

## Lady Blanche Farm

A Romance of the  
Commonplace

By Frances  
Parkinson Keyes

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### CHAPTER XI—Continued

"I can see her all right from here."  
"Well, speak to her then!"  
"I'd have a fat chance of saying anything there now, wouldn't I?"  
"Well, don't have one of your 'grouches' about it."

Philip hastened to interrupt the exchange of fraternal compliments that seemed imminent. The following morning, immediately after lunch, Paul left Blanche's apartment and betook himself into town. Eventually he alighted from the street car, to find himself in front of a florist's window. He hesitated a moment, then entered the shop.

"I want some flowers," he said, a little vaguely, "something pretty. For—  
—for a lady."

"Certainly, sir. Orchids, two dollars apiece? American Beauties, fifteen a dozen? Or gilt baskets, filled with white lilacs—just in—are very attractive. Twenty dollars for the smaller size, thirty for the larger ones."

Comparative wealth in Hamstead meant actual poverty in New York. Paul had discovered. In Boston, it meant, apparently, straitened circumstances at best. He fingered the slim wallet in his pocket nervously.

"Not any—nothing like those, I'm afraid. You haven't anything like—like what grows in a country garden, have you?"

"A few sweet-peas, you mean or pansies?"

"Yes, and mignonette, and forget-me-nots."

"I could make you up an old-fashioned nosegay—"

"Yes, that's what I want."

When Paul took out his wallet to pay for the bouquet, he took out a little box, too, and writing on it in pencil in his curiously unformed and immature hand, "For Mary, with Paul's love," he slipped it in among the flowers which the salesman handed him. Then, thus armed, he turned toward Beacon street.

His destination proved to be an enormous corner house of brown stone, on the water side. Its appearance instantly suggested age, wealth and exclusiveness. Paul, uncomfortable enough already, became decidedly more so as he rang the front-door bell. The appearance of the man-servant who answered the ring did not reassure him.

"Miss Manning is not at home, sir."  
"Or Mr. Adams? Or Miss Adams?"  
"None of the ladies are in, sir."  
"Could I wait? I want very much to see Miss Manning."

The butler seemed to hesitate.

"I'm her cousin, Paul Manning, from Vermont. I've—I've come a long way—"  
How silly that he should be pleading with this wooden-faced automaton! He half regretted the words before they were out of his mouth. But, as usual, he stood his ground. And he was rewarded.

"I think Miss Manning would wish you to wait, sir. Will you come to the library? I'll tell her you're here, directly she gets in, sir—Or Miss Adams, if she comes first, sir."

The library proved to be an enormous bay-windowed room at the rear of the house, overlooking the Charles river, lined with books to the ceiling and furnished in Cordova leather. Paul had never seen, hardly even imagined, such a room before. This was the kind of house—for Mr. Hamlin's, he felt sure, would be very like his sister's—that Mary could live in forever if she chose! Mary, whose chance for "advantages" had been no better than his! Mary, whom he had called a prude and a shrew and a jailor! . . . The clock on the mantel chimed and struck half past four. The butler reappeared and piled fresh wood on the fire.

"I doubt if Miss Manning will be in now, before tea-time, sir. Is there anything I could get you, sir? Some cigarettes, or a whisky and soda?"

"No, thank you."

The fire crackled a little with the new wood, blazed into brilliant colors and settled to a steady flame. The clock chimed and struck, and struck and chimed again. It was after five when he finally heard Mary's voice.

"Someone waiting to see me? Who is it, Judkins?"

"The gentleman said he was your cousin, miss. I took him into the library."

There was a short silence.

"Thank you, Judkins."

"Shall I serve tea for you there, now miss?"

"Please."

So they were to be alone—what he had hoped for so much! He heard her coming, lightly and quickly, up the stairs. Then she entered the room.

She was dressed in the dull blue color that she had always loved, a soft, flowing gown, a large drooping hat. These were not the kind, Paul instinctively knew, that were hurriedly stitched together after the children were in bed at night, or painfully created by Miss Sims, the village dress-maker, from a "paper pattern." But the change in her was far greater than in apparel alone. He could see that now, even more clearly than at the theater the evening before. She was

rested, she was happy, all of her gravity seemed to have left her. Paul had never seen a woman so beautiful, so vital, so full of promise.

