



BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris

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. 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 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 Ferdie rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferdie's drinking and attentions to other women. He dislikes her, but for her mother's sake is nice to her. When Manners and stepfather return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferdie's unwelcome attentions to her. Magda returns and tells Vic she and Ferdie have separated. Meanwhile Keith has remarried. Victoria is now a student nurse. Magda has fallen in love with Lucius Farmer, a married artist. While she and Vic prepare for a trip to Europe, Ferdie takes a suite in their hotel.

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CHAPTER IV—Continued

She was silent, staring into space with narrowed, somber eyes that were reddened with tears.

"Mummy, I have to remind you that Ferdie's coming up today. He has tickets and things, he said."

"Can you talk to him, Vicky darling? Do, that's a lamb," Magda said gaily. "Tell him I had to go down to Burlingame—and that I felt terribly..." Magda was rummaging about in a bureau drawer; she spoke absently. "Today and tomorrow are our last days," she said. And presently she gave Vicky an absent-minded kiss and was gone.

It was five o'clock when Victoria got home; Magda had evidently preceded her by only a few minutes and was lying flat on her bed.

"Vic, we had a very serious talk this morning, you poor chicken, and I've been thinking about you all day," Magda said, her eyes rounded over her teacup. "I'll tell you what's happened, and what we decided. We're not children, this isn't a first affair, and there are a great many other persons to consider. So... So—the upshot of it all is, Vic, that you and I sail on Saturday, and that it's all over!"

Magda was a little subdued and pale in the morning, but showed no other signs of her recent emotion; the day was exciting with final purchases, much talk of wardrobes and plans.

Vic wandered out to the balcony, looked down at the waterfront over which the mist was softly closing. Through the cold dusk the fog horns were steadily sounding.

"Horrible weather to go through the Gate."

"What makes you say that?" Magda asked, looking up from her letter.

"Heavy fog. You can't see the Konaile. Maybe that's she, going along now. I hope Ferdie made her!"

"They'd wait for Ferdie. They may not even sail. What is this, darling—the eighteenth?"

"Tomorrow's the twentieth."

"Of course!" Magda reached for the trilling telephone. "Tell Mr. Farmer to come up," she said immediately. And then to Vic, "I'm going out with him for just a little while."

"Call me if I'm asleep when you get back!" Vic answered, going toward her room. She heard Lucius' voice a few moments later; her mother's voice. "One more day of this," she said to herself.

Vic awakened with a start, with a sense of something wrong. The telephone was ringing, and someone was knocking at the door. The room was filled with dusk and fear and confusion.

At the door it was Otto, with the dinner card. On the telephone was Mollie Jervis, saying good-by. Victoria answered both claims; ordered oyster stew and brown toast and meringues; snapped up lights. But she still felt frightened and bewildered; her forehead sticky with perspiration; her throat thick.

"Goodness, what horrible dreams!" She went to her mother's door, saw only dusk and confusion and emptiness within. "She's late,"

later that she made a first attack upon Victoria's confidence. "You're so perfectly charming with the children that I shan't feel quite happy until you're in a fair way to have a few of your own," she said.

"Not I!" Vic smiled, shaking her head.

"You don't mean that. No girl means that!"

"Most girls don't, I daresay. But I do. I've had a queer education along those lines," Victoria added, half to herself.

"You mean your mother's life?"

"Not only Mother. But all her crowd, all women who make love, passion, so important, who persuade you, or almost persuade you, that it is right to go wherever your heart goes. It's all so artless."

"You ought to set your cap for Quentin, Vic. He's as completely disillusioned as you are."

"Dr. Hardisty?"

"Certainly he is. In his heart he despises women. He thinks—Johnny tells me that he thinks that they're all alike—weak and selfish and ready to break up anything or anybody's life for a little pleasure."

"Did he tell Dr. Keats that?"

"That's the impression he always gives."

"That amazes me," Victoria said, "because if ever any man had his way with women it is Dr. Quentin Hardisty!"

"Yes, but it doesn't mean anything, Vic."

"You knew his first wife?"

