

# LADY BLANCHE FARM

## SYNOPSIS

Motoring through Vermont, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, meets Blanche Manning, seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. It being a long distance to Burlington, Starr's destination, Blanche suggests the village of Hamstead not boasting a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning. Mary receives Philip with true Vermont hospitality, and he makes the acquaintance of her cousin Paul, recognized as her fiancé. Starr finds Mary is acquainted with Gale Hamlin, noted Boston architect, in whose office Philip is employed. He informs her of his desire to win Blanche for his wife. She tells him of an old family superstition concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family. Paul Manning is inclined to be dissipated, not realizing Mary's true worth. Mary's reproaches for his undue "conviviality" are badly received by Paul, and the girl begins to have misgivings, as to the wisdom of the alliance. Gale Hamlin, long a suitor for Mary's hand, visits Hamstead but makes no progress in his love-making.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

"For Heaven's sake, Philip! Don't you realize that I want to get away from Hamstead and stay away? If we fixed up this place, and put all that money into it, we'd have to keep coming back to it! That's the last thing on earth I want to do! I don't want an old-fashioned house, full of old-fashioned furniture, in an old-fashioned village! I want to live in a big city. I don't want a quiet existence; I want to give parties all the time—except when I am going out to them—little afternoon bridge parties and little evening theater parties—and heaps of dancing. And I simply adore going to the movies and shopping around for lacy nightgowns and getting an ice cream soda in the middle of the morning, and having lunch at a tearoom. That's what I've done the few times I've been to town to visit. Why Philip, I thought you were going to help me to escape from Lady Blanche farm! I thought you wanted me to have a good time and pretty clothes, and heaps of new friends. . . ."

There was something almost grotesque about her, in spite of her loveliness, as she stood before him in her silvery brocade, clamoring for tawdry possessions and trifling pastimes. The sudden dread lest the delicate fabric of his romance might be rent before his eyes, filled Philip with fear. But this fear was engulfed in the terrorized premonition which his research had aroused.

Somehow he steeled himself and managed to speak lightly. "I do want you to have a good time and party clothes and pleasant friends, darling," he said. "And you shall. We won't say anything more about this scheme of mine, since it doesn't appeal to you. It was only a fancy, anyway."

He drew her close to him, drugging himself, for the moment, with the delight of feeling her in his arms. But afterwards he sought out Mary.

Everyone always took stories of trouble to Mary, sure of help and understanding and comfort. The fact that it was ironing day, and that he found her, in the middle of a sultry afternoon, toiling away in a hot kitchen, and not sitting with folded hands in some secluded and restful spot, as comforters are traditionally supposed to be found, made no difference. He could not bring himself to speak of Blanche's outburst, but he did speak of the ominous sense of foreboding which had been awakened by his perusal of Hastings' history and which had persisted ever since. Mary listened to his recital in silence, and without stopping her work. And when Philip had finished, she went to the stove for a hot iron, tested it with her hand, and began to press out Seth's overalls before she answered.

"You don't think we've kept this from you willfully, do you?" she said, at length. "You know I asked you, right off, if there were anything that would make you want Blanche less, and you said no. And I'm sure that the reason she didn't tell you the whole story, that day by the brook, was simply because, as she said, you would think she was awfully conceited and fresh! If she inferred that she thought she was beautiful and likely to be loved at first sight by a handsome stranger. She doesn't read much, and she's probably forgotten part of the legend, anyway, even if she ever read it. You—you wouldn't be so cruel as to spoil her lovely happiness by telling her about it now, would you?"

"Good Lord, Mary, you don't think I want to, do you? It would just about kill me to give her up."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I thought you might think—I think myself perhaps I ought to—on her account, you know."

"On her account?" said Mary, stupidly.

"If there is any truth in a thing like that, isn't it my duty to?"

"Why?"

"So—she could do something safer, of course."

Mary folded the overalls carefully. "There isn't anything safer for a girl to do," she said in a low voice, "than to marry the man she loves. If—if he loves her. And if her life is the one that's short, what does that matter, if it's full and perfect, and—complete?"

"I guess you're right," said Philip huskily. Then, still hesitating—"You don't suppose I think you're right just because I want to, do you?"

"Did you ever think anything was right just for that reason?"

Philip searched his conscience. "I don't believe so," he said at last, smiling at her.

## A Romance of the Commonplace

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

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Mary smiled back; and looking at her, but thinking of Blanche, Philip felt that this episode was closed.

The second episode had nothing whatever to do with the past, but a good deal to do with the present. Try as he might—and he certainly did try—Philip could not succeed in liking Paul. What was worse, the more he saw of him, the less he liked him. The dislike, noticed, but carefully hushed up by Violet, seemed to be entirely mutual. And Paul was spending so much of his time, especially since the arrival of the new motor, in the society of Miss Rosalie King, a summer visitor, a worker in a New York department store, that his family was favored less and less by his presence. Philip, who had marveled at the way Mary bore Paul's shortcomings, and not only bore, but forgave them from the beginning, marveled still more at the apparent indifference with which she bore his frank neglect.

