

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." 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 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. Vic dislikes him. When her mother 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 at 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 telephone call to her mother, he kisses Vic. Several days later he invites her with other guests to spend a week-end at his cabin. Vic is enchanted with the cabin. Next morning she and Quentin go hiking and return ravenous. The party is disrupted Sunday afternoon by the arrival of Marian Keats, a divorced woman. Vic is jealous of Mrs. Keats and a few days later tells Mrs. Keats she is going to Honolulu. In his office, Quentin questions Vic about leaving. He proposes to her.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I think you'd better try Germany." For a few seconds Victoria really thought she had said it. Then she knew that she had said nothing audible, but that she was looking at him with her throat dry, and her heart beating hard, and all her senses in wild confusion. "If a man wanted you he could get you," she heard him saying. "If a man wanted you he could get you," she said steadily.

"Good!" he said. "I'll come out to dinner tonight and we'll tell Vi and Johnny. Good-by, Kate, give me a kiss—that's the girl! No, this is the way out."

Victoria left him standing there, in his white coat, with the little instrument still in his big hand.

She was quiet that evening; quiet during the days that followed. There were but few between the odd, sudden talk in Quentin's office and the hour when they two were married. Only Catherine and the Keates witnessed the very simple ceremony. Victoria, with a smart loose coat and a small hat, was like a serious child, obeying, docile, seemingly bewildered. She had arrested Quentin with a small hand on his arm, when they went into the clergyman's study; had spoken in quick fear and nervousness:

"Quentin—you're sure, aren't you?"

The man looked down at her with his wide smile.

"Why, aren't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I am," she said staunchly.

Afterward, when the doctor and Violet had kissed her, and she and Quentin were down beside the parked car, she had another moment of irresolution.

"Are we going to Mill Valley?"

"Well, you know that," Quentin said.

"Yes, I know." Victoria got into the car. "We'll be back Monday, Vi," she said, through the opened window. The Keates waved; Quentin started the engine; they were moving.

The Hardisty house on Washington street overlooked the Presidio wall, and the long lines of pines inside the military reservation, and the shoulders of the hill ranges that descended on either side of the Golden Gate. There was plenty of fog out here on the summer mornings, and Victoria's back garden was often dripping with milky mist.

CHAPTER VI

In the beginning of her marriage she had said that she hoped to be busy; idleness was what jeopardized so many women's happiness. If her duties and responsibilities in connection with Quentin and Gwen and

the house were not sufficient to keep her occupied, then, she threatened, she would positively take on some work for the blind, or for the city's orphanage.

But the blind and the orphanage had had no opportunity to experience her kindly charity. For from the Sunday night when she and Quentin had ended their thirty-hour honeymoon with a sleepy, slow trip to the city, and had found temporary quarters in a large hotel, there had seemed to be no moment in which Vic, to use her own words, had had time to sit down for five minutes to ask herself whether or not she was happy, whether or not she was glad that she had married as she had.

So the first year had flown, and at the end of it Vic had awakened Quentin in the early dawn of a spring morning, and had given him charge of her waiting suitcase and her somewhat silent, frightened self. There had been a hospital then; bright, clean rooms, flat clean beds, everyone telling her that she was behaving splendidly, everyone sure of it except herself. And after a while the realness of all these things, and the city, and Gwen, and the big house and even Quentin had all disappeared into a hot, hurtful fog, and still later, ashamed and bewildered and apologetic, Vic had gratefully slipped away into nothing—just nothing—just blackness and oblivion and relief from the task that was too hard.

Then there had been Kenty, and Vic had lain staring at him thoughtfully, thinking not of him but of her mother. "My mother—she was so beautiful and young; she must have been so frightened, and she went through all that for me!"

After the long struggle she had said to Quentin: "I don't want another baby. This one's darling; I want him. But never another!" But the unexpected ecstasy of having one child, after all, had made the possibility of having another seem nothing less than a miracle. Susanna Hardisty had swiftly followed her brother, and on Susan's second birthday, the crowded Hardisty nursery had been enriched by the arrival of Richard and Robert together. Even the mother of what she sometimes described as the "Light Infantry" had been temporarily left breathless and startled by this promiscuity. Vic lived now in a world of small beds, small stamping footsteps, small shrill voices. Kenty and Sue, Dick and Bobs had filled her life to overflowing; she adored them even while she toiled herself into a daily state of exhaustion for their sakes.

Quentin meanwhile was busily building up for himself the most important surgical practice in the city.

They rarely went to dinner parties. Sometimes after their late dinner at home they would slip downtown for some music, for the last acts of a play or the final run of a good film. But almost always they were at home in the evening. Quentin glad to smoke his pipe, to go early to bed; Vic happiest when she was within reach of any call from the nursery. Other women laughed at her, perhaps pitied her a little. She never pitied herself; she was supremely content.

