

# BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER



By Kathleen Norris

## CHAPTER XI—Continued

"But couldn't we go home on the train after dinner? Duna'd take us; he could take us the way he did the circus day?" Kate Keats pleaded eagerly.

"Oh, no, it's too much of an imposition, Vic!" Violet said.

"It's no imposition at all," Vicky assured her. She looked up over the baby's head and her eyes widened, although she did not smile. "Here's Quentin!" she added.

There was a general swarm of children toward him, accompanied by the usual deafening uproar, and Quentin came up to the women with the younger members of his family hanging on him like limpets. Violet Keats thought he looked older indeed; there were touches of silver in his Indian-brown temples, and he seemed quieter, somehow; more like the old remembered Quentin; she liked the expression of his face. He was genuinely happy to see her; kissed her in the old brotherly fashion; they had not seen each other since his return from a three months' visit to Germany. Violet questioned him about it, and he sat holding the delicate little Martin very gently in his big hands, and sometimes kissing the top of the baby's dark fluffy little head. The question of the Keatses remaining was presently raised.

"Next year—gosh, I can drive, Uncle Quent," Duna Keats said manfully. "But gosh, Dad doesn't want me to until I get a license."

"But look here, Vicky," Quentin said, with his face brightening. "I've got to go to San Francisco and see a patient tonight; a woman we operated on this afternoon. I told them I'd be in about ten. Why not let me drive these roughnecks in with me, if their mother's willing?"

The ensuing wild pandemonium of the lawn in the spring sunset presently resolved itself into definite picnic plans. The children were to use the grill behind the old cow yard.

"Good to get home, Quentin?" Violet asked.

"Yes," he said quietly, unsmilingly. "It's good to get home."

"Well," Violet said, stirring, "I have to go. I must get started. You're sure my youngsters won't be horribly in the way tonight, Quentin?"

"In the way? Love to have 'em. I'll drop them at the house sometime after nine."

"I'll go in with you, Vi, and see you off," Victoria stretched her arms for the baby. "You come along with your mother, Mister," she said. "Nurse has something to say to you, young man!"

She called over her shoulder to Quentin.

"Coming?"

"I thought I'd sit here and have a smoke. It's so peaceful, Vic!"

"Oh, and stop at the barn before you come in, and see Moogy's puppies. Claus had some story about the little brown one. I told him you'd come out!"

Smiling, he turned the corner of the barn. A woman was standing there waiting for him. Serena.

## CHAPTER XII

She was in pale blue, the broad straw hat that dipped about her face and lent an almost too picturesque beauty to her appearance had a childish blue ribbon about it; the pale scallops of the frail blue gown swept the young spring grass. Serena's eyes were at their bluest, too, grave loving, reproachful.

"Lover, I had to see you," she said. "Was this terribly stupid of me? I had to see you."

Quentin had involuntarily glanced back toward the garden and the house. He and she were sheltered by a dozen intervening hedges and trees and angles of fence. He looked at her unsmilingly.

"I don't quite like it," he said deliberately.

"Why, I went to see Victoria and her mother; often while you were gone, why shouldn't I?" the woman said, in a sort of proud impatience. "Don't look so serious; nothing happened! Darling, I had to see you. You know that I have to see you?"

He looked at her without speaking.

"What is it, dear?" she asked tenderly. "What have I done?"

Quentin Hardisty spoke quickly, almost with his professional manner:

"You've done nothing, of course. Don't take that tone—don't speak like that."

"Oh, but I will speak like that," Serena persisted lovingly. "Surely I have the right just to ask you what I've done, Quentin, how I've offended you?"

"You haven't offended me at all. I wrote you months ago—before I went to Germany—"

"I know you wrote me," the woman said, as he hesitated frowning and confused. "Why did you write me that hideous letter, Quentin? I only began it; I couldn't finish it. It's burned."

"I'm horribly sorry, of course," Quentin said gruffly, awkwardly in the silence.

"Sorry!" the rich sweet voice echoed. "But what are you sorry about, dearest dearest? Remember what you told me in the beginning, that you had been twice married without ever knowing what real love was, lover, that you and Vicky had acknowledged that, had married with your eyes wide open. Remember?"

"We can't talk about this here," Quentin interrupted, in a hard, cold voice.

"Where can we, then?" Serena asked, with a touch of steel in her own tone. "You got back a week ago today, I've not seen you until now. What about tonight? Can you come over about ten? Spencer's tired; he'll be in bed."

"I've got to go up to San Francisco tonight, I've a patient at the Dante hospital."

