

# Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White  
Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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## "JUST POLLYOP—POLLY HOPKINS!"

"What's your name?" he inquired.  
"Just Pollyop," was the answer. "Polly Hopkins. My daddy is Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of this settlement."  
"Can I do something for you, Polly Hopkins?" queried Robert, as she finished telling about life in the squatters' city.  
She flung out both hands in a comprehensive gesture as much as to say he could see for himself how much she needed.  
"Sure, sure you can," she said with fierce emphasis. "You can make Old Marc leave us squatters be. You're bigger'n he is! The squatters need you awful bad."  
Her voice broke. Robert took a long breath. Of course he could help this girl and her people. He would, too! As far as money gave power, he could equal and surpass Marcus MacKenzie.  
"I did try to talk sense into Mr. MacKenzie's head," he returned presently, "but now I will make him leave you alone."  
In spite of the curved lips about which a smile lurked, there was apprehension in her voice when she asked:  
"Can you lick 'im to a finish, mister?"  
"Yes, I think I could," laughed Robert; "but it won't be necessary."  
"Then I see us Silent City folks bein' happy again," sighed Polly. "We got a awful lot of things an' folks to take care of here."

There you have them—Storm Country Polly and Robert Percival, heroine and hero of another of those fascinating stories by Grace Miller White. "Tess of the Storm Country" was her first story. It was printed as a serial in a magazine for women—and practically established the magazine. It was put on the movie screen—and made the fortune of a woman film star of world-wide fame. Of course Grace Miller White (Mrs. Friend H. Miller) kept right on writing of the "Storm Country." Half a dozen other stories have been successes. More than a million copies of her books have been sold. The "Storm Country," by the way, is Cayuga Lake and vicinity in New York, one of the garden spots of the world.  
Given a beautiful and persecuted squatter girl and a nice young man with brains, sympathy and money—what more do you want for romance!

### CHAPTER I.

Four miles from Ithaca, N. Y., Oscar Bennett's farm spread its acres along the face of West Hill between the Lehigh Valley tracks and the highway leading to Trumansburg. Oscar Bennett was what the country people and even the Ithaca folks called a fine farmer. His farmhouse faced a lane that led to the west shore of Lake Cayuga, and from the front porch he could see, much to his dislike, the few straggling squatter shacks that brought to an end northward the Silent City. Like all other substantial citizens, Oscar detested the squatters. In his estimation they were a set of thieving loafers and sneaks, and many times he had wished that he owned the ground they squatted on instead of Marcus MacKenzie.

Of course it was no secret that MacKenzie never let an opportunity slip to pop a fisherman into jail, but in Bennett's opinion that treatment was not severe enough, and besides, it did not accomplish anything. MacKenzie's idea was to jail the men whenever the chance came and for a period as long as the law would allow. But what good did that do? Fierce hatred flamed in the haggard faces of the women, and they held to their squatter rights with the tenacity of leeches until their husbands were given back to them. Bennett would have done away with the wives and mothers if the job of breaking up the Silent City had been his. No man would hang to a hut long without a woman in it.

One morning in the early spring Oscar was finishing his breakfast when the door opened slowly. A girl with a small tin pail in her hand stepped into the room. She smiled at him almost humbly.  
"Shut the door!" he shouted at her.  
"Where's your manners, Polly Hopkins? Can't you see the rain's coming in after you?"

The smile faded from the girl's face. Mechanically she turned, closed the door and, uninvited, seated herself in a chair and placed the pail at her side.  
"So you've come begging, Pollyop," went on the farmer, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his gingham shirt. "Well, you might as well turn tail and run home again, for you're not going to get anything more from me. I don't want a poacher's brat around here."

The girl's bare wet feet drew tensely backward under the chair; but she remained discreetly silent. Oscar always abused her and called her names, but that was because she was a squatter. After a while, he'd change his mind, and then she would take home what she came for. She noted with a quick breath that Oscar's eyes softened during the time he was silent. That boded well for her errand; but Bennett's mind was not on milk or any of those suffering for the want of it.

