

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, 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 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 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. 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 idyllicly happy in their home. During six years Victoria has four children. The Har-day supper when Victoria's mother sudlay supper, denly arrives from Europe, her romance with Farmer ended, a bit disillusioned, looking older and practically penniless. She goes to live with the Hardistys, who now have five children. At the opera the Hardistys first see Serena Morrison, an exotic and striking looking beauty. Quentin appears interested, but they do not meet. Magda gives Vic some advice in how to hold a husband, warning her of sirens who are on the outlook for men.

thing else over, decency and home and honor and obligation?"

"Often," the doctor said slowly, "it is that way. They tell me about it." he added.

"How do you mean, 'it is that men had been playing golf since way'?" breakfast time; Victoria had come

month

other?'

art?'

next door?"

these days!"

later to the club to carry her hus-

"Vic, you know Mrs. Morrison?"

"I don't," Vic said, smiling. "I'm

so glad to! I remember seeing Mrs.

Morrison at the opera last year,

and I think our children know each

"Our children?" echoed the beau-

tiful Mrs. Morrison, raising the del-

"Isn't your small girl Gita Stew-

'You ought to know each other."

"Oh, of course we are," Serena

said slowly, with no change of ex-

"I am not a very formal person.

children," Vicky explained, when

they were comfortably seated,

mean to come and see you one of

talks to Amah about?"

said Phyllis. "You live right near.

icate dark line of her eyebrows.

with the newcomer in tow.

"I mean that a man who really loves his wife and kids, who is perband home for lunch. With Gwen fectly satisfied with his home life-" and her two older children she was "Perfectly satisfied!" The tame phrase affronted her, and she laughed.

"Well, perhaps what I mean is that his new affair has nothing to do with his-his organized life. He meets some woman who appeals to him tremendously-irresistibly-"

"Physically!" Vic put in, scornfully, as he hesitated for a word. He accepted it simply, unsuspicious-

"Oh, yes, primarily that. Primarily that. She has some trick of using her eyes-some note in her voice-something that sets him on fire just as definitely as if a fuse were lighted."

There was a pause. Victoria was studying his face attentively. "Yes, but suppose all that," she presently said. "Grant all that! Is

he then to tear up his whole life, kick his wife out, deprive his children of their father-" "It's usually the wife who does

that, Vicky." "A man might expect his wife to

forgive him," Vicky said, after thought. "But then how would she know that it mightn't happen again?"

"She wouldn't," Quentin said, mildly, unsmilingly. "Ha!" Vicky exclaimed, out of

deep thought. Quentin laughed. "It would seem that it takes you by surprise," he observed.

"Well, it does. I've always felt-I've always hoped-that a man liked a woman for other things-her being sweet-tempered, and a good sport, and making him a comfortable THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

"Your husband?" Serena asked, creeping through the evergreen not moving her eyes from the dishedge that separated the two gartant figures of the men. dens, crossing the Hardistys' old

"Yes .- Well, trot along with them, tennis court and, skirting the berry patch, threading her way under the Kenty," Vicky said bracingly. "Don't cry because they're ahead oaks and over the lawn, and finally of you. Quent," she added welcomdiscovering what she later had deingly, as he came up with the chilscribed to her nurse as the most fascinating family she had ever dren hanging on his hands, "we're met: a mother who was fixing the all ready to go-we'll be just in puppy's hurt head with rags and time!"

Quentin and Mrs. Morrison were water and medicines, and boys looking at each other, smiling. named Kenty and Dicky and Bobs, and girls named Gwen and Sue, and "You'll have to introduce me, Vicky."

"Oh, I do beg your pardon! I The adult members of the family always think that everyone knows did not meet so simply. It was at everyone else. Mrs. Morrison, my a country-club lunch that Victoria husband, Dr. Hardisty. Quentin, do first noticed the straw-haired woman you remember who this is?" and identified her as the beauty

"I do," Quentin said, smiling down at Serena, his white teeth and white clothes in almost startling contrast to the Indian brown of his about her; it was her first social face and skin. Serena looked up appearance since the long-ago night from the lavender shadows of the at the opera, although she had been white parasol that was slowly turnin her new house for almost a ing behind her golden braided head. Quentin and some of the other "You were on your way to China?"

