

LADY  
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FARMA Romance of the  
Commonplaceby  
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## CHAPTER X—Continued

—12—

New York, Paul was not the glittering wonder that it is to most boys, seeing it at his age for the first time. Nothing thrilled him at all. The vivid memory of the touch of Mary's lips, the thrill of that frosty kiss, still obliterated every other emotion. He finally went to the department store where he knew Rosalie King worked, and sought her out. She was not very cordial to him. Girls, Paul reflected, had inconveniently long memories for a fellow shortcoming. But when he gave voice to his loneliness and depression, she warmed to him at once. Paul was by no means the only person whom Sylvia had sized up correctly.

Business was a little dull that morning. Paul leaned over the counter and told his story, with the conspicuous omission of some of the most important parts. He told enough, however, for Rosalie to guess a good deal more and what she guessed moved her not a little. When he finished, she needed to repower her nose.

"Why don't you pick out something swell to take home to her?" she asked. "She likes blue, don't she? I got a bracelet here, with sapphires in it, that's classy down to the ground."

Paul bought the bracelet, but he reflected. The houses at Lady Blanche farm, like most of those in Hamstead during the last decade, had been equipped with bathrooms and furnaces and when at the time of Blanche's wedding, Violet had put electric lights in hers, Seth and Jane had done the same. But they had no set-tubs, no electrical labor-saving devices, no elaborate short-cuts to comfort and leisure. Paul began to wonder if he would not have done better to buy an electric washing machine and a vacuum cleaner than a sapphire bracelet. He asked Rosalie what she thought.

"Couldn't you get her both?" "I'm afraid not, just now," he said regretfully.

The next day Austin sailed, and Paul was free to go home again. It was late in the evening when, after a long, cold journey, he reached the Hamstead station. Seth was waiting for him in the sleigh, and they were soon jingling along through heavy snow down the road to Lady Blanche farm.

How still it was, how cold and white! How clean and open and friendly! Paul wondered that he had ever, for one single instant, imagined that he would prefer to live in a city, in that dreadful strangeness, that hurry and dirt and noise! Not that seeing New York hadn't been a wonderful experience, of course. But it was much more wonderful getting home after it, and it was going to be most wonderful of all telling Mary what he had seen, what he had felt, what he had divined—watching the light in the steady gray eyes, the expression on the changing mouth. And perhaps now—of course it wouldn't do to force the issue, even now, but perhaps—

"Is it too late to see Mary tonight?" he asked suddenly, feeling in his pocket to see if the sapphire bracelet was surely safe. "Geddag, King," said Seth, addressing the wholly unequal creature that was taking them on their way. "What ails you, Paul, ain't you been listenin' to what I ben sayin' to you these last five minutes?"

"No," said Paul breathlessly. "I was thinking. She—she ain't sick, is she?" "Well," said Seth slowly, "I guess she's ben sick—ain't, anyway—for some time, longer'n we realized. She's worked real hard ever since her mother died. Mary ain't one to shirk, of course, and not ben' experienced, it made it harder for her. Then she was considerable upset over that trouble you and she had in the summer. And she took Sylvia's death a good deal to heart. Mary don't say much, and I never saw her cry or git 'nervous' like your ma. But you remember she fainted dead away one time just after Algy begun to get better—sorter dropped in her tracks? She seemed to perk up again 'round Christmas, but danged if she didn't keel right over again the day after you left for New York. Now she's gone."

"Gone?" echoed Paul, an icy terror clutching at his heart. "You mean she's dead?" "No, she ain't dead! Land, Paul, you must be gettin' nervous yourself. Geddag, King. She's gone to Boston, to visit that friend of hers, Hannah Adams, that's been tensin' her to come for so long. Moses and Algy and I hev moved over to Jane's to stay until she gets back. I kinder think that's what we oughter hev done in the first place, after Laura died, until Mary had finished her schoolin' and got her growth and strength. Jane says she don't see how Mary ever does so much

work. We've had to get in Myra's niece from out back, to help her, and send the wash up to the steam laundry in Wallacetown besides, and buy bread once or twice, and still she's ben on the jump every minute. I guess Mary put a good deal of vitality into her job. Well, I give her Laura's money before she went, without any strings tied to it. It ain't much, but it's somethin'."

"Do you think," asked Paul, choking a little, "that there was any other reason, that anything happened just before I left, that made Mary want to go away—besides just because she was tired?" and as he asked the question, the boy seemed to feel her face pressed against his, the ecstasy of the swift, passionate kiss that she returned, and to see the sudden tears in her eyes afterwards.