"Paul! When did you come? I'm ever so glad to see you!"

"Just yesterday. I'm staying with Blanche."

"How nice! Isn't her apartment pretty? And isn't Philip—well, just almost too good to be true?"

"Yes. I guess he is true, though. Blanche is lucky."

Mary sat down, pulled off her white gloves and took off her hat.

"Is everything all right at Lady Blanche farm? Of course, or you wouldn't be here! Are you going to stay long?"

"Only a few days."

"We must try and make them pleasant for you. Hannah is giving a dinner for me tomorrow—I'm sure she'll want you to come. And there are several good plays in town—"

"It's awfully kind of you. But I'd honestly rather not be asked to dinner. I—I came just for—rather a special reason."

"Yes?" said Mary, still lightly.

"I'm going to enlist."

Mary, pouring tea, did not answer.

"I've—I've had a devil of a row with mother."

Mary handed him the cup. "You would, of course," she said quietly.

"Do you think I did wrong?"

"No—I don't think so. Tell me more about it."

"She's all right, physically, though she insists she's a nervous invalid. And she's all right financially, too, if she'll only be careful. We were in debt, rather, after Blanche's wedding, but I've paid that all up. I've used some capital of my own. Now she can keep Hod and Myra to work for her and have plenty of money left over for food and clothing and taxes and everything that I can think of—I've been over it all pretty carefully. I've told her she could have my share of our income, too, as long as I was gone. That's fair, isn't it, Mary?"

"I should think it was—perfectly fair. What branch of the service do you want to enter?"

"The marines. If they can't get into a scrap on sea, perhaps they will on land."

"Yes—I suppose Cousin Violet, when she saw she couldn't stop your going, advised the quartermaster's department or something like that?"

"How did you guess? I felt there were lots of other men who could go into that, men with families, I mean, or who weren't all right physically. There's nothing the matter with my heart; I found that out from David Noble before he left. It was David who first put the idea of going to war into my head. I've had plenty of time to think it over since, and I'm sure I'm doing the best thing. But I'm sorry to have quarreled with mother. Cousin Jane took her side, too, and your father. No one seems to know there is a war, in Hamstead, hardly. I tried to make them see how I felt. I couldn't. I'd made up my mind to go, anyhow, but I hated going like that."

"Yes," said Mary. "It must have been hard. And I'm—I'm sorry, Paul."

"Sorry I'm going?"

"Oh, no. I'm glad you're going. I'm only sorry they couldn't see that you were right to go and that it made your going harder. I suppose it is hard enough, anyway."

Paul put down his cup and came and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"Mary," he said, his voice trembling a little, "I haven't any right to ask, of course, but would you tell me?—Are you going to marry Mr. Hamlin?"

"No. I'm going home, very soon now. I'll try to make them see your side, in Hamstead. I don't know whether I can, but I'll try. And that there is a war. And that they must wake up and help to win it, if they don't want to perish in it."

"Would—would you marry me?"

For a minute the girl did not answer. She sat looking into the fire and in spite of its bright reflection, Paul thought that some of the lovely color had suddenly left her face.

"I—I thought," he went on, taking courage at not being instantly repulsed, "that if you would—we could have just a week or so together before I enlist. We could go to some quiet little place by the sea—either of us has ever done that. And while I am gone, I could—I could remember it—and look forward to coming back to you, that way, again."

Suddenly he knelt down, and half-buried his face in the soft folds of her dress. "Mary—I've been so lonely without you all winter. I've wanted to talk to you—about New York, and the farm and the war—about everything I was interested in and thinking over myself. I've wanted to try to make some things easier and pleasanter for you. I never knew before that home, to me, meant—just you. Mary—I want you so—"

"I know," she said slowly. "I've known that, of course, since Christmas. That's why I went away. Because—you don't love me." She drew away from him a little. "You think love is just that—'wanting,'" she said. "Wanting something you can't get. And throwing it away as worthless as soon as you've got it. If I married you, you would be happy that week. But the first little French peasant you met—"

"Mary!"

"Well, wouldn't you? Or at any rate, have I any reason to suppose—to know—that you wouldn't? You don't know what it means to love."

"I thought I did. But perhaps I don't—will you tell me?"