He had just discovered that Polly Hopkins was beautiful even if she were barefooted and ragged. Her straight young shoulders were covered with wet curls that seemed to have

given to the wide eyes their shade of ripe chestnuts.  
Polly expected every moment that Oscar would reach out for the pail, and, though with bad grace, he'd give her the milk just the same. She fidgeted in her chair and drew a long sigh—he was staring at her in such a peculiar manner from under his heavy brows.

Why had he not noticed before that Polly Hopkins was so pretty, Oscar wondered, and a slow smile parted his lips. Polly's eyes lowered, and the long dark lashes only added to Bennett's sudden admiration. A quick-drawn breath slipped audibly past the man's teeth. Pollyop sensed in his attitude toward her a new quality that she recognized intuitively as dangerous. To bring his attention back to the purpose of her visit, she ventured to say:  
"I thought it wouldn't hurt you none, Oscar, to gimme a little milk for Granny Hope an' Jerry. I'm always runnin' errands for you an' your woman."

Bennett's heavy farm boots made a scraping sound under the table.  
"What good does that do me?" he returned. "Upon my soul, I might as well be without a wife as to have one who won't live with me or let anyone know I'm her husband. I'm gettin' sick, good and plenty sick. I can tell you, Miss Polly Hopkins."

This speech did not disturb Polly over much, for he'd made it a dozen times before. It was only the expression in his gaze, she did not quite like. Her mind went to Evelyn Robertson, the girl that Oscar had married. As if it were but yesterday, she remembered how two years ago she had gone with them under protest to a minister far back in the hills. Evelyn had explained that for some time to come no one but the three must know of the marriage.

Pollyop had learned a great many things in two years! What girl does not after she's passed her fifteenth birthday? One of the things she had found out was that Oscar was a dreadful person, more dreadful than most of the squatter men. Of course the men folks of her people did beat their women, now and then. That was their right without any question. The blood colored even her ears as she remembered how Oscar hector'd his wife for the money it was so hard for Evelyn to get. Another thing she had come to understand was that, if Oscar had not been afraid of the powerful Robertson family, he would have forced Evelyn into his home long before this. It had been a hard two years' task to keep him quiet.

"Mebbe you are gettin' sick, Oscar," she interposed. "I don't know—mebbe; but youf know what that old Miss Robertson would do to you an' her girl if you told. You'd get Eve, mebbe, but you sure wouldn't get any more money."

The man's face darkened.  
"That's just the rub," he conceded, "but at that Eve ain't playin' square with me. The Robertsons have money to burn, and she deals it out to me in small little dollars. I tell you I'm sick of the whole thing."

Polly noted the glitter in Bennett's angry eyes and felt again the quiver of fear.  
"She gives you all she gets her fingers on," she came back at him in defense of the absent Evelyn. "Lots of times she's got along on about nothin' to send you cash, an' didn't I come runnin' up here with it as soon as she give it to me? Now her ma's gettin' on that Eve ain't spendin' her money on herself, an' she watches 'er like a hawk does a chicken. She told me that only yesterday."

The squatter girl rose to her feet, anxious to be gone.  
"Oscar, you might be lettin' me have just a wee bit of milk. You ain't losin' nothin' through me."

She picked up the pail, and with a growl the man snatched it out of her hand.  
"Women're a d-d nuisance," he grumbled. "Well, wait here."

He went out of the room, and Polly Hopkins drew a long breath. It was getting harder every day to get the milk she needed.

When Bennett returned, she was standing with her hand on the door knob, ready to go. In silence she took the pail he offered her.

"Looka here, Pollyop," he began abruptly, as Polly opened the door. "What's to hinder your paying for your milk yourself?"

He said it with extreme deliberation, making emphatic the last words.  
Polly threw up her head and eyed him sharply. "I run my legs most off for you as 'tis, Oscar," she retorted, "between here and the Robertsons; but I don't never have no money. You know that, an' Daddy Hopkins don't get much, either. If I had a dollar, I bet I'd spend every penny of it fillin' up Jerry an' Daddy an' Granny Hope with milk an' eggs." To make him understand how anxious she was to please him, she went forward a pace.

