

quickly.

a pause.

confidence.

a nightmare!"

tening.

Spencer Morrison.

said mildly. Victoria looked up

"You know why?" she demanded

"I suppose so," Magda said re-

"Don't take it so seriously, Vic!"

her mother urged, after a silence

casting about for something to say.

wiped her eyes, spoke in a calmer

not going to make any fuss," she

said. "But if that's what Quentin

wants. I won't stand in his way."

Quentin doesn't seem to me like a

"That's what makes it so ghastly,"

she said in a whisper. "What have

you seen, Mother?" she asked, after

"Oh, well, that he liked her,"

tiously. "And certainly that she was

after him!" she added with more

"Well, she's got him!" Vicky said

"Vicky," her mother presently

began placatingly, in real uneasi-

ness, "you wouldn't break up a

happened to look at another wom-

home like this just because Quentin

"What else can a woman do when

everything she's ever loved and

trusted-" Vicky stopped abruptly,

choked by the tears that rose in

her throat. "After all, one has some

pride!" she added, in a lower tone.

"Oh, it's all so horrible," she said

bitterly, half aloud. "It's all such

"She'd marry him, like a shot,"

vorce and a big settlement from

"She can," Vicky said, trembling.

"She knows Quentin is going to

"Ah, well," Magda said, "that's

Victoria did not question this

"It's like a death." Vicky said.

"Oh, Lord, no, it isn't, Vic. It

"But it never seemed as if it

would happen to me." Vicky fell

into brooding thought. "It ends ev-

erything-everything that I ever

on in marriage and have their own

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" Magda

"But you think that, don't you,

"Well, yes-and no," Magda said,

haggard cheeks suddenly scarlet.

like a mother-wife and a-a show-

off wife," she formulated it slowly.

"They love home first, and to find

a big steak ready, and a fire, and

one to love them in a quiet sort of

way. And then they like another

woman to flatter them, and meet

Vicky considered this, a faint

"And what would a man think of

"Oh, well, you can't go by that,

Vicky!" Magda assured her hastily.

"No, you can't go by anything,"

"In the old days, you see, it was

"No, harder for the other wom-

"Well, before there was so much

divorce," Magda offered simply. "A

of it after a while. Then he came

"If she was a spineless fool," sup-

"She didn't have much choice.

"That isn't the way things are

at least a woman doesn't have to

make a doormat of herself!"

That's the way things were."

"How d'you mean harder?"

"Harder for wives?"

back to his wife."

plied Vicky.

them places, and be admired."

scowl between her heavy brows.

said soothingly. But something in

Vicky laugh suddenly.

cryptic comment; she was not lis-

went on. "How old is he, Vic?"

the time they get them!"

"It's worse than a death!"

happens all the time."

"Forty-five-nearly forty-five."

and then she'd

"Oh, but you can't ever be sure.

"Seriously!" Vicky blew her nose.

CHAPTER X-Continued -12-

Weak misery blotted out all other in surprise. emotions and she turned desperately toward the duty of the minute, luctantly and uncomfortably. She toward the wrapping and tying of presents, the heaping of bundles, jerked her head in the general direction of the Morrison house. the fastening of trimmings on the tree that stood in lone cold state in the downstairs drawing room. in which she had obviously been

It was cold in the drawing room; Victoria worked in a sweater; left half the trimming undone. There was no heart in it today. Christmas had always been a wildly fest- and quite determined voice. "I'm ive time in the Hardisty familyeven the dreadful first Christmas when Quentin and Vicky and Gwen had all been ill. It would be no such holiday tomorrow. It would never seem Christmas again.

"Oh, my God!" Vicky said, standing still in the middle of the room, he is with the children," Magda putting her hands that were sore argued. from wires and string and tinsel, that were cold and dirty, tightly over her eyes. "My God, what shall

Well, and what had to be done now? With the rest of the tree's trimming Nurse must help; it was Magda answered somewhat cautoo much to do alone in this cold room. Victoria went out to the kitchen and asked Claus, the old German gardener, who was brewing himself some coffee on the laundry stove, to look at the drawing-room radiators. Company tomorrow.