Mary hesitated. "I don't know that I can put it into words very well," she said at last. "It isn't something you talk about. It's something you feel—"

that you are. And I can only tell what it means—for a girl. I can't, of course, for a man. Perhaps they don't feel as much as we do, though they always say they feel more—"

She turned her head away for a minute, and then faced him. "I can't pretend I wouldn't like to live like this always," she said. "I love the country but I haven't any illusions about it. I know that Lady Blanche farm—or any farm—means lots of hard work, lots of loneliness, lots of deprivation. I'd like to have a big, beautiful house in the city, and the constant association with delightful people—and all the rest of it. And when a man whom you like very much, offers them all to you, and you realize that you could not only have everything you want yourself, but give your father rest and comfort in his old age, and your brothers a good education, and—and—you hesitate. You can't help it. It is an awful temptation. Of course Gale Hamlin is too tactful, and too—too square, to try to bribe me. But it amounts to a bribe just the same. So I've tried to love him, so that I—I could have all this. I thought I could, perhaps. But I can't."

Mary glanced down at Paul, her lips quivering a little. He was still on his knees before her, his eyes looking up into hers, more steadily, this time, than she could look at him.

"Because," she went on, and her voice was very low, "you feel when you love a man that it doesn't matter if he's so poor he hasn't a shirt to his back, or so bad that you've got to drag him out of the gutter, if you can only belong to him. That you'd rather bake his bread, and sweep his room, and wash his clothes, than sit on a throne of gold, beside anyone else. That you want to share his poverty and his troubles and make them easier if you can. That you want to turn to him in your own sorrow and in your own joy. That you want to marry him—to go to sleep every night in his arms, and the first thing when you wake every morning, to feel his lips on yours, kissing you before you begin your day's work together. That you hope, in time, he'll be your children's father."

Paul rose from his knees and walked blindly over towards the bay window. When he finally came back, his fresh young face looked white and old.

"You didn't care for Gale Hamlin like that," he said, as if he were scourging himself with every word he spoke, "so you wouldn't marry him. You didn't want a man just because he was rich and famous and good. And you didn't want just the easy, pleasant things, like Blanche. You wanted the hard part, too. That's—that's the way you cared for me."

"Yes," said Mary, unsteadily.

"And you don't any more."

It was not a question. Nevertheless, Mary answered it with one.

"Do you think it likely?" she asked.

Paul bowed his head. "No," he said. "I don't think it's likely. Of course I know it's impossible. It was insane of me to think for one minute that you could marry me now, after what I did to you, when you cared like that. I ask your forgiveness from the bottom of my heart, but I know I don't deserve it and I don't expect to get it. Good-by."

Later in the spring, just before she went back to Hamstead, Mary received a limp, square letter, on coarse tan-colored paper with a red triangle in the corner.

"Dear Mary," it said—

"I won't bother you by writing you again, but I can't start across without doing it this once."

"I do love you. I know you don't believe me and if you decide to marry Mr. Hamlin after all, I'll try to be glad because I know he deserves you—as much as any man can deserve you—and I don't, but I'll make you believe me, anyway when I get home. It would be silly of me to say I'll be more worthy of you then, for of course I'll never be worthy of you. But I'll make you believe me, anyway. And if I don't ever get home, please try hard to believe me without any more telling than just this. For I do. I do, with all my heart and soul. Perhaps I didn't before, but I do now."

"God bless you."

"Yours always,"

"Paul."

### CHAPTER XII

It was snowing hard, but Mrs. Elliott, bundling herself up well, closed the door of her spotless kitchen behind her and set out to go and "pass the afternoon" with her friend, Mrs. Gray. As long as the war had been a far-distant thing—another "crazy quarrel among them throat-cutting foreigners"—it had stirred feeble interest and still feeble sympathy in most of the hearts in the Connecticut valley and as it dawned gradually upon Hamstead's reluctant mind that the United States "was likely to be drawn into the horrid thing" it comforted itself with many good reasons why its own sons should not go—farmers were, of course, needed in the fields as much as soldiers in the trenches—men with families had their own responsibilities to think of first—an amazing number of cases of flat feet and weak eyes and impaired general health were discovered. But gradually, almost imperceptibly, public sentiment changed. For the first time in the history of the village, Methodists and Congregationalists and persons who professed no faith at all, the "old families" who belonged to the D. A. R. and those from "out back" who belonged to nothing more exclusive than the Foreign Missionary society, began to work together with a common interest, all petty differences forgotten.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Ever in the Style Picture Is Velvet

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WITH a growing appreciation of what the art of good dressing really means, women who "know" will consider none other than the hat, the gown, the accessories which "do something for you" more than serving merely as wearing apparel.

