

# BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER X—Continued  
—16—

by KATHLEEN NORRIS  
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WNU Service.

"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 always won out."

"Won't the other woman's leavings, you mean?"  
"Well, in a way, I suppose. And as I say, Vicky, it may go on for years. Three years, four years—but then the break comes. Her husband—and he's just as good, or as kind, or whatever he was, as ever—comes back. Unless she's said something he can't forget, or done something radical, he comes back. Then it's the other woman's turn to worry—the wife is holding thirteen trumps. She's got his children, his home, she's gentle and kind and respectable, just as she always was."

"I'd never respect myself again if I countenanced—encouraged that sort of thing!" Vicky exclaimed. "Ugh!"

"Oh, men don't care whether you encourage them or not, so long as you don't cry and fuss," Magda observed, with her irritating power of making a point while not trying to do anything of the sort. "The minute a man leaves you, what you think doesn't matter to him any more. They can walk right out on things, Vic. Women can't, quite. If you make all this easy for Quentin, he'll think you're a good little sport, but he won't care whether you do it by divorce or by just being decent."

Stupefied by this philosophy, and by the blankness and darkness of her thoughts, Victoria was still staring at her mother dully, her brow knitted, when Anna came in to announce a caller. Magda had time only for one more word:

"I've always thought—and I've been thinking it especially lately, Vic—that of all the girls I ever knew you were the one to try the long way—I mean stick to your guns, and not let what anyone does make you anything but what you are. But mind you, I'm not advising you. You were smarter when you were born than I'll ever be."

Vicky dragged her eyes, eyes into whose mutinous light a new look suddenly had come, from her mother's face to the maid's face. But her thoughts were still upon what Magda had said, and she had to have the message repeated.

"Did you say someone was here?"  
"Mrs. Morrison, madam. She says she just wants to say 'Merry Christmas!'"

Vicky's color, under the glow of the fire, faded a little. She turned toward her mother. Magda shrugged.

"Say you're not at home," Magda said, in an undertone.  
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.

"I had to come up and say 'Merry Christmas,'" Serena said. She was rosy from a cold walk, belted into a long tweed coat with sables loose about her shoulders and a brimmed tweed hat drawn down over her sea-blue eyes. "Gita was with me, but she went up to the children. You're not sick?"

"Lazy," Vicky said. "I've been doing everything at once today, and about an hour ago I simply gave out."

"I can imagine," said Serena. "With so many stockings to fill. Gita was quite envious about it, but I don't think it would be much fun for one child to hang a stocking. I never did it."

Flawlessly lovely. Blonde and fresh, her hair a crisp pale gold against the rough texture of the hat, her skin of the smooth deep silkiness of the magnolia petal, her eyes blue—blue—blue; Vicky, studying her, once again thought of the phrase, "exquisite womanhood." Victoria, watching her, felt an inner trembling that was almost a vertigo. How dared she! How dared she! Or was this all a troubled dream, one of those dreams that came when she was too tired or lying in some uncomfortable attitude that twisted body as well as mind?

## CHAPTER XI

But it was not a dream to hear the front door bang, and Quentin's step on the stairs, and his voice at the door.

"Hello, Vicky! Having tea? Hello, Magda—Oh," said Quentin, his voice dripping, "Serena? I didn't see you."

They shifted about a little, to make room for him; Anna brought fresh toast and more tea. Vicky put her hand to her disordered hair; Serena sat, a picture of radiant beauty, in her loosened furs and brimmed hat, with the firelight and lamplight glowing in her eyes.

"Quentin, I'm disgraced!" his wife said. "But I've been on the go all day." Her voice trembled, her hand trembled, but no one noticed it unless Magda did, and she gave no sign.

"I'll bet you have. You got the wreaths up? Did the Emporium stuff come?"  
"Everything's come, I think. The

spare room looks like a toy shop." Vicky had gotten to her feet, poured her tea; she stood now, looking down at him. And as he glanced up, handsome, tired, relaxed after the hard day, she wished in her heart that he and she were dead and lying in the warm kind earth somewhere together.

"I only came in to say 'Merry Christmas,'" Serena repeated once more.

