

# BEAUTYS 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." 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 from 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 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. When her mother and step-father return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferdy's unwelcome attentions to her. Magda returns and tells Vic she and Ferdy 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, Ferdy takes a suite in their hotel. The night before Magda and Vic are to sail, Magda elopes with Lucius Farmer. While nursing the children of Dr. and Mrs. Keats, Vic meets Dr. Quentin Hardisty, a brilliant physician, much sought after by women, who is a widower with a crippled daughter. In a tete-a-tete at the Keats home, he kisses Vic. Several days later he invites her with other guests to spend a week-end at his cabin.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

Five o'clock came. Six o'clock came. "Nervous, huh?" Quentin Hardisty asked, looking up. "Not very," the girl smiled, flushing. "Why all?" "Well, then, not nervous at all!" Vic said, laughing. "But there is something fundamentally—disturbing about being shut up in a lone mountain cabin with a handsome and fascinating man," she reminded him. "Listen, why do you rub in that fascinating, handsome stuff? That's the third time." "The second, I think." "I've seen you," the man insisted, "when you were nothing short of—well, there's only one word for it, beautiful." "Thank you. Seriously, there aren't many real beauties, and the few I've known have had a vile time!" "Well, coming back to first principles," Dr. Hardisty said, "don't worry about the Uphams; they'll get here. And if they didn't, I assure you that you'd be as safe as my own sister."

The girl looked across at him, handsome and brown, and quite serious, in the soft fire and lamplight, and her heart gave an odd twist, a physical plunge of emotion. Her throat thickened suddenly, and she felt silly and confused. But she gave no sign of it, and before either she or her host spoke again the Uphams arrived, in a gay flurry of apologies, and after that everything was smooth sailing.

The two women were relegated to the south alcove, drew their curtain, and proceeded with their unpacking and changing to a lively exchange of gossip. Dora was going to have a baby in six months; nobody knew it but Chase, but they were tremendously excited. Vic was all sympathetic enthusiasm here. There might be some question in her heart and mind as to wifehood, but motherhood was all joy.

"Oh, Dora, I envy you!" "I'm terribly happy about it." "Isn't this fun, being over here together, and just ourselves!" "I adore this shack. We had our honeymoon here. And isn't he a darling? Vic—listen—" Dora paused. "Oh, shut up!" Vic said, denying the impeachment before it was voiced. "No, but listen, don't you think he's darling?" "Dr. Hardisty? Yes, I do." "If he liked you?" "There isn't the slightest chance of it, even if you continue to broadcast your romantic suspicions all over Mill Valley!" Vic began. Dora sank her voice to a whisper. "Just the same—They can't hear, their shower's going," Dora said. "Just the same you'd be an awful fool not to marry him if you could, Vic." "I'll never marry anyone," Vic said, putting on a blue apron, "un-

til I'm foaming at the mouth about him. And I'll never foam at the mouth about anyone, for before I reach that point, I'll take my little throat indoors and cut it. So don't worry about me!"

Trimly equipped, they went out to the kitchen, where the younger doctor was mixing something liquid in a small pail, and the older one busy with a salad.

They all worked together, getting in each other's way, getting more and more hungry as the clock's hands slipped from half-past six to seven, from seven to eight. The boy carried the steaks into the shed, where they were to broil on a charcoal fire. Victoria sampled the salad on a bit of cracker.

"That," she said firmly, "is the most delicious salad I ever tasted!" It was a long and delightful meal. Presently they carried their cups to the fire, and Mock Suey cleared away the table, and still nobody made a move to go to bed, and the logs burned on, and the level branches of the redwoods swept across the low roof in the restless wind of the spring night.

"You girls going to freeze?" "Believe me, we have our hot-water bottles," Dora said firmly. Victoria, raising her eyes with a sleepy smile, met Quentin Hardisty's steady look, and was disturbed to feel herself flushing. But when she and Dora finally did drag themselves off to the raised platform where their beds were, and had drawn the canvas curtain against the warm sitting room and the fire, she was conscious of a sort of dancing excitement in her veins. This was all such fun!

There was a rattle at the curtain rings. Victoria put her head through them and found Quentin Hardisty standing close to her at the other side.

Victoria's hair had been gathered to the top of her head in a mass of careless, tawny curls; her young face was rosy from heroic washing with scented soap, her eyes danced.

"Here are two extra—things," the doctor said a little confusedly. "They're stone hot-water bottles; some people like 'em. Anyway, they'll keep hot until morning."

"Oh, God bless you, mister!" Victoria said, the curtains parting as she put out her arms to show her slim body in square, blue-striped pajamas open at the soft young throat.

"You look like a doll!" the man said in a whisper. Victoria stood still, her throat suddenly thick. She smiled at him confusedly.

