

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"You haven't any right to run away! You belong here," Vicky continued after a pause.

"What are we to do? Just go on?" Quentin presently asked, looking up.

"What else? As far as she goes," Vicky said, with a movement of her head in the direction of the Morrison house, "she'll gradually—well, get over it. If you run away she'd follow you. As it is, she'll annoy you for a while, and come over here and break the news to me."

Her voice died away into musing, and Quentin raised his head and stared at her strangely.

"You're an extraordinary woman, Vicky," he said. "You can talk about it. Don't you—don't you care?"

For a full half-minute Victoria returned his stare. Then she said in a voice that trembled, that was pitched very low:

"Oh, I care! Any woman cares. I'm hurt in my pride and my faith and my heart. It isn't a question of whether or not one cares. It's only a question as to what one does about it. I choose to do it my way."

She got to her feet, stood looking at him irresolutely for a moment, opened her lips as if she had something further to say. But she thought better of it, murmured instead a "good-night," crossed the room and was gone. Quentin did not look up when she moved, nor answer her good-night. After she was gone he sat beside the dying fire for a long, long while with his head in his hands and his shoulders bowed.

In the next week for the first time in years Victoria and Quentin Hardisty, to the great satisfaction of those who loved them, were seen lurching together on the fashionable Monday at the St. Francis hotel. They were together later at the reception given to two distinguished visiting physicians. Vic wore a new smart suit of blue banded with gray fur, infinitely becoming to her warm brown coloring, and a dark blue hat. On the gray fur violets were pinned. "Who gave me the violets?" Vicky said to Dr. Austreicher, "Quentin, of course, and he brought me the suit and the hat from Paris. Don't you think that's having a husband!"

"Vic, you know you've grown awfully pretty," John Keats told her. "What have you done to yourself? Had your face lifted?"

"No, I discovered shade hats and freckle cream last summer," Vic answered, laughing. "It seems incredible to live to be thirty—six without having had the sense to use them before! One dollar a jar for freckle cream, and before I'd used half of it I began to see a great light dawning!"

"Yes, but you've done something else, too. New clothes?"

"This is the outfit Quentin brought me, hat and all. I adore it."

"Maybe it's that you're rested, Vic. You've been going like a steam roller all these years."

"I don't see how it can be that, Johnny. I'm always at home, but I'm not exactly resting."

"How is that little scamp?" Johnny Keats asked, rightly interpreting the sudden softening of her voice, the sudden shadow in her eyes to the thought that was never far from Martin's mother.

"He's adorable. Quent's put a nurse in for a few weeks," Vicky said gallantly. "We have our beloved Brownie back—Miss Brownie you know, who's taken care of me with all the children. She's keeping an eye on Mart, just temporarily."

"Good idea!" Johnny said, as Quentin came up to claim his wife. He beamed approval on them both. "I've been telling Vic she's getting awfully pretty," he said.

"Vic," Quentin said, looking at her unsmilingly. He put his hand under her arm—"how about beating it? I think we've done our duty!"

"She's got him back and pretty smart work, too," Johnny Keats said to his wife. "I wonder whatever got into the poor old idiot?"

"Got him back?" echoed Violet's incisive British accents. "She never lost him. He just had one of those fatuous brainstorms that big men get. They concentrate and work and worry and run themselves down, and some flowery by-path tempts them, and they stroll into it! But personally I shall never forgive Quentin Hardisty, never really like him again."

"Come now, Vi, you know you love him for what he did for Kate!" "Ah, well, loving him, Johnny, feeling grateful to him, that's quite

a different story! But I'll never admire him again."

Vicky and Quentin in the late afternoon drove the 20 miles toward home. There was a sweet spring quality in the air of the April afternoon; a fragrance, softness, a color; husband and wife moved through it as through a dream. The day had almost disappeared behind the western hills; long lanes of mellow sunshine streamed across the new grass and occasionally caught a blossoming plum tree, a pink or white hawthorn in a globe of light. A thousand little homes, behind their hedges, set in their flower-packed gardens, looked inviting, looked happy; late children dawdled in the shade of oaks, deceived by the lingering daylight into forgetfulness of time. The violets on Vicky's shoulder were wilted; every now and then she caught their exquisite dying breath, mingled with all the other sweet and significant odors: grass and turned earth, lilac and new leaves, the pungent spiciness of the pepper trees, the piny scent of the blades of the tasseled eucalyptus.

"Tired, Vicky?" Quentin said, as they turned up their own lane. "Only comfortably tired. It was worth while, I think. Only, when I get this near home," Vicky said, "I always begin to want to see the children; it's the only time I worry! Just before we see them—ah, God bless them, there they are!"