"We like each other," she told him on a certain Sunday morning when they had been six years man and wife, and when an unusual lull in domestic and professional interruptions had by chance afforded them a lazy hour together.

Victoria looked enviously at the comfortable peninsula homes they were passing, for by this time the day had somehow rushed about to one o'clock, and Quentin was driving her and the three older children down to Menlo Park. There was a skull fracture to be diagnosed at the hospital, and after that the Hardistys would go to lunch with the Gannetts. Mrs. Gannett, whose own doctor husband had summoned Quentin to this emergency case, had hospitably insisted upon the lunch. It needn't be until two o'clock; she had beds upon which the small fry could take their naps; please, please, please come; they never saw the Hardistys any more!

They were at the hospital. Vic and the children walked about on the grass while Quentin was inside. Then he came down again, and Dr. Gannett came down, and the Hardistys were to follow the Gannett car.

and there was lunch, a delicious company lunch with chicken and asparagus and beaten biscuit and strawberries, and several nice neighbors to share it. Then all the men went to play golf on the club links a hundred yards away, and some of the women played contract. Victoria played neither, and she and her hostess sat talking together.

"Vic, you mean you're that way again!"

"September. I rather hoped you'd not guess."

"Guess! A child in arms would know. How old, in heaven's name, are the twins? Are they a year old yet?"

"A year! We've just had our second birthday celebration."

"Well, honestly," Mabel Gannett said, "I think it's dreadful! Going in for a perfectly enormous family these days! With Quentin as stunning as he is, and all the women mad about him—"

"Oh, that!" Vicky said indifferently, as the other woman paused.

And then, just before the Hardistys went home at five, the odd thing happened.

Victoria had led her troop upstairs for last wiping of small faces and buttoning of small coats; these operations well under way, she had gathered Susan under one arm, Susan's brief legs dangling from her hip, and preceded the others downstairs, to reassure the waiting Quentin as to everybody's being "just about ready."

There was a wide lower hall in the Gannetts' house; a hall now filled with soft late-afternoon light, and empty except for Quentin; the cheerful voices of the hosts, saying farewells, could be heard through the open porch doorway.

Victoria had reached the landing and was about to call to Quentin, obviously and patiently awaiting his family, when another person came into the hall. She came from the direction of the dining rooms; a slender, graceful woman—almost a girl, though the voice was a woman's. It was a voice low with reproach and pain now, and as she

spoke she put her hand on Quentin's arm. Victoria, halted on the landing, had an odd feeling of amusement, a surprising feeling that was something like fear, as she watched.



"Mother!" She said.

"Quentin," the woman said clearly, but in a low tone, "how can you be so horribly unkind to me?"

Victoria saw Quentin look down at her from his big height; saw the good-natured smile in his eyes.

"Am I horribly unkind to you?" he asked mildly.

"You're killing me!" the woman answered passionately, with a little choke in her voice.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, Josephine," Quentin said.

"You hate me, I know that!" Josephine said. "But I can't help it. I have to see you—we're going Friday. Yes, he settled it. I didn't. I think he's crazy. But we're going. And I have to see you before we go! Will you lunch with me on Wednesday?"

"Operating on old Fuller in Los Angeles. I go down Tuesday night."

"You know, I don't believe you, Quentin," the woman said with a shrewd look. But instantly her manner changed and softened. "Oh, don't be unkind to me—be kind to me just this once!" she faltered, with unmistakable signs of tears.

Victoria, rooted to the landing saw from Quentin's face that he was embarrassed, but he gave no sign of nervousness; he was completely master of the situation.

"I don't know what you can have to say to me, my dear," he said, in the kindly masculine look and tone and manner that Victoria—that all women—loved. "Listen, you're getting yourself all wrought up," he added. And he put a hand on her shoulder. "Come into the library with me a minute," he suggested. They left the hall together.

When they were gone Victoria descended the remaining stairs and began her thanks and farewells. Almost immediately the other children, Betsey, the nurse were with her, and within five minutes of her having first glimpsed that tableau in the lower hall she and Quentin were on their way home. But it had left its mark, she had to speak of it, the passionate young voice, "How can you be so horribly unkind to me!" was ringing in her ears and coloring the languid scent of spring twilight with romance.

"Quentin, who was the pretty girl at the very end—the one in lavender linen?"

"Oh, that was Mrs. Billy McGrew. Josephine McGrew—she's a nice kid. But nutty!"

"She's affectionate, I gather?"

Quentin laughed, guiltily, giving his wife a sidewise, shrewd smile.

"A little."

