

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER



By Kathleen Norris

CHAPTER X—Continued

"I had to come up and say 'Merry Christmas,'" Serena said. She was rosy from a cold walk, belted into a long tweed coat with saffron loose about her shoulders and a brimmed tweed hat drawn down over her sea-blue eyes. "Gita was with me, but she went up to the children. You're not sick?"

"Lazy," Vicky said. "I've been doing everything at once today, and about an hour ago I simply gave out."

"I can imagine," said Serena. "With so many stockings to fill. Gita was quite envious about it, but I don't think it would be much fun for one child to hang a stocking. I never did it."

Flawlessly lovely. Blonde and fresh, her hair a crisp pale gold against the rough texture of the hat, her skin of the smooth deep silkiness of the magnolia petal, her eyes blue—blue—blue; Vicky, studying her, once again thought of the phrase, "exquisite womanhood." Victoria, watching her, felt an inner trembling that was almost a vertigo. How dared she! How dared she! Or was this all a troubled dream, one of those dreams that came when she was too tired or lying in some uncomfortable attitude that twisted body as well as mind?

CHAPTER XI

But it was not a dream to hear the front door bang, and Quentin's step on the stairs, and his voice at the door.

"Hello, Vicky! Having tea? Hello, Magda—Oh," said Quentin, his voice dropping, "Serena? I didn't see you."

They shifted about a little, to make room for him; Anna brought fresh toast and more tea. Vicky put her hand to her disordered hair; Serena sat, a picture of radiant beauty, in her loosened furs and brimmed hat, with the firelight and lamplight glowing in her eyes.

"Quentin, I'm disgraceful!" his wife said. "But I've been on the go all day." Her voice trembled, her hand trembled, but no one noticed it unless Magda did, and she gave no sign.

"I'll bet you have. You got the wreaths up? Did the Emporium stuff come?"

"Everything's come, I think. The spare room looks like a toy shop." Vicky had gotten to her feet, poured her tea; she stood now, looking down at him. And as he glanced up, handsome, tired, relaxed after the hard day, she wished in her heart that he and she were dead and lying in the warm kind earth somewhere together.

"I only came in to say 'Merry Christmas,'" Serena repeated once more.

"Nice that you did! Well, it's certainly going to be a cold one," Quentin said.

"Are you going out tonight, Quentin? They telephoned from the San Mateo hospital about an hour ago."

"I stopped there on the way down. No, Bledsoe's coming, at about eight, maybe earlier—is that too late for dinner? And then aren't we finishing off the tree?"

"There isn't very much to do." It was cruel, this semblance to the old happy holidays, this reminder of the wonderful hours when he and she, together in their own house in the depth of the winter's night, had finished off all the surprises for the children, had filled the dangling little stockings on so many Christmas eves!

And yet instinct taught her, and native courage helped her, to chat along idly with Serena, and presently to excuse herself and go off to the nursery. She left her mother with Quentin and Serena.

After a wild half-hour with the children, when she was going to her room for a bath and a sleep, she met Magda going upstairs to her own apartments.

"Are you going to give him any hint, Vicky?" Magda asked.

"Of what?" Vicky said, heavily, with averted eyes.

"That you're not going to stand for it?"

"No," Vicky said slowly. "Perhaps," she added, scowling a little, still looking away—"perhaps I am."

"I think you were smart to let her come up," Magda commented. "I mean, if you're going to make a break, make a break. And if you're not, play the game right up to the handle."

"I don't think anything I can do now is smart," Vicky said.

"I wish to goodness there was something I could do to help you, Vic."

"You do help me, Mother. You did," Vicky said, going on her way. But she did not say how. She had not said that the last phrase of her mother's, muttered just as Anna

had come in to the room to announce Serena, had somehow reached her heart—reached her soul; had changed blank despair to despairing resolution.

"I've always thought . . . that of all the girls I ever knew," Magda had said, "you were the one to try the long way—I mean stick to your guns, and not let what anyone does make you anything but what you are."

The only talk they were to have on the subject for almost a long year came about ten days later, when the Christmas tree had been sawed into short lengths that were still draped here and there with odd scraps of cotton and tinsel, and when Vicky and Quentin had the sitting-room fire to themselves, after Magda had gone to bed.

