

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



CHAPTER I

Victoria Herrendeen came up from the beach with her sandy fingers tight in her father's hand. Those girls down there had been mean to her because she didn't understand the French they were jabbering with Mademoiselle, and they had laughed at her. When Dad had appeared, with his usual smile, wearing his old blue coat and the loose old white trousers Mother sometimes let him wear on a summer morning, he had looked to his daughter like an angel of light. Here was her unfailing friend and champion.

He came down from the San Francisco office when he could; not every week-end, but at least every other week-end, and when he was there Victoria had the companion she loved best in the world, and the best time any little girl ever had on a beach.

Dad was a chemist—whatever that was—and worked in a laboratory with a man named Butler, who was mean to him, and a lot of other men who were nice. Victoria knew about Butler because she had often heard her mother say, "Butler wouldn't put it over on me that way, Keith. I'd not stand it! I wonder what you do."

They loved each other dearly, she and her father. They were exquisitely happy together. While she waded, and he made a beach fire



They Went up the Path.

and scrambled eggs and boiled cocoa, they liked to plan dim future days in which they would live alone on a desert island and signal to the people on the shore for what they wanted.

She was an odd-looking child, not pretty yet, but too small to worry about looks herself. Her mother, however, was extremely concerned about them. She had just begun to realize that Victoria might be quite lovely some day—or striking, anyway, distinguished-looking—and was watching her keenly for signs of it; but Victoria did not know that. Mrs. Herrendeen said to herself that if the child ever grew up to that big red mouth, and if the deep-set slate-gray eyes opened a little more, and if the thick straight tawny hair were cut and curled into a becoming shape, and the dark, freckled skin cleared, she would be all right. But the big teeth had to be straightened and the hair brushed . . .

Magda Herrendeen might indulge in a little sigh about it, deep in her own soul. She was far too fond of Victoria, far too loyal to everyone she loved, her own small daughter included, to give the child any hint of it. Vicky's life must be happy, confident, free; she must never feel any inferiority or shyness.

Magda had had no trouble with her own beauty. It had been given her at about fifteen as a complete gift from the gods. It was flawless; it was only comparable to other pretty beauty.

But it was not anything tangible or even describable about her that made her lovely, nor the firm straight body with its wide shoulders and thin hips, nor the fine nervous hand and modeled arm. It was a glow, a fragrance, a light that seemed to emanate from her, and that was somehow in her voice too, and in the clothes she wore.

Victoria could not appreciate her beauty, even when new men were introduced to her and held her small sandy hand while they asked her the question all the other men had: "Do you know you have a very beautiful mother?"

She would look at her mother on these occasions and smile shyly,

pleased, but a little puzzled, too. Was it so important?

Evidently it was very important. Anyway, for that reason or some other everyone did really make a great fuss about Mother. She laughed about it, but of course she liked it, too.

Victoria's mother always had flowers; men brought them when they came to tea, even in winter. The Herrendeens did not have dinner parties themselves, because the party was so small, but even if Mother did not have a maid at any other time she always was in touch with a nice colored girl or a clever Japanese woman or a young Chinese in purple and gold and blue, who came in to serve tea. And men—or more often a man—came then, and whoever he was, he brought flowers.

Orchids and gardenias, and great soft melting begonias in tones of peach and warm cream, and long-stemmed roses and sweet dark violets—these were always in Mother's rooms. She said that she would feel really poor without them, and Victoria suspected that Dad would do anything to keep Mother from feeling really poor.

He had confided to Victoria that they were poor, quite poor. He had been very rich once, and could give Mother those pearls, and furs, and everything she liked, and then she had had flowers—many more than these even, every day. And then she had had a great big house to put them in, and servants to find vases for them. Mother had had a maid, and Dad a valet . . .

"And did you like that, Dad?" Victoria might ask.

Even when she had had nurses all to herself she had not liked them. Nurses liked to talk to cooks and to other nurses in parks and kitchens and hotel dining rooms and on beaches; to a little girl they had nothing at all to say.