Seth considered this question carefully before he answered it. "Well," he said at length, "women's queer. I don't pretend to understand 'em. But Mary thought a lot of you, and you jilted her. That's the plain English of it, ain't it? I guess it hurt her a good deal, and it was a long while, as I don't need to tell you, before she could bring herself to speak to you again. But sense that night that Algy took sick, and you helped her out so good, she gradually got to be friends with you again. She was real grateful to you, and I guess she still likes you some, in spite of everything. Mary's like that. She don't change easy. And she could see that you was tryin' to do better. I want to give you credit for that myself, Paul. Mary ain't harboring what you done against you any more, but she ain't forgot that you done it, and she ain't certain you wouldn't do it again. . . . Wal, of course I don't want to pry, and I ain't askin' you no questions. . . ."

"I—I—had begun to hope that some time—"

"Then," said Seth decidedly, "you're a bigger fool'n even I took you for, and that's sayin' a good deal. Mary made a mistake to let you get her



He Told Enough, However, for Rosalie to Guess a Good Deal More.

easy before and to let you treat her neglectful after you did get her. She wouldn't make a mistake like that again; even if she wanted you, and I don't believe she does. Anyway, she don't trust you, and I'm dummed if I blame her. I look to see her be gone from here some time. And that ain't all."

Paul waited, his heart sinking lower than ever.

"I got a letter from Mr. Hamlin, the architect," said Seth, "that was a considerable surprise to me. He says he asked Mary to marry him three years ago, when her mother died. And she turned him down because she thought Moses and Algy and me needed her, and because she was comin' home—to you. It shows she didn't have as much sense as she might hev, or she never would hev refused a man like that to stick to a boy like you. But I hope she's acquired a little sense. Anyway, he says he's glad to understand that conditions hev changed somewhat now and he wanted I should give my consent to try his luck again. Consent! Great Godfrey! I writ by return mail! Geddag, King!"

Late that night, when everyone else had gone to bed, Paul went outdoors and stood for a long time, looking towards the unlighted windows of the house across the road. Adam, facing the angel with the flaming sword which barred the gate into Eden, could have felt no surer that he had lost Paradise through his own wrongdoing than did this humbled and heartsick boy.

## CHAPTER XI

The sun, streaming into the pretty living room, fell on Blanche's golden hair and turned the color of her delicate negligee from palest pink to rose. She was, her husband reflected, growing lovelier and lovelier with every month that passed. Just now, however, her face wore the expression of slight discontent which at first he had noticed only when she spoke of the dullness of Hamstead and which had left it altogether during the first radiant weeks of their marriage.

"What's the matter, honey?" "Nothing, except that I'm wishing I was a nymph again."

Phillip laughed. "The first time I heard you say that was because you wanted to get away from spring cleaning," he said lightly, "and the second, when you had to go to an intelligence office and engage a maid. The third time was when you tried in vain to crank the car on a cold day and I got home and found

you nearly crying over it. What's the matter this time?"

"Bills," said Blanche briefly. "Bills?" echoed Phillip. "Why, I should think those were one of the last things that need trouble you. We've plenty of money to pay bills for all the things we really need. You silly child, hand them over—"

She gathered the fluttering sheets on the desk and gave them to him. Then, watching his face as he began to glance through them, she suddenly burst out. "I'm sure I've tried to be careful! We have only one maid, instead of three or four, and an apartment instead of a house, like almost everyone we know. And I really don't spend anything on clothes compared to the other young married women I've met this winter. And we don't go to the theater or entertain much or—"

"I know, darling. It does seem to cost a lot, just to live. I didn't realize how much, beforehand. But after all, we had a lovely trip and we've been pretty comfortable and happy in this little apartment. And I can take care of all these all right. But I guess we shall have to go a little slow for a while."

"Well, it's lucky we haven't had a baby! I don't know what you'd have said about bills then! And yet you've been perfectly crazy—"

Something about Phillip's silence halted Blanche. She decided that it was wiser to change the subject. "I had a letter from Paul last night," she said. "I meant to speak of it before. I guess he's rather fed up with Lady Blanche farm, too. At any rate, he wants to come to Boston for a week or so and asks if it would be convenient for us to have him here."

Phillip hesitated. He felt that the present state of his finances could ill permit him to give his brother-in-law the kind of a good time he would expect if he came to town. On the other hand, he was curious to see if the more favorable impressions which he had gained of the boy at Christmas time would prove to be lasting. "Of course, if Paul is coming to Boston, we must have him here," he said pleasantly.