"I was wondering—" Quentin began, and stopped abruptly. "Wondering if you'd like to get away."

"Get away?" She was honestly taken by surprise.

"Yep. Take Gwen and Susan, or Kenty, if you liked, and go on a trip somewhere?"

Victoria sat down again, looking at him. Her heart had turned to ice.

"How could I possibly get away, Quentin? What of the twins, and Maddy?"

"Well, I think it's too much for you," Quentin persisted so much and so stupidly. He sat with his big hands locked and hanging between his knees; his eyes were on the fire, and his brow was slightly knitted.

"I see," Victoria presently said slowly. "But how," she asked, after a pause—"how could we afford that, now?"

To this, Quentin made no answer. After a time he said, irrelevantly: "You see, I may have to be in town a good deal this winter."

"You mean overnight?"

"Sometimes." He did not look at her.

"At the club?"

"Well, no. Swanson has taken a little place on Pine street, and he'd like me to go into it with him."

"But I thought Dr. Swanson was going to Los Angeles?"

"He'll be back and forth, he says."

"I see," Vicky said again, pondering. Her heart was beating fast, and she felt her spine cold—her hands cold and wet. "It's Serena, isn't it, Quentin?" she added, almost involuntarily. She had not meant to ask it; it was said.

Quentin glanced quickly across at her, looked back at the fire. His eyes narrowed, and she saw his jaw stiffen.

"Uh-huh," he said simply, with a little philosophic shrug.

"You like her terribly, don't you?" Vicky pursued, turning the knife in her heart.

"Oh, it isn't that!" Quentin said impatiently. "If it was just my liking her it wouldn't matter! Everyone likes her. I don't suppose she's met a man in ten years who hasn't fallen for her. A man—her mother's doctor—she tells me he's one of the big men at Roosevelt hospital in New York now—asked her to marry him when she was only fourteen."

"Really?" Vicky said. And the word—if he had been in any mood to hear it, was like a sword blade naked in the air.

"No, it isn't what I feel for her," Quentin, hearing nothing, went on after a moment. "It's that—that I can't see any sense in hurting her."

"What about Spencer?" Victoria asked simply after a silence. "She has him."

"What did you say?"

"Didn't she love Spencer?"

"No, that was a funny thing, too. She tells me . . ."

Quentin told the whole story eagerly, believably. It was the story Magda had told her daughter years before; the story of the beautiful woman wheeled into marriage on the promise of love sure to follow. Spencer, and Ferdie so long ago, and all the other men to whom these beautiful women later were to prove false, had promised to "love enough for two."

"She's as sorry as I am," Quentin presently finished.

Victoria was silent for a while, looking fixedly into the fire. Then she said temperately:

"You feel that something must be done?"

Quentin sent her a startled glance.

in his big hands; he spoke hopelessly:

"I don't know. I told her today that I thought you'd jump at taking a couple of the kids off for a holiday—France, maybe—we could close up this house . . ."

Her world was tottering about her; she heard the hurricane shrieking in her ears, breathed the rush of smothering dust, felt the good earth shake.

"You mean leave some of them here in the house with Nurse and a cook and take the others off to Europe?"

"Well—" His tone was dubious, faintly irritated. He was still tumbling his hair with restless fingers. "We could make some arrangement," he said. "What I mean is, it doesn't seem fair to have you here slaving yourself to death for the kids, when—when things have changed so. There's no use of three people being unhappy, when with a little common sense everyone'd be satisfied."

"This is as much a surprise to me as you, Vic. It came to me like a thunderbolt, the other day, when she told me what it meant to her. She said she wished to God she had never met me—she actually said that. She felt that way about it."

"Now I owe her—I owe her some consideration about it. She's got some rights in this matter. It's too bad when it happens this way, but the only thing is to be honest, and to work it out for the best for all parties. And you must believe that it doesn't in the least affect what I feel for you and the children, Vic? I mean—that's separate. It's simply that you come to a time in your life when you've got to be fair to all hands."

"You mean that you want a divorce?"

The instant she said it she knew that it was a mistake. She should not have been the one to introduce this word. But at least it seemed to be no shock to Quentin. He said, with a half-smile for the fire:

"She says she simply hates the word. She was divorced once, and the idea makes her sick. I suppose it makes any decent woman sick."