Then upstairs again to find beds made, and the children dressed and circulating about with their usual uproarious activity. Bricks, crayons, railway trains, and blackboards were all in evidence. The question of stockings arose; when were they going to hang the stockings?

"The holes of the nails we had last year are all here!" Susan said excitedly, in interested investigation at the hearth.

"Mother." the gentle twin said, at her knee, "if we hanged them Magda predicted. "She'd get a dinow might they be filled by sup-

"Oh, no, darling, because Christmarry Quentin." mas isn't until tomorrow!" The nursery door opened; Gita shyly insinuated herself into the be the biggest of them all," Magda

room, closed the door again. "Amah's sick, and M'ma said I could come over," she said.

Victoria's face paled, but there

was no one to see.

"Come in, Gita. Better close it, dear, because Madeleine's getting all ready for her bath-aren't you, my sweetheart?" She rubbed her face gently against Madeleine's little fluffy head and felt the tears, hot and hurtful, in her eyes again and the agony of despair in her heart.

At noon Quentin telephoned. "That you, Vicky? Vic, will you look in the pocket of my coat-the | built into my life," she said. "And gray coat-and see if there's a lit- | perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps men tle black book there? I'll send down like the sort of women who go right for it if you find it-"

"Just a minute, Quentin." It was affairs! Perhaps a home and chilthe doctor's wife talking; it was no dren and a woman who loves him longer only Victoria Hardisty. In aren't enough." a moment she was back. "It's here. Want Claus to bring it in?" "Well, but won't that mean that

you've no car?" "I don't need it. I'm not going out. I was downtown this morn- Mother?" she asked, looking up, her

ing." "Everything all right?"

A pause. Then Vicky said heavi- pondering. "I think most men would

"I guess so."

"Well, don't get too tired. I'll be home early."

Vicky put down the telephone. stood up, and somehow moved to be shushed off to bed, and someblindly toward her bed. In another moment she was flung upon it, in a passion of tears. To have to end all this-to have to end the happy years when she had felt so sure that she and the children were enough—to have next Christmas day

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Magda asked, late in the afternoon, Vicky lifelessly agreed. when Vicky, from sheer inability to do anything more was lying idle harder for 'em!" Magda presently on the couch near the fire in the observed, as if hinking aloud. upstairs sitting room.

was a stranger . . .

dawn on a nursery to which Daddy | a wife who felt that way?"

"Matter?" Vicky responded brightly. "Too much Christmas!" en." "Yes, but it isn't that," she said, after a pause. "You were crying this morning. What's the matter?" woman had to be a man's mistress

Vicky turned raised eyebrows toward her in innocent surprise; then, and that wasn't so good. Oth- plunged her head into her hands broke, and looked at the fire, biting er women wouldn't speak to her,

her lip. "What is it?" persisted Magda. "It's nothing-really." A silence. The older woman

shrugged. "All right," Magda said then.

"It's nothing."

"It's only," Vicky began deliberately, in a thick voice that cleared | now! Women have changed all that, as she went on-"it's only that I at least. God knows it's not fair, think Quentin and I are going to be even now, that men can do what divorced."

Their eyes met fully; both wom-

en looked back at the fire. "Feel that way about it?" Magda "I haven't any doubt he did."

about it," Magda said.

"But now his wife gets a divorce, and then he has to marry the other woman, and she's Mrs. Joe Jones, or whatever it is, and she's won

and in a few weeks he forgot all

"Not always," Vicky said. "The man is apt to find that he didn't want her quite as much as he thought he did."

"Oh, the man usually is stung, then," Magda agreed. "I know one fellow in New York-terribly nice chap," she further expanded it, who's paying three alimonies. It keeps him broke, poor kid. He wants er of hers who had known so many of men requesting them to to marry a dear friend of mine, Pearl Ashburnley . . . Victoria was not listening.