There they were, at the gate, ready to leap upon the car and be carried the hundred yards up to the porch.

"Oh, it's so good to get home: it's so wonderful to shut it all away," Victoria was murmuring to herself as, somewhat hampered by the scrambling children, she descended and smiled at the nurse who came down to meet them. "Marty all right?" she asked. Miss Browning nodded reassuringly.

"Sound asleep." But when Vic, trailing sons and daughters like clouds of glory, had fought her painful way upstairs, Harriet Browning turned her good, middle-aged face to Quentin. "I wish you'd have a look at Marty, Doctor. I rather think—anyway, I wish you'd just take a look. He's sleeping beautifully, he may sleep like that all through the night. But he had a sort of restless time, about three, and he coughed quite hard."

Victoria saw the shadow on Quentin's face when he came to dress a few minutes later. He was tired, poor old fellow; he had been serious and quiet ever since his return, anyway. All very well to say that a man could escape from his sins scot-free; nobody ever escaped scot-free from anything in this world, and especially a man as fine as Quentin couldn't escape! Whenever his eyes fell on the Morrison house he'd remember and be sorry. Even when Serena had lingeringly, cloyingly gone away, as of course she would some day, he wouldn't be proud to remember that sickening little interval of kisses and whisperings and presents and stolen hours.

And some day, when Susan was a beautiful eighteen, fresh and sweet and fine, some innocent question of hers about their old neighbors, about Gita or Gita's father or Gita's mother—"You remember the Morrises, Dad; wasn't she terribly beautiful?"—would strike him in his soul, and make him wince, and then the whole thing would seem to him like what Vicky had called it: a fever that had caught mind and soul instead of body.

So his silence at dinner did not alarm her. After dinner, when Gwen had carried her school books upstairs, and Magda had gone off with old Judge and Mrs. Trimmer to a movie, there was the usual interruption. The clock had just struck ten; Vicky had been conscious of a pleasant conviction that they were not going to be disturbed this evening, when the telephone rang. From Quentin's manner as he answered it she knew that the fireside hour was doomed.

"I've got the whole apparatus here; you've got one? Good," Quentin said. "I'll be right over. You might get him upstairs." There was the usual little flurry. Brownie came down to say that Marty was sleeping nicely and his pulse was much better. Quentin rushed into the night, leaving the two women in consultation by the fire.

The telephone rang sharply again. For a moment, in the general confusion of her thoughts, Vicky could not seem to make out clearly just who it was.

"Oh, yes, Dr. Cudworth," she said, her face brightening. "And you're at the—at the—oh, yes, at

the Morrises? Who is dying? Oh, no, is he really? Oh, I am sorry! He was quite well yesterday! Oh, that's too bad."

She hung up the telephone; stared at the expectant Brownie.

"It's Dr. Cudworth; he's rather excitable," she said, her own face rather pale. "He says that Spencer Morrison's dying; he's been there since seven, and he wants to see me."

"I wonder if he'd like to have Doctor come?"

"If he comes in, I wish you'd send him straight over. Cudworth asked for him, and when I said Quentin was over at the hospital, he said, 'My God, this may be life and death!'"

"Button your coat up around your face, Mrs. Hardisty." They were at the doorway now; the chilly spring night rushed at them like a living thing. Vicky went off alone into the dark.

"What's happened?" she asked, when she arrived at the house. For it was obvious from the manner of both Serena and the village doctor that something more than ordinary illness was afoot. "Is he gone?"

"He can't live," Serena said in a quick whisper that held a puzzling hint of stubbornness, of defiance in it.

"Why, but he was well yesterday, better than he's been for weeks! At least—" Vicky hesitated, looking at the doctor as one deferring naturally to his opinion. "I don't know anything about it," she said. "But he came to the fence to speak to me and he seemed—"

"Exactly!" the doctor said sharply. "He was better; I saw him Sunday. I was called today, three hours after he first began to complain of violent pain, and I find the man dying!"

He looked at Serena, and Serena returned the look with one that, more definitely than her voice had done, expressed defiance.

CHAPTER XIV

"I'll not sign any death certificate, mark my words!" Cudworth said, in a menacing undertone. Victoria, shocked beyond the power to grasp what all this meant, glanced bewilderedly at the sickroom door.

"He'll hear us!" she breathed. "He is—he isn't dead, is he?" "You don't have to sign anything," Serena said sharply, in a



"Tired, Vicky?"

voice clear but hardly as strong as a whisper. "I never asked you to sign anything! Dr. Hardisty'll sign it. He knows all about the case!"

