LADY BLANCHE **FARM**

A Romance of the Commonplace

Frances Parkinson Keyes

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

-15-"I don't understand that either, of course. But I do know that some of the things we've always spoken of as 'supernatural' seem to occur much more frequently since the war, or else people are not so ashamed or so afraid to speak about them as they used to be. I believe the body and the spirit are in some way much more closely interwoven than we've realized. That's one reason why we must try so hard

"I've always known they were closely interwoven in Philip. Oh, Mary, will-will he be much changed, do you think?"

to make the one worthy of the other."

He was not. He looked, indeed, so serene, so supremely happy, that Blanche, kneeling beside him, burst, for the first time, into healing tears, And the nurse who had taken care of him told her that he had suffered very little.

"It was all so quick," she said. "He simply wouldn't let us send for you, and we really didn't think it was necessary-until it was too late. He said you must be saved all the grief and care you could. He'd just had a let-

"He got it in time so that he could read it?" asked Blanche, with such a sudden leap of joy in her voice that Mary wondered instantly what had been in that special letter.

"Oh yes. He was awfully happy over it, that was plain to see, and now that I've met you, Mrs. Starr, I don't wonder he wanted to save a lovely child like you from all the anxiety he could. He didn't suffer much, honestly. And just before he died-but I don't know as I ought to tell you-"

"You must-" "Something strange happened." "Yes." said Blanche breathlessly,

tooking from the nurse to Mary.
"He had been having some trouble with his breathing. He was unconscious for a little while, I thought, and delirious, off and on. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked toward the foot of the bed, smiling as if he saw something there that pleased him. Then he turned to me and said, 'You did send for my wife, after all, didn't you?' I told him no, that we'd done just as he wanted about everything. He looked kind of puzzled and went on, 'But she's standing there with her arms stretched out, dressed all in white. She looks exactly as she did the last night we had together-the first night I really found her."

Blanche laid her cheek against the quiet hand lying on the spread.

"Go on," she said, after a moment. "I was stupid enough to look there myself, for he kind of startled me. But of course there was nothing. So I shook my head, and said not to worry, that everything was all right. The puzzled expression faded, gradually, and he smiled again. And then he spoke just as if he was talking to

"What did he say?"

"'So you've come, little countess. But you mustn't ever come to anyone again. This must be the last time, And I'm not sorry. It's all been so perfect-so perfect, while it lasted.'-Do you know what flashed into my mind, I don't know why? There wasn't any real connection!-That line about a 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice-"

That was, blessedly, what it seemed to Blanche. Even in her first grief, she found, after all, the compensation, the "glory of achievement" that she thought she had been denied. She did not ask, she did not need, any longer, to understand. She needed only to feel, and as soon as her mental and physical exhaustion left her, to work.

She worked all the rest of the winter, and the next summer, and every woman in Hamstead worked with her. France, with its thousands of widows, was three thousand miles away, but Blanche was in their midst. Through her they reached out and found those

When fall came, she was not working any longer, but the rest of Hamstead, thinking of her, worked harder than ever, For she was lying, very still and happy, in the big four-poster bed in the soft-colored chamber of Carte Blanche, with the golden, downy head of Philip Starr's son against her breast,

CHAPTER XIV

Moses and Algy Manning were coming home from school together. They had, in three years, grown noticeably taller and thinner. Their faces, as usual, would have been improved by the ministrations of a handkerchief and a wash-cloth. But Gale Hamlin, who had been riding for some nours over roads that not infrequently caused him to strike the top of the car or skid irto a ditch, leaned out of the | right for me to do?"

window and hailed them with delight as he caught sight of them.

"Stop a minute, Morrison- Hello, you kids! Climb in here. Going home

from school?" "Yes," replied the two small boys together, accepting his invitation with alacrity, and seating themselves beside · him without further waste of

"Getting along pretty well?" "Fine," answered Moses. "Algy's in kindergarten. I'm in the second

"Good for you! Can you write your name yet?" "Write my name!" exclaimed Moses, with injured pride. "I kin write

Gale Hamlin coughed. "No, really?" he asked politely. "If you can, fame and fortune await you. Unfortunately, there are so many young gentlemen who only think they can. They can't,

"I'll show you," said Moses, who did not understand the greater part of this speech but felt it, on the whole, unimportant whether he did or not. Removing the cover from his dinnerpail, and depositing on the seat beside him two apple cores, half a doughnut, a package of gum, a yard or so of twine, a jackknife and a Second Reader, he finally pulled out a piece of blue paper on the outside of which was written in large letters, "Two Poimes. By M. Manning," and handed them to the doubting Thomas in tri-

"Ther was a bee and-" read Gale, "He sat on a tree and He herd a sound And he made a bownd At the sound. So that's all so call."

"Go on," said Moses, without false modesty.

Who carried a can And his name was Smiller And he went to the miller And sat on a piller And thats all ther was herd

"You should try the Atlantic Monthly," said Gale, folding and returning the paper. "But if that isn't appreciative, there are several other magazines. I will give you a list, if you like, or I will undertake to place these for you myself, for a small commission."

"I guess so," said Moses, feeling again that he was missing the point somewhere. "I showed 'em to Mary and she laughed and told me to take 'em to school and let my teacher see 'em."

"How is Mary?" Gale asked. "Well, she looks kinder peaked. Was you thinkin' of comin' to say good-by to her?"