"You're lovely!" Quentin said. He laid his hand on her arm. "Good-night!" he said, and somehow the time flew.



"And Isn't He a Darling?"

familiar little word was not a farewell. It was everything quivering, thrilling, amazing, breath-taking. Hardly knowing what she did, carried away from her moorings by an impulse thousands of years older than she was, Victoria stooped a little from her higher position, rested her face against his for one second of madness and vertigo, and breathed an answering "Good-night!"

But in the morning she forgot everything except that a new delicious day had dawned and had brought complete happiness with it. Everyone was in wild spirits on this singing spring morning. "How about a walk?" Quentin said then. The Uphams declined. Chase was sleepy, and Dora tired. But Victoria, in an old, short skirt, a white cap, an enveloping borrowed sweater of Quentin's, was all ready for it. She and her host went off

together for one of life's happy hours. They climbed straight up the great shoulder of the mountain; stopped, panting and flushed, to get their breath and to look down on the sparkling world; and went on again. The sun was hot on the singing blue February morning, but the ground under their feet, especially when the trail went into the woods, was soaked and slippery from recent rains. Quentin gave her his hand; she slid against him; they both laughed.

Reaching the summit of the spur with the dark blue rise of Tamalpais high above them, they sat upon a sun-warmed rock for a while, looking down, breathing in the aromatic sweetness of the still, clear air, listening to the cries of larks all about and the occasional scream of a jay or chatter of a chipmunk in the chaparral.

When they started to slip and slide down, the going was infinitely easier, especially with the tree-smothered brown gold of the cabin roof right ahead. Vicky and Quentin came back to the cabin at one o'clock, breathless, ravenous and weary.

Once again the quartette that gathered about the table was in gala mood. More than once again Victoria told herself that this was one of the good days, this was one of the satisfying times!

But just after the leisurely meal there was an interruption. A car came up the circuitous bit of roadway to the porch with the speed of familiarity. Quentin's expression of horrified expectation, at which Victoria had been laughing, changed to one of odd embarrassment, of something like faint annoyance—like gratification.

"It's Marian, it's Mrs. Pool," he had time to say under his breath before he went out to welcome her.

"Oh, help!" Dora commented, disgustedly. Victoria said nothing. But the glory, the content of the day instantly were destroyed. It was with a sense of dullness, a vague feeling of hurt that she entered upon the requisite moving of chairs and shifting of places to make room for the newcomer. Marian Pool, lovely in the smartest of sportwear, came into the room with a rush and stood with her head tipped a little on one side, apologetically smiling at them all.

"Oh, you're having a party! Oh, how shameless of me!" she said. "But why on earth are you eating at half-past four o'clock? Sit down, everyone—do sit down, Dr. Upham—here, everyone sit down!"

They all sat down, and Victoria saw the expression on Quentin Hardisty's face. He saw nothing but Marian.

"We're all driving up for supper at Maud's," the newcomer said. "I've dropped Sally and George in the village to see the Cushings. It occurred to me that Quentin here had entirely forgotten that he promised to be at Maud's, and I told them I'd come up and get him. It's the golf thing, Quentin, and afterward a big supper at Pete's."

"Sure! I hadn't forgotten," Quentin said, in a lazy, smiling voice. His eyes caressed her. "You did tell me you had a house party!"

"We didn't know it ranked as a house party, did we, Dora?" "I beg pardon?" Dora stammered, starting.

"You don't remember me, Mrs. Pool?" Victoria said, in the dreadful moment of silence when everybody stirred and smiled, but no one had anything to say. "Victoria Herrendeen—down at the lodge, years ago?"

"Oh, frightful, don't remind me of those ghastly days," Mrs. Pool said lightly, her eyes on Quentin. "That was before, all blushes and confusion, I got my divorce! I cried all day, when I was first married, and danced all night when I got my divorce. I mean I really did, Quen."

The dullness, the wearisome stupidity of it all deepened. Vic, from the moment her eyes had first fallen upon the visitor, had known that it would. "She is beautiful—perfectly beautiful," Victoria said to Dora, when they were gathering brushes and jars in the bathroom. "I don't see it," Dora answered stubbornly, and Victoria laughed without much mirth. To deny Marian's flawless and amazing beauty would be to deny the mystery of the stars, the glory of an apple orchard in the spring. It worked upon men like an irresistible anesthetic.

Vicky and the Uphams were swift and brief in their farewells. The girl admitted she was tired; the day's happiness, cooking, tramping, making fires had not tired her, but there was no shred of the felicity left, and she felt jaded and weary. The Mill Valley visit had ended in hurt and failure.

The drive home was dull and flat, and the atmosphere of the Keats nursery, when Victoria entered it, somehow jarred on her nerves.