"Nice that you did! Well, it's certainly going to be a cold one," Quentin said.

"Are you going out tonight, Quentin? They telephoned from the San Mateo hospital about an hour ago."

"I stopped there on the way down. No, Bledsoe's coming, at about eight, maybe earlier—is that too late for dinner? And then aren't we finishing off the tree?"

"There isn't very much to do." It was cruel, this semblance to the old happy holidays, this reminder



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

of the wonderful hours when he and she, together in their own house in the depth of the winter's night, had finished off all the surprises for the children, had filled the dangling little stockings on so many Christmas eves!

And yet instinct taught her, and native courage helped her, to chat along idly with Serena, and presently to excuse herself and go off to the nursery. She left her mother with Quentin and Serena.

The only talk they were to have on the subject for almost a long year came about ten days later, when the Christmas tree had been sawed into short lengths that were still draped here and there with odd scraps of cotton and tinsel, and when Vicky and Quentin had the sitting-room fire to themselves, after Magda had gone to bed.

"I was wondering—" Quentin began, and stopped abruptly. "Wondering if you'd like to get away."

"Get away?" She was honestly taken by surprise.  
"Yep. Take Gwen and Susan, or Kenty, if you liked, and go on a trip somewhere?"

Victoria sat down again, looking at him. Her heart had turned to ice.

"How could I possibly get away, Quentin? What of the twins, and Maddy?"

"Well, I think it's too much for you," Quentin persisted gruffly and stupidly. He sat with his big hands locked and hanging between his knees; his eyes were on the fire, and his brow was slightly knitted.

"I see," Victoria presently said slowly. "But how," she asked, after a pause—"how could we afford that, now?"

To this, Quentin made no answer. After a time he said, irrelevantly: "You see, I may have to be in town a good deal this winter."

"You mean overnight?"  
"Sometimes." He did not look at her.

"At the club?"  
"Well, no. Swanson has taken a little place on Pine street, and he'd like me to go into it with him."

"But I thought Dr. Swanson was going to Los Angeles?"  
"He'll be back and forth, he says."

one of the big men at Roosevelt hospital in New York now—asked her to marry him when she was only fourteen."

"Really?" Vicky said. And the word—if he had been in any mood to hear it, was like a sword blade naked in the air.

"No, it isn't what I feel for her," Quentin, hearing nothing, went on after a moment. "It's that—that I can't see any sense in hurting her."

"What about Spencer?" Victoria asked simply after a silence. "She has him."

"What did you say?"  
"Didn't she love Spencer?"  
"No, that was a funny thing, too. She tells me . . ."

Quentin told the whole story eagerly, believing it. It was the story Magda had told her daughter years before; the story of the beautiful woman wheeled into marriage on the promise of love sure to follow. Spencer, and Ferd, so long ago, and all the other men to whom these beautiful women later were to prove false, had promised to "love enough for two."

"She's as sorry as I am," Quentin presently finished.

Victoria was silent for a while, looking fixedly into the fire. Then she said temperately:

"You feel that something must be done?"  
Quentin sent her a startled glance.

"Well, Lord, Vicky, she can't go on this way, you know. Her life over there is simply hell, that's what it is. Morrison never has appreciated her, he's completely wrapped up in his own troubles, and what has she to live for?"

"What do you want to do, Quentin?" Vicky asked at last in a temperate, expressionless voice.

His dark rumpled head was sunk in his big hands; he spoke hopelessly:

"I don't know. I told her today that I thought you'd jump at taking a couple of the kids off for a holiday—France, maybe—we could close up this house . . ."

Her world was tottering about her; she heard the hurricane shrieking in her ears, breathed the rush of smothering dust, felt the good earth shake.

"You mean leave some of them here in the house with Nurse and a cook and take the others off to Europe?"

"Well—" His tone was dubious, faintly irritated. He was still turning his hair with restless fingers.

"We could make some arrangement," he said. "What I mean is, it doesn't seem fair to have you here slaving yourself to death for the kids, when—when things have changed so. There's no use of three people being unhappy, when with a little common sense everyone'd be satisfied."