But Mary was, as he was eventually to discover, far less indifferent than he had supposed, and knowing a little of the capacity for suffering that many silent and self-contained persons possess, the discovery disturbed



Mary Tried to Struggle Away From Him, Hot With Fury, Sick With Shame and Disgust.

him not a little. Next to Blanche, there was no one in the world for whom he cared as much as he already did for Mary, and they were naturally thrown a great deal together. Going into Seth Manning's house one day on an errand, he first encountered Moses.

"Where's Mary?" inquired Philip.

"In her room," said Moses.

"In her room?" Philip echoed. It was so unusual for Mary to be "off duty" even for a few minutes, that the fact was alarming.

"Yes. Lying on the bed."

"Is she sick?"

"No. Cryin'. Hard," added Moses with emphasis.

"Do you know why?" pursued Philip.

"Paul," said Moses laconically.

Philip turned thoughtfully away. He was sleeping in the room adjoining Paul's on his brief visits at Lady Blanche farm, and he had some idea of the hours his future brother-in-law was keeping. After vacillating for a short time between his reluctance to meddle in other people's affairs and his distress at the thought of Mary's unhappiness, he waited up for Paul that night, and endeavored to have a talk with him.

The attempt was far from successful. Philip tried to put the question fairly and kindly. But Paul was enraged.

"You had better mind your own business," he shouted, so loudly that Philip feared Violet and Blanche might both be aroused. "I don't tell you how to manage things with my sister, do I? You've done just as you d-d pleased about the whole affair, since the day you first struck the farm. And I'll thank you to let mine alone, too. I guess I know what I'm about!"

"I'm afraid you don't. That's just it," said Philip. "And I'm older than you, and have been about a bit more, and—"

"Oh, you're afraid I don't, are you? Well, I should worry!" jeered Paul, who was picking up more or less New York slang. "We're a good little boy, aren't we? Never hit it up in all our lives! Well, run along to bed, that's the best place for one of your advanced years and experience—you must look out not to keep too late hours, or get your feet wet, or something like that—might be fatal!" Then as Philip hesitated, Paul burst into oaths before which Philip, hitherto unacquainted with certain phrases of rural vocabulary, stood electrified for a moment, and then walked into his own room and closed the door.

And so the second episode, also, came to an abrupt end, and he strove to dismiss both from his mind.

The wedding day, which seemed to the impatient bridegroom so interminably slow in arriving, came at last—warm, clear and cloudless. The little white Congregational church, where all the Mannings had always

worshipped, and where the marriage ceremony was performed, was decorated as it never had been before in the hundred and fifty years of its existence. The Wallacetown "orchestra" played at the farm. A wedding supper, more sumptuous than any of which Hamstead had ever partaken, was spread on tables under huge awnings extending over the lawns, and two rooms were filled with presents which any bride might well have been proud to display and possess. Blanche, wearing the countess' pearls, enveloped in a mist of white tulle and soft lace, looked more exquisite and fairy-like than ever. Philip's friends—and they seemed to be legion—were there in full force, nor had Hamstead realized before how many Boston friends Mary had, too. Gale Hamlin was there, with his sister and niece, Mr. Davis, the senior partner of the firm, had come, too, with his wife and sons; and many others. All Hamstead was there, of course, and most of White Water and some of Wallacetown; and all Hamstead included, that summer, pretty, painted Rosalie King, with her cousins, the Westons. . . .

Finally, Blanche and Philip drove off in their own motor, showered with rice and confetti, cheering and waving from their ribbon-bedecked car as they went. The guests remained a little longer to laugh and cry, and "talk it over." Then gradually they went home, motor-horns tooting, aged carryalls creaking, boys and girls singing as they walked arm in arm up the dusty road to the village. Jane crossed the lawn to her own house and sat looking at her ribbon-tied candy box for some minutes before she went to bed. Violet collapsed, in an orgy of satisfaction and tears, and Mary undressed her and made her a hot drink with a bromide tablet melted in it. And finally, coming out of her cousin's room at two o'clock in the morning, after having made her "as comfortable as could be expected"—to quote Violet's own feeble whisper—she met Paul face to face in the hall.

He lurched towards her unsteadily. There had been champagne, and a strong punch served at the wedding, for Violet had had some fear that Philip's Boston friends might think her "countryified." And all the evening, Paul had been alternately consuming first punch and then champagne and then punch again. The results of his over-indulgence were all too obvious in both his appearance and his manner. Mary looked at him and her very soul revolted.