"Then I'll go with you."

"You can't. The Keats children are all here; I'm taking them in."

"Then I'll go in and drive back with you."

"I think Kenty's planning to do that."

"Kenty! As if you couldn't put him off! Ah, lover," Serena pleaded, coming close to him, pressing his arms with her own soft arm and hand, "tell me what's wrong, tell me what I've done."

"I tried to tell you in that letter," Quentin said, looking down into the tear-misted blue eyes raised to his own. "It's a horribly hard thing to say, I—I think we both feel it. It's all been a—it's the sort of thing that can't—"

Serena drew off a little, still looking into his eyes.

"You mean that you're going to punish me, for loving you, Quentin? You're going to make me feel sorry that I loved you so generously, gave you everything I could give? You're going to make me wish that I was calculating and wise, like other women? Are you going to fail me now?"

"It isn't a question of failing you, Sina. It's that—well, I know we're both sorry for the whole thing," Quentin persisted miserably.

Serena was regarding him with narrowed eyes; her breast moved visibly on constrained breath.

"You mean for me to go on quietly living with Spencer," she said, in a level voice, "and for you to go back to Vicky. You mean that you think, knowing what she might some day know, Vic will forgive you, and everything will be lovely?"

"I don't know how much Vic knows," Quentin said, with simplicity. "I know I'm—I'm damned sorry about the whole thing. I'm horribly sorry. I blame myself entirely. I don't think we thought what we were getting into, how horribly rotten the thing was!"

"We knew that we loved each other. Some of those first days," Serena said, "ah, weren't they Heaven? We were brave, then, we weren't thinking all the time of what the world would say. Vicky knows something, of course," she added, "but she doesn't know everything. She doesn't know that I went twice to Los Angeles with you, lover; she hadn't seen any of your letters."

There was a silence, during which Quentin looked at the darkening strip of western sky up beyond the hills; his brows knit, his jaw set, his hands jammed into his pockets.

"You're forgetting Spencer," Quentin observed dryly. Serena took instant hope from the words.

"Lover," she said, "he may not be a problem long. He's taking that sleeping stuff all the time. I told Dr. Cudworth the other day that it made me anxious, that some day he would sleep too deep and not wake up. I did really—I went into his office and told him, because I thought, 'If anything happened, some day Spencer may not wake up at all.'"

"You're making this so horribly hard, Sina." He put away the insistent arms. "I tell you it's all over. Good-night!" he said almost inaudibly, turning away. She followed him swiftly, caught at his arm.

"Oh, no, no, no! You can't do that. You can't just say good-night! When can I see you, Quentin? I must see you. We must settle this!"

"It's settled," he said, briefly.

"Nothing's settled!" she said breathlessly. "Not one thing is settled! I can ruin your life, Quentin; I can tell Vicky everything."

"If you want to talk about it, although it seems to me we've said everything there is to say," he com-

promised unwillingly. Serena drew near to him again eagerly. "But remember I've got to take the Keats children home!"

"Quent, Serena Morrison is extremely anxious to get hold of you," Vicky said calmly, a few days later. He and she were alone beside the evening fire in their little upstairs sitting room. The doctor had been reading some scientific article in a medical magazine, had finished it, and was lying back in his chair, his arms locked behind his head, his stretched leg crossed, his eyes half closed. Victoria was working at the flat-topped desk just behind him. Bill's receipts, checkbook, papers of all sorts were scattered before her; she made notes with a very sharp pencil.

"I think I am going to come out event!" she had announced some moments earlier. And then, contentedly, "This is pleasant, isn't it?" but to neither remark had Quentin made any reply. He had shown no interest even when the telephone bell had trilled, except for a glance toward Vicky and a faint shake of the head, and Vicky had duly announced to the unseen speaker that the doctor had gone out for a moment.

But his abstracted mood somehow only accentuated her happiness tonight; these had been wonderful days, the days since his return. He and she had been closer together in every way than they had been for a long time. It had not been only that Quentin had been gentler, or kinder, or more generous than before, but he had been curiously, dumbly devoted, wanting to be at home, seeming to love every minute of his life there, quietly contriving to re-establish himself in the children's plans, to contribute to the happiness of them all.

"Life would simply be heaven if it could go on this way!" Vicky, feeling herself pleasantly capable over her book-keeping, had been thinking to herself when the telephone



"Was That Serena?"

had rung a second time. And after having for a second time disposed of his claim, she had observed mildly: "Quent, Serena Morrison is extremely anxious to get hold of you."

That roused him. He turned his head to raise dark brows knitted in a faint scowl.

