

BEAUTEY'S DAUGHTER



By Kathleen Norris

Victoria Herrenden, a vivacious little girl, had been too young to feel the shock that came when her father, Keith Herrenden, 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." Later that night Victoria is grief-stricken when she hears her parents quarrel. The Herrendens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrel frequently. Magda receives flowers and a diamond from Ferd's mother, 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 Ferd rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferd's drinking and attentions to other women. Vic dislikes him but for her mother's sake is nice to him. When her mother and stepfather return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferd's unbecoming attentions to her. Magda returns and tells Vic she and Ferd have separated. Meanwhile Keith has remarried. Magda has fallen in love with Lucius Farmer, a married artist. While she and Vic prepare for a trip to Europe, Ferd takes a suite in their hotel.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER IV—Continued
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"Oh, how do you know, Vicky darling?"

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later that she made a first attack upon Victoria's confidence. "You're so perfectly charming with the children that I shan't feel quite happy until you're in a fair way to have a few of your own," she said.

"Not ill!" Vic smiled, shaking her head.

"You don't mean that. No girl means that!"

"Most girls don't, I assure you. But I do. I've had a queer education along those lines. Victoria added, half to herself.

"You mean your mother's life?"

"Not only Mother. But all her crowd, all women who make love, passion, so important, who persuade you, or almost persuade you, that it is right to go against your heart goes. It's all so artless."

"You ought to set your cap for Quentinn, Vic. He's as completely disillusioned as you are."

"Dr. Hardisty?"

"Certainly he is. In his heart he despises women. He thinks—Johnny tells me that he thinks that they're all alike—weak and selfish and ready to break up anything or anybody's life for a little pleasure."

"Did he tell Dr. Keats that?"

"That's the impression he always gives."

"That amazes me," Victoria said, "because if ever any man had his way with women it is Dr. Quentinn Hardisty!"

"Yes, but it doesn't mean anything, Vic."

"You knew his first wife?"

"Very well. I'd left her—rather she'd left me downtown about ten minutes before she was killed. She was driving her own car—she drove like a crazy woman, everything she did was wild, and she had this crash. They got her to the hospital and poor little Gwen was born an hour later. Quentinn's wife was a terrible girl—rich and spoiled and—oh, I don't know, flighty. He's never been very happy, poor boy!—There's Johnny at door now, Vicky," she broke off to say, "Ah, and Quentinn with him—come in both of you—are you frozen, have you had anything to eat?"

"We're starving!" Dr. Hardisty, shedding outer garments in the hall, said in his deep voice. "Vicky'll go get us some eggs, won't you, Vicky?"

"Better than that," Victoria said. "We've put it aside—we expected this."

She went away and presently, when a maid had preceded her with a card table and silver and glasses, returned with a laden tray.

"You looked very charming with that baby in your arms," he said abruptly. Victoria and he were alone now; the men had had their supper; the fire had burned down to embers.

"You put his head in the door, said, 'Miss Rockwood' and vanished. The hospital day had begun."

"Vicky, tell me, do you like Dr. Hardisty?" Louise Mary Keating asked interestedly, a few days later.

"Very much," Vicky said abstractly.

"Vicky, I'll bet you're in love with him! They say every woman he meets is in love with him. Miss Keating bit into a chocolate; looked at it frowning thoughtfully. 'I oughtn't to touch these,' she said.

"I'll bet Vic wants to give up the Keats kid," Helen Geer observed, watching her. "You won't see Dr. Hardisty any more now after tonight, Vic."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I will," Vicky said, beginning to smear her face with cold cream, after tying a towel over her tawny hair. "When little Kate Keats goes home I go with her. I've been there before, you know, and Mrs. Keats asked me yesterday to come back. Her mother isn't very well, and if she goes away with the doctor she always leaves a nurse with the children."

"And then will you see Dr. Hardisty every day, Vic?"

"Not every day. But they're great friends. A lot of good it will do me to fall in love with Quentinn Hardisty," Victoria went on practically. "He doesn't know I exist."

The Keats home stood out on Pacific avenue with the long lines of the Presidio eucalyptus trees and the Golden Gate below the drawing room's northeast windows, and a sweeping view of the bay and the mountains that framed the bay from the upper floors.

Victoria liked the atmosphere of the house; she said it reminded her of a book.

Victoria, who had gone to them from the hospital as Kate's nurse, had been kept on after Kate's recovery because of Duna's scarlet fever, and after that because of the feeble age of Mrs. Chauncey Clements, the children's English grandmother. Gently, agreeably, without any unpleasantness, Granny was dying. Victoria had a small room next to the old woman's luxurious one on the first bedroom floor, and the easy task of watching her dignified departure from a life in which she had behaved for eighty years with admirable decorum. The violet Keats was in her early forties; her husband perhaps ten years older. She adored the small, blinking man with his fluffy gray mop "as only an English gentleman can adore a man," Vic told Catherine.