"How dare you!" she cried, "disgrace your sister's wedding day like this!"

Paul seemed hardly to hear her. But there was no doubt that he saw her and that he found her very good to look at. Philip had once said that Mary was lovely always, but that if she ever got angry, she would be magnificent. Mary was very angry now, so angry that she hardly knew that she was wounded to the heart as well. She was, indeed, magnificent, beautiful as Paul had never seen her, had never known as she could be. He threw his arms around her, and began to kiss her violently on her neck, her cheeks, her lips. Mary tried to struggle away from him, hot with fury, sick with shame and disgust. He only held her closer. At last she succeeded in freeing one arm, and with all her might, struck him across the mouth. Instead of sobering Paul, it stimulated his raging senses to the point of frenzy. He confronted Mary with unshaken fury.

"You canting hypocrite!" he shouted, furiously, "moping around all summer, acting as if you were crazy to have me make love to you! And now going for me like a wildcat when I try it! I guess I knew what I was doing when I let you alone! I guess I can get all the kisses I want without paying for them by being hit in the face! From now on, you can mope forever for all I care—but you won't have a chance to hit me again! I never asked you to marry me, anyhow—you've only pretended I did! I never wanted you at all! Why should I want a prude—or a shrew—or a jailor—for a wife? You wanted me—though you've tried to act so high and holy about it! And d—n it, you almost got me! But I'm through with you now—through—do you hear? I'm free! And you'll never get me again after this!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Primitive Man's First Idea of Architecture

Historians of architecture tell us that man's first building efforts were for the purpose of protecting himself from the weather. He required shelter from the angry elements, and hence "the inclemency of the seasons was the mother of architecture." In his primitiveness he took the nests of birds and the lairs of beasts as his model, and the earliest hut was probably a mere arbor of twigs, afterwards covered with mud. Then huts were built of branches of trees and covered with turf. And there is every reason to suppose that the men who built shelters of this kind were agriculturists by occupation. The hunter, on the other hand, preferred a cave-dwelling, which protected him better from the attacks of his fellows or wild animals, while the shepherds who led a nomadic or wandering life, as some of them do today in Central Asia, naturally devised tents.

## Yeast for Bread

Bread was first made with yeast in the Seventeenth century.

## Rough Crepes and Matelasse Weaves

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF IT is to guess the thought uppermost in the minds of the majority of the fair sex just about now, we would say—a new spring outfit. Which encourages us to talk about the fascinating materials that are extending such an irresistible come-and-buy-me invitation to all who behold them.

Of course the very first thing to consider in planning a smart suit, dress, coat or blouse is the material which is to fashion it. Since first things must come first, we will begin by telling about the perfectly stunning rough crepes which are playing so important a role in the style panorama.

We can think of no more wearable type during the daytime hours and none of more convincing chic than the suit, either jacketed or caped, which is made of rough navy crepe. These dark blue crepes will be the rage from now on.

Making them up with an accompaniment of gray plaid taffeta is one way of doing as fashion bids. Another is to enhance these rough navy crepes with accents of white, preferably white organdie details such as huge bows, or ruffled collar and cuff sets or necklines which are outlined with garlands of sheer organdie flowers. We will be seeing "oodles and oodles" of white organdie fixings during the coming days.

Not even the wiles of crisp and immaculate organdie trimmings can take away from the prestige of plaid taffeta such as is lending so sprightly a dash

of color to scores and scores of the new springs suits and ensembles. For instance note the adorable cape suit here pictured, which is fashioned of a rough navy crepe such as we have been talking about. The plaid taffeta blouse has a most interesting scarf neckline in that it looks as if it might be attached to the removable cape. The hat is a navy straw.

As to the charming striped rough crepe frock centered in the group, it is one of the gray prints which are the hit of the season—either gray with white or yellow, if you please. The print used for this particular model is gray with stripes in a daffodil yellow. It's almost impossible to keep taffeta out of the picture nowadays. The big gray pearl buttons have a swatch of the yellow taffeta drawn through them which climaxes the style message which this attractive frock conveys.

A new novelty matelasse-type fabric of bemberg in soft green fashions the attractive daytime dress on the seated figure. One has to see this material in the original to sense how really handsome it is. There is a sort of invisible tiny conventional figure running throughout its weave added to which is its crinkled and blistered surfacing which at once classes it among the smart matelasse weaves which are the call of the hour. The large white organdie bow and the organdie bordering about the pointed front opening give a perfect style accent to a perfect springtime gown. Note how the full sleeves achieve the desired broad-shouldered silhouette.

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## PLACKET EFFECTS BROUGHT INTO USE

Buttons are very much in evidence, but have subsided to a more conventional style, leaving the quality of novelty to the new fabrics. Plain glass buttons, in ball or flat shapes, and mother of pearl, generally flat, are taking the place of the metals of the winter, although there are still some shiny nickel types—smooth and undecorated.