"This is as much a surprise to me as you, Vic. It came to me like a thunderbolt, the other day, when she told me what it meant to her. She said she wished to God she had never met me—she actually said that. She felt that way about it."

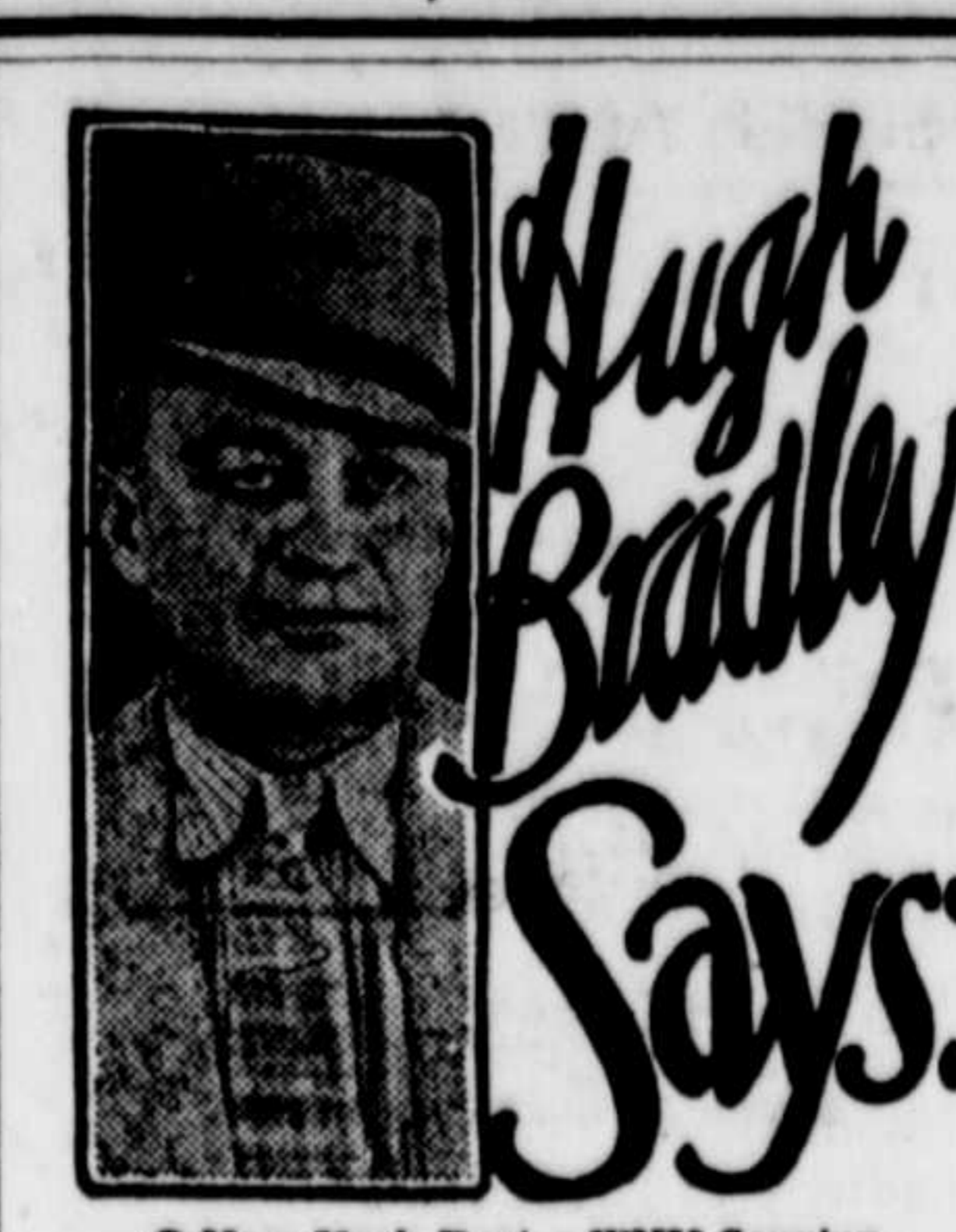
"Now I owe her—I owe her some consideration about it. She's got some rights in this matter. It's too bad when it happens this way, but the only thing is to be honest, and to work it out for the best for all parties. And you must believe that it doesn't in the least affect what I feel for you and the children, Vic? I mean—that's separate. It's simply that you come to a time in your life when you've got to be fair to all hands."