But this had been in the old days when they had the big house with Ferdinand in the downstairs hall and the dumbwaiter and the chauffeur. These had faded away, somewhere around the time of her seventh birthday, and the big motor-cars with them, and the Herrendeens no longer went to great big hotels and lived in great big rooms with letters embroidered on the towels, and telegrams and flowers in yellow envelopes and big green boxes.

They moved to a small apartment, and Victoria discovered to her ecstasy that her own bedroom was right next to a similarly simple room where her mother and her father slept. Now she could go in her pajamas in the early morning and sit on their knees while they were in bed and talk to them. And now she was never lonely any more, for there was school and there was Dad every night.

He taught her how to cook; chocolate cornstarch custard and baked potatoes and apple sauce; it was all fun.

On this hot August Saturday, coming back from the beach with her sandy hand tight in his, she said: "Did Mother meet you?"

"I don't think Mother knew I was coming."

"Oh, Dad," said Victoria, fearfully, "she likes you to let her know!"

"I know she does, darling, and I did. But when I left the station just now the telegraph man came out and said: 'Are you going over to Cutters?' and I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Here's a telegram then for some Mrs. Herrendeen—the telephone wires are down.' And it looks like my telegram."

"Oh, yes, they are down," Victoria agreed eagerly, giving a skip of sheer delight because it was summer, and Saturday morning, and almost time for lunch, and Dad was here. "I know because she tried to telephone Johnny last night."

"Johnny?"
"The polo Johnny."
"Oh, yes—Mr. Kendrick. It sounded like one of your friends."
"You're my friend, Dad," Victoria said, kissing his hand.

They went up the path where the daisies and marigolds were stirring uneasily in the soft sea wind, and past the white gate that always looked as if it were washed and blown clean by the winds, and into the big wide-open porch door of the boarding house.

Her hand was still in his as they crossed the hall and entered her mother's room—an airy room, with flowers in it, and the good scent of the sea.

"Not here," said Keith Herrendeen.

"She's playing golf, maybe."
"Well, what shall we do?"

Victoria, feeling a little uneasily apologetic for her mother's absence, regarded him hopefully.

"What would you like to do?"
"Let's have lunch first—then we can decide." So they went out to the Salisbury steaks and the corn muffins and the baked potatoes, and Victoria had two pieces of peach pie. "You'll get fat, Vic," her father said.

"Salt air," said Vic.

They went to a little tent circus that afternoon; all the children were going, and Victoria was enchanted.

The circus was wonderful, too, and Victoria was tired and blissful and quiet on the way home; but she did rouse up when she and her father went into their big room and her mother there stretched out flat on the bed with the powder-blue taffeta cover over her, sleepy, delicious, affectionate.

"Oh, hello, you darlings," she said. She stretched a hand toward her husband, and he stooped over her for one of their quick kisses.

"I knew you'd carried her off somewhere because the Kinsolvings' nurse came up here half an hour ago," she added, jerking her long lovely body over so that he could find a narrow ledge on which to sit. "Sit there, Keith. Did you have a nice time, Vicky?"

Victoria burst into a very delirium of reminiscence, but as she presently discovered, neither parent was listening to her. Her father took off his coat and vest and collar and began to walk back and forth between the bureau and the washstand; there was an old-fashioned washstand in an alcove, and he washed his face and hands there, combed his wet hair, found himself a fresh collar. Meanwhile there was a little idle talk between him and his wife, and Victoria had an uncomfortable familiar sense that something vaguely unpleasant was brewing.

"Nice down here?"
"Perfect days; that is, except Tuesday. Member that Tuesday was windy and foggy, Vic?"

"It was cold in town," Keith Herrendeen said, without waiting for Victoria's answer.

"So someone was saying," Mrs. Herrendeen bunched her beautiful shining fingernails and looked at them thoughtfully. "Great doings here for the Harwoods—the newspaper people," she said.

"Tonight?" the man asked even-ly, after a pause.

"Small party," his wife said lightly and briefly. "Bridge for Lady Cuthbertson. She's here on the Harwood yacht. They're all gone mad over her."

"You've got to go, I suppose?" A pause.

"You wouldn't, I suppose?" Another pause.

"No," Dad said briefly and quietly.