"Very well. I'd left her—or rather she'd left me downtown about ten minutes before she was killed. She was driving her own car—she drove like a crazy woman, everything she did was wild, and she had this crash. They got her to the hospital and poor little Gwen was born an hour later. Quentin's wife was a terrible girl—rich and spoiled and—oh, I don't know, flighty. He's never been very happy. Poor boy!—There's Johnny at the door now, Vicky," she broke off to say, "Ah, and Quentin with him—come in both of you—are you frozen, have you had anything to eat?"

"We're starving!" Dr. Hardisty, shedding outer garments in the hall, said in his deep voice. "Vicky'll go get us some eggs, won't you, Vicky?"

"Better than that," Victoria said. "We've put it aside—we expected this."

She went away and presently, when a maid had preceded her with a card table and silver and glasses, returned with a laden tray.

"You looked very charming with that baby in your arms," he said abruptly. Victoria and he were alone now; the men had had their supper; the fire had burned down

low during the weary, comfortable talk that had followed, and presently a ringing telephone had taken the doctor to his study, and Mrs. Keats, murmuring something like, "Oh, dear, I must tell him—" had followed him.

He had seen her with Bunty in her arms, had he? The unexpected blood rose to Vic's face.

"Any man would be glad to come home and find such a scene at night," the man said.

"Well, would he?" Vicky countered. "Violet and I have just been having an argument about it. I say that nurseries and Nanas and hearth fires have all gone out of fashion. That isn't what men want, any more!"

"Only proving that you don't know anything about men," the doctor said. "I didn't think you did!"

"Most men would much rather have wives who are curled and dressed and painted and read, to go out at night," Victoria persisted, annoyed in spite of herself by his lazy air of complacency, and warning to her subject. "Men aren't crazy about Violet, because she lives for her husband and the children."

"You may be a little bit cracked on the subject of love and marriage," Dr. Hardisty said. "But you're amusing."

"Do you think I'm a little bit cracked on the subject of love and marriage?" Victoria demanded in surprise. "There are plenty of bachelors about. Is it so extraordinary that now and then a woman likes to play a lone hand? I have my work, my friends—everything I want. Why should I add to it all a man I don't want?"

"Because in your heart you know that you do want a man!"



Vic Awakened With a Start, With a Sense of Something Wrong.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Two Things Certain

Benjamin Franklin is credited with being the first to make the statement that only two things are certain—death and taxes. Franklin mentioned this certainty in a letter to his friend, M. Leroy of the French Academy of Sciences, in 1789. He stated: "Our Constitution is in actual operation. Everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes." Whether the expression was original with Franklin is unknown but it was natural for him to contrast the uncertainties of the newly adopted Constitution with these two certainties. Charles Dickens in his "David Copperfield," written 80 years later, has Barkis say: "It was as true as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them."

"You think so?" Vic asked, her face red.

"I do." Quite suddenly, quite simply his arm was about her and, for the first time in her life, a man kissed her on the lips. "There!" he said and laughed. In another instant he was gone.

"Seriously, and all this teasing aside, would you come over to the shack for Saturday and Sunday?" he asked her a few weeks later.

Instantly she knew now that she ought to say no. But the temptation to yield was strong. For, after all, his was the most fascinating and popular figure in San Francisco's social circle at the time, and weekend invitations to the shabby little cabin in Mill Valley were eagerly sought.

Mill Valley would be thrilling! After all, Quentin had shown that he regretted his craziness, and when he was in one of his nice, simple moods she liked him quite as much as she detested him in his other ones.

All this flashed through her mind as she hesitated over the invitation, smiling.

"You said I would, you know, and I will!" she told him, simply.

"And I think you are a sport!" he answered, in his pleasantest manner. "It'll be rough, you know."

"I can be very rough. Only I don't go in for cocktails and staying up dancing to the radio until morning," she began.

"Nothing like that. 'Rough' means that I have only one Chinese boy there and he doesn't know much about cooking, and that the chief entertainment will be a long climb up the mountain on Sunday."