"You mean that you want a divorce?"  
The instant she said it she knew that it was a mistake. She should not have been the one to introduce this word. But at least it seemed to be no shock to Quentin. He said, with a half-smile for the fire:

"She says she simply hates the word. She was divorced once, and the idea makes her sick. I suppose it makes any decent woman sick."

"Whatever you decide to do, Quentin," Victoria said, after a moment, standing up as an indication that the conversation was over, "count on leaving me here with the children. I couldn't leave any of them—it would only mean expense and trouble for you. I'll stay here—I'm glad we've talked about it, anyway, and I think I'll go to bed. Good-night."

"I think you're a tremendous sport to take it this way. Let me talk to her—she'll work it all out."



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## Unexpired Contract Is Barring Terry From Other Offers

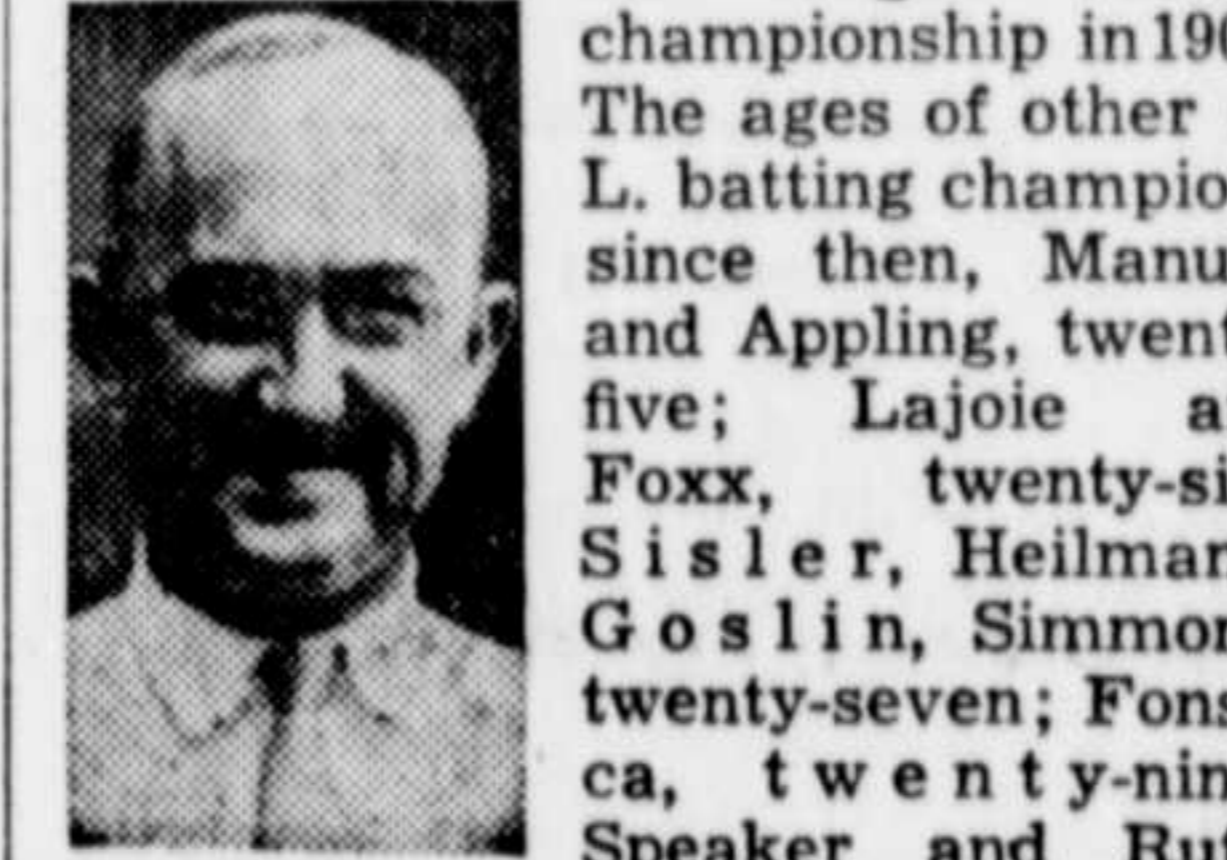
BILL TERRY did ask for a new contract and a raise. He told Giant officials that he had several other good offers. They informed him that they would not stand in his way of bettering himself but refused to tear up the old agreement which has another year to run . . . Fighting Fox, two-year-old brother of Gallant Fox, is an uncle of the five-year-old Omaha and of the four-year-old Granville . . . Harry Vardon is generally considered one of the greatest of all-time golfers yet few recall the man was one of the worst putters who ever fooled a short tap.

