

CHAPTER X—Continued -12-

Weak misery blotted out all other emotions and she turned desperate- in surprise. ly toward the duty of the minute, the fastening of trimmings on the rection of the Morrison house. tree that stood in lone cold state in the downstairs drawing room.

It was cold in the drawing room; Victoria worked in a sweater: left casting about for something to say. half the trimming undone. There was no heart in it today. Christmas had always been a wildly festwhen Quentin and Vicky and Gwen had all been ill. it would be no never seem Christmas again.

"Oh, my God!" Vicky said, standing still in the middle of the room, he is with the children," Magda putting her hands that were sore argued. from wires and string and tinsel, that were cold and dirty, tightly over her eyes. "My God, what shall she said in a whisper. "What have I do!"

Well, and what had to be done now? With the rest of the tree's trimming Nurse must help; it was room. Victoria went out to the kitchen and asked Claus, the old German gardener, who was brewing himself some coffee on the laundry grimly. stove, to look at the drawing-room radiators. Company tomorrow.

Then upstairs again to find beds made, and the children dressed and circulating about with their usual uproarious activity. Bricks, crayons, railway trains, and blackboards were all in evidence. The question of stockings arose; when were they going to hang the stockings?

"The holes of the nails we had last year are all here!" Susan said at the hearth.

"Mother," the gentle twin said,

said mildly. Victoria looked up

quickly. "You know why?" she demanded

"I suppose so," Magda said retoward the wrapping and tying of luctantly and uncomfortably. She presents, the heaping of bundles, jerked her head in the general di-"Don't take it so seriously, Vic!"

her mother urged, after a silence in which she had obviously been

"Seriously!" Vicky blew her nose, wiped her eyes, spoke in a calmer and quite determined voice. "I'm ive time in the Hardisty family- not going to make any fuss," she even the dreadful first Christmas said. "But if that's what Quentin wants, I won't stand in his way.' "Oh, but you can't ever be sure. such holiday tomorrow. It would Quentin doesn't seem to me like a man who'd go very far in anything like that. Look at the lovely way

"I know." Vic's eyes watered.

"That's what makes it so ghastly," you seen, Mother?" she asked, after a pause.

"Oh, well, that he liked her," Magda answered somewhat cautoo much to do alone in this cold tiously. "And certainly that she was after him!" she added with more confidence.

"Well, she's got him!" Vicky said

"Vicky," her mother presently began placatingly, in real uneasiness, "you wouldn't break up a home like this just because Quentin happened to look at another woman?'

"What else can a woman do when everything she's ever loved and trusted-" Vicky stopped abruptly, choked by the tears that rose in her throat. "After all, one has some pride!" she added, in a lower tone. "Oh, it's all so horrible," she said excitedly, in interested investigation bitterly, half aloud. "It's all such a nightmare!"

"She'd marry him, like a shot," at her knee, "if we hanged them Magda predicted. "She'd get a dinow might they be filled by sup- vorce and a big settlement from Spencer Morrison, and then she'd

and in a few weeks he forgot all woman will always have something

about it," Magda said. "I haven't any doubt he did." "But now his wife gets a divorce, and then he has to marry the other woman, and she's Mrs. Joe Jones, hotly, triumphantly, or whatever it is, and she's won

out." "Not always," Vicky said. "The man is apt to find that he didn't want her quite as much as he thought he did."

reminded her.

to score today.

always won out."

always was."

only for one more word:

Christmas!' "

said, in an undertone.

"I've al./ays thought-and I've

"Ugh!"

own child, nursed him when he was

put up with his setting up a-a

mistress, and shaming her and

wronging her, and wronging his own

children, too? And then when he's

tired." Victoria rushed on, warming

"Oh, the man usually is stung, then," Magda agreed. "I know one fellow in New York-terribly nice chap," she further expanded it, who's paying three alimonies. It to marry a dear friend of mine, Pearl Ashburnley . . . Victoria was not listening.

"Quentin may wreck my life," she said. "But I wonder how he'll

feel when he discovers that he's wrecked his own, lost his children, made himself ridiculous-" She paused.

"As far as the children go, if a man is successful and makes ill, worried over his bills and his money," Magda said, "they pretty diet for seven years-you don't soon find good reasons for getting think that that woman can calmly back to him. He takes one to Europe, or he gives another a carthey don't take sides. You never resented anything I did, poor kid!" "Yes, but that was my mother!"

"I know. But I was the one who to her subject, "and comes home got out-I threw Keith Herrendeen calmly, she is to forgive him, and over. You know. Vic, it's an awful make a fuss over him again! Well, mistake to bring children into a perhaps there are women who quarrel, because they don't under- could do it, but I'm not one of stand and it just scares them." them!"

"I certainly wouldn't bring them into this!" Victoria protested almost indignantly.

"Well, I didn't suppose you would. All you tell 'em is that Daddy is going to be away for a while, and that you feel happy about it." "Oh, my God," Victoria prayed,

in an agonized whisper, as the full

sense of her own helplessness and you mean!" of the desperate nature of the situation strengthened in her heart. Daddy going to be away for a while -no Quentin to come into her room from the dressing room in the early morning, when spring light was as kind, or whatever he was, as widening over the wet garden, and



THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

for a man that his wife hasn't got Queerness in "Yes, and a strange man something for a woman!" Vicky put in All of Us "So that if I wanted to run around with-well, say Dr. Bledsoe, Quentin would presumably wait for me,

and bear everything, and then for-**DR. JAMES W. BARTON** get it as if it had never been?" @ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service. "But you're not that sort," Magda

PSYCHOLOGIST sent a "I should hope I'm not!" Victoria exclaimed, again with an air 1 L list of questions to be anof scoring in the argument. But swered to a certain number strangely enough, against this mothkeeps him broke, poor kid. He wants er of hers who had known so many of men requesting them to worthless men in so many dis- tell all the "queer" things creditable ways, and who so rarely about their wives. He got argued, or indeed said anything conpractically all his lists back siderable at all, she could not seem with the questions fully an-"You don't think, Mother," Vic swered.

asked quietly, "that any woman He sent to the same number of who had borne a man children, wives a list of questions regarding the queer things spent years of care and love on his

about their husbands. The replies from the wives were "profuse and enthusiastic."

He then sent a list to the husbands asking them to write down the queer things about themselves, and received practically no re-

plies. The list sent Dr. Barton to the wives asking

about themselves was likewise practically unanswered.

You and I know, as did the psychologist also, that we really magnify the "queernesses" or the faults in others, and belittle or even fail to see the queernesses or faults in

Look at Ourselves,

'Well, in a way, I suppose. And Now for most of us it does us as I say, Vicky, it may go on for good to take a look at ourselves years. Three years, four yearsphysically. Are we getting too but then the break comes. Her heavy? Are we sitting, standing or husband-and he's just as good, or walking in the erect position? Are we getting enough sleep? Are we ever-comes back. Unless she's said working too hard? Are we playing something he can't forget, or done enough or too much? Are we putsomething radical, he comes back. ting into life and taking out of it all Then it's the other woman's turn we should if we have good health to worry-the wife is holding thirand a good average mind? Do we teen trumps. She's got his chilget along well with other people? dren, his home, she's gentle and I believe this little look at and kind and respectable, just as she into ourselves-introspection-look-

ing at our very thoughts and why "I'd never respect myself again we think and do things, will make if I countenanced-encouraged that sort of thing!" Vicky exclaimed. us better men and women, better neighbors, and better citizens.

However to the individual who is "Oh, men don't care whether you encourage them or not, so long as already looking at and into himself you don't cry and fuss." Magda practically all the time, his thoughts observed, with her irritating power should be directed away from himof making a point while not try- self, to the outside world, to the ing to do anything of the sort. "The great life of which we all form a minute a man leaves you, what you part.



Clothes That Look the Part

answer so easy.

Any Time After 8:30.

The romantic fashion at the left will make memorable occasions of your summer parties as only a lovely appearance can. Its two pieces are young, cool and streamlined. For the Miss whose interest centers about matinee goings-on, there's a dashing shorter style-it differs only in length, and

either will be picturesque in marquisette, dimity, or organdie.

A Tip for Tea Time. When you're keeping up with

the Joneses, wear this stylish all occasion dress. It will do great things for you socially, and, figuratively speaking, it will cut inches from those high spots and make you feel pounds lighter. Think of what that means to chic and comfort when things get hot out your way. Dark sheer crepe

all around the clock dress to flat- , to launder. Why not make a carter your every move and moment? bon copy for the morning after? It's a personal question but one Remember summer chic depends you'll surely want to toy with upon the company your wardrobe since Sew-Your-Own makes the keeps. Be sure it's amply supplied with cool convenient Sew-Your-Owns!

The Patterns.

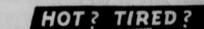
Pattern 1291 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 6 yards of 35 or 39 inch material. Size 14, walking length, requires 5½ yards.