"An' I'd buy 'em all of you, Oscar. That's as true as Granny Hope's God is settin' up in the sky."  
"I didn't ask you for money," answered Bennett, staring at her. Suddenly he came close to her; and Polly backed to the door. His face was red and agitated; the cords in his neck were swollen while his fingers twisted eagerly. That was another thing about which Polly's eyes had been opened in two years of growing womanhood. When a man looked as Oscar did now, a girl got away as fast as she could.

"You might pay me in kisses," he muttered hoarsely, towering over her. "Ten kisses for each bucket. You're a heap prettier than Eve."  
For a long moment Polly did not speak. Her breast heaved as she swayed backward.

"I get all the kisses I want to home," she said. "Here, take your hand off'n me, Oscar, or I'll tell Eve."

"Ten kisses for each bucket. You're a heap prettier than Eve."  
For a long moment Polly did not speak. Her breast heaved as she swayed backward.

"I get all the kisses I want to home," she said. "Here, take your hand off'n me, Oscar, or I'll tell Eve."



"I Didn't Ask You for Money."

the first time I get sight of her." She glared up at him like a cornered animal. "I said I'd tell Eve. I'll do more than that! I'll put old woman Robertson next to your copplin' her kid an' marryin' 'er."

Oscar's fingers relaxed, and his hand dropped away from her arm as a rough laugh left his lips. She looked so lovely, her eyes blazing, her curls tumbled in confusion on her shoulders, that he would have taken his pay for the milk without her permission if she had not thrown at him a threat he feared she would carry out.

"Men's kisses are what you'll get, my pretty lass," he predicted grimly, "and if I was finished with Eve, by God, I'd set about getting my share. I won't always be married to my lady Robertson, mind you, Pollyop."

The blood had left his face. He was quite white and stern, and by this time Polly was on the porch.  
"Tain't so easy to get unmarried as 'tis to get married," she told him. "An' me! I'm just Daddy Hopkins' brat, an' I don't want any kisses but his'n. I'd let Jerry's tongue go twist for milk before I'd pay for it with—"

Oscar sprang at her. She was so tantalizingly beautiful, so alluring even in her grotesque attire that for the moment he forgot he had reason to fear her.

"I'll kiss you, anyway," he snarled, but Polly, fleet-footed and afraid, shot from the porch and reached the lane, the milk dashing against the cover of the pail.

turned back into the house. For the moment he paused in the kitchen; he could hear his old mother pottering about overhead in his bedroom. She was doing the work his wife ought to do! What a fool he had been to marry Evelyn Robertson! Instead of the fortune he had expected, he was tied hand and foot without money or woman. He thought of the radiant squatter girl who had just left him. Two years ago womanhood had not dawned upon Polly Hopkins, but today— He undertook an oath and went out to the barn.

Polly Hopkins ran down the lane as fast as her legs could carry her. The milk was safe in the bucket, and she had scarcely reached the railroad tracks before she had decided not to mention Oscar's vicious demand upon her. If she told Daddy Hopkins, he would do some harm to Bennett, and there would be no more eggs and milk for Granny and Jerry. If she spoke of it to Evelyn, there was no telling what the girl would do.

The tangle-haired squatter girl was the daughter of Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of the Silent City, the leader of all those who lived in the rows of huts that ran along the Lehigh Valley tracks and on down the lakeside.

Uncouth and ignorant were Jeremiah and his kind, and visitors who came to the little city of Ithaca agreed with the town's inhabitants that it was a shame the law allowed such a blot as the Silent City upon the natural beauty of Cayuga and its majestic surroundings.

Pollyop stood shivering, her troubled gaze searching the lake for a boat. Daddy Hopkins had gone away early with Wee Jerry, and she always worried a little when they were out. Yet she knew that the only way to get the bread, beans and bacon for the family was for Daddy Hopkins to defy the law and drag his nets whenever the game wardens were not about. Without the lake and its hidden food, it would be a desolate world indeed.

Wee Jerry was Polly's five-year-old brother, and long before he could walk, he had chosen his father's big shoulders upon which to beat his way through an unfriendly and often hungry world. But this same world which had wizened Jerry had given to Polly a wild beauty, a body strong and as pliant as a marsh reed.

