternoon for a few minutes, if you like, Quentin," she said, on an impulse, after lunch.

Quentin was stuffing his pipe; he did not look up. In their more than seven years of marriage he had never made a call that Vicky could remember. Now, sauntering forth into the garden in search of dogs, children, his favorite chair under the oaks on the long terrace, he spoke carelessly over his shoulder.

"Oh, don't you bother," he said, "you've got enough to do! I'll wander over there, later, and afterward I can give you some idea what sort of an outfit it is."

"You'd be a darling to do that!" Victoria said. But oddly she did not feel happy about it, and it was from that Sunday that she dated the change in Quentin. Not understanding why, she nevertheless was conscious of the fact that life somehow didn't go back, after that Sunday, to what it had been before.

Just two weeks after the day when Vicky and Quentin had first met their lovely neighbor, her eyes were suddenly opened, and after that Victoria understood.

Quentin had said that he might play another eighteen if it got cooler, might watch the polo. Vicky saw him off, had a cloud-clearing talk with Mollie, who since her marriage was in port was given the rest of the afternoon and the evening as a special concession; helped Nurse to the extent of opening all the little beds, laying out night apparel, and putting away various books and toys in the nursery.

Finally they were all in bed, with books, and Victoria's head and hair jerked into a hundred agonizing directions by warm good-night kisses and embraces. Five minutes past seven, and supper due within the hour—oh, dear, not much room for rest in there! Her chiffon was at the cleaner's. Perhaps that white one that she had worn this morning.

There was a wide upper hallway in the house, filled now with a pleasant half-light, like the light under water. Victoria, closing the nursery door behind her, lingered for a moment at its big open window, looking out at the cooling and softening day, breathing the freshened air, resting her eyes on the greenness of the great trees.

So standing, she could look down at the drying yard, and the berry vines, and the flat stretch of neglected lawn where a cow grazed, and the gate in the evergreen hedge that divided the Hardisty property from the small but exquisitely groomed estate of the Morrises next door. There was a small strip of lane there, and in the lane Vicky saw a white figure, with the level light on pale gold hair and illuminating the white parasol as if it were a lantern lighted against the dusky shadows of the lane.

Mrs. Morrison, of course. She was talking to someone, apparently; she had the air of a person talking. But her companion was quite invisible against the hedge; it was tall

enough to hide anyone who was close to it on the other side. Victoria stood watching her and reflecting upon the inescapable power of the beauty that had been so suddenly introduced into their compact little group.

Mrs. Morrison continued talking in the lane; the revolving frills of the parasol tumbling, tumbling. Dusk was falling fast now; Anna, coming upstairs, touched the switch that lighted the hall behind Victoria. How many would there be for supper, please? Victoria turned about; considered. The Keates had said they'd stop in on their way home with Kate, and Dr. Miller would be here. Six, please, Anna. No, seven; there'd be Gwen, Vic remembered. Anna went downstairs again, but when Victoria turned back to the window the lights in the hall had spoiled the lovely dusk, and the white frock was gone from the lane. She went into her room after a peep at Madeleine. Quentin was tearing off his clothes.

"Oh, did you just come up? I hoped you'd gotten a nap."

"I went for a stroll."

"A stroll?"

"Yes, I walked a little way. It was lovely out. Feels hot in here."

"It does feel hot. You didn't get as far as the hospital, did you, Quentin?"

"That woman's coming on all right, isn't she?"

The roar of the shower drowned any reply Quentin might have shouted through the half-closed bathroom door; when he came out again Vicky was getting into an old black lace.

"It's frightful to burn your shoulders in just the pattern of your bathing suit," she said. "I wonder how that woman keeps so white?"

Quentin did not answer.

"She was down there in the lane just now, parasol and all," Victoria pursued, now doubled over to insert her heels one at a time into rather tight slippers.

"Zat so?" Quentin asked, shaving.

"Yes, I happened to be looking out of the upper hall window, she was talking to someone—gardener, maybe—but no, it's Sunday night. Maybe it was a lover," Vic said, trying a heel, scowling, taking up the slipper to flex it vigorously.

"She's having a terribly dull time, poor soul, with a sick husband and no friends here."

Quentin was pulling his face about with hard fingers, testing his shave. He was non-committal.

When he and she were going to bed after the bridge game, quite suddenly Quentin said:

"How about asking them to dinner?"

"Who?"

"The Morrises."

"Oh? Oh, d'you suppose he'd come? He seems so cross. I can't imagine him social and agreeable."

"Sure he'd come. She said today he would."

A second's electrical pause. Then Vicky said without volition exactly what she did not want to say, in

exactly the tone she did not want to use—silly suspicious words in a wife's light suspicious tone:

"Oh? I didn't know you'd seen her today?"

"I met her, coming back from my walk," Quentin answered, wondering at the same instant why he hadn't said that he had seen her for a moment at the club.

"In the lane?"

"Yes."



She Was Talking to Someone, Apparently.

serenity she felt a little sick from the sudden jarring awakening, sudden vague fears. So-o-o—that was it, was it? It was Quentin to whom Serena had been talking in the lane. Quentin kissed her good-night—a careless kiss on the top of her head—went to his own sleeping porch. Almost immediately she heard him snoring. But Vicky lay awake for nervous, restless, unreasoning hours.

CHAPTER IX

Vicky made a point of calling upon her neighbors a day or two later, to invite them to dinner.

Feeling oddly formal in her silk gown, with calling cards in her purse and white gloves carried as a final touch, Vicky sat in the patio of the Morrison house with the injured man and his lovely wife, and talked somewhat stiltedly and constrainedly. She and Dr. Hardisty lived very quietly, she explained:

"as indeed a doctor has to do when he is building up his practice, and has six small children!" Vicky ended, with a little laugh.

"Oh, yes, you poor thing!" Serena said so heartily that Spencer Morrison laughed his sinister laugh, and Vicky hated her.

"I didn't know whether coming to dine with us would give Mr. Morrison any pleasure or not," Vicky said later, when she was walking home, and Serena had volunteered to accompany her.

"I beg pardon?"

"I was wondering if Mr. Morrison would think it more bother than it was worth?"

"Oh, he can walk that far," Serena said vaguely.

Victoria did not pursue the subject. They were in the little lane that separated the two properties now, and suddenly she stopped and picked up a small bright object. And a, she did so she felt her heart begin to beat faster, and the blood in her face.

"Quentin's cigarette lighter!" she said. "He's been looking for it everywhere."

"Imagine," Serena commented, undisturbed.

"He probably dropped it," Vicky said, suddenly trembling. "When you and he were talking here in the lane last Sunday."

Half an hour later Quentin came upstairs to find Vicky changing her gown for dinner.

"I met Mrs. Morrison—Lord, she is a lovely creature!" Quentin observed, plunging at once into his abstractions. "She'd started to walk to the village, it was too much for her, and she asked me to telephone for a taxi to pick her up. But instead I ran her down town—it seems he wanted the mail, I guess he gets his own way pretty well!—and then took her home. It only took me ten minutes. She tells me—"

he looked out of a towel, his hair in wild wet confusion to say in satisfaction—"she tells me you called there today, Vic. I'm glad. She's a lovely woman, and she'll be great company for you."

Victoria, at her dressing table, continued to brush her hair. Once she looked steadily at Quentin, in the mirror, but he did not see her.

"I told you they could come Thursday night?" she asked.

"Yes, who else are you going to have?"

"Gita and Gwen and ourselves and Mother."

"Quentin turned, his face coloring with amazement.

"Why, my dear, you can't do that!" he said quickly.

"Do what?"

"Why, have those people, the first time, and not make an occasion of it!"

Vicky was genuinely astonished.

"How d'you mean, Quentin?"

"Well, I mean that they're important people; his father is Sir Percival Morrison. I do think that if ever—if ever we're going to spread ourselves, this is the time!"

"But he's an invalid, Quentin!"

"He's and he isn't. He's lost an eye, of course, but he's an Englishman, and you'll find them regular sticklers for formality. Oh, no, we'll have to make it a formal affair, and Dr. Austreicher."

I'd ask the Rays and the Sinclairs "I see!" Vic murmured as he paused. Her heart was lead.

"Why do you say 'I see'?" Quentin demanded suspiciously.

"Well, we haven't given that sort of an affair since before the twins were born. We've had nothing but Sunday lunches, and bridge dinners for just four!"

"Why, but there's nothing so formidable about it, Vic!"

He spoke with a sort of amused impatience. It was not amusing to Vic. She understood his mood too well; his unworked fusing over every detail of the approaching dinner; his strange excited spirits when the night finally came. Quentin, who usually loathed such affairs, was nervous as a young wife over the candles and flowers, and welcomed the guests with a joviality and assurance that seemed to Vicky almost as bad as his usual manner of grim and polite endurance.

The Morrises came last; the man, who limping a little, evidently glad to drop into the nearest chair; Serena shining in flawless beauty; Vicky herself felt tired; things had not gone any too well throughout the long rainy day, she had small heart in the affair.

The earlier stages of the dinner were not a success. Just why not, Vic was unable to perceive.

Serena sat next to Quentin. Vicky was miserably impressed, from her end of the table, that the guest of

honor did not have much to say. Anyone as beautiful as that did not have to have much to say; she made all the other women look plain and badly dressed and sound chattering-boxes.

The atmosphere seemed definitely clearer when they had gone. They went early; the bowed, carefully walking lean man with the neat black patch over one eye, and the superbly moving woman with her fair head held high. Everyone could discuss them then, and the contrast fanatics could settle down to their game. Vicky and Violet and one or two of the other women turned the lights low in the drawing room, gathered about the fire, and analyzed the Morrises at their leisure.

Quentin had said that he would walk through the garden with the Morrises, but the night had proved to be still blowy and rainy, and they had had to have the car for the two hundred yards.

On the whole, wretchedly glad that it was over, limping upstairs in her stiff new slippers, Vicky pronounced the affair a drag, a bore, a failure.

It went on and on; he never saw it; she could see nothing else. Vicky grew nervous and irritable, wondering about it; wondering when-

Dr. Barton no reason to use thyroid extract, the papirone reducing drug dinitrophenol and in a period of ten weeks he lost 30 pounds. Naturally he was pleased with this satisfactory loss of weight but at this time proven cases of cataract due to the use of dinitrophenol were being reported in the medical journals. It was estimated that 1 in 1,000, perhaps even 1 in 100 users of this drug to reduce weight were being afflicted with cataract. The physician promptly stopped using the drug.

The physician then used thyroid extract but it had little or no effect upon the excess weight and caused the heart, already a fast heart, to beat much faster.

The physician then discussed the case with an authority on weight reducing, giving him a full history of the case to date. This authority made two suggestions. The first suggestion was that the use of anterior pituitary extract might be helpful, which would depend of course on whether the individual was not the pituitary type of overweight. When the pituitary gland, lying on the floor of the skull, is not sending enough juice into the blood, not only are the starch foods not used or burned completely but the fat that accumulates is not spread equally over the whole body as when the proper amount of thyroid juice is lacking.

Put Him in Hospital. The second suggestion was that the physician should place this overweight in hospital; that is treat him as a patient. For, after all, he really was a patient—fast heart, high blood pressure and excessive overweight, easily tired and got out of breath on slight exertion.

As treatment by dinitrophenol might lead to serious results, even death, and thyroid extract had no effect except to increase the rate of his heart beat and increase his blood pressure, the only treatment that remained was to cut down on his food intake.

"A useful procedure in such cases, when the patient is able to afford it and can withdraw himself from home, business and social life, is to administer the prescribed diet under supervision in a hospital for a week or two."

I believe the suggestions for treatment of the above case will appeal to our common sense. Excess weight can be due to only one cause—the eating of too much food for the requirements of the body.

Starch Foods for Diabetics. Before the discovery of insulin, the lives of diabetics were prolonged by feeding them just enough starch foods—sugar, bread, potatoes—to maintain life. They were thus very weak.

When insulin was discovered by Dr. Fred Banting it was found that diabetics could eat more starch foods as the insulin enabled the blood to carry and use the starch foods for the work of the body instead of having it thrown out of the body in the urine.

Now insulin is expensive, and must be administered by the hypodermic needle which, of course, the patient learns to do for himself. Therefore research men have been trying to increase the amount of starch food the patient's body can use so that less insulin will be necessary.

Dr. J. M. Rabinowitch, Montreal, in the Journal of the Canadian Medical Association records his experiences in lessening the total amount of food eaten but giving a large percentage of starch foods so as to enable the blood to hold and use more of these starch foods.

There were 50 cases and the patients followed the treatment carefully for five years. The records show that this diet leads, in the majority of cases, to marked improvement in the amount of starch foods which the body is enabled to use.

Further, the daily doses of insulin finally needed in these cases were found to be less than with all other diets that have been used heretofore in the treatment of advanced cases of diabetes.

Color of Brass Brass is an alloy, or mixture of copper and zinc, and its color varies according to the proportions of these metals. The more zinc it contains the paler it is.

Doesn't Mrs. Morrison Play? Vicky Asked.

ever he was out of her sight when Quentin was, wondering how often he saw Serena, and under what circumstances.

"I saw Serena today," Quentin said one night, when their acquaintance with the Morrises was of only a few weeks' standing.

"Oh, that was nice. Did she come to the office?"

"No, I took her to lunch."

"Oh?" A pause. Then the inevitable interrogation, as unwelcome to Victoria as to Quentin, but dragged from her nevertheless by a power stronger than herself. "Happen to meet her?"

"No-o. I spoke of it Sunday. She said that she was going to be in town."

"I see." And do what she would, the pause would seem to have significance, and do what she would, she could not seem to fill it with some casual pleasantry.

Presently Victoria and Quentin had to dine with their neighbors. Quentin, who rarely went to dinners, had accepted this invitation as a matter of course, without consulting Victoria. She knew in advance that the event would hold no pleasure for her, she felt like a rough-headed child in a home-made gown when the night came and she and Quentin walked across the side lawn and past the berry patch and the pasture field, and went through the old gate into the lane, and so on to the Morrises' house. The affair was indeed informal. Only their four selves were at the table. Serena was no such housekeeper as Victoria Hardisty, but she made no apologies for a poor dinner and indifferent service. The winter night was clear and cold; after dinner there was a fire intermittently replenished by Quentin, and Victoria and Spencer Morrison played backgammon, and then cribbage.

At first they played in the sitting room, but presently Spencer suggested his rather untidy study, where there was an electric heater. He and Victoria went in there, and she exerted herself charitably to make the games interesting. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock struck; Victoria was overcome with sleepiness, and she felt that she could decently suggest going home. Her heart was not on the game; she felt nervous and distracted. Presently she rose; they really must go now; after all, she had a household of small children to consider, and Quentin must make an early start in the morning.

Her host seemed petulant and angry that she should break up the evening, but contented himself with asking her to come over any day, any hour, to get her revenge.

"Come tomorrow at about two, if you can," he urged.

"Doesn't Mrs. Morrison play?" Vicky asked, with an inward smile at the idea that she could find time tomorrow, or any day, for an idle afternoon game with a neighbor.

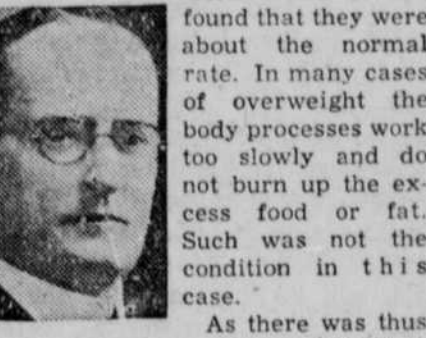
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Reducing in Hospital

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
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AMAN, thirty-two years of age, height 5 feet 11 inches, weighing 310 pounds, consulted his physician in an effort to rid himself of his excess weight. He was carefully examined and found to be in good health although his blood pressure was above normal, a common condition in overweight.

A metabolism test was made—rate at which the body processes work—and it was found that they were about the normal rate. In many cases of overweight the body processes work too slowly and do not burn up the excess food or fat. Such was not the condition in this case.



As there was thus no reason to use thyroid extract, the papirone reducing drug dinitrophenol and in a period of ten weeks he lost 30 pounds.

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AROUND the HOUSE



Items of Interest to the Housewife

Season Lightly — Be careful when doubling a recipe not to double the seasoning. Use it sparingly at first, then add more if needed.

Eliminating Food Odors — A small quantity of charcoal in a container on the top shelf will help eliminate food odors from the refrigerator.

Rhubarb and Figs — To one pound rhubarb, after peeling and cutting, add half pound good figs, cut into small pieces. Place in a saucepan with a very little water and about a dessertspoon golden syrup or sugar and gently stew till tender. Serve with a rice or sago mold or hot milk pudding.

Shaping Knitting Needle—Before using a knitting needle, immerse it in hot water for a few minutes to make it pliable. Before it cools, and hardens, hold it in knitting position, and make any desired adjustments such as straightening the ends. This dispenses with a long breaking-in period.

Unwrap Food—Food should not be stored in the refrigerator while wrapped in paper because the paper prevents the cold air from circulating freely over it.

Hole in Tablecloth—If a small hole is burnt or worn in an otherwise good white tablecloth, it can be "mended" most effectively by stitching a motif in fine crochet

spoiled fabric underneath. Add one or two more motifs so that the necessary one does not look odd. This is certainly more decorative than an obvious darn!

Eggs in Potatoes—Bake potatoes. Cut off tops, scoop out centers and season with butter, salt and a little pepper, mashing thoroughly. Half fill shells with potato mixture and drop with a raw egg, salt, pepper, a little grated cheese and one teaspoon butter in each. Put back in hot oven for four minutes to set egg.

Glazing Liquid for Cookies—A mixture of two tablespoons of sugar and one-fourth cup of milk makes a good glazing liquid for cookies. Apply on the surface of the dough with a pastry brush before baking the cookies.

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