Paul appeared three days later, and Phillip, with his usual fair-mindedness, confessed to himself that the boy was still more changed, and though differently, it was certainly not for the worse. He seemed much older, much quieter, and decidedly preoccupied.

"Yes, of course I'd enjoy going to the theater," he said a trifle absentmindedly. "Thanks awfully. Or anything else you've planned. First of all, though, if you don't mind, I'd like to go and see Mary. I—I haven't heard from her at all, except indirectly, since before I went to New York. Do you think she's had a pleasant winter?"

"Pleasant winter!" exclaimed Blanche. "Why, she's had a wonderful time! She's packed these few months pretty full, I can tell you! And I must say she's a great success. I don't believe she'll turn her back on it all a second time in a hurry! Mary is nice, there's no denying that, and awfully clever, too, and you'd never believe the difference good-looking clothes have made in her appearance."

"And she's had time to rest and read," cut in Phillip, "which I think has meant more to her than almost anything else. The first week she was here she was in bed most of the time. Then she began to go for a daily ride and to pick up generally. Mr. Hamlin's pretty attentive to her."

"Pretty attentive!" Blanche echoed her husband. "Why, he follows her like a shadow! Wasn't she queer not to tell us that he was after her before—and not to accept him? I don't see how she could have hesitated a minute!"

"I'm glad she's had a good time," was Paul's only comment at the end of these and similar disclosures. "I want to see her myself."

"Well, let's go to the theater tonight, and you can go there tomorrow afternoon."

There was an amusing farce running at the Park Square theater and as the curtain went down after the first act and the lights came on, Blanche, wiping the tears of merriment from her eyes, gave Paul a sudden nudge.

"Look!" she whispered, "in the first box on the right!"

Paul turned in the direction indicated. The box contained six persons—a middle-aged man and woman, two younger men, one of them in khaki, and two girls. At the first glance, that was all Paul realized. Then it came over him that the two older persons were Mr. and Mrs. Adams, one of the young men, Gale Hamlin, one of the girls Hannah Adams and the other—the one in white brocade, with the rose-colored velvet wrap flung over the back of her chair and the big bunch of orchids and lilies of the valley at her waist—was Mary Manning, whom he had last seen wearing a red knitted hood, and shabby little red wool mittens—

The theater seemed to be swaying, then everything blurred. He shut his eyes for a minute. When he opened them, the box was beginning to fill. Half a dozen extra men had joined the party, one in navy blue, two more in khaki, adding to its merriment. Hannah was entirely absorbed in the first officer, but Mary seemed quite equal to handling the others. Blanche kept whispering in his ear, as he watched.

"That blond man with glasses on is Hannah's fiance, Captain Merrill. They didn't intend to be married until fall, but since he's in the army, they've put the wedding ahead six months, now that war is declared. Mary's going to be maid of honor. Don't you want to go up and speak to her? You said you wanted to see her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Navy Sheers Enlivened With Color

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE question as to "what's the style" for spring and summer, 1933, is answered very definitely in the fascinating, plus-so-practical, navy sheers which have been "stealing the show" in most window displays and at the majority of style parades staged so far this season.

They are worthy to admire and to covet, are these genteel-looking navy suits, frocks and ensembles made of the thin kind-you-love-to-wear materials which are the rage just now. As to just what type of fabric shall fashion your new navy sheer, it is left for you to decide.

In making your selection you will be called upon to decide, perhaps, between one of those voguish thin crepe, or taffeta-finished types, which are ribbed in either tiny or wide wefts (newest thing out) or one of the numerous thin-almost-to-transparency wools which are such good style. Then again your fancy may turn to a quality-kind plain triple sheer such as tailors to a nicety. At any rate whatever the weave, if it be navy and if it be sheer, depend upon it, it will qualify a hundred per cent smart. What's more, it will be the most practical outfit you could possibly choose and with its accents of white or bright color it will flatter to heart's desire.

It makes the navy-sheer story the more thrilling in that those who create of these materials are displaying such cunning and originality in their manipulation. They are, for instance, tucking some of these sheer suits all over from head to foot. Then again the treatment is varied in that these thin fabrics are shirred in row-and-

row puffs from neckline to hemline. To these costumes of tucked, shirred or tailored navy, or black, if you prefer, sheers, a final note of chic is repeatedly added in the way of white plique or organdie accessories. The intriguing thing about these attractive collars and cuffs, gilets, lapels and other items too numerous to mention is, they are so fashioned as to button on with a view to removing and laundering at will.