"Violet," she said, some days later, when she and Mrs. Keats were lunching together, "did Dr. Keats talk to you about my going to Honolulu?"

"You mean Miss Reynolds' recommending you for it?" "It's definite now. I've a letter here from Dr. Bert about it."

A cloud came over the older woman's face. "Vicky, I'd be so sorry to see you go!"

"Why would you, Vicky?" "Well, for the obvious reasons, of course," the cultured English voice said. "Because Mother depends so on you, and we all do! But it isn't

only that. I'm thinking of you. Girls do get so entirely out of touch in those places. I know it. My father was at Barbados when I was a girl; it's much the same thing. The life gets one; it's easy, insular, unambitious. After a bit you're telling visitors that you've been there ten years, fifteen years. In a few years there's no out."

"Vi, I'm going away on account of Quentin Hardisty," Victoria said. Mrs. Keats was standing beside her at the window; they did not look at each other; there was a silence.

"I've got to get away before I make a complete fool of myself—before he knows," Victoria presently added.

"You mean you like him?" Violet Keats said in a stunned voice. "I guess that about expresses it," Victoria said, with a brief laugh.

The thing happened quite simply about ten days later. Victoria had taken Kate down to Dr. Hardisty's offices to have one of the younger men there look at a small sprained elbow. He stood looking thoughtfully at Vic and the child for a



"You Mean Without Loving Me?" Victoria Asked.

long minute, finally asked her, in almost an absent voice, if she would see him in his own office before she went away.

Vic found her way to this guarded and inaccessible sanctum made strangely easy. Kate had a wrapped molasses peppermint to console her for recent indignities, and Vic sat earnest and pretty in her new spring clothes, looking in puzzled expectancy at the doctor.

"I want to talk for a few minutes, and then you talk," Quentin began. He drew four firm parallel lines in pencil on a scrap of paper, looking at them, crumpled the paper and threw it aside.

"I thought you said the other night that you were lonesome, that you were thinking of going to Honolulu because you were lonesome?"

"I said it to Vi," Vic admitted, after a moment. Her heart thumped.

"Why do you say that you said it to Vi in that funny way?" "I didn't know I said it in a funny way. I suppose I meant that I didn't say it to you."

There was a pause, after which the man recommenced: "The thing is—He hesitated. "The thing is that I want a home," he said. "I want my little girl with me. I told Violet about it and asked her if she thought you'd take the job. She said—did she tell you this?"

"She didn't tell me anything." "Well, she said, 'D'you mean as a nurse and housekeeper, or as a wife?' I said, 'Well, if you put it that way, as a wife! D'you get what I mean?' He finished. 'I had been saying 'housekeeper,' but maybe what I meant all along was wife." He sat back.

"I see," Victoria mused, not moving her eyes from his. Color came into her face and receded again and they both laughed nervously.

"And—and, thank you!" she said then, a little confusedly.

"I need a wife, badly," the man presently added. "Everyone knows that—Violet and John, everyone. You're the kind of woman I want to marry. I admire you tremendously. I—I like you very much."

"You mean without loving me?" Victoria asked.

"I thought—I thought that was how you wanted it to be," the man said, simply.

Violet looked at him thoughtfully, her breath uneven, her face scarlet.

"Here's the thing," Quentin said, as she did not speak. "I'd be awfully proud if you'd do it, really I would. If you won't I'm going to get out for a while—I'll go to Germany. But I'd much rather not get out, on account of Gwen, and my hospital work—everything. What do you say?"

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

Persons who like to let the entire household know of their anger by slamming a door or banging down a window would have had to resort to some other means in the early days. For in the place of the door, most early Ohio pioneers had only a blanket or animal skin hanging in the opening, while in the place of windows with panes of glass they used greased paper or an old garment.

# UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

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## Man With Branded Hand

IN EVERGREEN cemetery in Muskegon, Mich., stands a monument which bears the inscription "Capt. Walker's Branded Hand" and below it a bas-relief of an open hand with the letters "S. S." on the heel of the thumb. This monument recalls one of the stirring incidents of pre-Civil war days and marks the grave of a man who played a part in bringing on that conflict.

Capt. Jonathan Walker was a Massachusetts sea captain and in 1844 was engaged in coastwise trade. Hating negro slavery, Walker tried to help seven blacks, who had fled from a Florida plantation, escape to the Bahamas. He was arrested, brought to Pensacola, tried as a thief in federal court and found guilty. He was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letters "S. S." (slave stealer), to stand in the pillory one hour, be imprisoned fifteen days and pay a fine of \$150.

After the first part of the sentence had been carried out, he was led again into the courthouse. Ordered to put his hand on the post of the railing in front of the judge's bench, Walker protested when the marshal bound it fast to the post. He declared that he could hold it firm during the ordeal, but his protest was ignored and the branding took place.