"And can the beautiful Mrs. Pool go in for all that?"

"The beautiful Mrs. Pool will not be there. This will be a very simple party. Just four of us."

"It sounds good. Who's going along to protect my youth and innocence?" Victoria smiled.

"Do you think Chase and Dora Upham might manage it?"

"They might."

"I'll pick you up at four o'clock on Saturday, then. Bring comfortable shoes."

At four o'clock Saturday they drove to the ferry and were carried, motorcar and all, across the flowing gray waters of the bay. There was fog on the bay, and Tamalpais was wreathed in fog; but down in the valley a misty sunlight was shining.

Up through a shady tunnel of redwoods the winding road rose above the Cascades and mounted the great stony flank of the mountain. On a spur of land pushing boldly westward toward the far glitter of the sea the plain little brown cabin stood. The ground all about it was deep in pine needles; the air was aromatic with their sweet, sharp scent. Descending from the car, the girl admitted that her first impulse was to give a long, loud scream of pure delight.

Is Overweight a Disease?

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

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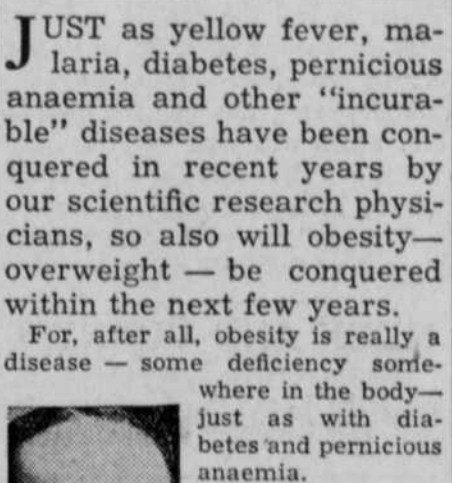
Just as yellow fever, malaria, diabetes, pernicious anaemia and other "incurable" diseases have been conquered in recent years by our scientific research physicians, so also will obesity—overweight—be conquered within the next few years.

For, after all, obesity is really a disease—some deficiency somewhere in the body—just as with diabetes and pernicious anaemia.

Time after time metabolism tests have been made of overweights (that is the rate at which the body processes work) and except in a very few thyroid or gland cases—perhaps 2 or 3 in every 100—the body processes in overweights were not working any slower than in those of normal weight.

Dr. G. Hetenyi, in German Archives of Clinical Medicine, thinks that there is something wrong with the collection and distribution of fat in the bodies of those who are overweight. He investigated the mobilization or gathering together of fat at the depots or storage places in overweights and in normal individuals, when both types were eating insufficient food for their needs. He found that there was something wrong or different with the way fat was gathered and stored in the bodies of overweights.

Then he studied the way the fat and the normal individuals handled the blood rich in fat from food, and observed that the tissues of overweights have a great avidity—eagerness or desire—for fats that enter the blood stream. In other words as the blood rich in fat passed through the tissues of fat individuals, these tissues were "hungry" for fat and so a great amount of the fat in the blood was taken from the blood and stored in the fat tissues. On the other hand in those of normal weight, their tissues did not seem so hungry for fat and so the fat laden blood passed through without leaving much if any fat.



Dr. Barton

What an Investigator Learned.

Dr. Hetenyi also studied the relation between fever and fat mobilization from the deposits of fat, the action of dehydration (cutting down on liquids) on the fat in the blood, and finally the resorption into the blood of fat put under the skin by a hypodermic needle or syringe.

He found out that the increase in the blood fat (fat taken from the fat depots) was slight in overweights, was less than in those of normal weight. This means then that during an illness when there is an increase in the temperature of the body, the tissues of overweights did not give up as much fat to the blood proportionately as did those of normal weight.

And finally the blood in overweights did not take into itself as much of the fat that was placed in the body by the hypodermic needle as did the blood in those of normal weight. It practically left this extra fat stay where it was.

The conclusions drawn from the above experiments are that the mobilization or collection of fat from its storage depots—the skin, the liver, in and about the abdominal organs—is reduced in overweights, whereas their absorption of fat from the blood passing through their tissues is greatly increased.