When it comes to a fabric which performs miracles in the way of doing something flattering for you, such as softening harsh lines, accentuating charms, while it minimizes defects until it takes years from one's appearance, it is generally conceded that velvet has no compeer. Which readily explains why designers of this day and age are seeing to it that velvet be kept in the style picture the whole year round.

Paris adores velvet as a summer item. In creating the newer costumes the best couturiers seldom lose an opportunity to complement sheer and summery frocks with the most ravishing and colorful little velvet jackets or capes one may ever hope to see. If not a cunning wrap, then bows, girdles and furberlows of velvet play an effective contrast to the dainty organdies, chiffons and such which fashions milady's wardrobe for the coming months.

The lovely models in the illustration convey some little idea of the perfectly charming things leading French designers are doing with velvet. The three wraps are Patou creations. The dotted frock is a Margie Rouff model. Note the new short front of its skirt.

### SMARTLY TAILORED

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The casual tailored suit, shown to the right, with its swagger topcoat, chic-tied shoes and cavalier bag, is characteristic of the latest mode for about-town and travel wear. The hat is of straw with an organdie bow and band, and the blouse is of striped shirting silk. Remove the topcoat of this handsomely tailored three-piece and there is disclosed a clever jacket and skirt suit. The suit, above to the left, of men's cloth is in correct tailored form from shoe to hat. Note the series of bracelets and the tailored bag. The little sailor has one of the very new high-back crowns.

### Gun Metal Leather Used in This Season's Shoes

Gun metal leather is one of this season's contributions to new and different footwear—and shoes of it solve the problem of one pair for gray, blue and black outfits.

Because of the nature of gun metal, shoes styled in it are generally without much decoration. In some models it is combined with suede.

The material for this dress is a white crepon with blue dots. The decollete trim is of blue velvet, the same also used for the belt which does not show in the picture.

The cape dress, pictured above to the left in this group, is made of pearl blue broadcloth. The girdle, bag and shoes, likewise the enormous bow, all in matching gentian blue place unmistakable emphasis on the velvet vogue as it is interpreted among haute monde fashions.

The youthful velvet evening jacket, shown below to the left, is in ruby red. It tops a mousseline frock which conveys the message of floral prints in gorgeous colorings. The intricate seaming of this charming velvet wrap, as well as the high ruff about the throat, are points of high style distinction.

The other velvet jacket, which is worn over a light blue evening dress, abounds in ingenious details which set it apart from the ordinary. A wrap of this type is a much-to-be-coveted possession, in whatsoever color one may choose, or in black, since it can be worn smartly in the afternoon as well as for formals.

A very pretty effect is being achieved in afternoon frocks of dainty crepe done in pastels such as pale green or light blue or some such, the idea being to trim with a velvet in darker shade. © 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

### SPRING LINGERIE IS MOST ALLURING

It is to sigh with rapture, as one catches a glimpse of the latest delectable trifles which Paris has designed in the way of spring and summer lingerie. No signs of hard times here. Exquisite filmy fabrics, cobwebby laces, plenty of handwork seem to be the rule for the latest underthings.

Gowns are more elaborate than ever, borrowing their design from formal evening fashions. One adorable night-dress of palest pink chiffon is pleated from yoke to hem in clusters, emphasizing long slender lines, with fullness released below the knees.

There's a deep yoke of the finest of silk lace which is tinted the same delicate pink as the gown. Double puff sleeves of the lace are held with narrow bands of the chiffon, and a narrow sash belt ties at the back.

The separate jacket scheme turns the nightdress into a tea gown, and is proving very popular.

### Sleeve Lengths Vary in New Jackets for Spring

The box type jacket shows interesting new shoulder treatments, such as Lanvin's sleeves with padded or stuffed pleats from shoulder to elbow, and Schiaparelli's cartridge pleats on shoulders or sleeve top.