"I suppose not. But—being bridge . . ." Victoria's mother began hesitantly. She looked at his face as she spoke.

"You feel you have to go?"

"Well, Keith," his wife began, with an eloquent shrug. "You see, it's only two tables," she went on making a fresh start.

"That's all right," Keith Herrendeen said heavily in a tone that belied his words.

"Do you play good bridge, Mother?" Victoria asked, to lighten a

certain heaviness in the silence that had fallen in the room. She was washing herself now, busily and effectively, the muddy soap squeezing in great firm suds through her fingers, her wet straight tawny hair dripping on her shoulders. She took a comb and dragged the damp locks back severely.

"Now take your fingers and soften that around your forehead, Vic.—Yes," Mrs. Herrendeen said, jerking another pillow under her head.

"I do play good bridge."
"Does Dad?" asked Vic.

"He doesn't like it. Nor dancing. Nor night clubs. Nor big cars and yachts and distinguished persons. Nor anything I like," Magda might have answered from the sense of creakmate, of complete bafflement in her heart. But she said only the first phrase aloud. For the rest she lay there thinking, watching her husband's face.

"Victoria and I'll take care of each other," Keith said, in a hard voice.

"I could telephone and say I'll be up after dinner," Magda offered.

"What good would that do?"

"Well, that's just it; no good. They aren't dining until nearly eight. 'Eightish,' Sibyl said. You'll be all through here by seven."

"We'll take care of each other," Keith said again.

"There goes the dinner bell," Victoria said, leaping from rock to rock beside him. "Goody! Are you hungry? I'm starving."

"Mrs. Herrendeen coming to dinner?" Emma said, giving them their napkins and setting two glasses of cut fruit before them.

"No, she can't come tonight."

Upon their return to their room immediately after dinner, Vic and her father found Victoria's mother all ready to go. Her manner was the prettily careless one that distinguishes in a beautiful woman a sudden touch of self-consciousness.

"I wonder you'll speak to me for being such a runaway!" she said to them with her appealing smile. She was always gentle; Victoria had never seen her mother harsh or angry.

"You look lovely, Magda," her husband said. He said it without enthusiasm, almost wearily, as he sat down. The lovely vision stooped to kiss his forehead. She caught up the familiar wrap. Victoria had seen her catch it up a hundred times; it was her only one, except for the two shawls. And Mother said shawls were not really smart any more.

And now she was giving to Dad and Victoria her familiar good-by laugh and nod, an excited, triumphant laugh and nod, as if she said, "Now that I'm all ready I'm not scared; anyone who looks as I do must have a good time!" and she was running away.

There was a young man in a light overcoat outside the French windows; there always was. And there was a rakish low car waiting in the drive; that was always there, too. Mother met the one and ran down to the other, and there was the roar of a deep engine, and she was gone.

Dad and Victoria went out to the front steps and sat there in the soft summer night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Romans Loved Cinnamon; Used It in Their Balms

The strong fragrance of cinnamon greeting our nostrils, gives us pleasure even before we eat the food that it flavors.

The human nose has always responded to this odor and the ancient Romans held it in particular esteem. They used it liberally in their ointments and balms as well as in their cooking, and as the ultimate mark of their appreciation of this spice they set it apart as the incense for sacrificial and ceremonial fires.

When a god was to be appeased, or the shade of a departed spirit was to be honored, it was the perfume of cinnamon wafted heavenward on uprising clouds of smoke that carried the message. No Roman doubted that an odor so pleasing to man could fail to placate the Olympian deities.

The Roman media of atonement was not buns but bonfires, and their theory was that the more cinnamon consumed, the greater the incense and therefore the greater the pleasure of the deity or the spirit who was being honored.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Treatment of Overweight

WHEN insurance figures definitely show that in North America about two in every five of the adult population are overweight and that overweight is a handicap to good health, it is only natural that trying to prevent and reduce the overweight condition should be a matter of vital importance to a great number of people.

Practically every overweight knows that the proper or scientific way to reduce weight is to eat less food and do more work. This simple method gives in return for the fat lost real healthy or vigorous muscle tissue which not only gives strength of body but actually invites work or exercise, thus giving further strength.

However those of normal weight cannot grasp what cutting down on food and performing more work means to the overweight individual. He has been given this great desire for food and up to a certain point he has been given this dislike for work or exercise. Further, every time he performs a simple action like walking or running he is doing perhaps 50 per cent more work than when this is done by one of normal weight.

Thus, to those of us of normal weight, if we wish to eat an extra slice of bread, an extra square of butter or a second dessert, we don't give this extra food a second thought. To those who are overweight it means just that much extra fat added to their weight.

Time to Try Other Methods

However, food can only be reduced to a certain point, and only for a certain length of time. When the time arrives when no more weight is being lost, and the individual is eating just the amount of food that should be eaten if he were of normal weight in his build, then if he is still a number of pounds overweight he would be justified in asking his physician about the use of thyroid, pituitary or other gland extract, or perhaps the new drug dinitrophenol.

Drs. Leona M. Bayer and H. Gray, in the American Journal of Medical Science, report the methods used in 106 unselected overweight patients treated in an outpatient clinic. "One hundred were treated by diet alone at first. Then 51 were given thyroid treatment and 23 dinitrophenol. Better weight losses would have been achieved if the patients had cut down more conscientiously on their food, but of course when the patients only report once a week or once a month this is to be expected. The results accomplished show that diet alone will take off an average of 15 pounds in less than three and one-half months. When dieting fails to get results, either thyroid extract or dinitrophenol appears to be effective in causing a further loss in weight."

When there was no loss shown for a whole month, the patient continued for one more month on the reduced diet. If at the end of this time (two whole months) there had been no loss of weight then thyroid extract was given as long as the patient continued to lose weight. When the weight remained the same then dinitrophenol was used until there was no further loss; at which time it was felt that the limit of the reduction in weight had been reached.

It was found that when 20 pounds had been lost by diet alone, another 5 or 6 pounds could be taken off by the use of thyroid extract or dinitrophenol.

Itching Pruritis

It has been truly said that "all the world itches, but for different reasons in different persons." Thus the very cleanest and the very dirtiest individuals itch; those who perspire too much or not enough, itch; those who are big eaters and those who are small eaters, itch. Itching, or pruritis as it is called by physicians, when it exists for any length of time has usually been referred to a skin specialist. However itching can be a symptom of so many ailments that it is really the work of the family physician, according to an article by Lord Horder in the British Lancet.

He mentions among other causes of itching such ailments as diabetes, jaundice, leukemia (great increase in the white corpuscles in the blood) and uremia (waste products left in the blood that should have been removed by the kidneys).

One of the commonest causes of itching is gout. That food and other substances to which individuals are sensitive can cause itching is very clearly shown in those cases where hives (urticaria) and eczema appear after eating foods or coming in contact with certain substances.

Some organic ailments of the nervous system have itching as a symptom.

The thought then is that itching may not be due to any skin condition but to any of the above mentioned causes.

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Records Help in Improving Sheep

Systematic Check Is Urged to Produce Better Wool and Mutton.

By L. K. Bear, Animal Husbandry Specialist, Ohio State University, WNU Service.

One line of pencil work a year for each ewe in the farm flock may help materially in improving the returns from wool and mutton, as a written record is a great aid in culling inferior animals.

Profits from sheep depend a great deal upon producing lambs and wool which will bring top market prices and that is impossible if the breeding flock lacks uniformity. Fine wool ewes should shear from 10 to 14 pounds of wool which will grade Delaine or fine combing, and coarse wools should shear 8 to 11 pounds that will grade as combing wool.

Records kept at shearing time will furnish a basis for taking out of the flock those ewes which have light fleeces or which produce wool of a poorer grade than the flock average. The owner of the flock knows at shearing time which ewes should be discarded but it is doubtful if he can remember the fleece weights unless a written record is kept or the culls are marked.

Many of the light lambs that are not ready for market when the others are ready for sale are late lambs caused by shy breeding ewes or they are unthrifty lambs from ewes which are poor milkers. Ewes in either of these classifications should be discarded, and, again, a written record will help in identifying the culls.

Simple record forms that provide means for keeping a check on each ewe in the flock have been prepared by the departments of animal husbandry and rural economics. One line across the sheet provides space for all the records needed on a ewe for a year. County agricultural agents can supply these flock record forms upon request.

Seeds Should Be Kept

Dry While in Storage

Crop seeds protected from dampness in storage will have a better chance of germinating and producing strong plants even when handicapped by unfavorable weather.

Dampness in storage has a tendency to start the germinating process, and this weakens the seed, explained Dr. R. F. Poole, plant pathologist with the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment station.

Irish potatoes stored in banks should be aired frequently to prevent decay.

Corn, small grain, and other seed should be kept in lead-proof buildings with adequate ventilation to prevent the accumulation of too much moisture.

However, this does not mean that the seed should be openly exposed to infestation by insect pests, Dr. Poole cautioned.

Vaccination for Mastitis

We have not found vaccination for mastitis to be satisfactory. There seems to be no satisfactory treatment for this disease because numerous kinds of drugs, vaccines and other treatments have been relatively inefficient. The acute attack of mastitis probably is best treated with hot applications, or, if necessary, a suspensory bandage. Most essential, however, is the prevention of the disease. It is contagious, and infected animals are dangerous to the rest of the herd. Animals infected with mastitis should be segregated at one end of the barn and milked last. The hands of the milker should be carefully cleaned and disinfected following the milking of each animal. Platforms on which the animals stand should also be disinfected.—C. P. Fitch, chief, Division of Veterinary Medicine, University Farm, St. Paul.

Reed Canary Grass

Reed canary grass is higher in feeding value than timothy hay. In a trial carried on at University farm, St. Paul, it was found that fillies made larger gains with less grain when fed canary grass than when fed prairie hay. Prairie hay is just about as good, if not a little better, than timothy hay for horses. I do not know whether canary grass would excel alsike clover hay for horses, but I think it would be almost as high in feeding value. Alsike clover might prove a little more valuable than reed canary grass for young stock because it is a little higher in crude protein. If reed canary grass is not too coarse, it is excellent hay for horses.—A. L. Harvey, Division of Animal Husbandry.

Higher Farming Costs

Labor and products bought by the farm in 1937 are predicted by the Department of Agriculture to cause a sharp increase in the cost of farming. Price for feed for live stock and seed will stay high until the crop of the 1937 season replenishes the present drought-reduced supply. Farm machinery, fertilizer, and building supplies are expected to advance some in price due mostly to the increased cost of labor and material. Wages on the farm have increased materially from the low in 1933, \$14.77, to the average of \$22.51 per month.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. To what relative does "avuncular" refer?
2. What man who later became President fought at San Juan Hill?
3. In what country did the Ming Dynasty reign?
4. What is bisk?
5. Who was the first Roman emperor?
6. What hero was inspired to further action by a spider's perseverance?
7. What flag was called "the jolly Roger"?
8. To what was the term "shin-plaster" applied in American history?
9. What does "azoic" mean?
10. When is Lake Constance?
11. Where is it noon in Philadelphia what time is it in Yokohama?
12. An English king was once crowned on a Sunday. Who was he?

Answers

1. An uncle.
2. Theodore Roosevelt.
3. China.
4. A thick rich soup.
5. Augustus Caesar.
6. Robert Bruce.
7. That of the pirates.
8. To fractional paper money.
9. Without life or with organic remains.
10. On the border of Switzerland and Germany.
11. Two a. m. the next day.
12. King Edward VI on February 20, 1547.

Service Wins

THANK God that when a man does a bit of service, however little it may be, of that, too, he can never trace the consequences. Thank God that that which in some better moment, in some nobler inspiration, you did ten years ago to make your brothers' faith a little more strong, to let your shop-boy confirm and not doubt the confidence in man which he had brought into his business, to establish the purity of a soul instead of staining and shaking it, thank God, in this quick, electric atmosphere in which we live that, too, wins forth.—Phillips Brooks.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria. If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched unhappy person. YOUR SYMPTOM IS POISONED.

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