With a sigh Pollyop turned to the house. The door was shut against the storm, and a thin curl of smoke twisted upward from the toppling chimney, losing itself in the baby leaves of the willows. The little lines that had traced the troubled brow vanished at the sight of a slab of wood over the door. On it was painted in crude letters: "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Pollyop and Granny Hope had worked a long time to make this sign, and even longer to nail it up.

"I'll help the Silent City folks, Granny," she had said. "Specially, if I smile a lot at 'em."

She flung open the door and went in, closing it behind her. In one corner of the kitchen, an old woman, so old that no squatter could remember her other than aged, sat near the stove. About her shoulders was a shawl, and its edges were held together with clawlike fingers.

Munching on a bit of hay at the wood-box was a lean goat, an old friend of Polly Hopkins. Long ago she had found him, lost in the wilderness of the Storm country, and had brought him to the Silent City.

The shanty consisted of three rooms. Back of the kitchen Daddy Hopkins slept, and in the miserable coop-hole where Polly had once stored rubbish Granny Hope stretched out her weary bones at night. Polly's bed ranged the kitchen wall, and the room had but a bench, two old chairs and a three-legged table to offer in rude hospitality.

"I wheedled a little milk from Oscar, Granny," said the girl. "Goddie, but he's gettin' stingy!"

She put down the pail, went to the stove and thrust a piece of wood into it.  
"Wood's as wet as hell," she complained, almost as if she had spoken to herself.

The old woman stirred and lifted her withered lids.  
"Hell ain't wet," she muttered. "It's dry an' warm—hot, I mean," and she shivered, drawing nearer the fire. "Tain't like this lakeside."

Granny Hope had been in the Hopkins' shack since the first winter snow. Her own hut stood on a little point about a quarter of a mile away. In it she had lived alone ever since her husband had gone down in the Big Blow, a storm that was a tradition in the settlement, and which only the oldest inhabitants of the Silent City could remember.

"Old Marc had a beautiful angel with him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Fourth Estate.  
The expression "the fourth estate," referring to newspaper workers, is credited to Edmund Burke, who is quoted in Thomas Carlyle's fifth lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship" as saying: "There are three estates in parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sits a fourth estate, more important far than they all." This was in 1839. In this country where class distinctions are not made politically little ever is heard of the three estates—the nobility, the clergy and the people—but the term "fourth estate" is comparatively common.

## MAY FAVOR WHITE

Paris Sets Style for Spring and Summer of 1922.

Color Chosen for Backgrounds of Printed Designs Applied to Silks or Embroidered Figures.

All authorities are agreed that white is to make an excellent showing during the spring and summer seasons of 1922, as there is an international movement in that direction. At several of the spring racing meets in France, attended by the well-dressed women of many nations attired in the latest creation of Parisian dressmakers, white stood out prominently among the most smartly dressed, says Dry Goods Economist. And after the spring racing meets were finished and pleasure seekers left for the leading seashore resorts, it was noticeable that white was prominent in the expensive wardrobes of Parisian women.

Accordingly, we see white chosen for the backgrounds of printed designs applied to silks, or embroidered figures carried out in ornate fashion to light up white grounds.

This was expected. As every one knows, black overshadows all colors in popularity, both for dress and for millinery purposes. Naturally, black brought into prominence striking contrasts evidenced by the adoption of each of the primary colors of blue, red and yellow for combination with black.

But for a striking combination with black, white knocks all colors out in the first round. At the spring racing



Basque Waist and Bouffant Skirt.

meets in France there were several combinations of white and black, white predominating.

Next to black, bright colors, especially reds, afford excellent combinations with white, and the two other primaries of blue and yellow follow in the order of appropriateness for combination with white.

Similarly, the secondaries—that is, the combination of two primaries—resulting in purple—green and orange—have been chosen by many designers for combination with white, especially in the form of motifs for the decoration of white grounds.

### Ostrich Parasols.

Ostrich is used either to cover or elaborately trim some of the smartest parasols now being offered for Southern resorts wear, matching sets of hat and parasol.