Other jacket or coat sleeves appear in every length, elbow, three-quarter, seven-eighths and full length. And new style sleeves for ensembles are sleeves bagged from elbow to wrist, or from elbow to any chosen sleeve length; wide cuffs to finish elbow or three-quarter length sleeves; slashed sleeves, with the dress showing through the slashes, and the usual plain, raglan, and set-in sleeve types.

### Skirts Generally Longer Than Worn Last Season

Skirts generally are accepted to be longer than last season—considerably longer. Some houses show only a few sport things above the ankle, all the other daytime skirts touching the ankle bone, and evening ones sweeping the floor.

Waistlines are normal to low except in the mind and models of Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli, who continues to place them high, wide and handsome, in an eccentric way.

## How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By GLORIA SWANSON

I WAS never "screen-struck." I did not think of the movies as a road to fame and fortune. And I spent no weary weeks at the studio gates waiting for "my chance."

An impulse, or perhaps it may better be called a "hunch," was responsible for my introduction into motion pictures.

My old interest in acting had been confined to school plays. The first appearance I ever made was as a child of seven, when I had a singing role in a benefit performance at Key West, Fla., where my father, an army officer, was stationed. I do not remember whether the benefit was a brilliant success. Certainly, my part in it could not have been exceptional.

On another occasion, in Porto Rico, I was the "leading lady" of an operetta given by my school. I had been told since that my "natural talent" was the subject of numerous comments, but I paid little attention to the remarks of my elders. I only knew that I enjoyed doing such things.

Later, I returned to Chicago to finish my schooling in the city of my birth. One day my aunt suggested a visit to the old Essanay studios. Up to this time I had taken no particular in-



Gloria Swanson.

terest in motion pictures, but I welcomed the opportunity to visit the studio in order to satisfy my natural curiosity. I was then fifteen years old.

Once past the gate of the studio I was fascinated. It was all so new to me, so different. And then came the "hunch." Almost without realizing what I was saying, I expressed a desire to appear before the cameras. A director or some one who stood nearby heard me; my first appearance was not as an extra, but as a "bit" player. After that I was given further "bits."

As time went on, I became more fascinated and made the most of every opportunity to learn all there was to learn. In three months I was made a stock player, which meant that I was guaranteed four days' pay each week, at \$3.25 a day, whether I worked or not. Consequently, I was given more interesting parts to play. I was cast for a "bit" in Charlie Chaplin's first Essanay picture, "His New Job," but after about a dozen rehearsals of a single scene Charlie "fired" me. He was quite right. I was terrible. Later, I appeared in George Ade's "Elvira Farina and Meal Ticket."

My "breaking into" the movies had been quite simple, but I quickly discovered that the business of remaining in the ranks, while hundreds clamored for admittance, called for plenty of hard work. And I have worked very hard ever since that time.

On leaving Essanay, I decided to journey to California. After two weeks in Los Angeles I went to Mack Sennett at the Keystone studio and was signed for a picture following a brief rehearsal. Then I made one picture at Universal; Mack Sennett offered me a contract and I "held out" for \$75 a week, with an increase of \$5 or \$10 every three months or so. He agreed to pay the amount and the contract was signed. I appeared in a number of Sennett comedies, being co-starred with Bobby Vernon, but during my work there, for a year and a half, I never was cast in a "bathing beauty" picture. The general belief that I once was a Sennett bathing girl is erroneous. I left the Sennett lot for a starring contract with the Triangle company, which enabled me to make progress in more serious roles. Next I appeared under Cecil B. DeMille's direction and then came the lengthy starring contract with Famous Players.

In 1926 I became an owner-member of United Artists, and an independent producer. "Sadie Thompson" in the silent screen version of "Rain," was one of the most popular of the plays made under this arrangement. More recently I have appeared in several pictures made in England.

WNU Service

### Marion's Freckles

One of the few people in the world who looks beautiful with freckles is Marion Davies. "Zander" featured her freckles and it is remembered as an outstanding characterization. "Peg o' My Heart" will be minus curis. Marion will have the same light pigtail and freckles that were so popular in "Zander."

Funny thing that Marion's freckles do not show in real life but the camera seems to bring them out when she doesn't use makeup.