

SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, a 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. 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 Ferdy Manners, a wealthy man from Argentina whom she had met less than a week before. Manners arrives a few hours Magda takes Victoria to Nevada to visit a woman friend who has a daughter named Catherine. There she tells her she is going to get a divorce. Victoria soon is in boarding school with her friend Catherine. Magda marries Manners and they spend two years in Argentina. Victoria has studied in Europe and at eighteen she visits her mother when Ferdy rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferdy's drinking and attentions to other women. Vic dislikes him, but for her mother's sake is nice to him. When her mother and stepfather return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferdy's unwelcome attentions to Magda returns.

CHAPTER III-Continued

Maid, dog, parrot, bags, they got into a large waiting car at the Embarcadero, Mrs. Manners talking, as is the custom of returned travelers, of the amusing steward on the boat, the races at Havana, of on the way. everything unimportant and inconsequential. They were driven rapsmoothness of custom; Victoria's thing's wrong-it's all wrong." mother had been arriving and de- Victoria was silent, puzzled, and parting in just this manner ever | after a pause Magda went on light since her second marriage five years earlier.

Soon Victoria and her mother settled at luncheon beside the fire.

"Well, this is fun!" said Magda then. "And now we can talk. You look so well, Vic, and you're really handsome. Really you are! What have you been doing with yourself, tell me everything, you got my

wires?" "You're the one with the news," she said smilingly. "Nothing has happened here. Miss Butler put me on night duty last night-only the second time, and I'm dead! I had breakfast at the hospital at seven, and had to clean up three bathrooms, and stopped on my way downtown to leave my bag here." "The hospital!" Magda echoed

aghast, not hearing the rest. "You've been ill!"

Victoria's smile was reassuring. Her color was beginning to come back now, as she fell with vigor upon a three-inch steak, and there was revived light in her eyes.

"I'm in with Catherine," she explained. "Student nurses." Mrs. Manners sat back and re-

garded her with puzzled eyes. "Mummy, you're such fun-it's such fun to be talking to you again, and it's the best food I ever tasted! But darling," Victoria pleaded, "I had to do something. I couldn't just take a room somewhere and

wait for you. You were with Ferdy

'way down in South America, and I was absolutely on the loose." "But you were with Anna and Catherine."

"Aunt Anna got a most flattering offer from a school in Cleveland. We couldn't go with her, and Kittsy was going to be a nurse. So I went along to the hospital with

"You are handsome," Madga said, under her breath, not listening. "Don't they let you use makeup at all?"

"Not on duty, and you sort of get out of the habit. What are you looking at?' Victoria asked, with an embarrassed laugh, as her mother continued her placid scrutiny.

"Well, you're simply adorable, Vicky," she said at length, "and you get enthusiastic just the way you used to. But-although it's a little soon to talk about it, I had gest-and gentlestrather a different plan in mind for you. I was thinking of Europe,

after your debut."

"Europe!" Vicky echoed, her own eyes suddenly blazing. She remembered her student year there under the gentle unremitting chaperonage of the Dominican nuns. Again she heard the fountains of Rome splashing; saw the lights of the Place de la Concorde setting white statues and dark tree tops in bold relief It was of sheer batiste, embroidered in misery as great as his. Magda Thus, it became customary in Engagainst a blue night sky, caught a "Oh, Mummy!' she said.

"Would you like it?"

Victoria's voice shook with excite-

ment. "We two."

"Ferdy wouldn't mind?"

Instead of answering, Mrs. Manners looked away through the exquisite silky shadows of half-lowered lashes. Victoria's heart sank; she knew that gentle patience, she knew that long, resigned sigh. All was not going well between her mother and Ferdy.

The luncheon was cleared away; the two women resumed their chairs by the wood fire.

'There are a thousand persons to whom I ought to telephone," Madga said lazily. "I won't. I love this sitting here with you. You haven't told me anything about yourself. Vicky, have you seen or heard anything of your father?"

