

# BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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## CHAPTER I

Victoria Herrenden came up from the beach with her sandy fingers tight in her father's hand. Those girls down there had been mean to her because she didn't understand the French they were jabbering with Mademoiselle, and they had laughed at her. When Dad had appeared, with his usual smile, wearing his old blue coat and the loose old white trousers Mother sometimes let him wear on a summer morning, he had looked to his daughter like an angel of light. Here was her unfailing friend and champion.

He came down from the San Francisco office when he could; not every week-end, but at least every other week-end, and when he was there Victoria had the companion she loved best in the world, and the best time any little girl ever had on a beach.

Dad was a chemist—whatever that was—and worked in a laboratory with a man named Butler, who was mean to him, and a lot of other men who were nice. Victoria knew about Butler because she had often heard her mother say, "Butler wouldn't put it over on me that way, Keith. I'd not stand it! I wonder what you do."

They loved each other dearly, she and her father. They were exquisitely happy together. While she waded, and he made a beach fire and scrambled eggs and boiled co-coa, they liked to plan dim future days in which they would live alone on a desert island and signal to the people on the shore for what they wanted.

She was an odd-looking child, not pretty yet, but too small to worry about looks herself. Her mother, however, was extremely concerned about them. She had just begun to realize that Victoria might be quite lovely some day—or striking, anyway, distinguished-looking—and was watching her keenly for signs of it; but Victoria did not know that. Mrs. Herrenden said to herself that if the child ever grew up to that big red mouth, and if the deep-set slate-gray eyes opened a little more, and if the thick straight tawny hair were cut and curled into a becoming shape, and the dark, freckled skin cleared, she would be all right. But the big teeth had to be straightened and the hair brushed.

Magda Herrenden might indulge in a little sigh about it, deep in her own soul. She was far too fond of Victoria, far too loyal to everyone she loved, her own small daughter included, to give the child any hint of it. Vicky's life must be happy, confident, free; she must never feel any inferiority or shyness.

Magda had had no trouble with her own beauty. It had been given her at about fifteen as a complete gift from the gods. It was flawless; it was only comparable to other perfect beauty.

But it was not anything tangible or even describable about her that made her lovely, nor the firm straight body with its wide shoulders and thin hips, nor the fine nervous hand and modeled arm. It was a glow, a fragrance, a light that seemed to emanate from her, and that was somehow in her voice too, and in the clothes she wore.

Victoria could not appreciate her beauty, even when new men were introduced to her and held her small sandy hand while they asked her the question all the other men had: "Do you know you have a very beautiful mother?"

She would look at her mother on these occasions and smile shyly, pleased, but a little puzzled, too. Was it so important?

Evidently it was very important. Anyway, for that reason or some other everyone did really make a great fuss about Mother. She laughed about it, but of course she liked it, too.

Victoria's mother always had flowers; men brought them when they came to tea, even in winter. The Herrendens did not have dinner parties themselves, because the

apartment was so small, but even if Mother did not have a maid at any other time she always was in touch with a nice colored girl or a clever Japanese woman or a young Chinese in purple and gold and blue, who came in to serve tea. And men—or more often a man—came then, and whoever he was, he brought flowers.

Orchids and gardenias, and great soft melting begonias in tones of peach and warm cream, and long-stemmed roses and sweet dark violets—these were always in Mother's rooms. She said that she would feel really poor without them, and Victoria suspected that Dad would do anything to keep Mother from feeling really poor.

He had confided to Victoria that they were poor, quite poor. He had been very rich once, and could give Mother those pearls, and furs, and everything she liked, and then she had had flowers—many more than these even, every day. And then



They Went Up the Path.

she had had a great big house to put them in, and servants to find vases for them. Mother had had a maid, and Dad a valet.

"And did you like that, Dad?" Victoria might ask.

But this had been in the old days when they had the big house with Ferdinand in the downstairs hall and the dumbwaiter and the chauffeur. These had faded away, somewhere around the time of her seventh birthday, and the big motorcars with them, and the Herrendens no longer went to great big hotels and lived in great big rooms with letters embroidered on the towels, and telegrams and flowers in yellow envelopes and big green boxes.

They moved to a small apartment, and Victoria discovered to her ecstasy that her own bedroom was right next to a similarly simple room where her mother and her father slept. Now she could go in her pajamas in the early morning and sit on their knees while they were in bed and talk to them. And now she was never lonely any more, for there was school and there was Dad every night.

He taught her how to cook; chocolate cornstarch custard and baked potatoes and apple sauce; it was all fun.

On this hot August Saturday, coming back from the beach with her sandy hand tight in his, she said: "Did Mother meet you?" "I don't think Mother knew I was coming."

"Oo, Dad," said Victoria, fearfully, "she likes you to let her know!"