### PASTEL SHADES ARE REVIVED

Faded and China Blues and Coral and Jet Beads for Trimming Are Featured.

After an absence of several years, during which primary pigment colors of blue, red and yellow and derivations therefrom have held the center of the color stage, pastel colors are to be restored to favor, according to cables from the Dry Goods Economist's Paris office.

We are told that no less a French authority than Worth is pushing faded and China blues for both day and evening wear, and featuring coral and jet beads for trimmings, instead of vivid colors, which is against all law and evidence. Brilliant colors are staple for evening wear.

It is said that Lanvin is advocating pastel blues for both day and evening wear, and it is now common knowledge that Madeleine & Madeleine have adopted a dull greenish blue for all their spring models.

Jenny has adopted forget-me-not blue and raspberry reds for taffetas and for crepe de chine. And from other French sources comes reliable information that pastel colors are gaining ground.

Ample evidence that Paris is not alone in adopting pastel colors is presented in the action of leading dressmakers in New York, who have taken up military blues, that is, gray blues, for cape suits, and, in addition, favor pastel colors for capes and dresses made of broadcloth.

That the adoption of pastel colors is not confined to dressmakers is seen in the taking up of such soft shades

## DRESS SUIT LIKE MOTHER'S



This is a dress that will gladden the heart of a little girl. It is of jade green duvetyne over a slip of pearl gray crepe de chine. The tightly-buttoned cuffs and the high collar are sure to make the little miss feel grown up.

## SWEATERS AND SKIRTS AGAIN

Combination Affords One of the Simplest and Most Convenient Forms of Attire.

Since the war, dressing at winter resorts has been very much simplified. One changes once, or, at the most, twice during the day, not five times. The dress worn in the morning will go through the afternoon—right up to the dinner hour.

Sweaters and skirts are a uniform—the accordion plaited silk skirt with a frilled batiste blouse and a thin, contrasting sweater. The hat, the blouse, and the sweater are all of the simplest, depending upon a flash of color for their visibility rather than on any intricacy of line or elaboration of trimming. For the dress that starts the day, the French handmade linen in pastel or bright colors, made with a kimono blouse and straight skirt with lines of drawn work (the most inexpensive dress in the world) has always the greatest popularity. Then come dotted swisses and gingham, always made so simply that it is a marvel how each year's crop can look new and different.

For the afternoon come organdies and these delicate lingerie gowns with insets of lace and eyelet-work thrown into contrast by their black taffeta foundations; gowns of crepe de chine and georgette crepe—always the same types of dresses, yet always with some little newness that dates them as this year's dresses look just a little old-fashioned. Last Palm Beach summer the sleeves were still short, the waistline normal, the belt inconspicuous, the hem straight, the neckline varied. This year almost every dress will have a pair of long, loose sleeves that will share with the girle the responsibility of giving color and character to the gown; the short sleeve is, for the moment, passe—even for summer, even on evening gowns. One wears enormous sleeves or none at all.—Harper's Bazar.

### Poppy Red.

Poppy red is becoming a favorite color for modish blouses. Such blouses may be worn over a slip of self-color or black.

### Combine Plaid and Rough Weaves.

Fabric and color combinations are all important in the development of children's clothes, both in dresses and wraps. A coat and cap outfit has a straight line coat of plain color rough weave material, with cap and scarf of a bright tartan plaid. The scarf was fringed at the ends, and was long enough to tie entirely around the figure, with ends swinging either at side or back. The whole outfit was picturesque for a cold, snowy day.

### Blouses for Spring.

Fine batistes and organdies are chiefly offered in lingerie styles, and these blouses tuck in at the waist. For these waists one hears of American demands for the flat Peter Pan collar, but most of the blouses have the standard roll collar. Pin tucking plays an important part, as does fagoting; and there continues to be use of color for tiny insets and collar and cuff borders.

### Early Spring Style.

The three-piece costume promises to be an early spring favorite, a number of these styles having been developed for Southern resort wear. One recently seen featured a frock with a low waistline, topped by a square-cut 30-inch long coat, which was fastened at the neck only. The material used was dahlia colored duvetyne, with touches of embroidery in black at the trimmings.