"It was before my husband's accident-yes, we had a wonderful trip!" the woman said, smiling lazily with sea-blue eyes, raising heavy dark gold lashes.

"And they're neighbors," Vicky watching the tennis when she saw told him. "They are the people in Mrs. Morrison for the first time; the Tracy place!" presently Phyllis Tichnor came up

"Next door?" Quentin's face broke again into his own pleasant smile.

'You remember Gita, Quentin, who plays with the children? Mrs. Morrison is Gita's mother."

"Oh, I thought the name was Stewart?"

"Gita's father is dead," Serena explained it. She continued to look up at Quentin, and Quentin to look down at her. "You've all been such angels to the child" she said. "She's been horribly lonely all her life, alone with her amah. I brought Is there a place between you and her amah with her, from China." the Tracy house or aren't you right

Vicky was baffled by the other woman's sleepy manner, by the vague words that seemed to have pression beyond a hint of languid some meaning beyond their obvious curiosity. "It's your children Gita meaning, for Quentin at least, for his face was absolutely radiant as he continued to hold Serena's hand and to look down at her.

You can't be, when you have six "She's had you, hasn't she?" Vicky said sensibly. And she touched Quentin's arm with that watching the tennis. "But I do wifely signal that says, "The children are ravenous. Let's get home and have lunch!"

"You have six children?" The Serena was paying no attention to Vicky; she looked only at Quentin.

> "I can't be much with my little girl. You see my husband's an invalid," she said, in a child's flat tone.

"Ah, that's too bad!" "They said he was slated for a brilliant career. But he was thrown of ancestral veneration, and imfrom a horse, and dragged, about perial living quarters. Smaller buildfour months ago. It's his back, and ings lie along the wall to east and



Peiping Merchants Bait, Poles With Toys.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.-WNU Service. TITHIN the Imperial City of

Peiping, on the exact center of all, oriented to the cardinal points of the com-

pass, is the Forbidden City, the Violet Town, which was the residence of the Dragon emperors. It is an inclosure a little longer than broad, and lies behind a wide moat and a double wall. The moat, in the summer time, is full of flowering lotus, and white cranes stalk thoughtfully among the rose-pink

blooms. Each corner of the wall has its tower, small, but very richly ornamented. There are four gates, one to each face of the wall, and their names are notable: East Gate Glorious; West Gate Glorious; Gate of Divine Military Progress, which is the Shen Wu Men, the North Gate, wherefrom in 1644 the last Ming emperor went sorrowfully to strangle himself on Coal Hill across the way, while the triumphant rebel soldiers were breaking into the Imperial City outside. Through it fled the Empress Dowager when the International Column battered down the southern gates in 1900. On the south is the Wu Men, the Meridian Gate, the great gate of ceremonies, not opened since the fall of the empire.

Only from Coal Hill immediately to the north, or from the White Dagoba in the Pei Hai to the northwest, can you bring the Forbidden City within the eye at once. From either height, you see the simple outline of its plan. Down the center line the great pavilions march, one behind another, their roofs tiled with imperial yellow, since all this was of the throne.

They are audience halls, council halls devoted to this phase or that opens upon a low terrace from

define the approaches to important places are frail things which must be propped from every side while they are yet new. The stone, so intricately and beautifully carved, is

Many Lovely Things.

Many of the most imposing edifices, such as the White Dagoba that dominates the Pei Hai, one of the "Three Seas," are of brick and rubble, surfaced with plaster which, unless renewed every season, sloughs away in patches. Distant views are impressive, and close inspection disappointing.

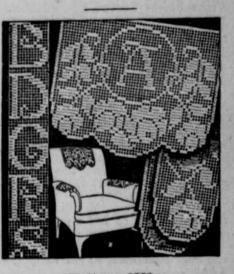
Yet there are many things that are beautiful with an ageless beauty: corners of the Forbidden City, as delicate and fine as jewel filigree; the elaborate and cunning ornamentation under the eaves of the pavilions; the porcelain screens and arches; the timeless splendor of the tiled roofs, that persists in spite of the weeds and shrubs which spring from accumulations of dust

in the cracks between the tiles. The patterns and designs are frozen in convention, but trees and water, air and light, are integral parts of every arrangement.