"I know she does, darling, and I did. But when I left the station just now the telegraph man came out and said: 'Are you going over to Cutters?' and I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Here's a telegram then for some Mrs. Herrenden—the telephone wires are down.' And it looks like my telegram."

"Oh, yes, they are down," Victoria agreed eagerly, giving a skip

of sheer delight because it was summer, and Saturday morning, and almost time for lunch, and Dad was here. "I know because she tried to telephone Johnny last night."

"Johnny?" "The polo Johnny."

"Oh, yes — Mr. Kendrick. It sounded like one of your friends."

"You're my friend, Dad," Victoria said, kissing his hand.

They went up the path where the daisies and marigolds were stirring uneasily in the soft sea wind, and past the white gate that always looked as if it were washed and blown clean by the winds, and into the big wide-open porch door of the boarding house.

Her hand was still in his as they crossed the hall and entered her mother's room—an airy room, with flowers in it, and the good scent of the sea.

"Not here," said Keith Herrenden.

"She's playing golf, maybe."

"Well, what shall we do?"

Victoria, feeling a little uneasily apologetic for her mother's absence, regarded him hopefully.

"What would you like to do?"

"Let's have lunch first—then we can decide." So they went out to the Salisbury steaks and the corn muffins and the baked potatoes, and Victoria had two pieces of peach pie. "You'll get fat, Vic," her father said.

"Salt air," said Vic.

They went to a little tent circus that afternoon; all the children were going, and Victoria was enchanted.

The circus was wonderful, too, and Victoria was tired and blissful and quiet on the way home; but she did rouse up when she and her father went into their big room to find Mother there stretched out flat on the bed with the powder-blue tafeta cover over her, sleepy, delicious, affectionate.

"Oh, hello, you darlings," she said. She stretched a hand toward her husband, and he stooped over her for one of their quick kisses. "I knew you'd carried her off somewhere because the Kinsolvings' nurse came up here half an hour ago, she added, jerking her long lovely body over so that he could find a narrow ledge on which to sit. "Sit there, Keith. Did you have a nice time, Vicky?"

Victoria burst into a very delirium of reminiscence, but as she presently discovered, neither parent was listening to her. Her father took off his coat and vest and collar and began to walk back and forth between the bureau and the washstand; there was an old-fashioned washstand in an alcove, and he washed his face and hands there, combed his wet hair, found himself a fresh collar. Meanwhile there was a little idle talk between him and his wife, and Victoria had an uncomfortable familiar sense that something vaguely unpleasant was brewing.

"Nice down here?" "Perfect days; that is, except Tuesday. Member that Tuesday was windy and foggy, Vic?"

"It was cold in town," Keith Herrenden said, without waiting for Victoria's answer.

"So someone was saying," Mrs. Herrenden bunched her beautiful shining fingernails and looked at them thoughtfully. "Great doings here for the Harwoods—the newspaper people," she said.

"Tonight?" the man asked evenly, after a pause.

"Small party," his wife said lightly, and briefly. "Bride for Lady Cuthbertson. She's here on the Harwood yacht. They've all gone mad over her."

"You've got to go, I suppose?" A pause.

"You wouldn't, I suppose?" Another pause.

"No," Dad said briefly and quietly.

"I suppose not. But—being bridge?" Victoria's mother began hesitantly. She looked at his face as she spoke.

"You feel you have to go?"

"Well, Keith," his wife began, with an eloquent shrug, "you see, it's only two tables," she went on making a fresh start.

"That's all right," Keith Herrenden said heavily in a tone that belied his words.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## June Bridal Party in Summer Velvet

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SUMMER velvet is important fashion news for the bride-to-be who is seeking a radiantly beautiful and out of the ordinary material for the making of her own gown as well as those for her attendants.

No word picturing can do justice to this enchanting fabric, for the loveliness of summer velvet cannot be visualized by the mere telling. Unless you have seen summer velvet you are due for a surprise for it is not all-velvet by any means. Imagine, if you can, a sheer filmy mousseline de soie or chiffon or dainty organza background strewn with exquisitely delicate interwoven velvet designs or motifs, well that's summer velvet.

The idea of costuming the bride and her attendants in summer velvet becomes the more intriguing in that a most fascinating play on color is made possible for the velvet motifs can be any color you choose.

The scheme is worked out in this manner for the gowns pictured. White mousseline de soie patterned with tiny winged motifs of white velvet is used for the youthful wedding gown as here shown. The bride wears pearls and a diamond clip at the low V-shape décolletage. Her bouquet is the new idea—pale lavender orchids carried in a handle of carved crystal, forming a fan effect.

The matron of honor to the right in the picture also wears summer velvet—white mousseline de soie with green velvet motifs posed over a

matching green slip. The sash is of bands of matching green velvet and pale yellow. The hat, a new version of the poke bonnet, is in the same green shade with a huge bow and long streamers of wide green velvet ribbon. The matron of honor's bouquet is of palest yellow and white freesias. Her Aris gloves are white lace kid with delicate embroidery in gold thread. Emeralds are set in necklace and clip. White and yellow are worn by each of the other bridesmaids with jewelry tuned to correspond. These frocks can be worn all summer.