The question came suddenly, and with it the color rose to Magda's "Yes, I saw Dad about two weeks

ago," she said aloud. Magda added no further ques-

tions, but her eyes were expectant. "He's married again, you know, Mummy. I wrote you that. And they're going to have a baby. They were married last February, and they expect the baby at Christmas. He simply adores Olivette, and he's all excited about the baby."

"Ha!" Magda said and fell thoughtful. "Still up in Seattle?"

"He says he loves it." Magda twisted the Herrendeen pearls in beautiful restless fingers.

But for some reason or other she felt a little chill in the air, felt that her mother wasn't wholly pleased with the news that Dad was happy and that a new baby was

"Ferdy," said Madga, out of thought-"Ferdy is a strange creaidly up the steep hills to the big ture, Vicky. I may as well tell you hotel; everything going with the now as at any time that every-

"And so-Mr. Fernando Ainsa y Castello Manners and I have de-

cided to separate. No, no, no, not a divorce," she interrupted herself to say quickly, as Vicky's stricken face was turned from the fire in involuntary protest. "He doesn't want a divorce. If he got a divorce Maud Campbell would have him married before he could turn around, so he doesn't want a divorce, and neither do I. If you get a divorce they can do all sorts of funny things about alimony, go to court and have it adjusted and lessened-I don't know what they can't do. But a separation means that you and I can live where we like, and do as we please. And so it's to be Europe-off we go! I'll get you some things-or we can get them

"The only thing," Victoria began somewhat hesitantly, "Ought Ferdy pay for me, too? I mean, it's all right for a visit—it's all right for a few months. But after all-after all he doesn't owe me-"

"It's my money, and you're with me," Magda explained simply, with a touch of impatience.

"I was thinking of Ferdy, Vic," Magda said, out of a silence, "and thinking-" she stopped for a long sigh—"thinking of the tremendous difference there is in men," she

"I mean, Vic," she began again, as Victoria could find nothing to say-"I mean that-well, I suppose I was thinking of Lucius Farmer."

"Who's he?" A familiar tightening, a familiar sinking sensation was at Victoria's heart. Oh, dear. Oh, dear. This was commencing again was it?

"You must know his name, darling. He's about the most successful painter of murals in America. He made the trip with us from Buenos Aires, but he lives down here in Carmel with a perfectly

impossible wife and daughters." "And what did the impossible wife and daughters think of you, Mum-

my?' "Oh, they weren't along-perish the thought! No, he was alone." Magda's voice fell to a dreamy note. "One of the finest menshe said, under her breath "I mean one of the simplest and-and big-

"This life would be heaven for women, Vic, if many men were like

And again Victoria could find

Lucius Farmer came to see them

nothing to say.

the next morning. gone into her own room to try on a fering cruelly. After a few weeks had to make some provision for gown her mother had brought her. she perceived that her mother was true heirs, no matter how small. benefit by the deal but later-much delicately with tiny garlands of carried it better, but it was there. whiff of wet spring greenness from roses, all in white. It was the sort the grass beside the London Mall. of gown that makes any girl's eyes ritable, unreasonable. He went to dance, and Victoria, coming back races, fights, polo games with men; with its frail folds blowing about he went off on hunting and fishing no matter in what disfavor he may comparative poverty and obscurity "Oh, well, Mother-you and I?" her, wore the radiant expression trips. Sometimes Victoria thought have stood.

twenty years.

friendly, and a little uncertain and agony in this grip of young love. timid, and at the same time some-

he seemed serious and burdened, renunciation. Magda, in her dark greeting had died away. Victoria, presently going back to her room, could hear through the open doorway the gravity of his tone as he and her mother talked at the window, their heads together.

"I can't, Magda," he said more than once. "I'm so sorry-I can't." But when Victoria came out again to find her mother alone, there was a: air of disappointment or defeat in Mrs. Manners' attitude. She was glowing with inner fires; she was shaken, laughing, ecstatic. She put own. her arms about Vicky; held the girl away from her to laugh into her

"My darling, do you like him?" Victoria regarded her with a smile that had small heart in it. "Isn't the question-do you?"