"Was that Serena?"

"Yes. She must know I often imitate Anna," Victoria said thoughtfully. "But I can't help it. I don't want to talk to her."

"Telephone often?" Quentin asked, with a little effort.

"Late, yes. She's called about five times today. She usually says that she's anxious to see you, but today she's been saying that Spencer is ill."

"They have a doctor," Quentin said dryly.

"I know it. Cudworth. He's a good man, isn't he, Quent?"

"Fine. Old-fashioned. But he's all right," Quentin answered and lapsed into silence again.

Presently he began:

"There's something I want to say to you, Vic."

Victoria looked at him with bright eyes.

"It's probably something I've never asked you to say," she said evenly.

"No, you've never asked me to say it. And it won't do any particular good for me to say it," the man answered, his body bowed forward now, his big hands locked between his knees, his eyes on the fire. "But I'd like to say this, just the same. I've been—I'm just beginning to realize what a fool I've been! I've known I was a fool for a long time—since last summer, since Mart was born. I had time to think about it in Germany. My God, what I went through there, missing you all—Kenty and Sue and little Mad and the new baby! And I thought what a fool I'd made of myself, and how I'd hurt you."

Victoria left the desk and took the chair opposite his own. The spring night was cold, and she had put on for dinner an old brown velvet gown with a deep, childish emerald broided collar; her wavy brushed mop, her round serious eyes, and the flat-beled brown velvet slippers she crossed on a footstool all helped to give her the aspect of a child.

"You mean you wish you were done with Serena?"

"I am done with her!" Quentin muttered, not raising his head from

his hands. "It was all over six months ago."

"Ha!" Vicky commented and was silent.

"It's all a mess! She—" He stopped, but his tone and the long pause were eloquent.

"Why don't you see Serena and have it over?" Vicky asked presently, quite simply.

"I have seen her," Quentin growled.

"Since you got home?"

"There were letters waiting when I got here, ten days ago," Quentin said, the painful rush of his words showing, even under the circumstances, his relief at finding an opportunity to talk. "All that week she telephoned, and twice she came to the office, but I was only doing appointment work last week and didn't see her. Then on Saturday, when Vi and the kids were here—remember?—I went up to the barn to see Moogy and the puppies, and she was waiting there—said she had been watching us on the lawn."

"Good heavens!" Vicky said. "Then it isn't that Spencer's ill," she mused. "He didn't look as if he'd been ill today."

"Of course not!"

"You've changed and she hasn't," Vicky added, in the same reflective tone. "That's it?"

"I've made such a mess of it; I've let you in for all this," Quentin muttered, grinding his graying hair in his big hands. "Vic, there's no use saying I'm sorry! There's nothing I can say."

"She doesn't seem to have much shame about it," Vic observed mildly. "Oh, my God, to be as happy as this again!" she said in her soul.

"Now," Quentin said, after thought, and with a change of tone—"now she's everywhere, Vic, waiting for me. As far as I'm concerned, it's all been over for a year; it's stale, it's cold, God knows I wish I need never set eyes on her again! But now's the time she wants to see me. She keeps asking me, what has she done? Who has been telling me things about her?"

## CHAPTER XIII

Victoria raised her round eyes. "Is that the line?"

"I'm telling you about it," Quentin muttered, surprised at himself. "But you're not like most women, you're different! I need you, even in this. I can't get out, unless you help get me out. I let myself in for it, I've nobody to blame but myself, but I can't get myself out. She's everywhere," he went on, glancing up restlessly, glancing back again. "If Johnny and I go to lunch at the St. Francis hotel, she's there; she comes across the room. He knows about it, Vic; every doctor in my office knows. They're all smug when she comes in. Miss Cleve, in the outer office, is so damn discreet! Doctor, Mrs. Morrison, and she says she's in great pain! That's for the benefit of the people who are waiting, people in real pain. We used to think it was a great joke. It doesn't seem so funny now! And the minute she comes in, 'Quent, what have I done? Who's been talking about me?'"

Quentin stared for some time into the fire in silence. After a time he said:

"Would you go away?"

"If I were you?"

"I mean all of us. Simply move out. We could have a city house now, for the kids' schools, and a country place, too. Or we could take up that Boston proposition. Why not get away from it all?"

"You mean run away?" Victoria amended the phrase slowly.

"Well, I suppose that's what it would amount to."