Talking of buttons is another way of saying that placket effects are repeatedly brought into use—a feature that can be said of skirts as well as of blouses. In the matter of skirts plackets are apt to appear anywhere—front, back and in mock style, at the bottom near the hem.

## Perugia Sandal for Wear With Frock for Spring

For wear with very sheer stockings we suggest a Perugia shoe—sandal rather—consists of nothing more than a string of rhinestones and a flat sole with a high heel attached. The brilliants surround the sole from back to front, dividing in front between the great and near-great toes, passing just above the ankle bones and fastening in the back of the heel. We don't guarantee any degree of comfort for the foot in this costume, but we are willing to vouch for the effectiveness of such fury.

## Pink Velvet Wedding Gown Chosen by Stylish Bride

Pale pink velvet was chosen by one recent fashionable bride in Paris for her wedding gown instead of the regulation white satin. With it she wore a veil of pale pink tulle which swept the length of her train. Her bridesmaids wore crepe gowns of the same tone accented by brown velvet toques, gloves and slippers.

## Brocaded Scarfs Chic

Brocaded scarfs cut in triangles and worn on the outside of black velvet evening coats are considered the height of chicness from the Paris point of view.

## SMART FOR SPRING

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Mannish woollens are the swagger note for the spring suit. The material for the model pictured is reversible—checked on one side and a solid color on the other. Which makes this double-faced wool cape suit exceedingly practical as it offers many costume changes, simply by wearing first one side out then the other. One way of doing it is to wear it as here shown. Another is to turn the jacket and skirt checks out, topping this with the cape showing the monotone side, or let all three pieces show up the checks, or wear skirt and cape with checked side out, the jacket contrasting the plain color. There are any other number of combinations possible. For milder days the jacket might be discarded, for the cape will pose very effectively over a dainty blouse. The suit itself without the cape makes a modish appearance. The vagabond hat is considered extremely voguish.



SEEING AHEAD

Farmer Hardpate's place lay right in the line of the approaching railway survey, and the company was anxious to conciliate the old man. The diplomatic agent went out to see him, and finally thought to cinch the matter, saying: "Our company offers you \$500 in cash and \$1,000 worth of stock for the right of way through your farm."

"No, sir-ree!" retorted old Hardpate. "I don't want no railroad running around here. Fust thing ye know ye'll be killing some of my live stock an' I'd have to help pay for it as a stockholder."

## STARTING HIM UP



Mr. Titman—What are you twisting that mule's tail for?  
Mr. Talltimber—He ain't got no self-starter so I gotta crank him up.

## Shod at Sunrise

"Private Rooney," said the cavalry officer at the training camp, "take my horse down and have him shod."

For three hours the lieutenant waited for his horse. Then impatiently he sent for Rooney.

"Private Rooney," he said, "where is that horse I told you to have shod?"

"Omgosh!" gasped the private, growing pale, "Omgosh! Did you say shod?"

## The Wrong Things

Doctor—Well, did you take my advice and sleep with the windows open?

Patient—Yes, doctor.

Doctor—Gor! And you've lost that cold you had?

Patient—No, doctor. Only my best suit and my watch and chain.—Globe (Toronto).

## Too Noisy

Mrs. Oldacre—Have you a pergola in your garden.

Mrs. Newrich—Not now. We found it barked at the tradespeople, so we had to get rid of it.—Stray Stories.

## Why Higher Wages

Boss—You ask high wages for a man with no experience.

Applicant—But it is so much harder work when you don't know anything about it.

## Wisecracker

John—Is a chicken three weeks old big enough to eat?

Jim—Why, of course not!

John—Then how does it live?

## What, Pray Tell?

"Something's preying on my mind."

"It must be pretty hungry."—London Answers.

## WHY THEY STAYED HOME

Mrs. Jones—Why do you all stay in the house so much, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown—I'll tel' you, Mrs. Jones: We pay an enormously high rent for this house and want to stay in it enough to get our money's worth, you see.

## Oh, That Head!

Mistress (explaining routine to new cook)—Now, my husband always goes to his club on Wednesday evenings.

Cook—I understand, ma'am. So he won't want no breakfast on Thursdays.—Humorist.

## Making a Complete Job

She—You never hear of women cashiers running off with their employer's money.

He—Not often, but when it does happen they take the employer, too.—Stray Stories.

## Stamped Incomplete

"Yes, it was a sad case about Hayes. Since he lost all his money half his friends don't know him any more."

"What about the other half?"

"They don't know yet that he has lost it."—Moncton Transcript.

## Hard Lines

"What brought you to prison, man?"

"Competition, mum," was the reply.

"Competition? I don't understand."

"Yes, mum, competition. I made the same sort of half crowns as the government."—Tatler Magazine.