Pattern 1847 is designed in sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 434 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1279 is designed in sizes 32 to 46. Size 34 requires 41/4 yards of 35 inch material. Ribbon

for belt requires 1 yard. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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them to put down the queer things "No, I didn't say that there were women who could do it," Magda observed mildly, in the pause, as Vicky sat back defiantly and sipped her tea, bridling, breathing hard, faintly shaking her head. "I just said that if a woman could do it she ourselves.

"Won the other woman's leavings,

"Oh, no, darling, because Christmas isn't until tomorrow!"

The nursery door opened; Gita shyly insinuated herself into the room, closed the door again.

"Amah's sick, and M'ma said I could come over," she said. Victoria's face paled, but there

was no one to see. "Come in, Gita. Better close it,

dear, because Madeleine's getting all tening. ready for her bath-aren't you, my sweetheart?" She rubbed her face gently against Madeleine's little fluffy head and felt the tears, hot and happens all the time." hurtful, in her eyes again and the agony of despair in her heart.

At noon Quentin telephoned.

"That you, Vicky? Vic, will you look in the pocket of my coat-the for it if you find it-"

"Just a minute, Quentin." It was longer only Victoria Hardisty. In aren't enough." a moment she was back. "It's here. Want Claus to bring it in?"

you've no car?"

"I don't need it. I'm not going out. I was downtown this morning."

"Everything all right?"

A pause. Then Vicky said heavily:

"I guess so."

"Well, don't get too tired. I'll be home early."

Vicky put down the telephone, stood up, and somehow moved blindly toward her bed. In another moment she was flung upon it, in a passion of tears. To have to end all this-to have to end the happy years when she had felt so sure that she and the children were scowl between her heavy brows. enough-to have next Christmas day dawn on a nursery to which Daddy | a wife who felt that way?" was a stranger . . .

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Magda asked, alate in the afternoon, when Vicky, from sheer inability to do anything more was lying idle harder for 'em!" Magda presently on the couch near the fire in the observed, as if .hinking aloud. upstairs sitting room.

"Matter?" Vicky responded brightly. "Too much Christmas!"

"Yes, but it isn't that," she said. after a pause. "You were crying this morning. What's the matter?" Vicky turned raised eyebrows to-

broke, and looked at the fire, biting er women wouldn't speak to her, her lip. "What is it?" persisted Magda.

"It's nothing-really." A silence. The older woman

shrugged. "All right," Magda said then.

"It's nothing." "It's only," Vicky began deliber-

divorced."

en looked back at the fire. "Feel that way about it?" Magda

marry Quentin." "She can," Vicky said, trembling. "She knows Quentin is going to be the biggest of them all," Magda

went on. "How old is he, Vic?" "Forty-five-nearly forty-five." "Ah, well," Magda said, "that's the time they get them!"

Victoria did not question this cryptic comment; she was not lis-

"It's like a death." Vicky said. 'It's worse than a death!"

"Oh, Lord, no, it isn't, Vic. It

"But it never seemed as if it would happen to me." Vicky fell into brooding thought. "It ends everything-everything that I ever built into my life," she said. "And gray coat-and see if there's a lit- perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps men tle black book there? I'll send down like the sort of women who go right on in marriage and have their own affairs! Perhaps a home and chilthe doctor's wife talking; it was no dren and a woman who loves him

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" Magda said soothingly. But something in "Well, but won't that mean that her completely false tone made Vicky laugh suddenly.

"But you think that, don't you, Mother?" she asked, looking up, her haggard cheeks suddenly scarlet.

"Well, yes-and no," Magda said. pondering. "I think most men would like a mother-wife and a-a showoff wife," she formulated it slowly. "They love home first, and to find a big steak ready, and a fire, and kids all washed and fresh and ready to be shushed off to bed, and someone to love them in a quiet sort of way. And then they like another

woman to flatter them, and meet them places, and be admired." Vicky considered this, a faint

"And what would a man think of

"Oh, well, you can't go by that, Vicky!" Magda assured her hastily.

"No, you can't go by anything." Vicky lifelessly agreed. "In the old days, you see, it was

"Harder for wives?" "No, harder for the other wom-

en.' "How d'you mean harder?" "Well, before there was so much divorce," Magda offered simply. "A woman had to be a man's mistress

and the man himself got pretty sick of it after a while. Then he came

back to his wife." "If she was a spineless fool," supplied Vicky.

"She didn't have much choice. That's the way things were."