"Whatever you decide to do, Quentin," Victoria said, after a moment, standing up as an indication that the conversation was over.



"All Right, Serena," She Said Half Aloud.

"count on leaving me here with the children. I couldn't leave any of them—it would only mean expense and trouble for you. I'll stay here—I'm glad we've talked about it, anyway, and I think I'll go to bed. Good-night."

"I think you're a tremendous sport to take it this way. Let me talk to her—she'll work it all out," Quentin said. The library door closed; there was no other answer.

"He's a genius, of course," Vicky said to herself, against the surge of pain in her heart, as she went slowly upstairs in the big house that of late had seemed so wintry and desolate. "He's a genius, and geniuses have times of not knowing what they're doing or saying! Everyone says that Quentin is in a class by himself—he's temporarily out of his mind, that's all!"

She looked across at the Morrison house; its tiled Spanish roofs and balconies, its oaks and peppers were brightly lit by the cold January moon.

"All right, Serena," she said half aloud, apostrophizing the dim light that shone in the window she knew to be Serena's window. "All right—wait for him to telephone. He will. He said five minutes ago that he'd empty the ashtrays and lock the doors, and that always means he's going to telephone you. Let him tell you he's had a 'talk with Vicky,' and she was surprisingly sensible," and say, "Ah, lover, then maybe we can begin to play tomorrow!"

"But from now on it's my will against your admirable little-girl innocence, Serena. He'll never get free of me, for I'll never consent to it. He'll never marry you while I live, and I'm not going to die! I'm going to be right here, and after a while you'll give in because there's nothing else for you to do. You belong to him now—and I know it, while he was telling me how strong you were, how controlled you were! You're his now, you've had all you're going to have from him—the rest is all mine! I'm the wife, and my children are the children, and I can wait. I'll know it all, and I'll

keep still—I'll be pitied, and women will hint things to me, and I'll keep still!"

"You take your day, Serena—go ahead! Take a year, take two years. Flatter him, and meet him for lunch, and take his presents, and hate me. Hate me because I won't give you your way. But in the end I'll win!"

Victoria and Violet Keats sat on the Hardisty lawn on a hot spring afternoon and discussed, with limitations, their husbands and children, their homes, servants, and friends, their lives generally. The long Saturday had been spent by Violet and her own quartette, of youngsters with the Hardisty troop; now it was late afternoon, and the problem of getting Kate, Duna, Bunt, and Babs Keats amicably separated from Gwen, Kenty, Sue, Dicky, Bobs, and Madeleine Hardisty was like an uneasy undercurrent to the women's talk.

"I suppose you couldn't leave them all with us, Vi?"

"What, all four of them?" Violet ejaculated. "I couldn't leave one. Mother's birthday tomorrow."

"I'd forgotten that—although I sent her flowers."

"Did you really think to send her flowers, Vic?"

"I did, and a book."

"You're charming, and she really loves you, and always has," Violet said, touched into a rare display of feeling. "I don't know why you worry so about this baby of yours," she added, going back to earlier talk. "He may be just slow. Duna was terribly slow; he didn't walk until he was nineteen months old."

Violet looked down at the yearling baby in her lap.

"Marty's not slow," she said gently. "It's more than that, Vi. My own boy!"

The last was murmured to the child, who looked up at her with smiling blue eyes. Small and relaxed and secure, he lay in her arms. He never fretted, he did not seem sick, but this littleness of the Hardistys had only been loaned to her for a while, and his mother knew it.

"Quentin think so?" Mrs. Keats asked abruptly. "You've had another opinion?"

"Knows so," Victoria spoke mildly, but her whole body was torn with a sigh.

"Isn't it strange?—this little fellow means more to Quentin than any of the others did. He's always loved them as soon as they got interesting, but only this one from the very start!"

"All men are like that," Violet put into the pause.

"Martin he adores. It's strange," Vic mused. "He'll come home night after night and sit holding him; he doesn't say 'Marty understood him; he doesn't say that now, he doesn't say anything.'"

"I feel so badly for Quentin," Vicky presently continued.

