

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. He is a gentle, unobtrusive soul. His wife, Magda, cannot adjust herself to the change. She is a beautiful woman, one of pleasure and a magnet for men's attention. Magda and Victoria have been down at a summer resort and Keith leaves for a bridge party, excusing himself 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 Ferdy rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferdy'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. 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 argues with Keith. While nursing the children of Dr. and Mrs. Keats, Vic meets Dr. Quentin Hardy, 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 weekend 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 Pool, a divorced woman. Vic is jealous of Mrs. Pool 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. She accepts him and they are married. Vic and Quentin are idyllically happy in their home. During six years Victoria has four children. The Hardy's are entertaining guests at Sunday supper, when Victoria's mother suddenly arrives from Europe.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Vic looks astonished, and well she may!" the newcomer said, beginning daintily on her meal. "No, no wine, Quentin," she said easily to the son-in-law she had met only a moment earlier. "I'll have coffee. Would I be a horrible pest if I asked for hot milk—I've had my coffee so long with hot milk that I can't seem to get used to it any other way!"

She loosened the frilled coat; Victoria noticed with a disturbed heart that her mother, under the first impression of fussiness, of frillery, in her clothes, also gave a distinct effect of shabbiness.

The group broke up early; they were all tired, and Magda especially so. She took possession of Victoria's one small spare room gayly, observing that she did not mind it at all; her trunks often had to stand out in the hall. Victoria, suddenly feeling flat and discouraged, and that the long day had been too much for her, and that it was a formidable thing to be managing a busy husband, a houseful of children, five servants, and to be facing besides the prospect of illness and fresh responsibility, satisfied herself with only a few weary moments of conversation with her mother, as the latter prepared herself for bed.

Mrs. Herrendeen assured her daughter that she would be asleep in ten minutes and must be awakened in the morning—"unless somebody'd bring me just the simplest breakfast?"—but Vicky was not so fortunate. She lay awake most of the night trying to fit her mother into her so completely changed life, wondering what would happen now, disturbed by a hundred vague impressions and fears of she knew not what. Her poor faded mother, so gallant in the laces and frills, the outworn, badly worn finery! There was no alternative; Mother must be made a guest of honor in this already crowded house for as long as she chose to stay. But even tonight's glimpse of her had made Vicky feel upset and unsure of herself.

"If I had any character I wouldn't do this!" she reproached herself. "Things always look different in the morning; nothing is as bad as it seems at night!"

She really knew very little of what her mother's life had been in the last ten or eleven years. Victoria had been too much absorbed in her own affairs to think much of her mother's, and Mrs. Herrendeen had not written very often. In the beginning, Vic remembered, there had been a long, luxurious explanation, certainly not a confession, but

there at least had been a long explanatory letter, gay and confident, unashamed, unapologetic. Magda and her Lucius had been in a lovers' paradise in Tahiti then, and their escapade had seemed to them justified by their complete happiness.

After a year of that they had traveled, first to South America, and then to Europe, and finally had found themselves "divinely placed" in some tiny German town with Rosa taking care of them. "It costs us exactly nothing," Magda had written her daughter, "and that is the main consideration with beggars like ourselves! Lucius can paint to his heart's content, and I can at last catch up on some reading and go on with my French, which these hectic years have sadly interrupted. Paris is near enough for an occasional spree."

That had been the last heard from Rothenberg. Just why or how this ideal arrangement had terminated Victoria never had known. But her mother's next letter had been from Biarritz, and not in that nor in any subsequent letter had she ever mentioned Lucius Farmer again. She had usually been with "delightful friends," or she had a "tiny diggings" in Paris, in Florence, in Monte Carlo. And always the cramped note of money shortage had been there. Once she had been "selling darling Sibyl Hudderdene's divine things—giving them away, rather!"—and once she apparently had had some sort of agency for powders and perfumes; "because one must make one's poor little 40 per cent if one can," she had explained.

The last letters had quite frankly asked for financial help; Vicky was married now, and if she could help her Mummy just a little it would be such a godsend. "For we don't count money here as you do, darling," Magda had reminded her daughter. "What you spend on those frightful ice-cream sodas and on movies would take care of a whole family here."

In the morning, after she and Quentin had shared their early breakfast, and after the usual visit to the kitchen and to the surging and shouting nursery, Victoria somewhat wearily prepared a tray, not forgetting the continental touch of a pitcher of hot milk, and adding a tiny clear green glass vase in which sprawled three stiff brilliant nasturtiums. Mrs. Herrendeen was awake when her daughter came in.

"Oh, you darling child, with all you have to do—and the newspaper, too—but I shall miss my Paris paper; these American papers never have anything in them."

"Did you sleep, Mummy?" Vic asked, with her kiss.

"I slept divinely. I always sleep divinely," the other woman answered, her cheerful voice and freshened face bearing witness to it. "I meant to lie awake," she went on, beginning her breakfast, "and think what a smart child I have, and what a lovely home this is."

Quentin liked her; that was a great help. Magda had still the secret of pleasing and interesting men, whatever it was. Faded, fussy, dressed, affected and artificial, yet there was something real and affectionate and clinging in her nature that all males liked. About a week after her return Quentin electrified his wife by suggesting that they make up a party for the first night of the opera. Stern had sent him a box; Stern was on the committee; it might be rather fun," Quentin, who never wanted to go anywhere!

"Fun!" Vicky echoed, excited and interested. It would be the time of all times to return the Perrys' hospitality, and for a sixth they might ask n. o., old, musical Dr. Ward.

CHAPTER VII

It was at the opera that they first saw Serena Morrison.

Not that Vicky or anyone in her neighborhood knew who the woman was, at first. With four men, she was sitting in the forward seat of a box; an ashen blonde in a black velvet gown, with petal-smooth bare shoulders, and deep-set, unshadowed eyes. Everyone in the house was looking at her when the curtain went down and the lights went up, but if she was conscious of the admiration and curiosity she excited she gave no sign of it.

"That's Joe Younger—that stout fellow with her," Quentin said, laying down his glasses after a frank inspection. "By gosh, she is beautiful!"

"Oh, Quent, you know him!" Vicky said eagerly, leaning forward in her old chocolate lace to have another look. "Couldn't you slip over and meet her?"

"No time now—I will in the next entr'acte!" Quentin whispered as the house lights fanned down and

the footlights went up. But before the next act there was the familiar whisper in the back of the box. Vicky had resignedly expected it; it always came somehow when they were during enough to go to the theater.

"Dr. Hardy?" the whisper said in the dark. "The hospital on the telephone, Doctor. Dr. Bruce. He said it was urgent."

And then Quentin was groping in the gloom for his hat and coat, and off in full evening regalia for some hot, odorous surgery, with the valkyries' wild scream interrupted half way. It was too bad, but it wasn't the first time and wouldn't be the last, Vicky reminded her mother philosophically, when they were in the car going home.

"And lucky for you, too!" Magda responded.

"Lucky?"

"Well, he was perfectly mad about that blonde woman, whoever she was. He was going over to that box just to meet her. But I thought you handled that very cutely, Vic," Magda said.

"Handled what?" Vicky was genuinely amazed.

"Oh, saying she was lovely and you'd like to know who she was. That was smart, Vic."

"There was nothing smart to that!" Vicky laughed, in generous amusement. But she felt just a little chilled, nevertheless. A bleak breath of wind from an almost-forgotten country seemed to touch her cheek. "Quentin admires beauty," she presently said. "But that's as far as it goes."

"Just the same I'll bet you something, Vic, that he finds out tomorrow who she is."

"Mother, you're incorrigible!" They were at home now, yawningly dragging themselves up the long stairs. "I'll bet you a chocolate bar that he never mentions her again!"

They were in the house the following afternoon when Quentin came in to smile wearily at Kenty and Susan, who were cavorting about in pajamas, and to discuss the products of the Argentine with Gwen Magda was playing solitaire by the fire.

"Oh, listen, Vic, remember the blonde Venus in the box last night?" Quentin presently asked. Magda looked up, and Vicky turned with a



"He Wasn't a Gentleman; It Simply Wasn't There!"

little color in her face from a minute inspection of Susan's reputedly burned finger. "She's an English Mrs. Harrison or Morrison or Robinson or something," Quentin said. "I telephoned Joe Younger today—I wanted to ask him something about the golf club anyway. Her husband is an English officer attached to the foreign office or something—they left today for China." He fell to musing, a half-smile on his face. "That was certainly one beautiful woman!" he said.

"If you want to hold a man like Quentin, you ought to—well, flirt with him!" Magda said.

Victoria laughed.

"Flirt with my own husband?"

"Something like that. Not flirt exactly, but—interest him," Magda said, a little at a loss for the exact words she wanted. "Keep him busy. Unless a man is kept busy he gets into mischief—especially a sheik like Quentin, with a voice all the women fall for."

"I don't know that all the women fall for his voice," Vicky said, unalarmed. "And as for keeping him busy, I don't know what would keep a man busy in an exacting profession, five children, four servants, a wife and a mother don't!"

"Oh, Lord, not that kind of busy!" Magda scoffed. "I don't mean worrying about the furnace or if the new electric light bulbs came. And I don't mean curvatures of the spine, either. A man's got to have some play, Vic. The sensible thing for a woman like you to do is cut out all this nursery stuff, have a hair-do every week, get a new lipstick and some 'peau de jeunesse' and lie around in the mornings reading fashion magazines!"

"I don't know where you'd be today if you'd cut out all this nursery stuff!" Vicky wanted more than once to say good-naturedly. But she never did.

"Men have always liked me, and yet I've never had anything I don't want to do," the older woman explained simply. "I sleep late, I wander downtown in the afternoon to a movie; I never assume the slightest re-

sponsibility, and I am altogether unwise and idle and useless!"

In the beginning Victoria would laugh at such whimsicalities. But her mother had not been long her guest before she discovered that they were partly true; Magda really never did make any effort, or assume any responsibility, except to interest and please men. She would not be left alone at home at night with the children, even though they were all asleep in their beds. "One of them would set something on fire, and then you'd think I deliberately killed the lot!" she pleaded, and the mere suggestion of this calamity prevented Victoria from ever urging the arrangement.

For the rest, it was astonishing to discover that Magda's self-respect had suffered no whit by her long and exciting career.

In the beginning of the European experiences, Lucius Farmer had become "strange." He had been a delightful person in Tahiti and Mallorca, but somehow southern Germany had affected him badly. "It wasn't his fault, but he didn't really have quality, Vic," Magda explained it, generously. "He wasn't a gentleman; it simply wasn't there! Perhaps I was to blame for thinking that it ever was."

Victoria listened on, scrambling as she did so along the line of the sitting-room bookcases, taking out children's books, matching sets, sacking the volumes neatly. Now and then she sat back on her heels, smiling at her mother. Magda busy with a nail file and a tiny pair of scissors, occasionally in her turn raised her eyes from her hands and looked seriously at Vic, while without anger or resentment she recounted the strange actions of Lucius Farmer. After all she, Magda, had done for him, he had been unappreciative enough to desert her.

As the days went by, and Vic found herself drawn more and more under her mother's influence, affected more and more by her mother's point of view, she found it increasingly difficult to maintain her own standing; the solid earth rocked a little sometimes beneath her feet. Poor faded Mummy with nothing to show for all the flattered, romantic years, the presents and the checks, the beautiful lace and the beautiful gowns—Mummy couldn't be entirely right in her preposterous ideas and attitudes, but there were moments when Victoria felt unasily that perhaps she wasn't entirely wrong, either.

Mummy, for one very important thing, thought that having more than one or two children was a mistake. It was a forgivable mistake. "For you have them so easily, Vic, and you do adore them so. But I tell you it's selfish. You'll lose him!"

Victoria felt that she could afford to laugh at this. According to Mummy every man between the ages of sixteen and eighty was interested in any reasonably pretty woman, anywhere, everywhere, at all times and seasons. No wife was safe!

But Magda was not to be laughed out of her position. She said thoughtfully: "Women must go crazy about him. He's stunning!"

"He's forty-three!" Vic laughed. "And he has a large family and the hardest surgery practice in the city."

"Forty-three. He's not at the dangerous age yet," Magda mused. "Is anyone specially crazy about him?"

"There's always some woman telephoning," Vic answered unalarmed. "I know the signs. But he doesn't take them seriously."

Magda was hardly listening; her eyes were narrowed in speculation.

"I don't think any woman gets hold of a man," Vic submitted, comfortably relaxed in a big chair now, with her feet stretched out before her. "I don't believe any woman loses her husband because some other woman wants him," she substituted, beginning again. Her mother regarded her in astonishment.

"What do you think?" Magda demanded.

"I mean I think the wife has lost him first," Victoria explained.

"Ah, yes, but it all depends upon what you mean by losing him," the other woman said. "It doesn't always mean that they're quarreling, that they've made up their minds to separate! It may mean that they've drifted apart—perhaps they don't realize it themselves..."

"Mother, do you really believe that all married women are waiting for affairs with other men to come along; that all married men have an eye out for charming women—fresh women?"

Mrs. Herrendeen's surprised stare was sufficient answer.

"Why, but of course!" she said, amazed. "Vicky, look at them! They do."

"They all don't!" Vicky muttered. But she was thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Virginia's Capital

Richmond, capital of Virginia, was once also capital of the Confederacy, and many things associated with the war between the states are to be found there. The White House of the Confederacy is now a fascinating museum. The Capitol, the main unit of which was designed by Thomas Jefferson, is the meeting place of the oldest representative legislative assembly in the new world. Old St. John's church is famous as the place where Patrick Henry fired the flames of the American Revolution with his stirring oration ending "Give me liberty or give me death!" Near the city are many battlefields of the war, which have been preserved as park areas.