"Quentin may wreck my life," she said. "But I wonder how he'll feel when he discovers that he's wrecked his own, lost his children. made himself ridiculous-" She paused.

"As far as the children go, if back to him. He takes one to Europe, or he gives another a carthey don't take sides. You never resented anything I did, poor kid!"

"Yes, but that was my mother!" got out-I threw Keith Herrendeen mistake to bring children into a quarrel, because they don't understand and it just scares them."

"I certainly wouldn't bring them into this!" Victoria protested almost man who'd go very far in anything

like that. Look at the lovely way "Well, I didn't suppose you would. All you tell 'em is that Daddy is going to be away for a while, and that you feel happy about it." "I know." Vic's eyes watered.

"Oh, my God," Victoria prayed, in an agonized whisper, as the full sense of her own helplessness and of the desperate nature of the situation strengthened in her heart. Daddy going to be away for a while -no Quentin to come into her room from the dressing room in the early husband-and he's just as good, or morning, when spring light was as kind, or whatever he was, as widening over the wet garden, and



"But Mind You, I'm Not Advising You."

a wood fire was snapping! No tired doctor for whom to call at the office so proudly, so lovingly, in the late afternoons, and drive home to warmth and fire and heartening dinner. No picnic on the scimitar guns, and not let what anyone does shore of Half Moon Bay, with make you anything but what you Quentin's big figure recumbent and asleep on the sand, and small ing you. You were smarter when forms, barelegged to the hip, dig- you were worn than I'll ever be.' ging and running in the level warm rush of waves!

"'Feel happy about it!" " she echoed bitterly. And in despair she her completely false tone made added: "I shall never feel happy again! There's nothing I can do. Whatever I do is wrong!"

"People get over divorce," Magda siad.

"I never will." "Funny thing," Magda mused, as her daughter's bitter laugh died away into silence and the room was now-could only keep her mouth kids all washed and fresh and ready shut and wait, she'd win out every

> "You mean kiss a man, and be kind to him, and keep his house comfortable, and let him go off to the other woman whenever he likes?" Victoria asked, in a proud, quick voice.

"Yep. About that."

"You mean knowing that he was unfaithful, knowing that he despised her and wanted to get away from her, knowing that another woman was reveling in his compliments and presents-in the love that belonged to her, to keep it up for halted; Victoria, her cheeks scar- of let, was looking a challenge at her

"Weeks!" Magda echoed. 'Months, anyway. Years, maybe." "Years!" Vicky echoed. And with a brief and mirthless laugh she

and rumpled her hair. "You make "You see, she wants something that you've got," Magda offered

mildly.

"Well, she can have it!" "So that it's a sort of compliment, in a way. You have to look at it like that, Vic. You've got to-well, face the facts. Quentin is a ter- of easy as an adverb. One wonders ribly attractive fellow. Women like him, and he's always going to be they do, and get away with it! But around them-that's part of being dicta, the adage, "Easier said than a doctor. Don't be a fool about it done," is still correct, and may just-"In the old days she forgave him, a giraffe or whatever it is. A strange said than done."-Literary Digest

woman will always have something for a man that his wife hasn't got

"Yes, and a strange man something for a woman!" Vicky put in hotly, triumphantly.

"So that if I wanted to run around with-well, say Dr. Bledsoe, Quentin would presumably wait for me, and bear everything, and then forget it as if it had never been?" "But you're not that sort," Magda

reminded her. "I should hope I'm not!" Victoria exclaimed, again with an air of scoring in the argument. But strangely enough, against this mothcreditable ways, and who so rarely argued, or indeed said anything considerable at all, she could not seem to score today.

"You don't think, Mother," Vic asked quietly, "that any woman who had borne a man children, spent years of care and love on his own child, nursed him when he was a man is successful and makes ill, worried over his bills and his money," Magda said, "they pretty diet for seven years-you don't soon find good reasons for getting think that that woman can calmly put up with his setting up a-a mistress, and shaming her and wronging her, and wronging his own children, too? And then when he's tired," Victoria rushed on, warming "I know. But I was the one who to her subject, "and comes home calmly, she is to forgive him, and over. You know. Vic, it's an awful make a fuss over him again! Well, perhaps there are women who could do it, but I'm not one of them!"