Victoria said nothing, but her heart was lightened again. It was all so silly!

"How'd you know that?" Quentin presently asked, chuckling.

"I was on the stairs when she was talking to you in the hall, I got the balcony scene."

"Caught with the goods, eh?" Quentin asked.

"Red-handed," Victoria laughed in relief.

"Poor little Jo," the man said, after a peaceful silence. She's aimless, she's not very happy with McGrew—he has nothing but money, apparently. She'll get out, some day; she'll quit him cold. She wanted to say good-by to me—they're going to Biarritz, they have a place there—and she had to tell me that it was all over, and we would always be friends and all that!"

"What was all over?"

"Well, exactly. Nothing!"

He laughed heartily, engineering the car through the complicated turnings of Daly City, and Victoria was silent for a while.

Victoria laughed, her fears all laid to rest.

The five children were uproarious in the nursery at supper time; their long sleeps in the car coming home had refreshed them, and they were full of life and mischief.

The nursery was full of noises and thumps; the children's laughter ringing high above every other sound. Mollie brought Dicky to his father. "There's one that'll take all the loving you want to give him," she said, and Quentin sat holding the quieter twin, loving the serious exploratory glance that Dicky occasionally sent over his shoulder, as one who would be sure that these big arms, these big knees were quite safe.

"I thought a girl was always gentler than a boy," Quentin said.—"I knew you'd break that, Kenty!" he interrupted himself. "You jerk it, and then Susan jerks it; why don't you wait until you want to use it?"

"There's nothing gentle about Susan," Vicky said, the broken cord already mended. Bobs, the other twin, having finished his entire dinner with scrupulous attention and thoroughness, now came to climb up beside Dicky. Gwen was animatedly demanding if Daddy would like to see her new dress for dancing school.

"Somehow I never thought I'd hear you talking about dancing school, Gwen," Quentin said, his arms full of nightgowned small boys, but his forehead held up for Gwen's suddenly affectionate kiss.

"Oh, but you know I limp, Daddy?" the little girl reminded him animatedly.

"I kin limp!" Susan shouted with the usual accent on the personal pronoun. And she gave an exaggerated imitation of a cripple's gait to Gwen's immense delight. "She walks just as if it hurt her, Mother!" exclaimed Gwen.

After a while, Quentin, with the sureness of long practice, slid the sleeping twins into cribs and left Victoria reading. Victoria called after him:

"When you've made your telephone calls, Quentin, see if you can get Dora, and find out how Dorothy is, and remind the Findleys that they're coming to supper. Tell Billy not to dress, and say to Sally that of course if her father's with her we want him, too!"

"And shake the hall rug and see if there's any mail," the doctor added. But he was grinning as he went downstairs.

About an hour later, when a party of six had just harmoniously settled down to Sunday's cold supper there was an interruption. It began with a ring at the doorbell, but that was nothing in a doctor's household; nor was Meta's appearance a moment later. What was unusual was the appearance of the woman who followed Meta; the sound of her voice.

For a moment Vic didn't know the voice at all, or the little tinkle of high laughter, or the person in the lace-edged hat and frilly silk coat, frilly blouse, frilly sweeping skirts who stood there. Then the whole world turned upside down and she got to her feet and tried to speak, but couldn't hear her own voice and tried again with better luck.

"Mother!" she said.

"My dear, the proverbial bad penny!" Mrs. Herrendeen laughed, coming in to sit down at the chair Quentin provided, and looking about the circle gaily. "Well, you're having a party!" she said. She was introduced, all the voices spoke to gether cordially.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Egyptian Scarab

The Scarab is made of many sorts of stones. In many varieties of stone the Egyptians copied the scarabaeus or sacred beetle. The ancient Egyptians took the scarab beetle for their symbol of creation. They associated the symbol with their god Khepera, who rolled the sun across the sky as the beetle rolled its egg. The Egyptians believed that by wearing the scarab they absorbed the strength of creation.

Printed Cottons Rank High in Chic

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ARE modern cottons putting on high-style airs? Their emergence from the humble housework field tells as fascinating a story as any Cinderella romance might offer. Cottons are certainly going places and doing things in the way of color, weave and design such as they never ventured to do before.

This spirit of cottons to do and to dare is especially true in regard to this season's prints which are flaunting a glory and glamor that is taking them into the swankiest places cottons were ever known to go. As pretentiously fashioned as designers are now turning out cotton costumes for both day and evening wear, you feel smartly dressed in them no matter the place, the time or the company you are in.

Its cottons such as were displayed at a style clinic held in the Merchandise Mart of Chicago recently (three of which are here pictured) that cause one to become cotton-conscious to ace-high point of enthusiasm. Attractive cotton fashions of the type pictured available in department stores and specialty shops the country over give the perfect answer to women seeking maximum style at minimum outlay.