Sol Saperstein, who weighs 190 pounds, stands six feet four inches and is nineteen years old, will journey from his native Bronx to become a member of the University of Baltimore basketball team this year . . . Baltimoreans insist that Pitchers Vandenburg and Lohman, who will come to the Polo grounds at the end of the International league season, will be as good for the Giants as Cliff Melton has been . . . Dixie Howell is through with baseball and has signed with Washington's pro football team . . . The Cincinnati Red Stockings, winners of organized baseball's first pennant in 1869, and also undefeated that season, had an annual pay roll of \$9,300. The season started March 15 and ended November 15. Shortstop George Wright, who died several days ago, was the highest salaried performer. He received \$1,400 for the year.

Youthful clients of this department are complaining about the baseball-bat situation. They insist the big-bat manufacturers go not make proper ones for youngsters any more. Instead they try to sell major-league models which are too heavy for the average kid to swing even if he can raise the price . . . Jackie Farrell may soon get a fall sponsor for that Jersey radio spot . . . Julius Solters of the Indians has not been much of a success with his new club as has Vosmik for whom the Browns traded him. Players say Solters is fence shy in the field and not of the winning type and that Cleveland probably pass him on next winter.

## Cobb Was Swat Champ At Age of 21

Ty Cobb was only twenty-one years old when he won the American league batting championship in 1907.



Ty Cobb

The ages of other A. L. batting champions since then, Manush and Appling, twenty-five; Lajoie and Foxx, twenty-six; Sisler, Heilmann, Goslin, Simmons, twenty-seven; Fonseca, Speaker and Ruth, thirty; Gehrig and Myer, thirty-one. Cecil Travis, the Washington youngster up with the leaders now, is twenty-four.

Don't fall for any of that hokum about Pompoon being pointed for the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap. He's definitely retired, indeed recently almost passed out . . . Did you know that Frank Moore, who is doing such a fine job as assistant to golf pro Jimmy Farrell up at Quaker Ridge, is a brother of Cards' outfielder Terry Moore?

Guys to watch this fall—Eric Tip-ton, Duke's triple threat fullback; Andy Bershak, rugged North Carolina end who should cause N. Y. U. no end of woe; Bud Toebe, a great kicker and fine defensive player who will return to one of the Princeton wings after a year's absence due to injuries. Merrill Davis, Dartmouth captain and end. He weighs 205 pounds and is heavyweight boxing champion up at Hanover . . . Sad news emanating from New Haven—Merri Scott, who should have been one of the East's best tackles, has quit Yale. Gallagher, considered a sure bet to carry on where Bob Beckwith left off at center, probably will be ineligible. Several of the best hopes from a fine frosh line also should have studied harder last winter.

The name Pinelli may bob up in the major league box scores once more in five years . . . It will be Ray Pinelli, who'll be a freshman at Notre Dame this fall . . . Roy, an older brother at Notre Dame, is a footballer . . . Ray is a shortstop . . . "He's a six-footer and can do everything," says Papa Pinelli.

## NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

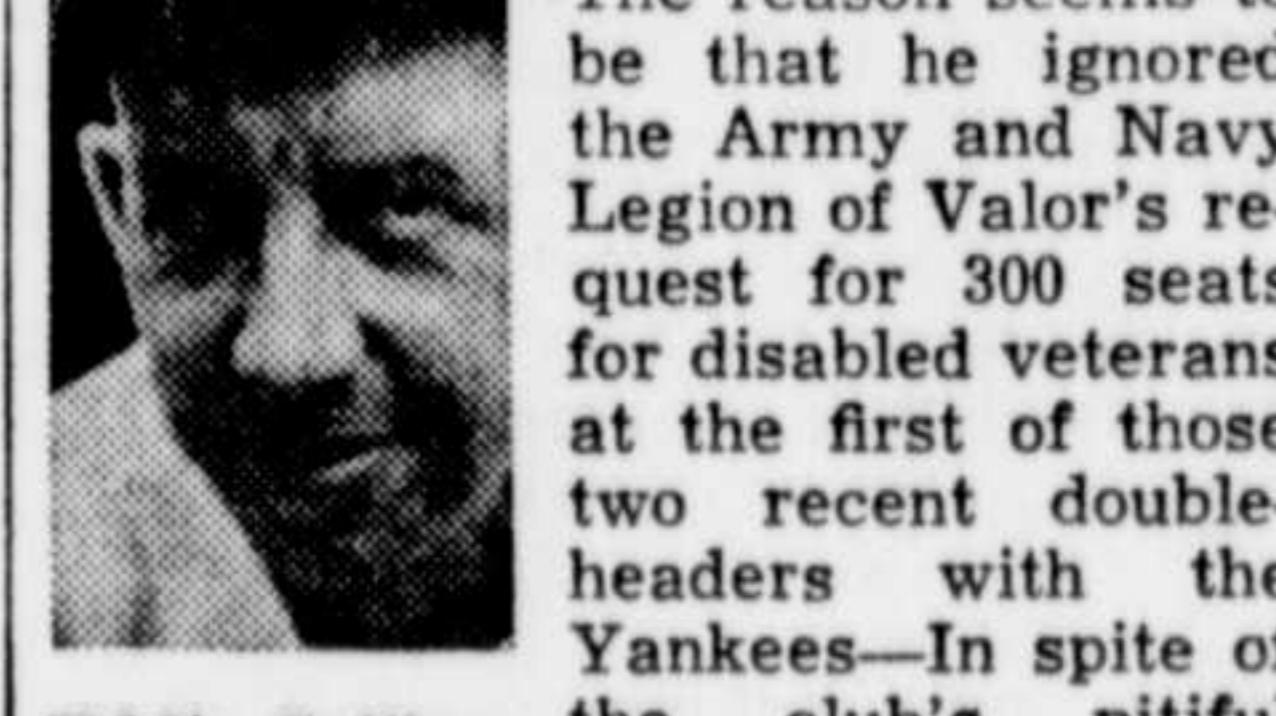
CABALLERO II, the Chilean horse Hirsch Jacobs claimed for four G's at Saratoga, recently, is worth at least \$40,000 to several of the more important owners. They are bidding that much now in the hope that they can use the gee gee for breed-improving purposes—Edsel Ford, the auto magnate, is almost as red hot a Tiger fan as is Joe Louis. Likes to watch home games from the high Detroit press box, too.

Joe Tinker, Jr., son of the once-famous Cubs' shortstop, is making a name for himself as a member of a Pittsburgh dance team—The late Howie Morenz was so high strung that after a hard hockey game he never even thought of going to bed. Used to walk the streets for six or seven hours instead—Amherst alumni are uttering numerous nice words about the freshman football coaching of Charley Soleau, who used to do such brilliant blocking for Andy Kerr and the Red Raiders of Colgate.

Speaking of Amherst, keep an eye on Harry Ward this fall. The blond Minnesota weighs 220 pounds, is stripped, and Lloyd Jordan will be disappointed if he does not become one of the East's finest tackle—Funny things happen at the Canarsie fights every Tuesday night. Right outside the park there is a ring—the bell, win-a-cigar concession. Lots of smokes must be won, too, for the bell rings frequently. Then the fighters invariably head to their corners and have to be brought back to the center by the combined warning shouts of the referee, timekeeper and crowd.