In other words, fat individuals take more fat from the blood when fat is being eaten, and less from their depots when no fat is being eaten than do the tissues of those of normal weight.

Overweight—obesity—is therefore a disease of fat mobilization—the way fat is gathered and distributed.

Now while this knowledge that their tissues are "different" in the way fat is handled in the body—whether the fat is due to eating starch or fat foods—may make overweights feel a little less responsible for their increased bulk, nevertheless there is no reason why they should not reduce their weight.

Gall Bladder Disorders.

It has been definitely proven that two of every three individuals have more or less disturbance in the gall bladder and yet the number of cases that actually require draining or removal of the gall bladder is very small.

Dr. R. F. Carter, New York City, in Annals of Surgery, says that during a period of four years in studying patients having disease of the gall bladder the medical and surgical clinic of the New York Post Graduate Hospital has gradually come to realize the importance of changes in the size and shape of the gall bladder. In patients with definite gall bladder symptoms—pain in the upper right abdomen, gas on the stomach, nausea, tenderness in abdomen—even when the X-ray showed no stones present and the gall bladder filled and emptied normally, real disease was found at operation.

Good Hybrid Corn Needs Good Soil

Better Varieties Equipped to Produce on Highly Fertile Land.

By A. L. Lang, Assistant Chief, Soil Experiment Fields, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

With farmers preparing to plant a record acreage of hybrid seed corn this year, they are advised that good hybrids need good soil.

Because of the accumulation of the many desirable characteristics in the better strains of hybrid corn, the good hybrids are more adapted and better equipped to produce high yields on highly fertile soils than are the common open-pollinated varieties.

Good hybrids need good soil not because they are unable to produce on poor soil, but because they have the ability to utilize more effectively the materials found in fertile soil.

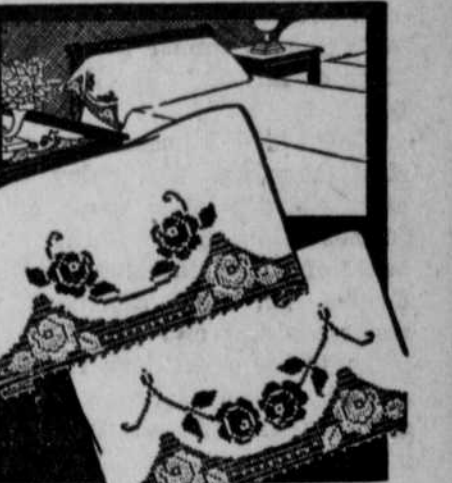
A corn grower can not expect to grow 90-bushel or 100-bushel corn on 30-bushel land, and he may be wasting high quality seed if he tries it. On the other hand if he has high quality soil capable of producing big crops, he is wasteful if he does not use seed good enough to make full use of the land.

One good feature of corn improvement by hybrid breeding, is that superior hybrids may make it possible to obtain much larger returns from good systems of soil improvement than has been possible in the past. In other words a farmer need no longer fear that he is getting his land too good for his seed.

However, hybrid corn can not be expected to take the backache out of spreading limestone nor to serve as a substitute for crop rotations and applications of manure and fertilizer.

Pleasing Types of Needlework to Do

Add lacy crochet to dainty cross stitch, and what have you? A stunning decoration for your most prized scarfs, towels, pillow cases or whatever! However, either cross stitch or crochet may be used alone, if you wish, and both are easy as can be, even for



Pattern 5751

"amateurs." What could be more captivating than graceful sprays of full-blown roses, cross-stitched in color, with the border crocheted! In pattern 5751 you will find a transfer pattern of two motifs 4 1/2 by 10 1/2 inches; two motifs 3 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches; a chart and directions for a 3 by 15 1/2 inch crocheted edge; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; color suggestions.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) To The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Carry Over Filled Silo Is a Timely Suggestion

Many successful stock farmers have for years made it a practice to carry over a supply of corn or grain for their live stock; especially is this true in sections of the country where crop failures are not uncommon. "Carry over a crib of corn" has been a favorite slogan. The last two widespread and destructive drouths have proven the wisdom of carrying over feed. For so often in a drouth year, not only the corn and grain crops are short but pastures, hay and forage. Without doubt, we will find it a safe and sound policy to carry over especially from a good year, a supply of grain and forage, says a writer in the Missouri Farmer.