After you have dutifully followed the guidebooks through a score of temples and palaces, your impressions will tend to telescope upon themselves. But there are two things that you will never forget: the Temple of Confucius and the

Temple of Heaven. The Temple of Confucius is in the North City (the northern section of the Tatar City), between the Lama Temple and the old Hall of Classics. You come to it through noisome alleys that swarm with scavenger dogs and naked children.

A passage leads under murmurous dragon cypresses, between ranks of tall memorial tablets commemorating the visits and the patronages of emperors and princes. The passage



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Architecture's Aim



CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Some men never would," Magda conceded. "But some men are after women-smart women and beautiful women - all the time! The world's full of them now-women who have comfortable big alimonies or settlements, and who are on the loose hunting for someone like Quentin-someone to love!"

"There are lots of men handsomer than Quentin for them to go after," Victoria observed with a laugh.

"But it isn't looks that count, Vic. That hard-faced, deep-voiced, darkheaded square sort of man is-well, I tell you," Mrs. Herrendeen said, shrugging lightly, looking away, "I tell you that if I were ten years derstanding about it. You'd pity the younger I'd give that lad of yours a run for his money!"

For once Vicky was not amused; | a new stove to put in, bills unpaid, she was secretly affronted by her and an operation at eight tomormother's words. Magda broke the row morning has a swell chance at silence.

"Marriage isn't what it used to be, Vic. In the old days if a man wanted to wander there were places he could go that his wife never heard about. Women suspected what was going on, but they were having their ten or a dozen children and feeding chickens and making soap and putting up preserves, and they didn't have much to say. It's different now. The women they can buy are of their own class, and risons came to California in search they're not all after presents and of sunshine and health. Not that How I hated it!" Serena said, in trips and alimony. They want love Serena herself was not glorious in her calm, emotionless way. -they've got money! They're after health and strength, and her child, the love part! There's a sex war on, Vic-women don't want one experience, they want twenty, now!

"Well, I hate the word 'sex,' and I hate so much talk about it, and I hate the idea that it's the most important thing in the world!" Vic presently said, with feeling.

"But it is the most important thing in the world," her mother assured her seriously.

Victoria shook her head, frowning. She fell into thought, and her mother, idling in her favorite fashion on a couch beside the fire, was silent, too. Later that evening Victoria asked Quentin if he thought sex was so important.

"Sex?" he echoed in surprise. Vicky laid a hand on his.

"I don't mean in youth, when flirting is natural and right. But afteren tempting men to throw every- ous and bold, had lost me

much in earnest that tears were near her eyes. "He does, Vic. A man who has a

wife like that is lucky, and he knows it. But that doesn't mean that-oh, well, that the look some woman gives him over her shoulder as she goes out of his office won't-won't stay with him for days."

"Oh, Quentin!" Victoria exclaimed in surprise and dismay. And irresistibly she added, "Does that happen to you?" "Sometimes!" The doctor admit-

ted. laughing. "But-but there's no sense to it!

Look what it leads to. Look at Mother, and so many others-the mess they make of it! In the endin the end-"

"In the end it's the Vickys who show them what fools they were,' Quentin said, teasingly.

"Quentin, have you-since we were married. I mean-ever had that feeling about any other woman?' "I'd tell you if I had, would I?"

"I think you would."

"Well, I don't know but that I would! I believe you'd be very unsinner and forgive the sin. But a man with five kids, another coming, that sort of thing!" Quentin yawned. "I'd be afraid of your mother, any-

way," he laughed.

CHAPTER VIII

Serena, wife of Spencer Ashley George Morrison, was by birth part ister between Europe and Amer-English and part Dane; she had ica," Victoria said. "We were in been married to this, her third hus- the 'Assomption' in Rome together, band, for only a few years, and was too, but we had known each other in her early thirties when the Mor- | before that." Gita, seven years old, as strong as on Sundays," Phyllis put in, and a little bullock, but her husband the three laughed together. Then had been seriously injured in a hunt- Phyllis went away, and Victoria ing accident and would never be whole and well again. There was a good income some-

where. The little family could afford to choose what place and what the two words that Serena suggestclimate it preferred. Menlo Park- ed.