"Spencer Morrison says he's been poisoned!" Cudworth said shortly to Vicky. Vicky could only stare at him in horror. "Come in!" the doctor directed her, leading the way. She followed him into the sickroom.

A subdued light was burning there; Vicky had never been in Spencer's room at night before, but once or twice, when he had been unusually lame and had stayed in bed, she had come over for a game of cribbage. Tonight everything was as usual: books and photographs, chairs and rugs and lamps, but she sensed this rather than saw it, for her anxious eyes were instantly fixed upon the man who lay panting, propped in pillows, in the wide, comfortable bed. The worn, deep lines of the disillusioned face were accentuated now by his violent illness. He smiled a ghastly smile as she came in, and stretched his lean hand toward her.

"That dope seems to have quieted things down, Doctor," he said in a hoarse whisper. To the amazement was now moving about the room sharply: "While I was out of the room nobody came in? Nobody touched anything on that table?" The woman shook her head; she looked half sick with fright and bewilderment.

"That's all right then," said the doctor. "Bime-by nurse come. You stay here, watchee all time."

"I not go," the amah said. "I was pretty near done for—did he tell you?" Spencer whispered, holding to Vicky's hand. He ignored Serena, looking away from her with a frown.

"You'd had a bad upset," Vicky said, looking down at him, trusting her face did not betray her appalled thoughts.

"I'll get through this, won't I, Doctor?" the sick man whispered. "I would be wrong to deceive you, Mr. Morrison," the old doctor said

solemnly. "You're already sinking, sir. The absence of pain and the pulse both show it. It's no time for me to say anything else to you. If there are affairs for you to settle—"

"Vicky, can't you get hold of Quentin?" Spencer gasped.

"He's coming, Spencer. He was at the hospital, but I left word. What did you take?" Vicky demanded, in a sort of wail.

"I didn't take anything! She gave it to me. I want you both," Spencer said panting. "I remember what I say! She tried—a week ago she tried to double my sleeping stuff; she brought it to me. I've not been taking it lately; I've been sleeping better. She told me I'd better make sure. She knew I was going back to England; she didn't want to go, and I told her she'd take care of herself if she didn't come! That drove her crazy. I saw it—she's been half crazy anyway, lately. I told Amah to watch everything I ate, and she did, but today I was asleep when she brought me up my lemonade. It was there when I woke up; I ought to have thought that Serena'd been at it—"

Serena, whose face was ghastly, looked from one to the other. "That's not true!" she whispered sharply in the silence. And abruptly she left the room. Spencer struggled to speak.

Quite suddenly, out of the nightmare, Vicky was awakened by a step she knew sounding on the stairs, a voice out in the hallway. "Quentin's here!" she said. Dr. Cudworth turned quickly.

"You stay right here, Amah," he said. "You watch master!" He and Vicky went out into the hall, and when she saw Quentin, pale and shocked, but strong and big and adequate and infinitely comforting, Vicky experienced one of the good moments of life; fear turned to confidence, peril to safety, and the horrors of the black night seemed less black.

"What's the matter with him?" Quentin asked. Serena began a frantic explanation; the other doctor brushed her aside.

"He's taken poison," he said bluntly.

"Suicide?" Quentin whispered, with a glance toward Spencer's door.

"Nothing of the kind," Cudworth answered sharply. "The man no more wanted to die than you do! He told me that he'd planned—he told me that he'd been much better—I tell you, I can't sign it, Doctor," he interrupted himself to say agitatedly. "You may if you like! But there have been things going on here that are against the laws of God and man, sir! I'll not do it, my professional honor forbids it!" Quentin, evidently trying to grasp the situation, looked from face to face.

"Who suggested poison?" he asked sharply.

"No one!" Serena said, on a passionate breath.

"Doctor, the man himself told me," the village doctor said, his forehead shining with sweat. "I saw him Sunday in good health. He was talking then of going back to England. He didn't say when; he tells me tonight that it was to be at once, and that he was leaving his wife. I tipped off the Chinese woman—I told her to watch him. I knew something was wrong! He told me that she, the amah, often brought him up lemonade in the afternoon and that this afternoon it was there when he awakened."

"Ah, but that's nonsense!" Quentin said in his honest, troubled voice.

"Of course it is!" Serena said. She went over and clung to Quentin's arm. He disengaged her hand without seeming conscious of her presence and turned to Victoria. "Why did you come here, dear?" he asked in a concerned, tender voice. "It will only distress you horribly. You don't belong in this!"