Experiments and experience have proven that forage can best be preserved by ensiling. About any kind of plant that stock will eat can be made into silage and in such a state will keep for several years. Now we need a new slogan for the stock farmer and "Carry over a filled silo," is suggested.

Since the early introduction of silos, some 45 years ago, much progress has been made and today we have something like 550,000 silos in use in the United States. When we compare states that have made a large use of the silo with those who have made small use of it, we find that we are still very short of this equipment. A proper economical use of the silo would require at least 1,000,000 more silos.

Prevents Hams Souring

The first precaution to prevent hams from souring is to be sure that the animal is not overheated before killing and to bleed the animal well after killing. All curing vessels should be scalded and the water for the brine or pickle should be boiled before using, says an authority at the North Carolina State college. Rub each ham with salt before packing for cure and, if brine cured, examine brine every few days to see that it covers the entire contents of container. After curing, hang the ham from six to eight feet above fire and smoke to taste. If curing directions are followed and these precautions taken the meat will keep without souring.

Feed for Cow in Milk

A common rule for feeding a cow in milk is from two to three pounds of good quality hay for each 100 pounds live weight, or one pound of hay and three pounds of corn silage for a similar weight unit. A 1,000-pound cow would then require 10 pounds of hay and 30 pounds of silage daily, plus sufficient grain mixture to meet her milk requirements, which are one pound of grain for each three to four pounds of milk produced, according to an authority in the Rural New-Yorker. Any of the standard commercial mixed feeds from 18 to 24 per cent mixtures are generally satisfactory. Fodder may be substituted for some of the hay if desired.

Water Hemlock Poisonous

Water hemlock is one of the most poisonous plants known. It may cause death in any species, including man. Cattle and sheep are most often affected by it. The plant belongs to the parsnip family. It grows along creek banks, ditches, and in swales and other low, moist areas. It attains a height of 4 to 8 feet and has a broad umbrella-like flower with many small white blossoms on top. Most farmers are familiar with this plant.

Not So Bright, Had Contents Been Chickens

The village police chief was severely lecturing the new recruit.

"You've been on the force one year and haven't brought in a case. I'm going to give you just one more chance. Someone has been stealing Squire Smith's chickens. Go up there tonight and catch the thief."

About midnight the waiting constable saw a man slinking along with a sack over his shoulder. He pounced on him, opened the sack, and found a quantity of priceless silver.

"H'm," he murmured, surveying the spoils, "my mistake. But you can thank your lucky stars it wasn't chickens."

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

History Defined

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.—Carlyle.

Don't Sleep on Left Side, Crowds Heart

GAS PRESSURE MAY CAUSE DISCOMFORT.

RIGHT SIDE BEST.

If you toss in bed and can't sleep on right side, try Adlerika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep soundly.

Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels and brings out foul matter you would never believe was in your system. This old matter may have poisoned you for months and caused GAS, sour stomach, headaches or nervousness.

Dr. H. L. Shamba, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli."

Mrs. Jas. Filler: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."

Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves GAS and constipation. At all Leading Druggists.

WNU-U 17-37

Cringing Coward

O the cowardice of a guilty conscience!—Sidney.

"Black Leaf 40"

KILLS INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS

Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

3499

"Quotations"

The universities have a greater responsibility now than they ever had to bear. A large portion of the world is moving without a compass.—Nicholas Murray Butler.

To be sane is to be neither Bolshevik nor Fascist nor Nazi, but to try to preserve the freedom every intelligent man and woman should passionately desire.—Lady Rhonda.

We have only to trust and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for ourselves and others.—R. L. Stevenson.

Many years ago I learned that the periods in one's life when one is simply a listener and observer may seem useless, but are in the end very valuable.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.