

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, an odd-looking, vivacious little girl, had been too young to feel the shock that came when her father, Keith Herrendeen, lost his fortune. A gentle, unobtrusive soul, he is now employed as an obscure chemist in San Francisco, at a meager salary. His wife, Magda, cannot adjust herself to the change. She is a beautiful woman, fond of pleasure and a magnet for men's attention. Magda and Victoria have been down at a summer resort and Keith joins them for the week-end. Magda leaves for a bridge party, excusing herself for being such a "runaway." Later that night Victoria is grief-stricken when she hears her parents quarreling. The Herrendeens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrel frequently. Magda receives flowers and a diamond from Ferdie Manners, a wealthy man from Argentina whom she had met less than a week before. Manners arrives a few hours later. Magda shows him a Chinese shawl that has been in the Herrendeen family for many years. Vic is shocked when she learns her mother had contemplated selling it. Manners has it made into an evening wrap for Magda.

CHAPTER II—Continued

It was on this night that there was the first talk of sending Victoria to a boarding school. Victoria's heart rose on a bound of joy at the thought.

This seemed to be a time of thrilling plans. It appeared almost immediately that she and her mother were going up to Tahoe to visit Anna Brock. Mrs. Brock was an old friend who had a daughter Catherine; Victoria and Catherine had known each other, not very intimately, all their lives. They had always rather shyly liked each other.

"Dad, will you be up at all, week-ends?"

"That's a pretty expensive trip, Vic."

"But once? If we can afford to stay there, surely you can afford to come up once?"

"I'll try."

"It isn't going to cost us very much," said her mother. "The cottage belongs to Anna's sister, and our food won't be much."

"Oh, are we sort of boarding, Mother?"

"Something like that."

Keith Herrendeen, putting them on the train, gave Victoria a little box in parting.

"That belonged to my mother, and her mother before her—you've seen it, the pearl and onyx set. I want you to have it."

Victoria clung to him. "Dad, you're not going to have much fun. I wish you were going!" And she called back to him over her shoulder: "I'll write you—I love you!"

For the first day or two Mrs. Brock and Magda talked together confidentially and inexhaustibly. Catherine and Victoria did not care, for they were embarked upon the most enchanting adventure of their lives. All day long, and far into the beautiful summer nights, the two girls talked and laughed, swam and cooked and walked together, giggled their way through adventures that supplied them with endless material for laughter and reminiscence.

The little cabin was on the east side of the lake; it was so small that the happy party had the feeling of living out of doors.

A mile or two to the west was the hotel, in a settlement of informally grouped lake homes; the Brock place was all by itself, with a little triangular sandy beach of its own. Anna and Magda and the two girls concocted for themselves the sort of meals that women love in summer: salads, bowls of berries, boxed cookies, fruits.

Victoria's beautiful mother had for a friend one of the homeliest of women. But Anna Brock had an odd abrupt charm of her own, and she was extremely brilliant. She spoke French and German, and in September she was going to New York to teach Latin in a boy's school. And then Catherine—joy of joys!—would be placed with Victoria in the San Rafael boarding school. They would still be together!

"Mother, how can we afford that?" Victoria asked one day.

Magda and her daughter had swum out through the shallow clear water to a great rock and were basking on it.

"This is a good chance to talk to you, Vic, without Anna or Kitty's hearing," Magda said, by way of reply, after a moment's hesitation.

"Vic, I don't want you to feel badly about this," her mother presently began. "I'm getting a divorce from Dad. We're in Nevada—did you realize that? Aunt Anna's cabin is well over the line, and on that day when we took a long drive we went to Reno and arranged it."

Victoria was looking at her

mother steadily; she had not moved a muscle. Now she swallowed with a dry throat.

There were tears in Magda's eyes and in her voice; and she stopped short and looked away over the dazzle of blue water.

"Oh, the break is terrible, I know that—I know it now! But after a few weeks—after a month or two—everyone gets used to it—and the two persons who have grown nervous and irritable and wretched together are free!"

"But then when will I see Dad?" Victoria asked, tears gushing from her eyes. "Can I write to him?"

"My darling, of course. And he'll come to see you at school, take you out to movies! Why, I'm writing him today, and I'll put your love in."

It seemed less strange the next day; Dad and Mother separating.