some eighteen to twenty miles down the peninsula from San Francisco-finally had seemed to be the balls. The club gardens blazed with Dad," Susan contributed animatedideal place, and they had bought flowers; there were stretches of ly. "They have the two rabbits we the Tracy house, right next door to Dr. Quentin Hardisty's big place, in sun shone warmly. the week when Madeleine Hardisty

was a year old. The Hardistys' old-fashioned place was spacious, plain, comfortable. But the Morrisons' residence was quite new, and lovely in plastered Spanish patios, tiled oddments of

sloping roof, oaks, peppers, roses, ward-does it have to go all through flagged paths. Little Gita Stewart, ty," Vicky said, pleased at her in- mels, in whose company Nicholas life, men tempting women and wom- Serena's daughter, lonely and curi- terest. "Run get him, Gwen-yes, Nickleby acted Romeo, was how one



"You Have Six Children?"

have even a trace of Norse accent, and yet there was a charming little halt in Serena's words now and then, a slight clinging and lingering that marked her as not all English-born.

"She always tells everyone that instantly," Phyllis said. "I have. And they make it hard

for me ever to get away." "But do come and see me. Except for Phyllis here," Serena said, completely expressionless in voice and face, "I am quite strange in California.' "We were in school in Paris to-

gether, Serena and I, but I didn't know they were here until last week!" Phyllis explained. "If you know Phyllis you know

everybody; she's the special min-

"You were at the 'Assomption'?

"Gallo coming to take us driving could study at her ease the extraor-

in the clear shadow of the parasol. Exquisite womanhood; those were

There was a silence filled with and a child!" faint distant sounds and the click of green lawn beneath the trees; the gived Gita.'

"There, who's that?" Serena suddenly asked, with the first sign of animation in voice and manner that

Vicky had seen her. "Which one?" "The brown man-the square one. in white. With that other man."

in go along, Susan, you can go!"

he lost his eye."

There was something extraordinarily incongruous between her unruffled flawless beauty and the terrible thing she said; the white hand, the white skin, the gold hair and innocent blue eyes under the parasol were apparently unaffected.

"Tough luck!" Quentin said. Victoria pressed his arm again. "Will you come and see him, Dr.

Hardisty?" "I'd like to."

"I wish you would!" Mrs. Morrison said. "We're always there in the late afternoons." The frills of her parasol tumbled slowly as she twirled it.

"Daddy, I'm hun-n-ngry!" Kenty shouted. Quentin accompanied his family to the waiting car, after a cordial good-by from them all to the new neighbor. Mildly, as he took his place in the driver's seat, the doctor observed to his wife that he wished that the children would not be rude.

"He's terribly hungry, Daddy, and we're late."

"I know," Quentin said. "I know. But she was telling us of her husband; I don't imagine she often gets to talking of her troubles."

Victoria glanced at his profile in surprise, ready to laugh. But he was quite serious.

"But did you ever know anyone to talk of dreadful-of ghastly things, so calmly? That poor husband of hers-imagine being cut off in the very beginning of your career, blinded.'

Quentin, turning into their own, made no comment, and Kenty said animatedly

"Why din' Gita go to the club, Mummy?"

"She stays with her amah!" Susan supplied.

"You speak of the man's misfortune," Quentin began unexpectedly, at lunch. "I was thinking of hers." Victoria raised interrogative eyebrows. She had been cutting chicken into tiny pieces on Susan's plate, murmuring to the waitress, murdinary beauty of the flower-like face | muring to her mother.

"I was thinking," Quentin expanded it, "that it must be a pretty dull life for her, planted down here in a country house with an invalid

"They have our rabbits, too,

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Name Changed

There have been famous Crom wells in English history, but at the restoration the name of Cromwell became odious and many bearers of the name made some change so "That's my husband-Dr. Hardis- as to disguise it. Mr. Vincent Crumman changed an illustrious name.

west: houses for the concubing eunuchs, and space for stores. Each pavilion has its courtyard and its formal approach. The courts are threaded by little conventional moats with white marble balustrades; the terraces are balustraded, as are the ceremonial flights of

steps. In the north end are the pavilions and gardens that the Empress Dowager used. They are small and intimate, landscaped, shaded by cypress and cedar, and traversed by narrow walks among flower beds and fountains, for the old lady loved such things.

Decoration Is Colorful.