"For Quentin?" Mrs. Keats' tone was sharp and quick. She apparently reconsidered what else she might have added, and when she spoke again her tone was milder.

"I feel sorry for you, my dear," she said. "I think you're a remarkable woman, Vicky."

"Oh, thank you!" Vicky answered gratefully, with a little flush.

"And so does everyone else," Violet persisted. "And sometimes there is someone I'd like to talk to!" she added, significantly.

Vic's eyes laughed, but there was a glint of warning in them, too.

"Because I adore Quentin—we both do," Violet proceeded further. "We both do," she repeated, trying to open a door.

"Quentin's a genius," Vic said simply, closing it once and for all.

"How'd he like Germany, Vic?" the other woman asked, abandoning her other lead.

"He had a remarkable experience. He stayed with the Von Hoffmans and almost worked himself to death. But he said it was a wonderful experience."

"He got home last week, you said?"

"Last Saturday. He looks thin, older, somehow," Victoria said. "Ah, here they all come!"

Panting, breathless, exhausted, the children now emerged from cover and flung themselves about on the lawn. They ranged from Kate Keats and Gwen, sixteen years old apiece, to Madeleine Hardisty, who was four. Brown, tall, handsome children in white shirts and tan shorts, they glowed, sparkled, shone with the beauty of bright eyes and clear skin, flashing teeth and tumbled masses of rich soft hair, firm young legs and arms. They had had luncheon on the lawn today; had had two swims of indeterminate length. Now Susan's brilliant thought was that the Keatses should stay to supper, and that they should make it a picnic. Victoria considered this temperately.

"But Aunt Vi says that tomorrow's their Gran's birthday."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wearing Hats in Congress

In the early days of the federal government it was customary for representatives to wear their hats during the sessions of the house. When speaking the representative held his hat in his hand, placed it on a bench or let another member hold it. The custom of wearing hats in the house was borrowed from the British house of commons, and it was not until after the close of President Jackson's administration in 1837 that the practice was discontinued. Senators never copied the custom.

Silk Prints, Jackets and Big Brims

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S giving you a very proper formula for smart spectator sports costumes to wear these summer days. The combination runs thusly—stunning silk print for the dress which must have a jacket, cape or coat of the same or of some other plain silk related to the ensemble, with matching print silk details, to which add headgear that makes a wide brim appear at its widest. The fuss and furor being made over gay prints and wide brims is on the increase as summer advances.

The vogue started early in the season, at which time fashions at the Belmont racetrack set the pace for a colorful and luxurious summer costume program, that highlights silk prints in unmistakable terms. Then, too, the emphasis placed on big brims is becoming more and more apparent as fashions take a definite stand.

At outdoor events fashionable are adopting this formula of silk print costume plus a huge brim with greatest enthusiasm. Noteworthy among high-style gestures is the topping of one's print dress with a coat or a cape or a jacket of silk bengaline. The revival of bengaline is big news in the fabric realm, and it's good news for bengaline is so dependably wearable and has an air of gentility about it that ever appeals to discriminating taste.

In assembling your costume to be worn in the grandstand or to view what's going on from the club verandah the big thought to keep in mind is the importance that fashion attaches to matching or related jackets or coats or capes if your taste runs in that direction. If you like to do things notably "modern" you will see to it that your dress be monotone with your coat or cape or jacket done in spectacular print. The swank outfit to the left in the picture tells the story more dramatically than words. In this instance it is the coat that is of gay jockey plaid linen-like silk that tops a simple monotone sports frock. This type is a "last word" fashion

in coats that are worn over either black or beige crepe dresses. The huge stitched silk cartwheel that completes this costume gives perfect style accent. Speaking of hats that are styled of silk, the most recent millinery collections feature them, particularly wide-brimmed types that are tailored of black or navy taffeta. A hat of this kind is considered good style worn with either the daytime tailleur or with the summery dainty lingerie frock.

The costume centered in the group makes twin print its fabric theme. It also stresses the voguish redingote silhouette. Royal rose printed silk crepe is used for the dress with printed silk chiffon for the sheer redingote that is worn over it. The redingote as here shown has a border of the silk crepe, thus bringing the costume into a perfect unit.