For those who prefer gay contrast instead of touches of white, an array of charming dresses are being shown this season which flaunt enlivening dashes and splashes of high color. The combining of vivid print with solid navy sheers is an oft-repeated gesture. An effective instance of this style trend is recorded in the winsome frock illustrated to the left in this picture. This smart daytime dress is made of a ribbed sheer of bemberg, in light navy with bishop sleeves and the new Patou neckline done in a bizarre scarf print. A silver girdle fastening provides an additional bright accent.

For the swagger navy dress to the right the designer turns to a sheer rough-finished novelty worsted. When you learn about the striped sleeves, you will be eager to borrow the idea instantly. They are made of two shades of blue organdie set together with silver thread fagoting. The opportunity offered in this clever stroke of handiwork for striking color effect is endless. One might even work out, if they so chose, a Roman stripe effect using multicolored bands of organdie.

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## EVENING ENSEMBLE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This very lovely evening ensemble which is a Lucien Lelong creation proclaims the charm of velvet as it poses over dainty flowery gowns. The adorable capelike wrap has the new draped sleeves which flow from a scarf yoke. It is typical of the ravishing styles in promise for summer. The gown is a gorgeous crepe mousseline print with dark green background.

## Draped Bateau Effect Is New Neckline Treatment

Another mood of width across the top of a frock is the newest neckline treatment, which several of the Paris couturiers agree on, the draped bateau effect. This is sometimes done so high that it crosses the front of the throat, but in any case it is another hint that the horizontal emphasis at the top of the silhouette or across the shoulders is to continue. The square sleeves quoted in some collections is a quite a novel trick to give that width at shoulders which makes the hips seem slim.

## PARIS GOWNS MADE OF WRAPPING CORD

Save your string—don't throw away even a small scrap, because when you get enough you can make an entire dress, or spring coat, out of it and be the last word in Parisian smartness Schiaparelli uses regular wrapping cord to create a very lacy looking costume, for she loops it around into interesting designs in a large mesh manner and then stiffens the whole thing so that it has a certain amount of body and doesn't just wilt when you put it on.

And the scraps from all your clothes, too—don't think of throwing away any of them, because your gloves must, absolutely must, be made to match each and every outfit, from your wool ensemble to your printed georgette or crepe de chine evening gown. Gloves are now made of silk, satin, calico, lace, chiffon, wool, taffeta with organdie gauntlet gloves and in leather touched off with any of the above materials.

## Real Flowers Come Back

## Into Fashion Picture

Nature once again imitates art, as real flowers come back into vogue for wear with daytime and afternoon clothes. They're real, but the object of the game is to make them look as artificial as possible. For they are being "styled" to look like the artificial blossoms which we have been in the habit of using as decorations for our more dressed-up costumes.

For instance, with a trailing gown of gray chiffon with a mauve cast, a smart woman recently appeared with a lei wreath of real violets, caught at the side with a single huge orchid.

Another wore a black frock, with wide square neckline, finished at either side with white orchids held in place with clips. Gardenias and flat white camellias are used in a similar manner, in pairs.

## Pique Trims Hats

Perky little bows of white pique trim some of the newest spring hats. One model of dark straw with a tiny brim, ideal to wear with prints or even with the mannish suit, had two small pique bows in front.

## Day Dreams Must Not Become Habit

Always Danger They May Result In Shutting Out Reality.

Many persons do not clearly see the means by which they can make their dreams come true.

Day dreams first appear when a person cannot actually get what he wants, or when he gets what he does not want. Day dreams are then used as compensation for actual lacks in real life. It is noteworthy that the dreamer occupies the central, the exalted position.

Play of the day-dreaming type may go to such an extent that the individual tends to shut out reality and to take the dream for actuality. One boy had dreamed so much and often that he was a great inventor that he actually came to believe that he was a mechanical genius.

He came to college heralded as such. The professor of physics found very soon that he did not know the first thing about the elementary concepts of physics. And what was worse, he would not apply himself to learn them. He had no knowledge of details, and less patience than knowledge.

This boy had indulged in day dreaming and had been unwisely encouraged to be satisfied with mere dreams instead of having been stimulated to translate dreams into realities.

Day dreams are not necessarily a baneful influence in the efforts of the individual to adjust to the realities of life. They may be the basis for great achievement. The danger enters when one is satisfied with the shadow in the dream and makes no attempt to actualize the dream content.—Dr. Edwin G. Fleming in the Scientific Monthly.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

## Unprofitable Verbiage

One can talk himself into a headache. It is a form of nervous intoxication.



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