A stunning dress, as shown to the right in the group, holds no terrors for a limited budget for it is anything but costly even though it does give its wearer an air of high-brow chic. Which is the grand and glorious thing about this season's handsome cottons, they are inexpensive although they have all the voguish details you would expect of much higher priced modes. In the gown referred to you see how dramatically splashy cotton prints have stepped into the 1937 scene. The graceful black scroll patterning boldly contrasts vividly colorful florals. A girlish round collar and

short puff sleeves are important style details. The gypsy sash girle repeating leading colors in the print adds the final "touch that tells." A bright green felt hat with grosgrain ribbon trim colorfully tops this costume.

A peasant print and the new spaghetti trim are combined in the dress shown to the left to interpret style at its best. The print is in peasant blues, greens and yellows on a russet background ground. The spaghetti trim for belt and for the modish lacing on the waist is in multi colors. The skirt is flared as fashion now demands. The hat has a square high crown and the brim is bound in grosgrain.

Royal crimson (echoing coronation colors) and navy blue on a white background of cloxy pique presents a stunning color study for the gown centered in the group. Because the print is a vividly colorful widely spaced bold floral it registers definitely 1937. This ensemble features a jacket with puffed sleeves and paneled down the back to correspond with the panel in the dress which is sleeveless and collarless. A new Gaucho style felt hat inspired by South America gives a nonchalant touch which is most intriguing. Adjustable knots hold the hat under the chin.

When you go cotton-print shopping don't forget that the bigger, the bolder, the print the smarter. You can go to any extreme and still not be found guilty of exceeding the speed limit so far as the colors and designs of the new cottons are concerned. There is a decided trend toward bold stripes and plaids. Then too, fancy turns to East Indian and oriental print designs. These are particularly smart for the now-so-popular house coats and for sports frocks.

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VOGUSH SILK NET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



If you have to make one party dress do for various occasions there is no better buy than black silk net of sterling quality. Especially is this true at the present moment since Paris is showing greatest enthusiasm for black silk sheers of every description. One of the arguments in favor for black net is that it can be worn over different slips, the latest idea being multi-colored plaid or striped taffeta or gay floral print topped with black sheer. The silk net evening gown pictured has a charming Empire décolletage.

FASHIONS DEMAND GREAT YARDAGE

The present dramatic fashions calling for great yardage as endorsed by leading designers give fabrics a larger share of the fashion spotlight than in many seasons. "Ballarina" skirts of layers and layers of stiff sheer silks, attached to long fitted bodices of silk net, silk tulle and silk marquisette show the inspiration of the recent Degas exhibits in Paris and New York. Full-skirted evening gowns sometimes use forty yards of silk.

Schiaparelli's ballet waltz dress with short skirt over stiff petticoats, the sourette silhouette which caused such a sensation at the openings, is frequently interpreted in silk net, also in printed silk.

Cotton Laces Are Just the Thing for Daytime Frocks

Cotton laces, fashion forecasters declare, are going to be prominent among the daytime frocks worn this spring and summer. Street-length dresses made of lace in the many tailored styles are just the thing for the perfect combination of smartness and practicalness. The laces are varied in their patterns, some having big flower designs made up of large or small flowers or different sizes together. Others are patterned in geometric and modernistic figures. The beauty of the cotton laces is that they can usually be worn straight through the day, finishing up at the country club as fresh and smart as a daisy. A little sports dress may be just a sports dress, but when it's lace, you have sounded a style-correct decorative note to say nothing of coolness and uncerusableness.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. How many languages and systems of writing are there?
2. What state has contributed the most Supreme court justices?
3. In what year was a performance of "Aida" given at the foot of the Pyramids in Egypt?
4. Who guards the White House?
5. Who wrote the "Comedie Humaine"?
6. What was a bireme?

Answers

1. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly says that there are six thousand seven hundred and sixty named tongues and systems of writing in the world.
2. New York has contributed the most United States Supreme court justices, 10.
3. In 1912 an impressive open-air production of the opera was given there.
4. The White House has its own police force of 48 men. This includes a captain, a lieutenant, three sergeants and 43 policemen. There are also 10 Secret Service men.
5. This is the title of an uncompleted series of nearly a hundred novels by Balzac, designed to give a panoramic picture of the manners and morals of the time. He began the work in 1829, adopting the general title in 1842.
6. An ancient galley having two banks of oars.

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Sign of Age

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Show Intelligence

You don't hear babies using the baby talk that grown people utter to them.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

It hurts my conscience to be rich—We're really all of equal rank. And some folks starve while here am I Just hoarding pennies in my bank.