"Vic, on the steamer, the day we left Buenos Aires, we found each other!" Magda said. "He came up to me and said, 'Aren't you the Valdes' friend, Senora Manners?' I don't know how he ever nerved himself to do it, for he's not like that as a rule. But he said he had seen me at the country club. We hardly spoke to anyone else on the voyage; we had our meals on deck, we talked and talked as if we never could talk enough!

"For the first time in my life, Vic, I have met a man who stirs in mesomething-something that I might have been, might have had?" Magda continued. "He loves me, I know that, although he's never told me so. But it isn't that. It's the companionship, the exquisite delight



"I Love This Sitting Here With You."

of being understood-understood!" Magda broke off to say in amused scorn. "He knows more than I of everything-books, music, people. And his attitude toward life is so beautiful, so simple and eager and

There was a silence. Magda smiled and wiped suddenly wet eyes, and Victoria smiled, too, a mother's patient smile for a child. "So what?" the girl asked good-

naturedly. "So nothing, my darling, that's breathed, "what shall I do?" the tragedy!" Magda answered lightly, and there was another si-

"No," she went on presently, ending it. "Ferdy gets here next week, and Lucius goes down to his wife and the little girls in Carmel, and

that's the end." The day moved on. That night, when they went downstairs to join the Kendalls, and be carried off for a dinner, Victoria saw Lucius and a woman and two the great red chairs of the hotel in her before. foyer, evidently waiting for some-

one. Was it for Mother? Whether it was or not they all Lucius got a divorce?" came over to Vic and Magda, and there were introductions. Mrs. Farmer was a plain stout wholesome - looking little woman in glasses, with ropes of oily graybrown hair wound about her head.

Ann. Constance. Victoria. "Vicky," said her mother, in the you fall in love, make it with a man safe.' to whom you can be an inspiration. It's a sacred thing-it's worth all the pain and the ache, to inspire a truly great man!"

At first Victoria felt most pity for the man. He was clever, keen, af-

Ferdy was back now, restless, ir-

that only a new gown gives to him entirely oblivious of what was going on; sometimes she thought he She halted at the sight of a knew. Magda was burning up with strange tall man standing at the it; she could not have wholly confoggy window, talking with her cealed it even if she would. She mother. They both turned. Vic- glowed and trembled, laughed and toria's hand was taken in a big cried; she was strangely, awkhard hand. She liked the man at wardly like a girl again-a girl once, one must like him; there was upon whom the inexorable forties something about Lucius that dis- had set their tragic seal. Somearmed criticism, that won all how it hurt Victoria to the deeps hearts. Something simple and of her soul to see her mother's

Lucius was fighting it; grimly, thing definite and vital; there was honestly, uselessly. He and Magda a world of mirth, a child's secret met; sat long over hotel tea tables and delicious merriment in his gray telling each other that this must be the end, that there was no honor, He was not smiling this morning; no happiness for them except in immediately the pleasantries of violet velvet, with the broad brim of her dark velvet hat shadowing her splendid eyes, and the rich goldbrown of sables setting off her exquisite skin, was perhaps as beautiful at such moments as she had ever been in her life. Just to be with Lucius brought the transparent color to her face and the strange liquid pulsing to her eyes.

But when they had parted it was only to begin the agony again. Ferdy was settled in a suite of rooms connecting with Magda's

It was Ferdy who brought to Victoria and Magda a handful of steamship companies' folders. They opened the shining, brightly colored little booklets eagerly, studied floor plans, discussed "Deck B" and 'Deck C." It was Ferdy's idea that Magda and Victoria take one of the canal steamers to New York, stopping at South America and island ports, using up the coldest of the winter weeks on the leisurely

"It's just possible that Lucius will be on the Elcantic with us," Magda said one day innocently.

"Mother, don't let him!" Vic pleaded. Magda looked at her, and the color rushed into her own face. "But, what am I to do, Vic? I can't stand this!" Magda suddenly Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., for the muttered defensively.

CHAPTER IV

Victoria looked sympathy, dis-

"We'll be gone in a week, Mummy. Then won't it be better?" Magda looked at her daughter somberly.

"I'm forty-two, Vicky, and I've never-liked-anyone before," Magda faltered, with a little difficulty. "It isn't only myself-truly, Vic, it isn't. But it's to hurt him so horribly-to ruin his life, now when he's just beginning to succeedthat's what kills me." Magda whis-

"But you're separating, Mother. We'll be gone in a few days. That'll | that is shown by the extension of help," Victoria said, forcing herself to gentleness and sympathy.

"That's just it, Vic. It'll kill him." Magda shut her eyes, and training schools of the various retears squeezed themselves under ligious and secular organizations the lowered lashes. "But he'll have his work, and his

wife and children-" Victoria began and stopped. "His wife means absolutely nothing to him, Vic. They've been noth-

ing to each other for five years. He told me so." "But Mother," she presently offered doubtfully, "doesn't a man

belong to his wife?" To this Magda superbly made no answer. With an expression of patient endurance she rose and swept into her room.

When the bright soft morning came, Magda was exhausted. Her face was bleached and blotched with tears, her eyes swollen, and the hair that had so often been pushed off her forehead during the fevers of the night hung in careless locks and showed darkness at its roots. Victoria was dressed in silk pajamas, having her own breakfast, when her mother awakened; she set Magda's tray on the tumbled bed before her. But her mother could not eat. She drank a little coffee, set the tray aside. "Vic,"

"Mother, you mustn't cry so. Ferd's coming up this morning;

he'll be here for lunch!" "Ferd knows," her mother whispered, not opening her eyes. "Ferd knows!" Victoria was star-

"I told him." Magda shrugged in-

'Well, what does he think? Is he-What does he say?"

"Nothing. It amused him, I think," Magda said, with more bit- to serve as his dark room in the gawky dark shy girls, all sitting in terness than Victoria had ever seen field. In it he had to make his

"He won't hear of it."

"Ferdy won't!" It was an excla-

that Campbell woman. She's going to be on the Loughborough yacht; The girls were like her, although he knows that the minute I'm out both gave promise of some beauty. she'll be in. He's tiring of her al- Brady came safely through all these to feel that he will some day. As ernment now owns a collection of course of the next few days, "when long as he's married to me he's his negatives, which are priceless

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shilling, Anyway

The expression "cut off with a shilling" is believed to have its oriland to insure the validity of a will

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo @ Western Scott Watson

Founder of the Chautauqua

THERE. was a time when the chautauqua was "next only to the public school system in bringing to the masses of people some share of their inheritance in the world's great creations in art and literature." It was literally the "university of the people" and it was the creation of a man who did not himself have a college education.

He was John Heyl Vincent, born in Alabama in 1832 of a line of Pennsylvanians who moved back to that state soon after John was born. Educated at Wesleyan institute in Newark, N. J., he began to preach at the age of eighteen and later was ordained into the Methodist ministry. Transferred to the Rock River, Ill., conference in 1857 he became the pastor of a church at Galena, Ill., where one of his parishioners was a quiet little ex-captain of the army named Ulysses S.

After a trip to the old world Vincent was elected general agent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Union in 1866 and two years later corresponding secretary of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society in New York. In these offices he did more than any other man to shape the International Uniform Sunday School Lesson system.

In 1874 Vincent and Lewis Miller founded a summer assembly on training of Sunday school teachers and in 1878 the Chautaugua Literary and Scientific Circle was instituted, providing a system of popular education through home reading and study. The next year the first of the summer schools was organized and these developed rapid-

In speaking of his work at Chautauqua Bishop Vincent said, "I do not expect to make a second Harvard or Yale out of Chautauqua, but I do want to give the people of this generation such a taste of what it is to be intelligent that they will see to it that their children have the best education the country can

How well he succeeded in doing colleges and universities, the summer assemblies, conferences and and the summer courses of lectures and entertainments which made the word "Chautauqua" a common noun. It is also shown by the declaration of Theodore Roosevelt that "Chautauqua is the most American thing in America."

Camera Man

WITH telephoto lens to aid them in getting long distance "shots" and high-speed film to record the scene even when the light is poor, it's not so difficult for the camera man of today to "cover" a modern war. But it was very diferent when the first camera man who ever "covered" a war went into the field to do his job.

His name was Mathew Brady, the son of Irish immigrants to New York state, who was engaged in bust). Size 16 requires 41/4 yards the trade of making jewel and instrument cases when he became interested in the art of daguerreotypy soon after it was introduced into this country in 1839. The man terial. who brought it here was S. F. B Morse, a painter, later famous as the inventor of the telegraph.

Brady learned his first lessons from Morse and learned them so well that by 1853 he was this nation's outstanding photographer.

When the War Between the States opened he was both famous and wealthy and he could have lived a life of ease on his income. Instead he chose a career of priva-

tion and danger on the battlefields. Brady fitted up a canvas-covered wagon to carry his equipment and own emulsion to coat the large "You wouldn't like to divorce Fer- glass plates that were his negatives, dy?" Victoria asked doubtfully. "If for the convenient film roll had not yet been thought of.

His wagon became a familiar sight to all the armies. It plowed through muddy roads, it was fer-"No. He's frightened to death of ried over rivers in constant danger of being dumped overboard and all his precious equipment lost. But fortunately for posterity ready, or if he's not he's beginning dangers and the United States govrecords of one of the greatest tragedies in our history. It is also the symbol of a tragic career. After the war was over Brady found himself in financial difficulties. His negatives were sold to pay a storgin in the ancient Roman law which age bill and in 1874 the govern-Magda was restless; Victoria had fectionate, simple, and he was suf- provided that a will, to be legal, n.ent acquired them by paying the charges of \$2,840. Brady did not later-the government did give him \$25,000 for the collection which was (though the Roman law had never then valued at \$150,000. In his later been adopted) by providing for a years Brady lost his pre-eminence true heir with at least a shilling, as a photographer and he died in

Murmurings of Spring



-truly a menace!"

I'm a bit suspicious that this little | the mature figure; afternoon peplum frock of mine has got dresses for the most particular you catty. Your eyes really aren't young women and matrons and green by rights, you know.'

Connie Sews Her Own. dress looks as nice on me as 15 cents (in coins) today for your yours does on you. Why practical- copy. ly all of the girls at the Laf-a-Lot last night wanted to know where I found such a lovely frock. Not 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. one of them guessed that I made it myself. And did I feel elegant when I played Mendelssohn's Spring Song on Diane's new baby grand! The girls said I fit into the picture perfectly. I thought

if only Dwight could see me now." spring outfit in this woman's preserves it .- La Rochefoucauld.

Mother Happens Along. "Girls, girls, if your talk were only half as pretty as your frocks you'd be better off. Sometimes I wonder if you wouldn't be more appropriately titled The Cheek Twins, rather than The Chic Twins.

"Okay, Mother, you win. Let's change the subject by changing clothes. We'll put on our cullottes and join you in a round of golf, how's that? Gee, Mother, you never look sweeter than when you're wearing a casual young two-piece shirt dress. The plaid pique is just the thing for you, too. In fact, Mom, you're just about tops from any angle."

The Patterns. Pattern 1257 is for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4% yards of 39-inch material plus 11 yards of ribbon or bias binding. Pattern 1231 is avail-

of 39-inch material. Pattern 1236 comes in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 41/4 yards of 39-inch ma-

able in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42

New Pattern Book. Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive,

F YOU'D take a few steps, | practical and becoming clothes, Sis, I believe I'd be inspired selecting designs from the Barto answer that question, 'Did you bara Bell well-planned easy-toever see a dream walking?' You make patterns. Interesting and are nothing less than devastating exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; "You meow so sweetly, Connie. | slenderizing, well-cut patterns for other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the "How could you? I think my Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each, © Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

Use of Raillery

Raillery is a poison which if undiluted kills friendship and excites "I still say my two-piecer with hatred, but which qualified by a its piped peplum, cute little but- mixture of wit and flattery of tons and stream-lines is the No. 1 praise, produces friendship and



Ignorance and Knowledge Distance sometimes endears friendship and absence sweeteneth it.—Howell.



New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid \$1.00 & \$1.35. Consult Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"I'll be goin' to town with ya jest as soon as Paw falls outa my boots!"