Keeping the Mouth Healthy

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
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THERE is no question but that the use of mouth washes and tooth brushes helps to keep the mouth clean, the breath sweet, removes tartar, and removes little particles of food which may cause cavities in the teeth.

However, more than mouth washes and tooth powders and pastes is necessary to keep the mouth completely healthy in many cases.

When the tongue is coated, tartar present on the teeth, the throat red and congested, the first thought should be to cleanse out the lower bowel. Our grandparents before them all gave a good purgative—usually castor oil or Epsom salts—in these cases of unhealthy mouth.

In the Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine, Dr. Mills, University of Cincinnati, says, "A close association seems to exist between the first part of the food tract—the mouth—and the last part—the colon or large intestine. Putrefaction or decaying of food wastes in the large intestine seems to result in bad breath, excessive deposit of tartar, and lowered vitality of the gums. It is also thought that even decay of the teeth may be traced to excessive wastes or constipation in the lower bowel or intestine."

Remove the Putrefaction.

"Putrefaction in the lower bowel or intestine is also the cause of many cases of acne—pimples, and the removal of such putrefaction often brings most rapid and complete disappearance of severe cases of acne."

"It is suggested that these mouth and skin troubles result from the wastes from this putrefaction in the large intestine getting absorbed into the blood and carried by the blood to the glands in the mouth and in the surface of the skin—the saliva and the sweat glands."

The use of the bismuth meal in getting the X-ray picture of the working of the intestine has helped some of these cases as this heavy powder scrapes or scrubs the lining of the bowel, removing the wastes and the organisms causing the putrefaction.

However, Dr. Mills recommends the use of kaolin—the clay used in making china or porcelain—as the most rapid and certain treatment of putrefaction. A prescription of it is not expensive. He recommends kaolin 6 ounces, water 4 ounces, and a simple syrup 2 ounces. The dose is half an ounce, 4 teaspoonfuls, twice a day before meals.

Water Balance and Weight.

I have spoken before of the amateur oarsman or sculler, who, having won the Diamond Sculls at Henley some years previously, decided to make another try for this coveted trophy. Accordingly he arranged with a boxing instructor to "work out" every day for an hour at boxing and gymnasium work. Despite the fact that he took off three pounds every day, he was the same weight at the end of a month as when he started.

He stopped his exercise believing that with his added years it had become impossible for him to lose any of his accumulated fat.

What was the matter? Why did he not lose weight?

His weight was kept up because of the great amount of water he drank—one to two gallons every day. Had he taken a small amount of water each time he felt thirsty he would likely have lost almost half a pound daily.

And sometimes when just the ordinary amount of water, tea, coffee or other liquids are taken daily—two to three quarts—there is little or no loss for days and sometimes weeks. This is due to the fact that each individual has what is known as a water balance—the amount of liquids in various organs and tissues of the body, that appears to be the right amount to keep them in good condition—skin, blood, digestive, joint, spinal and other juices.

Thus we find at times an overweight individual faithfully cut down food for a week or even two weeks and find the loss of weight disappointingly small. Discouraged, no further attempt at reducing is made, because he or she feels "just meant to be fat."

Now, if our sculler and this other individual who found no loss of weight after all this work or cutting down on food, had continued for another two or three weeks or a month the reduction in weight would have been very satisfactory. Once water balance is established, the weight may go off at the rate of one or two pounds per day.

"It has been shown that under carefully controlled conditions even a normal individual would maintain his body weight or even add to it while he was being underfed."



Dr. Barton

For Dress and Utility

1268



"WHY Mollie R., are you going out again? My own mother has become a gadabout and all because she made herself such a pretty new dress. Really, Ma, those soft graceful lines make you look lops slimmer. I think the long rippling collar has a good deal to do with it. Or maybe it's because the skirt fits where it should and has plenty of room at the bottom."

"Yes, My Darling Daughter."

"Daughter, dear, how you do run on! Imitate Sis; put your apron on and have the dusting done when I get back from the Civic Improvement League meeting. And speaking of aprons, that is the cleverest one Sis ever had. I love the way it crosses in the back."

"So do I, Mom, and see how it covers up my dress all over. Good-by, Mom, have a good time."

Sisterly Chit Chat.

"Sis, run upstairs for my apron, won't you? I wouldn't have a spot on this, my beloved model, for all the world. It's my idea of smooth: all these buttons; no belt; these here new puffed sleeves; and this flare that's a flare."

"Just you wait, Miss, till I grow up! Your clothes won't have a look in because I've already begun to Sew-My-Own. All right, I'm going."

And so on well into the afternoon!

The Patterns.

Pattern 1268 is for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2 inch bias binding for trimming.

Pattern 1292 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 42 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1255 is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 35 inch material for the blouse and 1 1/2 yards for the apron.

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