"I don't think you can ever run away from anything, Quent. I was thinking," Victoria said, "of Marty; if anything ever happened to Marty, I was thinking: 'How can I bear the nursery and the crib and his brown dog on the chain, how can I bear to go back to five children when I've had six?' And I thought then," she went on, speaking steadily, but with brimming eyes—"I thought then that we'd have to go away, that we couldn't stand it! But I don't think so now. You can't run away from anything. You can't run away from sorrow, or from"—she jerked her head in the direction of the Morrison house—"or from anything you've done," she said.

"But Vic, I tell you honestly, I can't stand her! She's making my life a burden," Quentin said simply, and if there was anything absurd in the situation neither husband nor wife was in the mood to see it. "Every time I come out to the elevator at the office, I'm afraid she's there. I've had ten days of it now, and I tell you it's getting on my nerves!"

Victoria's eyes were on the fire. "I've had three years of it," she said quietly. There was a long silence.

"Yes, I know you have, I know you have," Quentin said then, gruffly.

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

**Socrates on Trial**

When Socrates was on trial, with the penalty, as he well knew, of death if found guilty, he gave a lecture, not a defense, when it came time to speak in his behalf. He declared fearlessly that if it was required of him to state how the public in justice ought to treat him, he could only say that they ought to recognize him as a public benefactor and maintain him at the state's expense, for he had spent his whole life in the service of his country.

# The Star Spangled Banner



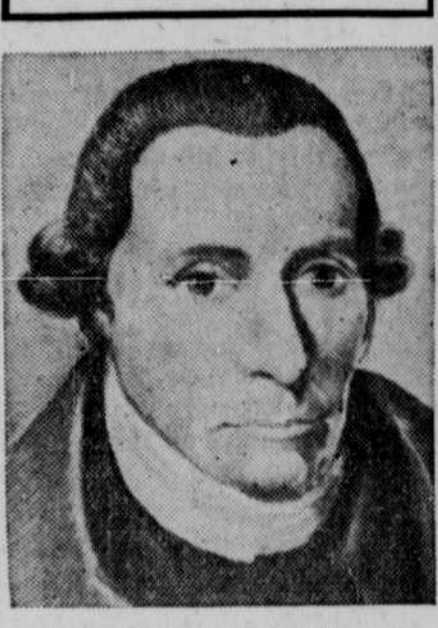
UNDER the starry flag that waves over this fair land, every citizen is a king, and there is no avenue to wealth and fame, position and power, that is not open to every child of the Republic.—W. A. Prossner.

THE Star Spangled Banner was designated as the national anthem by an Act of Congress, approved on March 3, 1931. It was written by Francis Scott Key after he had witnessed the British bombardment of Fort M'Henry in Baltimore, in 1814. The words of this stirring song were sung to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven" and immediately became popular and it was regarded as the national anthem though it was not made legally so until 1931.

## LIBERTY, one of two treasured BELLS



## The Orator of the Revolution



"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death."—Patrick Henry.

TWO of the bells which played important roles in early American history—pealing warnings or glad tidings during the nation's battle for survival—are treasured by Philadelphia, observes a Philadelphia United Press correspondent.

Most valuable of the two from historical standpoint is the world-famed Liberty bell, which was tolled when first public announcement was made of the Continental congress' adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776.