Still Victoria tried to adjust her thoughts to all the amazing angles of this new turn of affairs, thought that she would go and see Dad often, too, if she could get away from school. And perhaps next year he and she would have their little dream house on the shore for a few weeks, and cook waffles and scrambled eggs.

This was late August. It was in early October that Victoria, slim and busy and happy in the dark blue Dominican uniform, with the dazzling collar of her bluejacket's blouse turned back at the neck, and the pale blue scarf that marked her as a freshman blowing in the autumn wind, was stopped as she was racing in Catherine's wake across the school playground.

"Letter for you, Victoria," said Sister Beata, extending it in a clean, cool hand.

"Oh, thank you, S'ter," Victoria gasped, seizing it. It was from her mother, who was down in Santa Barbara with the Arnolds. It told her happily, simply, that her mother and Ferdinand Ainsa y Castello Manners, "for you may as well have his whole name, my darling, although I've only got the first and the last on my new cards," had been married that day at noon.

Her father came to see her now and then, on Sundays. They were oddly silent, oddly ill at ease with each other.

Victoria saw her stepfather only in flying glimpses for the remainder of her school life. He and her mother were at the big Manners cattle ranch down in the Argentine for two years, and when they came back Victoria was preparing for a second trip to Europe. Mother Raymond had written to her mother about leaving her in the school there for the final year of French and music and culture generally, and Victoria had only one real visit with her mother before it was time to go.

Ferdinand Manners had leased the big Chalmers place in Burlingame; Magda was back among her friends again and giddy with happiness and triumph.

Victoria spent a somewhat bewildered yet happy Easter vacation there, exploring all the garden paths and all the big rooms.

She came back to California at another Easter time, eighteen years old, and ready to graduate with her class. Her mother met her in New York, and they made the transcontinental trip together.

Ten weeks later Victoria's hand-some bags were packed again, and she went down to the Chalmers place for the summer.

The beautiful Chalmers house was open to summer breezes and filled with summer flowers; the Chinese butler, discreet in his purple and blue silks, motioned her upstairs. Another Oriental took her bags; her mother's maid, who had crossed the continent with them a few weeks before, met her at the top of the stairs. Vic asked to see her mother.

Magda was in her magnificent bedroom, a large airy apartment flanked by an enormous bath, by a complete dressing room, by an awning upper balcony.

Victoria found her mother stretched on a couch by a window; she was not reading the magazine she held, and her eyes were absent and reddened a little from recent tears. At the sight of the girl she began to cry again, and they clasped each other closely.

"My darling, you're home at last! If you knew—if you knew how I've wanted you!" Magda sobbed. She instantly regained control of herself and smiled with trembling lips, straightening the collar of Victoria's blouse as the girl knelt beside her.

"Was it all wonderful?" she said. "It was perfect. And at the end we all cried because we weren't all going to be back in September!" Victoria laughed. "But, Mother dearest, you're not well?"

"I've been feeling—wretchedly.

Something," Mrs. Manners said hesitantly—"something rather horrid happened last night, and Ferdie was arrested." Her eyes filled again, she straightened the collar again. "It was all rather horrid, and it'll all be forgotten this time next week," she said cheerfully. "So let's not talk about it!"

"Arrested!" Victoria echoed, aghast. "Why—what happened?" "There was an accident. I don't know just what happened," Magda said, her eyes watering. "It was all so horrible! He had been drinking, of course, and he was driving May Finee home—they were both in the car asleep, right near where the smash was."

"Who were?" "If it had been anyone but May!" Magda sighed. "However, they say the poor fellow'll get well, and Ferdie can stand the damages. He was all smashed up, the man they ran into, and it's a miracle they weren't all killed! But if he'd been with anyone but May!"

"Who's she?" "Oh, she's a cheap little idiot I used to know years ago—May Smith; she married Tony Feeny and divorced him and spent a few weeks in Paris, so now she's 'Madame Finee,' and she can hardly remember an English word!"

"And does Ferdie like her?" Magda looked at her daughter ruminatively, answered mildly.

"Rather. And of course she's making passes at Ferdie."

"Oh?" Vicky said. It was the old atmosphere again!

"Or rather, at the Manners money, which is very stupid for me," Magda ended the subject cheerfully.

"Stupid, that's what it is, for Ferdie'd never look at anyone like May! And now tell me more about today—did you see Grace Peacock was there?"