Some of the buildings are used as museums, displaying much unusual treasure, although, at the time of the disturbances in 1932 and 1933, most of the exhibits were boxed and shipped south, to the great indignation of Peiping.

The Forbidden City displays the Chinese decorative scheme at its most extravagant and royal. It is done in reds and yellows and blues and greens, all most violent. A little money is spent on its upkeep, and perhaps the close-set walls save it from the grinding of the wind-blown dust that dulls the colors and the

gilding of places in the open. The proportions of the buildings are majestic without being vast, for the Chinese architect knew how to create his effects without relying on mere size. The clear sky and the brilliant sun enter into all conceptions; the secret of their excellence lies between the air and light and a just balance in line and mass. Yet, as for size, there is a court-

Forbidden City where, at a victory celebration in 1918, some 15,-000 troops were arrayed, with a large number of civilian officials and spectators, and it is related that the courtyard seemed in no sense crowded.

What now is seen in these palaces and courts is a setting only, a stage from which the players have departed, with their bright robes, their banners, and their stately processionals.

About the public buildings of Peiping, the shrines, the halls, the pavilions, and the palaces, there are many books written. German and Russian and British savants have measured, dissected and surveyed. French scholars have breathed much life into the dry bones of architecture, dwelling with ardor, also, upon the pavilions of pleasure, and the marble-capped wells in which were filed, head downward, discarded favorites, male and female, of not-too-immaculate sovereigns.

Many of the structures are jerrybuilt and flimsy. The Chinese lacquer with which the surfaces are faced is cheap stuff, prone to flake stewardship, and to solicit their off before it attains age. The fine pai-lous that arch the streets and succeeding year.

which you descend to the central court by marble steps that flank a spirit stairway - Dragon eternally contending for the Pearl, between capable of modes and fashions in sculptured masses of sea and cloud. From it you face the temple, looking along an avenue of ancient trees

so thickly set that their interlaced branches cast a cool greenish gloom, very grateful in the summer time. Flanking it are low buildings that serve as storehouses and sleeping quarters for the priests. The sun strikes through the trees

and burns upon the old red walls of the pavilions, and the freshly painted patterns under the overhanging eaves glow richly in reflected light: turquoise blues and emerald greens, purples, and reds, and yellows. There are small golden roofed kiosks, and sacrificial burners of a bronze no longer cast. The noises of the city do not enter here.

A gentle, courteous old priest with hairless, ascetic face material

from the shadows to attend you; he is unobtrusive and detached in robes of gray and black. There is no statue in the shrine: it is the High Place of an idea. Tablets, richly engraved, hang above the altar, publishing the virtues of the Sage,

and the gray ash of joss sticks in the incense burner testifies to the devotion of many worshipers. The thing is wholly of the spirit. You need know nothing of Confucius, nothing of China, to realize that here is peace made visible; here is tranquillity; here are a balance and a symmetry removed from striving; the conception of minds that have, after mature thought, settled their problems.

The Temple of Heaven.

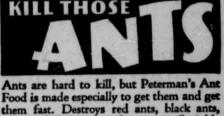
Very different is the Temple of Heaven, out to the south in the Chinese City. It stands most fiercely in the sun, its walls enclosing a park larger than the Forbidden City. You go up from the highway along a broad avenue, mounting by a ramp to the center of a terraced line of pavilions. To the north is the round Hall of the Happy Year, its brilliant blue tiles and triple-roofed silhouette one of the distinctive things on the

Peiping skyline. Turning your back upon it, you walk south, through open pavilions and successive archways, to a stark altar of white carved marble, approached between winged columns. The altar consists of three round terraces, set one upon another, the top one smallest. The steps that ascend to it are in groups of nine, the mystical number; and the flagstones of the pavement are laid in concentric patterns in multiples of nine. And the roof of that altar is the vault of heaven.

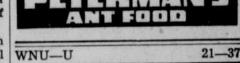
Here the Emperor came to offer the Great Sacrifice on the day of the winter solstice, to render his Imperial Ancestors an account of his guidance for his people through the

Architecture aims at eternity; and therefore is the only thing in-

its principles. - Sir Christopher Wren.



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Friendship

True friendships are very rarely found in those who are occupied in the pursuit of honors and public affairs .- Cicero.

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