"Spencer asked for me, Quent," Vic raised her eyes to his and saw Serena, pale and tense and watching, looking at them. And she felt an odd twist of something like pity in her heart.

"Nonsense or not," little Dr. Cudworth said inflexibly, "I couldn't—professionally I could not ascribe this to a natural illness."

Serena faced him down. "You could mind your own business!" she said with a hiss on the last word. "If you don't want to do it, knowing, as I told you when you got here, as everyone knows, that he's been a sick man for years, I say that if you don't believe that a man who takes no exercise, and is not strong, could eat something, or take an opiate, that would make him desperately ill, you're a fool! You oughtn't to be practicing medicine. It happens all the time! Men die every day of acute indigestion coupled with heart failure, and if you won't take the responsibility of saying so, Dr. Hardisty will!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Best Man" in Hungary In Hungary it is possible to hire a professional "best man." He will take care of all details of the ceremony—for a fee. A "professional" best man is just about as far from the original role as is the north pole from the south. Back in early Saxon days, the bride knight, or best man, was the most faithful friend of the husband-to-be. He had to be for his duty was either to kidnap the bride or fight off her relatives while the prospective husband made off with her. Only friendship of the most enduring type could buy such services.

What to Wear on a Summer Day

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS TO what to wear on a summer day, simple flattering little gay print frocks, the more unsophisticated the smarter, are literally "running away with the show." To emphasize the summery look comes into the style picture hats that are very wide of brim. These hats are of straw, or of felt or that which is very, very new; they may be of stitched fabric, pique, linen or layer upon layer of stiffened silk chiffon.

In the illustration we are showing to the right a most wearable shirt-waist-type spectator sports dress in a silk crepe with a neat Paisley patterning on a blue ground. The panel front in the skirt has pleats on either side. The conservative styling of this dress together with the quality texture of the silk gives "class" in the eyes of those who recognize the better fashions. The fabric, being a sterling pure silk dye, can be depended upon as a standby when in critical moments the "what-to-wear" problem presents itself. The wide-brimmed hat of burnt straw adds the final touch of distinction. Another token of chic is the fact that this hat is crownless, and hats in fashion's realm are going crownless at an astonishing rate.

Speaking of smart millinery, there is a tendency, whether hats are large or small, to wear them in an off-the-face manner that reveals a smooth brow framed with smartly coiffed hair. The hat pictured in the oval inset is a Jean King creation in glistening white toya, a cool papier-mache straw that is just the thing for midsummer wear. A velvet band in soft blue finishes its graceful line in an artful bow at the nape of the neck. With your most summery frocks a hat of this type will carry a convincing message of chic and charm.

Designers have entered into the

spirit of cottons wholeheartedly this season. It is truly a revelation to see what wonders they are doing with both sturdy and dainty sheer weaves, tuning their fashioning to formal as well as informal wear. Printed cottons especially were never more beautiful. A special feature is being made of printed cotton voiles, some of which are simply entrancing both as to their patterning and their exquisite sheerness. These voiles are so inexpensive, too, women who do their own sewing can have the prettiest sort of frocks at trifling cost.

The attractive summer girls standing to the left and center in the illustration are wearing charming cotton dresses as fresh and sweet as an old-fashioned garden. The cottons that fashion them won't shrink because they have already been scientifically shrunk. The dress to the left has wee little pleatings on the skirt and is a pretty style to copy if you are making your own.

The dress centered offsets its gay print with a dainty lace-and-embroidered lingerie collar. There never was a time in fashion history when accessories counted for as much as they do this season. Not only is the most feminine looking neckwear a necessary luxury but in more ways than can here be enumerated the emphasis is placed on the value of choosing smart tuned-to-the-costume accessories. An intriguing use of bright cotton prints is made in the clever halters which are selling at the neckwear counters so briskly. These halter vests with their long tie-sashes are making a gesture in economy that enables the woman with a most limited budget to look well dressed at all times.

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VIVID FLORALS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Simple daytime frocks neatly tailored of sturdy fabrics patterned with vibrant florals are the call of the hour. One should include several frocks of the type pictured in the summer wardrobe, especially since they are so easily made, and alluring materials guaranteed not to shrink are so easily available. This well-tailored frock is strewn all over with exotic flowers. It is a dress that will tub any number of times and never shrink a mite.

SHORT DANCE DRESS! IS NEWEST FASHION

Why not wear the new short dance dresses before anyone else does? Schiaparelli introduced them, Paris immediately began wearing them, and New York is looking them over with great interest. They may be the beginning of the end for long evening gowns, as some stylists say, but the end is a long way off.

These short frocks for long evenings are very spirited and gay and young. Their swirling hemlines are more than five yards around. College girls will take them back to school this fall. The length may be anything that suits you, from six to twelve inches from the dance floor.

Exciting Features Mark Fashions for This Season

Fashions have much that is new and exciting about them. "There's something in the air" that has put all the designers on their mettle. They have outdone themselves in creating beautiful, elegant, wearable clothes.

The cycle is complete and we are back again in a period of trimmings. Throughout the mode, but especially for evening, applied decoration, such as embroidery, beading, spangles, paillettes, encrustations and handwork of all kinds, is almost as widely used as it was before the war.

The silhouette adheres to the natural figure, with normal waistline, smooth, slightly rounded shoulders and molded upper trunk. The figure, as a matter of fact, should look corseted. The clothes are basically simple and it is upon this simplicity heightened by accessories, trimmings, rich fabrics and color that fashion has relied for its newest aspects.

The Four Kinds of Excess Fat

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

THERE are some overweights who conscientiously follow their physician's strict reducing diet for a week or ten days and find that the amount of weight lost is practically nothing. If one of normal weight follows that same strict diet, gets the same amount of sleep, and takes the same amount of exercise, there would likely be a loss of from 2 to 5 pounds. If, however, the overweight were to continue on the strict diet for another two or three weeks there would likely be a loss of 4 to 5 pounds at the end of that time. This failure to lose weight during the first ten days was because while some fat was lost all right, the body had



Dr. Barton

retained more than its usual amount of water and so kept up the weight. But by the end of about three weeks, less water is required in proportion to the amount of real fat now present, and with the loss of this "held" water, the weight goes down. It would be worth while, therefore, for all who are trying to lose weight by reducing their food intake, to persist for not less than three to four weeks.

However, it is possible that even after keeping to the strict diet for three of four weeks, the loss of weight is very small—one or two pounds. If such be the case the overweight is justified when reporting to his or her physician in asking for some other method as even his severe or strict reducing diet has failed to bring results.

Physicians who treat patients for overweight first explain that to obtain sure results safely from 9 to 18 months may be required; that a reduction of one and a half to two pounds each week is the utmost to be desired or expected.

Make Metabolism Test.

It is very likely then that the physician will suggest one more month on the prescribed reducing diet and if results are disappointing he will prescribe other measures to get rid of the excess fat.

If this excess fat is distributed evenly throughout the body, he will make or have made a metabolism test which shows the rate at which the body processes are working. If they are not working at the normal rate (that is they are working slower) he knows that the thyroid gland in the neck is not manufacturing enough juice, and if processes are working faster than normal he knows that the thyroid gland is manufacturing too much juice. Thus when the individual is greatly overweight and the test shows that the body processes are slower than normal, which happens in about 3 to 5 per cent of all overweights, the physician will prescribe thyroid extract because the overweight is justified in requesting it.

If the excess weight is not distributed evenly over the body but is across the shoulders, chest, abdomen, hips and thighs (no excess weight on forearms or lower legs) then instead of using thyroid extract, the physician will likely use pituitary extract, as the pituitary gland has much to do with growth, development and the handling of starch foods by the body.

Removing Local Deposits.

Thus when the excess fat is evenly distributed, thyroid extract is used in "stubborn" cases; when it is across shoulders, chest, abdomen, and hips pituitary extract is used.

However, there are cases where there are accumulations of fat in different parts of the body, maybe on chest, on hips, on back of neck, or elsewhere. What can be done to remove these "local" deposits of fat?

When the individual is in good health, heart and blood vessels sound, then exercising the parts is the best method of getting rid of this local fat deposit. Slow jogging or running on the spot, skipping, and dancing are excellent exercises.

The use of the electric vibrator, striking the part with the sides of the hands and vigorous massage of the part will stir up the circulation in the part and help to break up the fat globules. In these cases with the local fat deposits, if there is any tendency to overweight generally then cutting down on the food is helpful, but if the individual is of normal weight it is better to depend upon the exercise and massage to remove the fat than take any chances on too great a loss of weight throughout the body.

Remember then that while over 90 per cent of overweight is due to overeating and underexercising there are these other types of overweight where gland extracts and local exercise and massage are necessary.

Naming Greensboro, N. C.

The city of Greensboro, N. C., is named for Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the hero of the battle of Guilford Court House, which is memorialized by a national military park six miles to the northwest.