> "No, I didn't say that there were women who could do it," Magda observed mildly, in the pause, as Vicky sat back defiantly and sipped her tea, bridling, breathing hard, faintly shaking her head. "I just said that if a woman could do it she always won out."

"Won the other woman's leavings,

you mean!" "Well, in a way, I suppose. And as I say, Vicky, it may go on for years. Three years, four yearsbut then the break comes. Her ever-comes back. Unless she's said something he can't forget, or done something radical, he comes back. Then it's the other woman's turn to worry-the wife is holding thirteen trumps. She's got his children, his home, she's gentle and kind and respectable, just as she always was."

"I'd never respect myself again if I countenanced-encouraged that sort of thing!" Vicky exclaimed. "Ugh!"

"Oh, men don't care whether you minute a man leaves you, what you part. think doesn't matter to him any more. They can walk right out on things, Vic. Women can't, quite. If you make all this easy for Quentin, he'll think you're a good little sport, but he won't care whether you do it by divorce or by just being decent."

Stupefied by this philosophy, and by the blankness and darkness of her thoughts, Victoria was still staring at her mother dully, her brow knitted, when Anna came in to announce a caller. Magda had time only for one more word:

"I've al./ays thought-and I've been thinking it especially lately," she said. "that of all the girls I ever knew you were the one to try the long way-I mean stick to your are. But mind you, I'm not advis-

Vicky dragged her eyes, eyes into whose mutinous light a new look suddenly had come, from her mother's face to the maid's face. But her thoughts were still upon what Magda had said, and she had to have the message repeated.

"Did you say someone was here?" "Mrs. Morrison, madam. She says she just wants to say 'Merry Christmas!' "

Vicky's color, under the glow of the fire, faded a little. She turned still. "If a woman-I mean the wife, toward her mother. Magda shrugged.

"Say you're not at home," Magda said, in an undertone.

But an odd determined light had come into Vicky's eyes, and after a hesitant moment she told Anna simply to ask Mrs. Morrison to come upstairs. A few seconds later Serena came in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Easy, Easier, Easily Records do not show how old the

adage, "Easier said than done," may be, but as far back as 1564 occurs the sentence, "This thyng is easyer saide of you, then prouved." | body and most of the organs showed weeks-" The indignant summary Proverbs, like idioms, have a way a decrease after this week of fast-Easy, easier, and easiest have been protein, the stomach and intestines used as adverbs since early times. 28 per cent, the kidneys, heart and A number of such usages are to be blood each about 20 per cent, the found in Shakespeare alone; for in- muscle, skin and skeleton together stance: "Love's Labour's Lost" (act | 8 per cent, and the brain 5 per cent. v, sc. 1, 1. 45): "Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon"; the liver due to fasting shows that "Merchant of Venice" (act i, sc. 2, during fasting, in addition to givand the man himself got pretty sick me laugh," she muttered scornfully. 1. 17): "I can easier teach twenty ing up any sugar and fat stored up what were good to be done"; "Macbeth" (act ii, sc. 4, 1. 38): "Lest our amount of the material from which old robes sit easier than our new." Among other adverbial users are: Spenser, Tucker, Byron, Smiles, Steele, Keats, and Mrs. Stowe. Some grammarians now condemn the use why when our literature is so full of such usages; but despite their and run your head into the sand like | ly be used as well as, "More easily

Queerness in All of Us

DR. JAMES W. BARTON © Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

PSYCHOLOGIST sent a A list of questions to be answered to a certain number worthless men in so many dis- tell all the "queer" things about their wives. He got practically all his lists back with the questions fully an-

He sent to the same number of wives a list of questions regarding the queer things about their hus-

siastic."



He then sent a list to the husbands asking them to write down the queer things about themselves, and received practically no replies. The list sent to the wives asking

them to put down the queer things about themselves was likewise practically unanswered.