## Collins in the Grease With Red Sox Fans

Red Sox Business Manager Eddie Collins, who never has been very popular with Boston fans, is in the grease worse than ever now.



Eddie Collins

The reason seems to be that he ignored the Army and Navy Legion of Valor's request for 300 seats for disabled veterans at the first of those two recent double-headers with the Yankees—In spite of the club's pitiful showing, Brooklyn is making considerably more money this year than in 1936. The answer is easy. In 1936 the Dodgers were off to a poor start, even though they played the second best ball in the league after July 4. This year they were off to a fast start and were aided by superfine ballyhoo. So fans, as easily deceived by April and May flashes as they are by midwinter trades, contributed an extra hundred G's to the nice directors.

Bellhops around the American league tell you that a highly paid Yankee has carried his own baggage upstairs for the last six years so's to duck the tip—Lou Gehrig says Baron Poffenberger will amount to a helluva pitcher some day if all that name doesn't get him down—The Yankees are willing to bet that George Selkirk is the strongest man in baseball—Bill Dietrich of the White Sox once was a Philadelphia high school sprint champion—There is a rumor that Jack Collins, who has been handling Dodgers' tickets for the past several years and who represents the McKeever faction, may succeed John Gorman as business manager—Ford Frick, National league president, dotes on working anagrams.

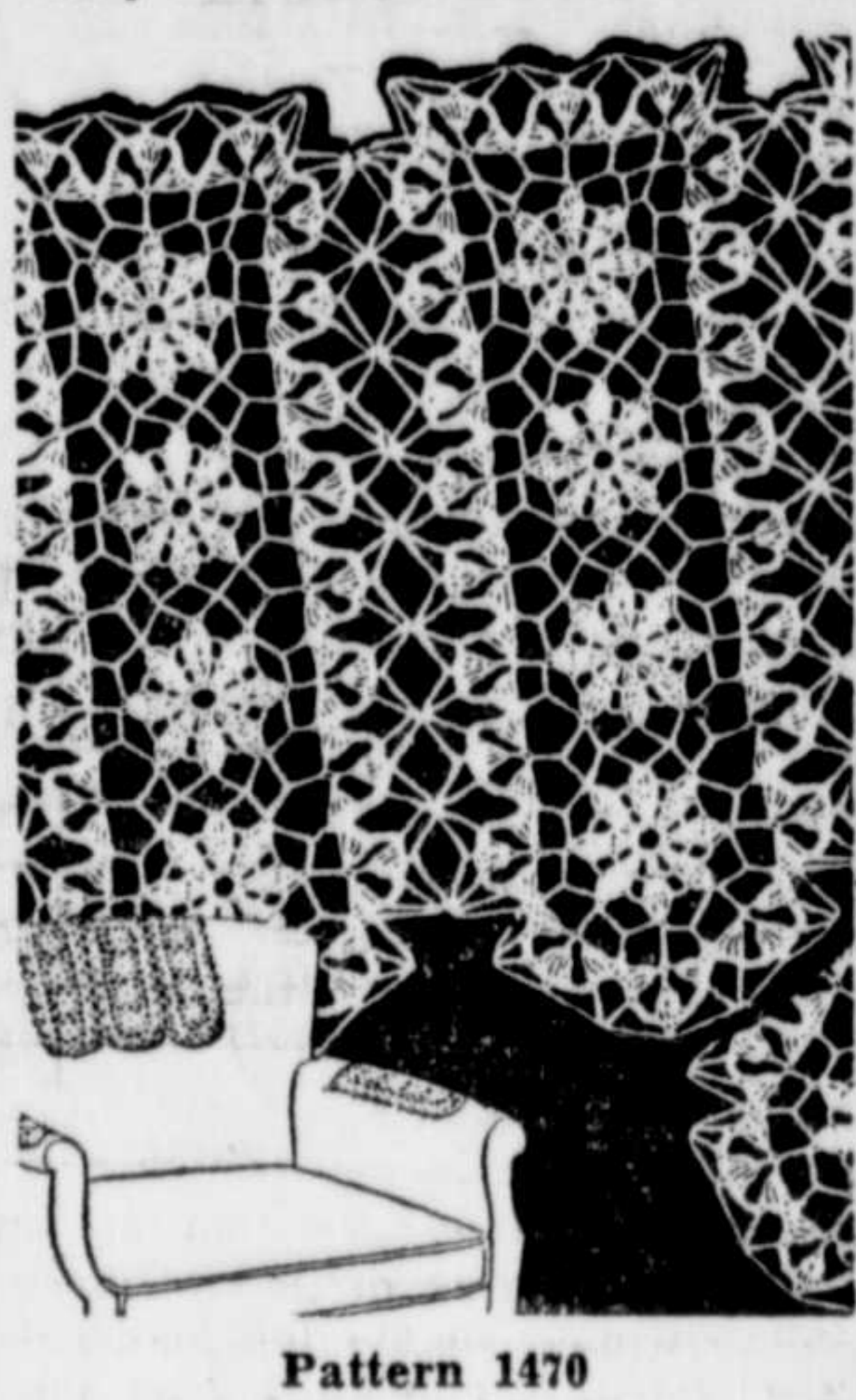
Jim Stewart, athletic director at Southern Methodist, will bring the S. M. U. eleven north twice in 1938 . . . The Mustangs play Marquette at Soldiers' field and Pittsburgh at South Bend . . . Once upon a time a Davis cup player received \$18 a day to cover all expenses, but after several returned from trips and immediately purchased automobiles the practice was stopped . . . The Browns have another Hornsby, no relation to Rogers, on the way . . . He's a catcher for Palestine in the East Texas league, a Browns' farm club . . . Bill Tilden once said: "If Billy Johnston had my physique I never would have defeated him."