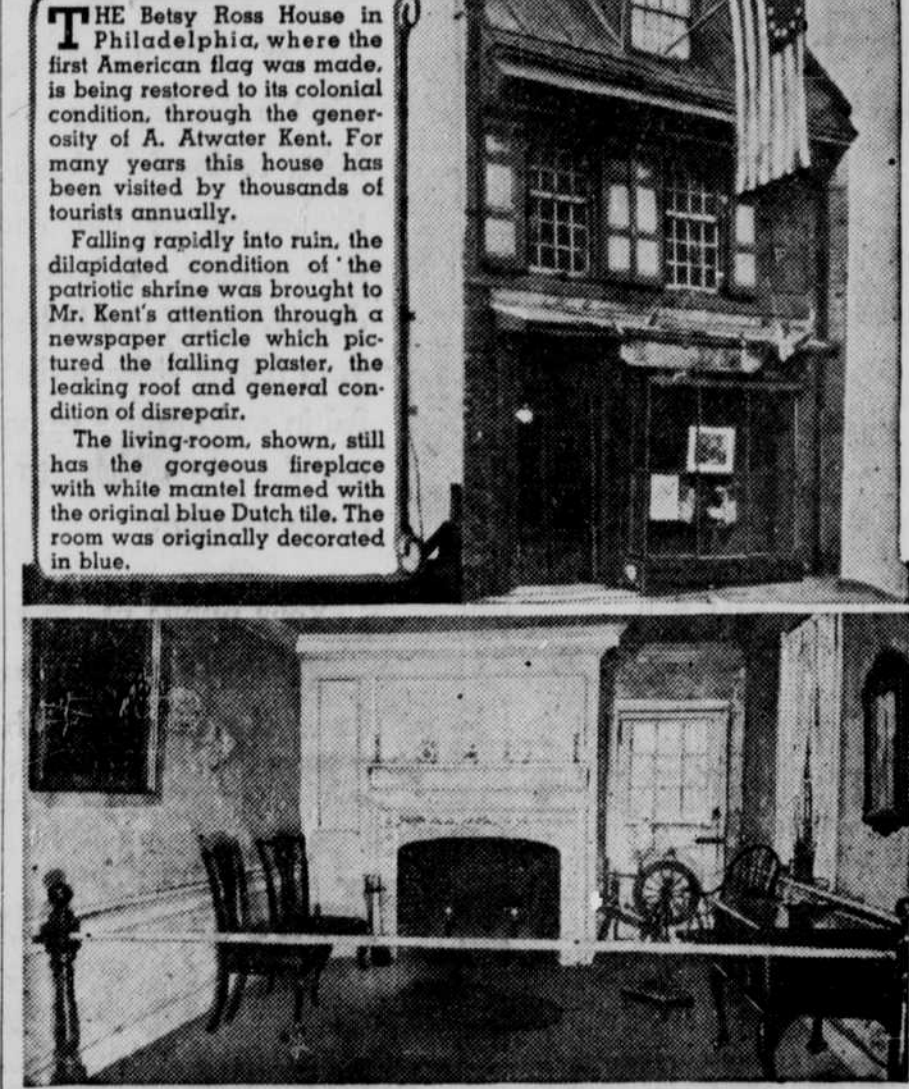
The bell had pealed for anniversaries and festivals until 1835, when it cracked while being rung for the funeral procession of Chief Justice John Marshall of the United States Supreme court.

Other bells identified with America's struggle against foreign encroachments are the chimes in the steeple of Old Christ church. During the Revolutionary war they were removed and secreted to block possible attempts of English soldiers to melt them for ammunition.

**TRANSCRIBED DECLARATION**

NEITHER Thomas Jefferson nor John Hancock was the penman who transcribed the Declaration of Independence. The actual work of transcription was done by Timothy Matlack.

## Where First American Flag Was Made



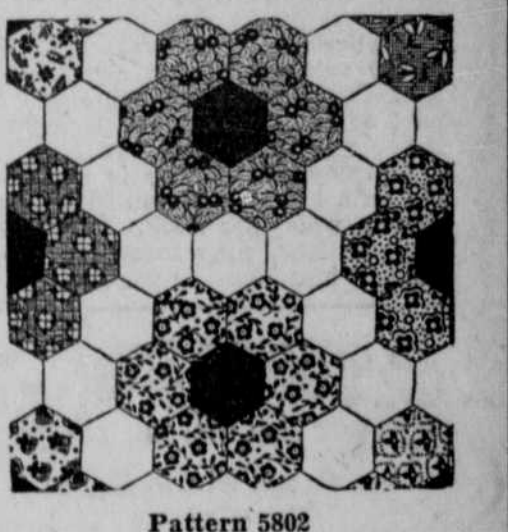
THE Betsy Ross House in Philadelphia, where the first American flag was made, is being restored to its colonial condition, through the generosity of A. Atwater Kent. For many years this house has been visited by thousands of tourists annually.

Falling rapidly into ruin, the dilapidated condition of the patriotic shrine was brought to Mr. Kent's attention through a newspaper article which pictured the falling plaster, the leaking roof and general condition of disrepair.

The living-room, shown, still has the gorgeous fireplace with white mantel framed with the original blue Dutch tile. The room was originally decorated in blue.

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**Prize-winning Recipes of the South**

**SOUTHERN SPICE CAKE**

Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Lenoir, N. C.

Sift and measure 2 cups flour. Reserve a little; sift the rest with 2 tps. cinnamon, 1 tsp. ground cloves, 1 tsp. ground allspice, 1/2 tsp. grated nutmeg, 1 tsp. soda. Cream 1/2 cup Jewel Special-Blend Shortening and 2 cups light brown sugar. Add beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Add flour gradually with 1 cup sour milk to make a stiff, smooth batter. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Dust 1 cup seeded raisins with remainder of flour and stir into mixture. Bake in 2 layers in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover with boiled icing; top with walnuts. Adv.

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