You and I know, as did the psychologist also, that we really magnify the "queernesses" or the faults in others, and belittle or even fail to see the queernesses or faults in ourselves.

Look at Ourselves,

Now for most of us it does us good to take a look at ourselves physically. Are we getting too heavy? Are we sitting, standing or walking in the erect position? Are we getting enough sleep? Are we working too hard? Are we playing enough or too much? Are we putting into life and taking out of it all we should if we have good health and a good average mind? Do we get along well with other people? I believe this little look at and

into ourselves-introspection-looking at our very thoughts and why we think and do things, will make us better men and women, better neighbors, and better citizens.

However to the individual who is encourage them or not, so long as already looking at and into himself you don't cry and fuss," Magda practically all the time, his thoughts observed, with her irritating power | should be directed away from himof making a point while not try- self, to the outside world, to the ing to do anything of the sort. "The great life of which we all form a

Thus the individual whose thoughts are busy all day long and much of the night - thinking, worrying should remember that his body and brain are like the battery in his car. The battery before it gets completely run down is removed from the car at times and recharged. This recharging brings it up again. Similarly the brain-in a sense- should be removed from the body by sleep or rest, so that the brain itself and all the body processes it directs can get renewed or recharged.

Long Fast May Be Dangerous.

There isn't any question but that a fast day-doing without food for an entire 24 hours-would be helpful to a great many individuals whether or not they are overweight.

If you are in good health and wish to try a day of fasting, at regular or irregular intervals, drinking a little water to prevent too much loss of water from the tissues and taking a little baking soda-a half teaspoonful a couple of times during the day-or the juice of an orange, either of which will help prevent acidosis, the fast day should do you no harm; in fact, may be helpful.

And for the overweight a fast day once a week or three times in two weeks should be one simple way of getting rid of some surplus fat, because if no food is eaten the body must have a definite amount of food to keep itself going and so uses some of the surplus fat on the body for this purpose.

Dr. Thomas Addis, L. J. Poo, and W. Lew, in the Journal of Biological Chemistry, tell of their experiments on two large groups of albino rats, of similar age, sex, and body weight; one group was used immediately as a "control" (normal condition, not fasting) and the second group was analyzed after a fast of seven days, during which only water was given. The total protein of the entire

confuting the grammarians, ing. The liver lost 40 per cent of its This striking loss of protein from within it, the liver gives up a great

> it is built or constructed. The point then for those who are in good health and normal weight is that a fast of a day or two once in a while can do no harm. But a longer period than one or two days may be harmful because of the amount of "structural" materialthe material holding the liver together—that is given up by the liver just to keep the body processes going.

Clothes That Look the Part



runabout model, or a slick all around the clock dress to flat-, to launder. Why not make a carter your every move and moment? | bon copy for the morning after? It's a personal question but one you'll surely want to toy with since Sew-Your-Own makes the answer so easy.

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Household &

Boiling Sirup-If the saucepan

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colored piano keys can be bright-

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ple tablespoons of sulfurous (not

dampened with alcohol.

is well buttered around the top

sirup that is being boiled in it will

not boil over the top of the pan.

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Literature

sulphuric) acid added to each pint of water encourages buds of cut flowers to continue growing and leaves and stems remain greener. Custard Sauce-One and onehalf cups scalded milk, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup su-

gar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, yolks of two eggs. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding gradually the hot milk. Cook in double boiler till mixture thickens, chill and Cleaning Rubber Rollers-The

chines can be kept clean by washing with kerosene. Tinting Milk-When small children refuse to drink their daily milk requirements, try tinting the

rubber wringers on washing ma-

milk with vegetable coloring. Cooking Rhubarb-Rhubarb is disliked by some people because of its acidity. But this can be considerably reduced if the fruit is covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then strained before being stewed in the ordinary way. This method is only recommended to anybody who dislikes ordinary stewed rhubarb, as the healthful salts are lost when the fruit is cooked twice.

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