The idea of a jacket of contrasting material that is lined with the print that fashions the dress is nicely carried out in the costume illustrated to the right. The dress is of acajou silk crepon printed in powder blue. The jacket worn with it is of flannel identical to the blue in the print. It is lined with matching print. Note the large Spanish sailor brim and velvet bow on the hat.

If you favor the very smart red-and-white color scheme we would suggest a redingote of wine and white printed silk chiffon banded with a matching silk print of the same fabric as the dress. Wear with this charming redingote ensemble a white toy sports hat trimmed with a wide wine colored band. Shoes and bag of wine colored gabardine together with gloves in matching wine tone will add infinite distinction.



Rivalling the princess style in popularity in children's fashions is the dress with a bolero or at least with a bolero effect. The idea of a bolero is really a peasant trend, such as is welding a widespread influence throughout juvenile styles this season. The cunning white pique frock pictured has a simulated bolero typical of the Dalmatian dress. Free brass buttons go down the front and there is a dash of gay embroidery at each side of the front done in red, blue and yellow. The typical peasantlike pillbox hat sports a streamer tassel of pom-poms repeating the color of the embroidery on the dress.

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Underwater Treatment

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

SOMETIMES wonder of the whether the new methods of treatment for pain and stiffness in muscles and joints have not made us forget some of the methods used hundreds, yes thousands of years ago. There are more "pain killers" available now than ever before, many of which do excellent work in emergencies or when other methods are not suitable, and all of which get away to a great extent from the necessity of using opium.

When we think of the hot baths used so many years ago to ease pain and prevent stiffness as compared with the modern method of using pain killing drugs, the hot baths may seem crude and clumsy. However the big point about easing pain and getting stiff joints loosened up is that the hot water allows movement without causing too much pain and increases the blood circulation in the part.

As you know objects are "lighter" under water and so the raising or movement of a crippled or sore arm or leg under water is done with less effort and pain than when out of the water.

In Europe there are many "bath" sanatoriums in charge of physicians are called balneologists (balneo meaning bath).

What German Experts Say of It. The Berlin correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association reports a paper read by Balneologist Hartel before the Berlin Medical society recording the good results obtained by the underwater method employed at Warm Springs, Ga. Films showing patients under systematic exercise under water were exhibited.

At this same meeting Dr. Scholtz of the Virchow hospital in Berlin spoke of his experiments with lame persons. Movement in a crippled arm or leg is almost always first made possible by the removal of its weight in water; after the first movements, continued regular bathing and exercise increase the strength of the limb and its power to control movement. The removal of the weight of the limb because it is under water allows the patient to exert his whole power and attention on the movement instead of on the effort of the lifting of the weight of the arm or leg.

A child shown by Dr. Scholtz who had been entirely crippled by infantile paralysis had now the normal use of his limbs after receiving this treatment.

This underwater treatment should be of great help in loosening up old stiff rheumatic joints, or in injured joints where the pain of movement has brought on stiffness.

Underweight Who Feels Fat. A physician meeting a friend on the street jokingly criticized him for allowing himself to get so fat; in fact added a little warning as to the consequences of carrying so much extra weight.

The friend quite calmly replied, "Well, I've just been down to the hospital to see a very thin friend of mine who is confined there. As I went through the wards I had a chance to look into a few private rooms as I was passing. I didn't see any fat patients; they were all very thin."

Generally speaking thin men and thin women may live longer than those who are fat but there is a degree of leanness or underweight that carries with it nervousness, lack of energy, lack of concentration, and early fatigue. These individuals feel so weak and dispirited that they are constantly consulting not only their own physician but many others. And the strange thing is that after careful examination while there may be such simple conditions as blood pressure slightly below level, and the temperature slightly below normal, there is, in most cases, no organic condition found.

In many cases the reason these thin individuals do not feel well is because they have been born with "nerves." Other cases have acquired "nerves" because of some underlying defect in the body, or because they have been under severe strain or emotional disturbances.

Dr. E. V. McCollum in his book, "Food, Nutrition and Health," thus describes these thin patients: "These are the restless, active, and over-conscientious people who habitually work beyond their capacity, because their strength is so limited. They worry and expect the worst. They are possessed with fear for their health, fear of failure in business or occupation, fear for the safety of family and friends. Most of them have digestive disturbances."