"We're dining alone, Victoria, you and I," Mrs. Keats said one day, in her crisp, brisk way. "I want to talk to you."

It was when they were seated at the little table downstairs at hour

"You think so?" He asked, her face red.

"I do." Quite suddenly, quite simply his arm was about her and, for the first time in her life, a man kissed her on the lips. "There!" he said and laughed. In another instant he was gone.

"Seriously, and all this teasing aside, would you come over to the shack for Saturday and Sunday?" he asked her a few weeks later.

Instantly she knew now that she ought to say no. But the temptation to his was strong. For, after all, his was the most fascinating and popular figure in San Francisco's social circle at the time, and weekend invitations to the shabby little cabin in Mill Valley were eagerly sought.

Mill Valley would be thrilling! After Quentinn had shown that he regretted his craziness, and when he was in one of his nice, simple moods she liked him quite as much as she detested him in his other ones.

All this flashed through her mind as she hesitated over the invitation, smiling.

"You said I would, you know, and I will," he told him, simply.

"And I think you're a sport!" he answered, in his pleasant manner. "I'll be rough, you know."

"I can be very rough. Only I don't go in for cocktails and staying up dancing to the radio until morning," she began.

"Nothing like that. Rough means that I have only one Chinese boy there and he doesn't know much about cooking, and that the chief entertainment will be a long climb up the mountain on Sunday."

"And can the beautiful Mrs. Pool go in for all that?"

"The beautiful Mrs. Pool will not be there. This will be a very simple party. Just four of us."

"I sounds good. Who's going along to protect my youth and innocence?" Victoria smiled.

"Do you think Chase and Dora Ugham might manage it?"

"They might."

"I'll pick you up at four o'clock on Saturday, then. Bring comfortable shoes. Just four of us."

At four o'clock Saturday they drove to the ferry and were carried, motorcar and all, across the flowing gray waters of the bay. There was fog on the bay, and Tamalpais was wreathed in fog; but down in the valley a misty sunlight was shining.

Up through a shady tunnel of redwood alders, down road rose above the Cascades and mounted the great stony flank of the mountain. On a spur of the mountain, boldly westward, a massive, bold, westward school of experience, it was well said that the tuition of that school is high, but the lessons are very low. Now he stands before the king to interpret a double dream, sent as a warning to the nation. The wise men who knew not the true God had vainly sought to answer the king's questions. Joseph sets them straight and guidance from God, and speaks wise words because taught of him. Would that all those who stand as counsellors before kings and presidents in our day would listen for the voice of God before they speak.

II. Believe Men—Spiritual, Discreet, and Wise (vv. 37-39).

Pharaoh recognized that the Spirit of God was in Joseph. That is a great testimony for Joseph, and for the same time it reflects credit upon the king. Who can say what would be the result if our government officials were chosen for their spirituality?

Spirituality is not the only qualification, however, for such service. The Christian who expects men to favor him because he is a Christian, even though he be careless and incompetent, finds no comfort in the study of Joseph. He was discreet and wise. The follower of Christ should distinguish himself by diligent and intelligent application of all his powers to his work. Then men will honor both him and his God.

III. In Service—Responsible and Powerful (vv. 40-44).

He who had humbled himself under the mighty hand of God was exalted in due time. (See I Peter 5:6.) Joseph was willing to abide God's time, and did not run ahead of him as did his father, Jacob.

The record shows that he used his place of honor and privilege to perform a difficult and arduous task and to do it well. Right-spirited men do not glory in position or power, but use the opportunity to give themselves in sacrificial service to God and their fellow-men. Some have aptly said that a politician is one who has his eye on the next election while a statesman has his eye on the next generation and his welfare. God give us more statesmen!

A Strong Arm

Give me the pure heart, O Lord. The presence near me. Give me the clear mind that understands. Give me the stainless soul that shall return to Thee fearless when my time shall come. And give me the strong arm to defend, with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, the glory of Thy kingdom.

Advantages of Tact

Without tact you can learn nothing. Tact reaches you when to be silent. Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything.—Disraeli.

Improved Uniform SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for June 6

JOSEPH'S READINESS FOR SERVICE

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 41:33-44. GOLDEN TEXT—Seeest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings. Proverbs 22:28. PRIMARY TOPIC—Joseph's Brand. JUNIOR TOPIC—Joseph Goes Before the King. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Ready to Serve. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Preparation for Public Service.

Public service—that position of opportunity and responsibility—merits far better treatment than is commonly accorded to it, for we know only too well how often it is nothing but a political football carried hither and yon as the dictates of partisan purposes may indicate. Scripture holds a very exalted view of the public servant. Paul tells us to "be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God" (Rom. 13:1). The Bible clearly teaches that every governmental agency and every public servant from the policeman on the beat to the President in the White House, is only permitted to exercise authority over his fellowmen because God has ordained that there should be such government. Clear it is that every right-thinking official of state and nation should be humble, teachable, discreet, and wise in the exercise of his power, and God-fearing in the discharge of his responsibility.