"She's Margery King's mother."

"I know she is, and I know she went all over Europe trying to get a priest to marry her to Joe Peacock, and couldn't."

"Margery's nice," Vicky said slowly.

"And you're adorable, only you have those Herrendeen eyes that you must remember to keep open," Magda said lovingly. "Did you get yourself some lovely things in Paris?"

"Some. Not expensive. But I got one—yes, I have two or three you'll love."

"Have you had it waded, Vic?"

"My hair? No, that's just brushing and setting."

Convent-bred, and with an instinctive distaste for Ferdie and for Fer-

Victoria, told her mother she was going to stay in California. Well—because Catherine and Mrs. Brock were going up to the lake again, and wanted her. Well—and because she really would like it—like it better. She might come down to Rosarios later, all by herself. But—but really she would like it better this way, now.

Magda was gently hurt, puzzled, Ferdie smiled, but Vicky knew that he was furious. She held her ground, good-natured and affectionate, but not to be moved. In the end they left without her, and Vicky and Catherine went up to the lake.

A week later, when she and Catherine were sitting down on the lake shore one day, Victoria told her the reason:

"Catherine, cross your heart and hope to die if you ever tell anyone this!"

"I do," said Catherine solemnly, suiting the action to the word.

"It was he," Victoria said.

"Who? Your stepfather?"

"My stepfather nothing!" Vicky echoed, repudiating the relationship.

"He—Catherine, if you ever tell anyone this I'll never speak to you again!—he followed me into the sitting room one night—we'd all just come home from a movie—and kissed me and crushed me against him."

Victoria was at the dock, in the fine soft November fog, to see the big ship come in; the Empress of Panama was on time; at exactly one minute before eleven o'clock she drew up alongside, and all the excitement of landing began.

Then mother and daughter were in each other's arms, and Victoria was laughing.

"And how's Ferdie?"

"Ferdie—" Mrs. Manners' glance returned from the luggage and fixed itself upon Victoria. "Ferdie is—just the same—as ever."

"And when does he get here? Or does he go to Paris? You were so vague!"

"No, here. When the Loughboroughs' yacht does, whenever that is," Mrs. Manners said, in the same tone of pleasant indifference. "And now, is a car here, and did you reserve my rooms?" she demanded gayly, as the customs formalities were concluded and she could pick the Pekinese from Victoria's arms again and accompany her along the pier. "Don't tell me it's going to be freezing like this."

"It's been actually hot, until today. This is just fog," Victoria explained.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Home Hubby Chooses

Although it is both a written and an unwritten law that a wife is to live in the home which her husband provides for her, the courts of several states have upheld many women who, for petty reasons, have refused to do it. Not long ago, says Collier's Weekly, one court ruled that a woman did not have to live in her husband's house because it was located near the home of his parents.

this, Vicky. But the beginning of it all going wrong was of course that there were always other women. His wife was only to wear the jewels and be introduced to all the business friends, big German and Spanish cattle men, scores of them! The wife is a figurehead after the first year. If she has sons, and keeps the peace with his family, and forgives him everything, the man is pleased with her. If she gets temperamental, tries to assert herself, he is annoyed. But he goes his own way just the same."

Victoria looked thoughtful, her fine dark brows drawn together. "You oughtn't to stay here."

"Where," Magda asked simply, "ought we go?"

The summer idled itself into autumn, and Victoria and Magda went down to the shore again. This time they had the smartest cottage at the lodge, and the beautiful Mrs. Manners was much admired and entertained. Mr. Manners, she explained to everyone, with a flash of white teeth, was fishing for steel-head up in the Klamath. Every hostess told Victoria's mother that she had a "wonderful man" for her as a dinner or bridge partner, but Victoria noticed that Magda found none of them really wonderful.

In October Ferdie went off on somebody's yacht for six weeks. He seemed a little guilty about it and gave Victoria a large check "to waste in New York." Later she suspected that his twinges of conscience were because the yachting trip that he had mentioned as involving only "a few fellows" actually included the owner's wife, another woman, and the ubiquitous May. Magda did not know that, or Victoria believed and hoped she did not.