"That isn't the way things are ately, in a thick voice that cleared now! Women have changed all that, as she went on-"it's only that I at least. God knows it's not fair, they do, and get away with it! But Their eyes met fully; both wom- at least a woman doesn't have to make a doormat of herself!"



"But Mind You, I'm Not Advising You."

a wood fire was snapping! No tired been thinking it especially lately," doctor for whom to call at the office so proudly, so lovingly, in the late she said, "that of all the girls I ever afternoons, and drive home to knew you were the one to try the long way-I mean stick to your warmth and fire and heartening dinner. No picnic on the scimitar guns, and not let what anyone does ful to a great many individuals shore of Half Moon Bay, with make you anything but what you Quentin's big figure recumbent and are. But mind you, I'm not advisasleep on the sand, and small ing you. You were smarter when forms, barelegged to the hip, dig- you were worn than I'll ever be." ging and running in the level warm rush of waves!

"'Feel happy about it!'" she echoed bitterly. And in despair she | er's face to the maid's face. But added: "I shall never feel happy her thoughts were still upon what again! There's nothing I can do. Whatever I do is wrong!" "People get over divorce," Mag-

da siad. "I never will." "Funny thing," Magda mused, as her daughter's bitter laugh died away into silence and the room was

still. "If a woman-I mean the wife, toward her mother. Magda now-could only keep her mouth shrugged. shut and wait, she'd win out every time."

"You mean kiss a man, and be kind to him, and keep his house comfortable, and let him go off to the other woman whenever he likes?" Victoria asked, in a proud, quick voice.

"Yep. About that." "You mean knowing that he was

unfaithful, knowing that he despised her and wanted to get away from her, knowing that another woman was reveling in his compliments and presents-in the love that belonged to her, to keep it up for weeks-" The indignant summary halted; Victoria, her cheeks scar-

mother. "Weeks!" Magda echoed. "Months, anyway. Years, maybe." a brief and mirthless laugh she ward her in innocent surprise; then, and that wasn't so good. Oth- plunged her head into her hands swallowed than a flap-dragon"; me laugh," she muttered scornfully.

"You see, she wants something that you've got," Magda offered beth" (act ii, sc. 4, 1. 38): "Lest our mildly.

"Well, she can have it!" "So that it's a sort of compliment, in a way. You have to look at it like that, Vic. You've got to-well, face the facts. Quentin is a terribly attractive fellow. Women like think Quentin and I are going to be even now, that men can do what him, and he's always going to be around them-that's part of being dicta, the adage, "Easier said than a doctor. Don't be a fool about it done," is still correct, and may justand run your head into the sand like | ly be used as well as, "More easily

"In the old days she forgave him, a giraffe or whatever it is. A strange said than done."-Literary Digest

think doesn't matter to him any Thus the individual whose thoughts more. They can walk right out on are busy all day long and much of

things, Vic. Women can't, quite. If the night-thinking, worryingyou make all this easy for Quenshould remember that his body and tin, he'll think you're a good little brain are like the battery in his car. sport, but he won't care whether The battery before it gets completeyou do it by divorce or by just being ly run down is removed from the car at times and recharged. This Stupefied by this philosophy, and recharging brings it up again. Simi-

by the blankness and darkness of larly the brain—in a sense— should her thoughts, Victoria was still starbe removed from the body by sleep ing at her mother dully, her brow or rest, so that the brain itself and knitted, when Anna came in to anall the body processes it directs can nounce a caller. Magda had time get renewed or recharged.

> . . . Long Fast May Be Dangerous. There isn't any question but that

a fast day-doing without food for an entire 24 hours-would be helpwhether or not they are overweight.

If you are in good health and wish to try a day of fasting, at regular or irregular intervals, drinking a lit-Vicky dragged her eyes, eyes into tle water to prevent too much loss of water from the tissues and takwhose mutinous light a new look suddenly had come, from her mothing a little baking soda-a half teaspoonful a couple of times during the day-or the juice of an orange, Magda had said, and she had to either of which will help prevent have the message repeated.

acidosis, the fast day should do you "Did you say someone was here?" no harm; in fact, may be helpful. "Mrs. Morrison, madam. She And for the overweight a fast day

says she just wants to say 'Merry once a week or three times in two weeks should be one simple way Vicky's color, under the glow of of getting rid of some surplus fat, the fire, faded a little. She turned because if no food is eaten the body

must have a definite amount of food to keep itself going and so uses "Say you're not at home," Magda some of the surplus fat on the body for this purpose.

Dr. Thomas Addis, L. J. Poo, and W. Lew, in the Journal of Biological Chemistry, tell of their experiments on two large groups of albino rats, of similar age, sex, and body weight; one group was used immediately as a "control" (normal condition, not fasting) and the second group was analyzed after a fast of seven days, during which only water was given. may be, but as far back as 1564

The total protein of the entire occurs the sentence, "This thyng is body and most of the organs showed easyer saide of you, then prouved." a decrease after this week of fast-Proverbs, like idioms, have a way ing. The liver lost 40 per cent of its of confuting the grammarians. let, was looking a challenge at her Easy, easier, and easiest have been protein, the stomach and intestines used as adverbs since early times. 28 per cent, the kidneys, heart and A number of such usages are to be blood each about 20 per cent, the found in Shakespeare alone; for in- muscle, skin and skeleton together "Years!" Vicky echoed. And with stance: "Love's Labour's Lost" (act 8 per cent, and the brain 5 per cent. v, sc. 1, 1. 45): "Thou art easier This striking loss of protein from the liver due to fasting shows that and rumpled her hair. "You make "Merchant of Venice" (act i, sc. 2, during fasting, in addition to giv-1. 17): "I can easier teach twenty ing up any sugar and fat stored up what were good to be done"; "Macwithin it, the liver gives up a great amount of the material from which old robes sit easier than our new." it is built or constructed.

Among other adverbial users are: The point then for those who are Spenser, Tucker, Byron, Smiles, in good health and normal weight Steele, Keats, and Mrs. Stowe. Some is that a fast of a day or two once grammarians now condemn the use in a while can do no harm. But a of easy as an adverb. One wonders longer period than one or two days why when our literature is so full may be harmful because of the of such usages; but despite their amount of "structural" materialthe material holding the liver together-that is given up by the liver just to keep the body processes going.

the material that lends to charm to this creation. Fore and Aft.

Easy to sew and always ready to go is this new spectator frock for young women and those who want to turn back the clock. With this number handy there's no need to pause for reflection about what to wear. And that holds good whether you're bound for sports, business, or society. It is becoming as a sun tan, as simple to sew tell him. as a dress can be, and a cinch

Household @

Questions

Boiling Sirup-If the saucepan

is well buttered around the top

sirup that is being boiled in it will

not boil over the top of the pan.



He Senses Need Your dearest friend asks you if you are in need before you can



Ants are hard to kill, but Peterman's Ant Food is made especially to get them and get them fast. Destroys red ants, black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along windows, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢, 35¢ and 60¢ at your druggist's.

Literature

proper words in proper places.

Style in literature consists of

Brightening Piano Keys-Dis-1 . colored piano keys can be brightened by rubbing with a soft cloth ANT FOOD dampened with alcohol.

Keeping Flowers Fresh-A couple tablespoons of sulfurous (not sulphuric) acid added to each pint of water encourages buds of cut flowers to continue growing and

leaves and stems remain greener. . . . Custard Sauce-One and onehalf cups scalded milk, one-eighth

teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, yolks of two eggs. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding gradually the hot milk. Cook in double boiler till mixture thickens, chill and flavor.

. . . Cleaning Rubber Rollers-The rubber wringers on washing machines can be kept clean by washing with kerosene. * * *

Tinting Milk-When small children refuse to drink their daily milk requirements, try tinting the milk with vegetable coloring.

Cooking Rhubarb-Rhubarb is disliked by some people because of its acidity. But this can be considerably reduced if the fruit is covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then strained before being stewed in the ordinary way. This method is only recommended to anybody who dislikes ordinary stewed rhubarb, as the healthful salts are lost when the fruit is cooked twice. . . .

For Blacking Stoves-An old shoe polish dauber is an excellent tool for blacking stoves.

Storing Tea and Coffee-Home supplies of tea and coffee will keep their flavor longer if stored in stone jars. WNU Service.

BLACK LEAF 40 Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc ^oUse 1½ Tea

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Counteracting Fear Knowledge is the antidote to

fear.-Emerson. WNU-U 24-37

Sentinels Health of

Don't Neglect Them!

Don't Neglect Them I 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 *diself*—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 dis-tress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, pufiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diurctic medicine to help the kidneys out rid of excess poisonous body waste.

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.



Easy, Easier, Easily

(TO BE CONTINUED) Records do not show how old the adage, "Easier said than done."

But an odd determined light had come into Vicky's eyes, and after a hesitant moment she told Anna simply to ask Mrs. Morrison to come upstairs. A few seconds later Serena came in.