Joseph, the one in the procession of the patriarchs of Genesis who passes before us in this lesson to-day is interesting from many angles. His personal history is charmingly written and a model of appealing biography. He is a marvelous type of Christ, and one could devote hours to such a study of his life. But our lesson subject presents him as one ready for public service, and we may well profit by the lesson. He is an example of what men who serve their country should be.

I. Before God—Humble and Teachable (vv. 33-36).

The background of our lesson is found in the four preceding chapters. Joseph, the boy with dreams and aspirations, has learned obedience, humility, purity, and many other things. He is a hard worker of experience. It has been said that the tuition of that school is high, but the lessons are very low.

Dressed for the Occasion



HI THERE, Mrs. Astorbilt, where are you going in that lovely summer gown?"

"Not very far, Miss Junior Deb, just down to the store to buy material for a play suit like yours."

"Well, Ma-mah, if you must copy my style, you couldn't find a better model because these shorts really fit, and the whole thing is a tailored job."

A Stylist Speaks.

"May I as Susie Sew-Your-Own interrupt you two with the latest word from my class in dress design? You, Sis, are a pre-vice of Miss America in proper sports wear while Ma-mah is modern to the minute with her raised waistline and laced bodice. I, in this morning frock, have what the book calls classic simplicity. Be that as it may, I couldn't get along without it, because it's so cool and comfortable."

Everybody's Happy.

"Thanks for the approval, Susie. Your clever dress would be a bright spot in anybody's kitchen, and now that you've got the swing of this sewing business there will be no stopping you. But even so, I must admit I'm a prodd mother. You can get just as far as you like with this new hobby."

"Gee, Ma-mah, isn't it swell to be on such friendly terms with Fashion? I think good old Sew-Your-Own deserves most of the

credit for arranging the introduction. Spring means so much more when one's clothes look the part."

"You're quite right, dear, but now let's run along. We have work to do."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1270 comes in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1272 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. 2 1/4 yards of ribbon are required for the tie belt.

Pattern 1304 is for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1029, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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FOR CUTS MOROLINE

Choose that which is best and custom will make it most agreeable.—Scott.

Prize-winning Recipes of the South

DOUBLE-FRUIT SHORTCAKE

Mrs. L. A. Norwood, Chasa City, Va.

Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 4 tps. baking powder, 3/4 tsp. salt, 1 tbs. sugar together. Cut in 1/2 cup lard Special-Blend Shortening. Add 1 egg, beaten, and 3/4 cup milk and mix until soft dough is formed. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) in two layers. Fill and top with 3 cups strawberries, and 1 cup crushed pineapple (or sliced bananas), 1 cup sugar. Top with whipped cream. Adv.

Choose that which is best and custom will make it most agreeable.—Scott.

Constipated 30 Years

"For thirty years I had stubborn constipation. Sometimes I did not go for four or five days. I had awful gas bloating, headaches and pains in the back. Adierika helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, etc. anything I want and never feel better. I sleep soundly all night and enjoy life."

—Mrs. Mabel Schott.

If you are suffering from constipation, sleeplessness, sore stomach, and gas bloating, there is quick relief for you in Adierika. Many report action in thirty minutes after taking just one dose. Adierika gives complete action, clearing your bowels tract where ordinary laxatives do not even reach.

Dr. L. S. Shores, Pasadena, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierika checks the growth of intestinal bacteria and colon bacilli."

Give your bowels a real cleansing with Adierika and see how good you feel. Just one spoonful relieves GAS and stubborn constipation. At all Leading Drugstores.

Heart's Silence

Not all the lip can speak is worth the silence of the heart.—Adams.

for WOMEN only

CARDUI is a special medicine for the relief of some of the suffering which results from a woman's weakened condition. It has been found to make monthly periods less disagreeable, and when its use has been kept up awhile, has helped many poorly nourished women to get more strength from their food. This medicine (pronounced "Card-uee") has been used and recommended by women for many, many years. Find out whether it will help you by giving it a fair trial. Of course, if not benefited, consult a physician.

Uncle Phil Says:

Beyond Their Power—

Our ancestors wrote wise rules for posterity, but could not provide a posterity wise enough to heed them.

A beautiful theory in government goes down before the onsets of human nature. Study men first, then make the laws for them.

Good society generally is good. Don't let the sneering outsiders fool you.

In the School of Experience—

Every day is the pupil of the day that has gone before it.

Some people we like, some we don't; but the most joyful triumph in life is to find that we like those we thought we didn't.

Any friend of yours "who is worth his weight in gold," as you express it, is worth more than that.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I had good times when I was small. I like the child I used to be.

Im sorry years keep piling up And separating him from me.

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