They came back to California in December, and Ferdie came back for Christmas. Little was said of the feminine element on the yachting trip, and the three spent the holidays in a splendid suite in the Fairmont hotel up at the top of the hill with the green iron balconies of their breakfast room hanging over the fascinating jumble of masts and stacks and long pier roofs on the Embarcadero. Ferdie now said that he thought he must go back to Rosarios for a few months. He thought Magda would be a great fool to go. It would be hot traveling; and she hated the place anyway.

An unusually long period of affection and placation resulted in April in Magda's decision to go with Ferdie to South America.

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Smart, Flattering Dresses



MRS. DICK EVANS has come to town and brought Ann and Eddie LeRoy with her. She lives in Palm Beach in the wintertime and, of course, knows all about style. That's why she wears this director type frock that is both new and figure flattering. In the floral print she has chosen she is perfectly gowned for the parties that will be given for her in the home town. The kiddies are wearing the simple styles appropriate to childhood and therein their smartness lies.

Auntie Rose Sews, Too.

Little Ann is asking Auntie Rose if she makes her clothes too. "Sure enough, dear," comes the reply. "I made this percale for mornings and have a beauty in yellow crepe cut from the same pattern to wear to the Bid-or-Bi meetings."

"I'll bet you can sew fast, too, the way Mother does. It only took

her two mornings to make Eddie's suit and my dress. Won't you help me with my doll clothes now?"

"Indeed I will, Ann, and then we will have some of those oatmeal cookies you like for lunch."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1272 is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material and 2 1/2 yards of ribbon for the belt.

Pattern 1275 is for sizes 6 months to 4 years. Size 1 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern 1403 comes in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern 1212 is designed in sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting for the collar.

New Pattern Book

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book con-

Foreign Words and Phrases

- Au grand sérieux. (F.) In deadly earnest.
- Latet anguis in herba. (L.) A snake lurks in the grass.
- Nuit blanche. (F.) A sleepless night.
- Sui generis. (L.) Of its own kind.
- Vient de paraître. (F.) Just published, or, just out.
- Maladie du pays. (F.) Homesickness.
- Mieux vaut tard que jamais. (F.) Better late than never.
- Hors de concours. (F.) Not entered for competition.
- Dal segno. (It.) Repeat from the sign.
- Ab initio. (L.) From the beginning.
- Ut supra. (L.) As above.

taining designs of attractive, practical and becoming clothes. Exclusive fashions for children, young women and matrons. Price, 15 cents per copy. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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MELVIN PURVIS, former ace G-Man who founded the Junior G-Man Corps, has formed a great new organization—Melvin Purvis' Law-and-Order Patrol. Members are SECRET OPERATORS. They have special codes, passwords, and special equipment. Below is a "candid camera" snapshot of a squad of Secret Operators who have a special problem...



"I was investigating a bank robbery..." "WELL, WELL, THIS IS INTERESTING... IS THIS MAN MULLINS LEFT-HANDED?" "THEY WERE PROBABLY LEFT TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL! THERE'S A FAINT TRACE OF CIGARETTE STAIN ON THE LEFT GLOVE. I HAVE A HUNCH... LEFTY LOUIE THE LEFT-HANDED SAFFERCRACKER HE'S REPORTED TO BE IN THIS VICINITY..." "DO YOU ALL KNOW YOUR POSTS? HAS EVERY ONE A COPY OF THIS DIAGRAM? REMEMBER, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS RAID QUIETLY—BUT WITH NO CHANCE FOR ESCAPE!"

"My aides took up their positions covering every exit of the building. Two men and I slipped quietly into the building, and..." "CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS, EH, LEFTY LOUIE? THE GLOVES YOU PLANTED BY THE VAULT ALMOST HUNG THAT CRIME ON MULLINS—BUT THE STAIN ON THE LEFT GLOVE POINTED AT YOU. A LEFT-HANDED MAN ALWAYS HOLDS HIS CIGARETTE IN HIS LEFT HAND!" "MELVIN PURVIS! I SHOULDN'T A TRED TO FOOL 'EM!" "AND THAT ILLUSTRATES THE GENERAL RULE ALL SECRET OPERATORS KNOW. WHEN A CLUE'S TOO SIMPLE—IT'S USUALLY FALSE! NOW HOW ABOUT SOME MORE POST TOASTIES, PAUL AND JOAN?" "I WANT A BIG BOWLFUL, MR. PURVIS!" "ME, TOO! THEY'RE THE FINEST THING THERE IS FOR BREAKFAST!"

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