After his release from prison, Walker went back to his home in Massachusetts to find himself a hero and a martyr. John Greenleaf Whittier wrote a poem in which he besought Walker to hold his branded right hand aloft for all the world to see. Abolitionist leaders recognized in the incident a potent argument for their cause. Accompanied by a fugitive slave he traveled through the North and lectured on the evils of slavery.

The "Man with the Branded Hand" became a famous figure and he did much to arouse the North and put it in a receptive frame of mind for Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a faithful picture of the horrors of slavery. In the '50's Walker and his family moved to Wisconsin and a few years later bought a small fruit farm in Michigan. There he lived during the remainder of his days and there he died in 1878, an almost forgotten figure who had played no little part in bringing on the greatest civil war in history.

## Cap'n Streeter, Squatter King

FIFTY years ago it was only a sandbar on the shore of Lake Michigan opposite Chicago's famous "Gold Coast." Today towering skyscrapers, huge office buildings, a famous hotel and a great university stand on land valued at half a billion dollars. But Chicagoans still call it "Streeterville," thereby honoring the memory of Cap'n George Wellington Streeter, who battled valiantly against "them dern capitalists" and held out for 30 years before they finally dethroned this famous "squatter king" from his "Deestrick of Lake Michigan."

Streeter was a Civil war veteran who became a boatman on the Great Lakes. In 1884 he built a 100-ton ship in which he started for Honduras to take part in a revolution then in progress. But his ship went aground on a sandbar and the skipper found himself marooned several hundred yards out in Lake Michigan from the Chicago shoreline. So he decided he might as well stay right there. Out of the timbers of his ship he and his wife, Maria, built a little shack on their sandy island and settled down.

But the rich owners of property in that part of Chicago were extending their riparian rights out into the lake. As the little peninsulas of filled-in land reached out toward the captain's island, which had been enlarged by drifting sand, they decided that his shack was an eyesore and should be removed. They called on the law to evict these squatters and five husky constables started out to do it. Cap'n Streeter put on his fighting costume—a high silk hat and a frock coat—he and Maria took muskets in hand and the constables retreated hastily.

Streeter found an old map of the city on which the boundary of Lake Michigan was plainly marked. He contended that the "made land" was outside that boundary, therefore it was under federal jurisdiction and he claimed it by right of discovery. But the courts refused to recognize his claim to this "Deestrick of Lake Michigan." He and Maria were evicted time and again but they always came back. So the struggle went on year after year, in court and out of court.

"Cap'n" Streeter died in 1921. But his second wife, "Ma" Streeter, true to her promise to him, carried it on for several years more. Finally she had to give up the fight and Chicago's "Thirty Years' war" with the "squatter king" came to end when she died last year.

# Talk About Smart Frocks



"AUNT ALMA, there's just one thing I don't like about my new dress—it's so attractive I'm afraid Sis over there will appropriate it when I'm not looking. Outside of that I'm crazy about it, and I think you're swell to make it for me. Why—"

"What's this, what's this? If that isn't a laugh. Aunt Alma! Imagine me wanting anybody's dress. Why since you've taught me to sew-my-own I never want anything. I just make it and that's that. This sport dress, for instance, took me only one afternoon."

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"I think you do wonderfully well with your sewing, my dear. You'll be making my clothes the first thing I know. I feel especially pleased with my new spring dress and I have both of you to thank for suggesting this style. It does right well by my hips, and it's so comfortable through the shoulders. I guess I should diet but in this dress I feel nice and slender. Don't you see, girls, how important it is to choose a style that's particularly becoming? It's abiding by this theory that gives some women such enviable chic."

## The Patterns.

Pattern 1280 is designed in sizes 12-20 (30 to 40). Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1233 is designed in sizes 34-52. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The collar in contrast requires five-eighths of a yard.

Pattern 1284 is designed in sizes 14-20 (32 to 44). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material.

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## Smiles

Oui, Monsieur "Consomme, bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricassée poulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demitasse des glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps off me moll, see?"—Masonic Craftsman.

## Quite a Difference

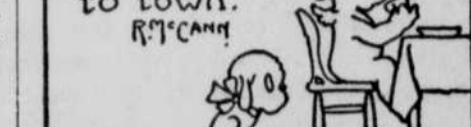
Abie—Vill you please explain to me the difference between shillings and pence? Ikey—You can walk down de street vidout shillings.

## Advance Information

Commuter—Good-by, Dear. If I can't get home for dinner tonight I'll send you a wire. Wife—Don't bother, Milburn. I've read it already—found it in your coat pocket.

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Silent Lies The cruellest lies are often told in silence.—Stevenson.

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