Trainer Dave Woodward does not allow the Green Bay Packers to drink water during practice or a game . . . He quenches their thirst by sprinkling their mouths with ice water out of an old garden sprayer.

Pinky Whitney, Philly third sacker, ascribes his hitting comeback to using Chuck Klein's 32-ounce hat, six ounces lighter than his own . . . Too bad he can't pay Chuck off with hits . . . Jack Doyle, brilliant old Cub scout, has been prowling through the minors all year without buying a player and is getting tired of saying "no" . . . "Looks like I'm going to be 'skunked' for the first time in my scouting career," moans the hard-bitten, one-time Oriole star. "And this is my twentieth year with this ball club."

## Making Chair Set Is Really Pleasure

Something different in crochet—a chair or davenport set crocheted in strips! One strip makes an arm rest, three a chair back, five a davenport back. Once you've made one, just keep repeating—join them together and you're ready to work a transformation on



Pattern 1470

your furniture! String works up quickly, and is durable. Pattern 1470 contains directions for making a strip 5 1/4 by 12 1/2 inches; illustrations of it and of stitches used; photograph of section of strip; material requirements; suggestions for a variety of uses.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



## Smiles

### Bad Enough

"Didn't you say your dog's bark was worse than his bite?"  
"Yes."

"Then for goodness' sake don't let him bark. He's just bitten me."

### Something Else

Chorus Girl—I stand in front of my mirror for hours admiring my beauty. I suppose you'd call that vanity?  
Friend—No—imagination.

### Said a police court defendant:

"I was not committing an assault. I was merely emphasizing the facts of the case." But perhaps he put too much punch into it?

### Down a Peg

The film critic was unimpressed by the actor playing the he-man role. In his review he wrote:

"His idea of how a he-man should be played was to throw out his chest three inches and follow it slowly across the screen."

### Do something about Periodic Pains

Take Cardul for functional pains of menstruation. Thousands of women testify it has helped them. If Cardul doesn't relieve your monthly discomfort, consult a physician. Don't just go on suffering and put off treatment to prevent the trouble. Besides easing certain pains, Cardul aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food.

Cardul is a purely vegetable medicine which you can buy at the drug store and take at home. Pronounced "Card-u-l."

### Unpleasant Duty

There is a reward in performing a disagreeable duty. This reward you feel after the duty is done.

666 checks MALARIA in three days COLDS first day LIQUID, TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Nose"—World's Best Lintiment

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## Watch Your Kidneys!

### Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS