

CHAPTER IX-Continued -11-

very well," Spencer answered, with good-by! his characteristic little bitter smile twisting his mouth. "But she gets his own thoughts-"somehow the no particular thrill from playing thought of her going in there and with me."

The drawing room was almost dark when they reached it, but Serena immediately snapped up the lights. Only one lamp had been burning, and in its light and that of the fire Quentin and she had been sitting in big chairs, at the hearth. Had they been there all these long until it went down. He could neitwo hours, Vic wondered?

Serena detained Quentin for a moment at the door.

"Are you working tonight? Sometimes I see your light quite late? Last night you were late."

"Last night I was playing bridge with three men," Quentin told her.

"She watches his light," Victoria thought, disappearing into the outer blackness with a farewell nod over her shoulder.

"If you're working tonight," Serena said to Quentin then, without Brazil!" she said in an aside, in- cling about her in the glow of the the slightest expression in her voice or her face, "come over when you finish and I will give you a cup of chocolate."

"Good-night!" Quentin said. He followed Vicky down the porch steps. When they reached their room he said that he thought he would do a little work: fifteen minutes, maybe.

The next morning at breakfast Vic said to him casually:

"You didn't go back to the Morrisons' last night, did you?"

"Well, yes, I did," Quentin answered, looking off his paper. "I'd meant to take her a book and left it on my dresser. I ran over with it, and she was making chocolate. She says she often has a little supper, after he's gone upstairs. We sat in the kitchen awhile."

he'd resigned from the diplomatic staff, she went up there one last "Oh, yes, plays backgammon time and kissed the white shawl

> "Somehow." Quentin said, lost in laying her face against that shawl -well, it gets you! I mean she's nothing but a little girl."

"And you're nothing but a little raw blind baby!" Vicky might think hotly. But she never said it aloud. No, he was in the grip of a fever now, and there was no saving him ther hear nor understand until then.

woman who stopped her with a houses; Christmas wreaths showed downstairs light went out, too, and, smile. A pretty woman, but wear- in their windows. Victoria shuding too much rouge and powder, dered; it would be good to get lipstick and mascara, a woman sug- home. gesting a gallant retreat from youth and beauty.

"Marian Pool!" Vicky said. Mar- enthusiastic reception from the ian was animated; the beautiful nursery, even then the sense of eyes worked with their old fire; she sickness and shock did not heal; had an "adorable cattle king" in even then she sat blankly, Maddy tow. "My dear, he owns half of in her lap, the other children cirperson who spoke only a stilted into space. Quentin loved another English and used that almost entirely for labored compliments to Marian. Marian was still beautiful, an than she could ever hope to be. Vicky thought; she was not much A strange, mysterious, fascinating

more than forty, but ten years ago she would not have wasted any time on Senor de Raa. Now she was working over him industriously, laughing at his lame

jokes, allowing the fat paw to squeeze her own pretty hands.

"Watch me get a present out of him. He shipped his wife and daughters on the last steamer, and he's going wild," said Marian, drawing Vicky with them into Marsh's beautiful shop. She called the attention of the cattle king to the cabinets of jade jewelry. Vicky, who had left Gwen with a dentist for half an hour's straightening of teeth, looked interestedly at one of the world's finest collections of oriental jewelry and porcelain, brocade and teak and ivory, brass and enamel. A middle-aged saleswoman presently drew her aside. "Excuse me, madam, but did your friend speak of you as 'Mrs. Hardisty'?"

noon to pick it out, and she had told snapped off her light, composed her-

like surprises as much as they liked himself watched. getting just what they wanted. And then-only yesterday Quentin had suggested that she pick it out her-

She had said she would go in at three and pick out the electric refrigerator. Her Christmas gift was to be an

electric refrigerator. Another oriental art shop. Victoria went in.

"You have a beautiful shawl in the window-the red-and-yellow one. What price is a shawl like that?" "That one, madam? Shall we take t out of the window? That one is

"It's beautiful. But not today. the white one," Vicky thought, wan- drive, dering aimlessly out into the sunshine again. "It isn't anything like it. I won't bear it!"

She felt sick, sore, as if every bone of her, mental, moral, and spiritual, had been jarred and hurt. She couldn't even select the refrigerator. Feverishly, in a sudden need to be home and with her children, Victoria picked up Gwen, very chat-

ty and gay, went to the garage, got through the south-bound traffic toward the Peninsula. The trees were bare, and the

roads looked cold. Smoke went

ness But when she was in a cotton

dress, and fairly smothered by the good to stay in bed on such a morning, she thought, still caught in troducing a copper-colored stout old nursery fire, with her eyes staring dreams-what morning was this, anyway? Good heavens, this was woman. Quentin loved another Christmas eve-with everything to woman . . . A more beautiful wom-Then she remembered, and the gray dark morning seemed darker,

woman . "The doctor will not be home for dinner, Mrs. Hardisty. Miss Cone just telephoned. He has an operation at nine." "Thank you, Anna." And the

to death, beautiful, warm, friendly jealous agony, lulled for a moment, death . .



Correct Vacation Toggery the children that grown-ups didn't self as if asleep. He mustn't feel

THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

1297

She heard him come upstairs; he wasn't going to put his car away? Poor Quentin, perhaps it had really been an operation then, at the City and County hospital, or the emergency; perhaps he was completely

blameless, tonight at least . . .

CHAPTER X

Other sounds, Victoria sat up in bed with her heart pumping. Everything was all wrong, cold, terrifying, shaken again. For Quentin, cautiously coming upstairs, had only put out his porch light, had snapped out the drive light. Now the car

lights were up again, and the car thank you. It isn't as handsome as itself was slowly wheeling on the Victoria, not knowing what she

did, was on her own upper porch, as handsome. What will he write trembling with cold and fear and on the card? But no, I won't bear despair in her thin wrapper, with her feet bare and her eyes straining after the departing car.

She saw the car turn, saw it leave the gates again, saw it turn toward the Morrisons' house. It stopped at the side door, and presently a house light went up, and then the car lights were put out. Shrubs shut the doorway partially into her car, and threaded her way from the window porch where Victoria stood with all her world going to pieces about her, but she could discern two figures silhouetted for an instant against the open door. One day Vic met in the street a straight up from all the little Then it closed, and presently the the cold Christmas countryside and her life and her love and her faith were all plunged into cold dark-

> An iron winter sky was low over the world when morning came withbecause their wardrobes after is out sunrise; Vicky, waking at sev-Sew-Your-Own are just exactly en, shivered wearily down again into her warm blankets. It would be right.

materials developed on this theme, and in one of them, at least, the dots will be red.

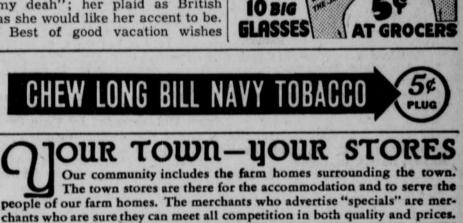
Dates for Dancing.

Vera, to the right, has a date being seemed to ache with the bitter for dancing and when her escort necessity of coming back to conadmiringly effuses some such nonsciousness. Ah, if she could only sense as, "That gown must have stay asleep, and go on from sleep come on the last boat from Paris" she will toss her dark head and say, "No foreign frocks for me. I Sew-My-Own." Her dress of soft She lay thinking, her throat thick, her head confused, her heart and flowered material with demure mind in confusion. Quentin. Quenbraid at the neck and hem almost makes a sweet old-fashioned Victoria suddenly felt that she



/ ACATIONING they will go- | girl of her, but the tailored collar Vera, Mom and Flo. And they and trim cut label her the sophiswill enjoy themselves the more ticated young thing that she really

Only a snappy sophomore can fully appreciate just how smart Mother in this model will be are those buttons down the back of mistaken for daughter many a the model to the left. Her yoke time because her design and dots and neckline are "Oh, so new, are so very youthful. She will my deah"; her plaid as British have various frocks in various as she would like her accent to be. Best of good vacation wishes



THIRST

MAKES

Character and Friendship CHARACTER forms friend-ships and friendships form character. Friendship is based on something shared together, and so it comes about that friendship which could be the most beautiful thing in life, could also be one of the most dangerous. It was by our friendship more than by anything else that we ascended the ladder of life, rung by rung from earth even to Heaven. When our friendships were based on the best in us, that gave us the opportunity to gain the victory over what was worst. - Dr. Temple, Archbishop of York.

to the three of them from Sew-Your-Own.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1297 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2% yards of 35-inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1998 is designed in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 43% yards of 35-inch material. With long sleeves 4% yards of 35 inch material is required.

Pattern 1307 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 16 requires 3% yards of 39-inch material. For trimming 71/2 yards of braid or ribbon is required.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W, Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

WELL --- IT IS HARD

TO FEEL SORRY FOR

YOU! THE DOCTOR TOLD

You COFFEE -NERVES CAUSED YOUR SLEEPLESSNESS ---

BUT YOU WON'T PAY

ANY ATTENTION!

1307

Well, what was a wife to say to that?

After that night there was another change. And this one, to her sinking heart, seemed to Victoria much more ominous than the first. Quentin was always good-natured and gentle now; absent-minded; uninterested in what went on at home. He no longer defended Mrs. Morrison, or seemed especially to want to exchange family courtesies, dinners, and evening meetings, with the house next door. Whatever his relationship with Serena had become, he was content never to mention it; it was their own affair now, his and Serena's, and needed no apologies, no justification.

crete fact; she loathed Serena; she would have been glad to hear of Serena's violent and sudden death. And this made it increasingly hard to endure Quentin's simple revelations concerning her neighbor.

"She's always been just a little yesterday looking at some of our girl," Quentin would say. "She says lovely things, and he picked one she still likes to get a kitten and a out for your Christmas present. plate of apples and a good book on a Now, often when a gentleman does rainy afternoon and curl up in the that," Mrs. Mooreweather went on attic and read.

"Just try to imagine it, Vic, this woman who has been adored because sometimes, as we all know, and spoiled by some of the most tastes do differ, and when a present famous persons in the world! Rothesay Middleton, for example-you know that every woman ir Holly- man just a little hint, and say, 'I wood is trying to get him? She tells me that when she married Morrison she told him that she had to spend one week every year with Middleton, and no questions asked! She said Spencer almost lost his mind trying to reconcile himself to the idea, but in the end he gave in."

"Not much to his credit," Vic might submit dryly. But, fortunate- I know where it is!" Mrs. Moorely for her, Quentin was usually too much absorbed in his subject to see anything amiss.

"Well, he couldn't have gotten her otherwise! And when I think what that fellow has put her through-"

"Spencer! How d'you mean 'put her through'?"

"Why, my God, Vic, he was climbing right to the top in diplomacy when he got hurt! They were to go to Spain; that's one of the fat places! There's lots of money; nothing could have stopped him! She was packing her trunks when he was hurt."

"Well, I don't suppose he especially enjoyed it."

"She told me." Quentin said in a tender undertone, not hearing one word of what Vicky had said-"she told me that just before the smash she had been planning to buy a certain white shawl at the Sea Captain's Shop in Shanghai. She says idiot; passers-by would notice her. it was the most gorgeous thing she ever saw and that when their plans | Geary street, turned back. She had all changed, and before she knew had something to do-something to whether Morrison's eye was going do at three o'clock-oh, yes, Quen-

"I'm Mrs. Hardisty," Vic said. "And your husband is Dr. Hardisty? I thought so. There was something I wanted to ask you. This is very unprofessional," the woman broke off in a tone of smiling and eager apology. Vic could only continue to look expectation and surprise. "You see," the saleswoman pursued, "Christmas is very From Vic's confused thoughts close, and someone was looking at there emerged surprisingly one con- a present for you in here yesterday, and I thought . . .

She had led Victoria into a small adjoining salesroom where there were a teak table and some chairs. "Do sit down," she said, "and I'll explain. Your husband was in here irresistible. After a while Victoria

lady just a little hint, when I can, ning? is very handsome-and this is handsome-it's so easy to give a gentlethink your wife would surely prefer that,' and then she gets what she wants, and we please a customer." While the amiable endless patter had been streaming on, Victoria had been smiling vaguely, hardly listen-

ing. "Now, this must be a secret, Where is that? I thought-oh, yes, weather was saying, as she drew in and out of their frames great deep black drawers filled with silken beauty. "This must be a little secret between you and me," she ran

Victoria did not hear her. Her head was spinning, and her mouth filled with salt water. Her brown

hands were lying on the royal folds of a white Chinese shawl.

After a while she was out in the street again, walking in a businesslike way toward the White House. The familiar shops and corners went by her; flashing in winter sunlight and cold shadows, moving with forms and sounding with the horns of cars and the chip of feet. Victoria felt dazed and weak; she felt that her knees would give way. "Oh, my God, my God, my God!"

Victoria said, half aloud. She couldn't stand here like an She walked irresolutely toward

to be saved or not, she used to go tin had asked her what she wanted scrunch of the gravel; her heart, human engine, when it is doing every day and take a look at the for Christmas, and she had said heavy and sad as it was, felt some- nothing more than breathing easily. shawl. So when it was all over and that he would meet her some after- thing of reassurance and calm. She is called the basal metabolic rate

was groping with her feet for her fur-lined slippers.

was suffocating, strangling. She

flung off the blankets, reached for

her heavy wrapper even while she

tin and Serena Morrison.

and her bones, her head, her whole

"B-r-r-r!" she muttered, going to the opened window, shutting it with one swift gesture. The garden below the window lay bleak and bare under a fine frosting of white; a delicate powdering of frost covered the bricks of the walks and lay like lace on the soaked bronze red of the leaf pile under the oaks. the ghostly vision in the mirror.

stairs, to sit holding her coffee cup at the level of her mouth, an elbow resting on the table, her eyes far away. She could eat nothing, but she managed a few swallows of coffee; managed a question to the maid: "Did the doctor have his break-

fast, Anna?"

with a glance.

"Quentin gone?"

She stopped, remembering

"He went early-I didn't see

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Basal Heat Production

mined by the rate at which heat is

lost cannot be valid. Possibly be-

Marsh's and the white shawl. The

"No, ma'am. He had a cup of coffee standing, in the kitchen, he wouldn't sit down. He had an eight o'clock at the Dante." was in her own room and idly han-"Did he say anything about din-

dling the telephone. ner?" Suddenly, shamed color in her pale face, she called the hospital. telephone." Was Dr. Hardisty there? Was he confidentially, "I like to give the to be there? No operation that eve-

"You can get him at his home, Atherton eight eight eight," a pleasant girl's voice presently said. Vicky waited awhile, and the cold-bound winter world and the

wind whining over the oaks and how be endured. the blighted gardens seemed to wait, too. Presently she telephoned to Serena.

"What are you two doing tonight?" "My dear,' said Serena, "I've just ordered an early dinner for her breakfast tray on her knees. Spencer-why don't you be a dar-

ling and come over and play backgammon with him? I've been called to town. A dear old friend, Mary Catherwood, is at the Fairmont, and toria said. "I had to get some more she wants me to come in and dine late with her. I'm disgusted-such a frightful night, but what can you

do?' sick reluctance to believe it all took There was more of it. It was possession of her again. very convincing, but not quite convincing enough. When the conversation was ended, there was nothbim."

ing for Victoria but vigil. Restless, feverish, sleepless, the hours of the night began to go by. It was a still night, the eve of Christmas The once accepted general law eve, with the world tightened under that basal heat production is deter-

a frost, and every outdoor sound echoing like a pistol shot. Ten. Eleven. Midnight, and no cause of some activity of the duct-Quentin. At half-past twelve Vic- less glands, most heat is generated

toria, drowsing with her reading when an animal least needs it. A lamp shining full in her eyes, start- living animal is like an engine. It ed up with a frightened sense that burns up food like fuel and coneverything was all wrong. Fire-acverts it into muscular energy. Also, cident-calamity . . . it stores up some fuel in the form

Then she heard what had waked of fat and tissue and draws on it in her; his car on the drive. She knew time of need. All this is called the sound of the engine and the metabolism. The idling rate of the

JOYS 1 gelaine HIST! THERE HEY ---NICE THEY ARE! I HOPE WORK . COME ON, GLOOMS .. HURRY UP DADDY GET 'EM MEN GLOOMS HURRIES I'VE FOUND UP ... 50 A FAMILY WE'LL

SPOIL

THEIR

FUN.

WE CAN

START!

WELL,

GO AHEAD

I DIDN'T

AND WAIT!

SLEEP MORE

THAN TWO

WINKS LAST

NIGHT ----

AND I FEEL

TERRIBLE.



THAT'S

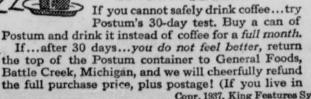
STARTING

PICNIC

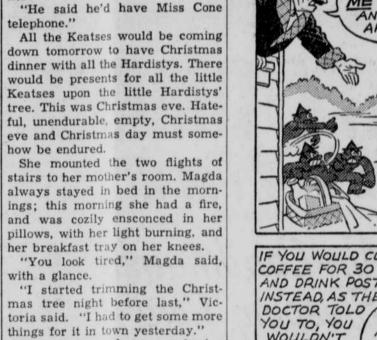
ON A

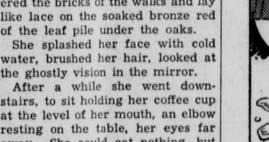


30 DAYS LATER YES, SIR! HIS DISPOSITION IS WHAT FUN THESE SURE SUNNY PEOPLE HAVE HAD SINCE HE SINCE HE GOT RID OF SWITCHED HIS HEADACHES AND TO POSTUM: SLEEPLESSNESS; YOUR MONEY BACK ----IF SWITCHING TO POSTUM DOESN'T HELP YOU!



Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.) Postum contains no caffein. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetaned. Postury, comes in two forms...Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate ... and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. It is economical, easy to make and delicious. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days, you'll love Postum for its own rich, fullbodied flavor. A General DONT BE A GLOOM. Foods Product. (This offer DRINK POSTUM expires Dec. 31, 1937.) Copr. 1937, King Features Syndicate, G. F. Corp. Licensee





She Lay Thinking, Her Throat Thick, Her Head Confused.

began again, fierce and tearing and