Completing the scheme for this summer wedding the bride's mother, pictured to the left, wears the same summer velvet fabric but in a patterning of delphinium blue bow-knots on a silk sheer with tiny flowers of delphinium, with a velvet sash of matching color. When the jacket is removed the dress has a low formal neckline. Her hat is a smart new tricorne of navy straw with tiny flowers of delphinium. The dainty corsage is of lilies of the valley in the center of which are a few delphinium blossoms.

For that "something different" look that brides covet for their wedding pageantry here are a few suggestions. If the bridesmaids have long streamers to their hats a clever touch is to snap one of the streamers about the right wrist under a bracelet bouquet. Then there is the idea of veils for the bridesmaids. These are of tulle in colors related to each costume. They are waist depth and fall gracefully about the shoulders.

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## SHORT DANCE FROCK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



When the new short-length dance frock first made its appearance it created quite a sensation. However, it did not take long for it to become a general favorite. The dress pictured is of lovely printed silk chiffon. It accents the slender waistline such as fashion demands—a return to the silhouettes of the long ago. The gown was worn by a prominent society debutante at "The Silk Parade to Waltz Time," a benefit affair recently taking place in New York.

## Lanvin Jackets Are Made of Silver or Gold Kid

Silver or gold kid is used over and over again for evening at Lanvin's where flowing robes are trimmed with oriental applications of leather.

At the same house are separate jackets entirely of stitched kid which is so soft and fine that it looks like lacquered satin.

## LACE FOR SUMMER BRIDE NEW STYLE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The June bride will be fashionably attired this season when she chooses lace for her gowns. With the present vogue for lace for daytime wear, for evening gowns, and for the highly popular house coats and delicate negligees, the romantic appeal of this material makes it a favorite for wedding gowns and bridesmaids' dresses.

Cut on classic lines, the beautiful lace patterns of this season allow for exquisite details of workmanship for the bridal gown. One lovely gown seen recently is perfectly simple in line but has fine details of applied seamings at the point below the hips where the skirt fullness starts. The very full train, and the skirt and neck edges likewise, have an applied scalloped edge of lace. This intricate treatment shows to advantage particularly as the veil is quite short and does not fall to the train. In general these lace wedding gowns have shorter veils so that their delicate patterns are not obscured.

## Wedding Parties Dressed

All in Lace Is Fashion

Wedding parties dressed entirely in lace are in the fashion picture this year. One of the best we have seen is of all-white peau d'ange in a Chantilly pattern for the bride. There were no seams to the dress, avoiding any unnecessary line that might interfere with the beautiful pattern of the lace, and the edges throughout were entirely hand-applied. A matching mantilla head-dress was worn with this wedding gown.

The wedding party, all in lace, made a charming and appropriate setting for the bride. The bridesmaids' dresses were of novelty all-over lace, in pastel shades. The headresses, in contrast with the mantilla of the bride, were formed like a hood, from the collar at the back.

## Hints on Tints

Capucine colors will be among the new color accents during the coming season. They have their origin in the various shades of the popular nasturtium.

## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. Who would take over the duties of the Chief Justice of the United States if his office were to become vacant?
2. When did Magellan circumnavigate the globe and how long did it take him?
3. Was Washington our first President?
4. What is the average visibility from a ship at sea?
5. How much silver has been mined in the world since the discovery of America?
6. What is a lee tide?
7. When the Supreme court was organized what was the average age of the justices?
8. How old is the Pasteur treatment for rabies?

### Answers

1. In case of a vacancy in the office of Chief Justice or of his inability to perform the duties and powers of his office, they shall devolve upon the associate justice, who is first in precedence, until such disability is removed or another Chief Justice is appointed or duly qualified.
2. He started in 1519 and it took him 1,093 days.
3. Washington is called our first President because he was the first President elected under the Constitution of 1787; the Presidents who preceded him were simply presidential officers over the Continental congress.
4. About ten miles.
5. Only enough to make a solid cube 115 feet square.
6. A tide which runs with the wind.
7. Just under fifty years.
8. Half a century old.

## Early Sheffield Plate

Early Sheffield is most valuable for reasons other than its age. The silver coating is much thicker and its style simpler, though occasionally a little clumsy. So lavish were the smiths with their silver in the early period that, more than a century and a half later, hardly any copper can be seen at all in the old pieces, while in those made later it sometimes is more evident than the remaining silver.

## Finds Way to Have Young-Looking Skin at 35!



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## Counsel From All

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less, than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.—Arab Proverb.

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## Keep Your Lendings

Borrow trouble for yourself if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbors.—Kipling.

## What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "ragged out" "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally! Stimulates the sensitive tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight, 25c — at drugstore.

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