"Something of that sort. Why?" "Because," replied Moses, wouldn't, if I was you. Thomas Gray tried it, and he wasn't suited at all. With the way she said good-by, I

"Moses and I were under the sofa, playing lion, only Mary and Thomas didn't know it," said Algy, in an il-

luminating aside. "She shook hands, nice and polite, like she's taught us to do it," continued Moses. "I don't know what more was wanted. But there was

something. He said so." "Twice," volunteered Algy. "And then he said, 'Mary, isn't there any chance for me at all?' and she said, 'No, I'm sorry, but there isn't.' '

"And Thomas," continued the faithful chorus, "said, 'Wasn't there ever any chance for anyone except Paul?' and Mary stiffened up and said, 'Paul threw his chance away."

"What happened next?" asked Gale, feeling very much as if he had been eavesdropping himself.

"Thomas spoke right up as if he was kinder mad. 'Well,' he said, 'are you goin' on rememberin' that all the rest of your life, 'stead of that he tried good and hard and plenty to find it again?"

"Ah!" remarked Gale. "And then Mary told him she couldn't discuss it with him. He was

home just for a few hours, before he went to France. That was most a year ago. No one's tried it on her since." "Suppose," said Gale, producing a

crisp dollar bill, "that you boys go to Wallacetown with Morrison and have a spree? You might enjoy it and Ier-wouldn't run the risk of having any lions under the sofa while I was

Mary was very glad to see Gale Hamlin, and she did not attempt to disguise the fact. He told her a good deal of Boston news that pleased and interested her, while he drank the tea and ate the cookies that she brought him, before he asked her any questions, "How is Mrs. Starr? I

want to see her, too!" "Oh, she's wonderful! So well, and so busy, and so happy with the baby! He's the lovellest little creature! Cousin Jane worships him, too. You must see him before you go. He isn't like a Manning at all-he's the image of his father."

"I am very glad she has him. Does she have good news of her brother,

"She doesn't have any." Gale did not answer immediately. "I'm sorry if I've made a stupid mistake," he said at last, "You didn't mention any bad news, the last time

you were in Boston," "No-I don't often talk about Paul." "So I have observed," remarked Gale dryly.

Mary flared instantly. "Men are not tair to women," she said bitterly, "I'm sorry to say that's often true. But it's no reason why women shouldn't be fair to men. Two wrongs

never made a right, you know." "Are you trying to tell me what is

"I'm trying to tell you what is wrong. It would be wicked if you

"Wicked!" "For you-not for every woman."

"Why for me especially?" "You ought to guess. And I've seen you with men- I know how much charm you have, no matter how you try to hide it and how much power, no matter how little you choose to use it. And I've seen you with children-your patience and your wisdom and your loving kindness. Philip Starr has done wonderful things for the place-and the woman-he loved -by his death. But they're nothing to what you can do for the place and the man you may love-by your life -if you only will."

The girl rose suddenly and turned away from him. Gale crossed to her quickly, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"So you refused Thomas Gray?" he asked quietly.

"Yes. There was never any question of Thomas." "Or of me?"

"Yes, there was some question of you. I thought you knew that." "Will-could you answer it any differently now?"

"No." "Or ever, do you think?" "No. I-I'm sure I never could."

"Then how are you going to answer Paul when he comes home?" "Paul isn't ever coming home," said

Mary steadily -- so steadily, in fact, that a man who knew her less well than Gale Hamlin did would have been completely deceived by her tone. "What happened, Mary?" he asked gently. "Please tell me."

"He was wounded last May." she said in a hard voice. "Not seriously. Cousin Violet had a letter, written by Paul himself in the hospital, saying the wound was just a scratch-that he'd be out again for the next 'big scrap." "Yes."

"He was. He was at Belleau Wood and Chateau-Thierry. Then he was listed as 'Prisoner or Missing.' We haven't heard since. That was nine months ago."

"Yes." "There were very few marines taken prisoner. We thought, after the armistice was signed, we'd have some

word." "And you haven't?"

"No-not a syllable. We hope-I hope, anyway-that he was killed. It would be much less horrible-than the other." Then with a swift change of tone, she exclaimed, "Don't you ever read the Casualty lists yourself? Oh, I believe you knew all the time!"

"Yes-I did. But I wanted you to tell me yourself. I've been waiting, ever since last summer, to see if you wouldn't. I wanted to know just how you felt about it. "Do you know now?"

"I think I do-Mary, don't you ever bend?"

"Bend?"

"Yes-because if you don't, I'm afraid some day you're going to break. You did, very nearly, you know, once before. You remember the old fable-

"I have been doing what I could." Gale went on, as Mary did not answer, "to locate your cousin ever since I found out the situation. But, so far, I haven't discovered anything. Now, however, I'm starting for Europe myself-almost immediately. Until now, it has seemed as if I could be most useful here. I am glad that at last there appear to be ways in which I can help over there-reconstruction, investigation-1 don't need to tell you- There, my dear, there-

He waited patiently for the storm to pass, stroking very gently the soft hair about the hidden face. He waited, it seemed to him, endlessly. For Mary was weeping with the abandonment, the utter hopelessness, that marks the ultimate despair of those strong souls whose fortitude enables them to restrain their grief until it reaches its culmination, and the shattering of whose spirit is all the more tragic because it is so sudden. Gale Hamlin's heart twisted in his breast at the sight of her unrestraint and the thought of her agony. He knew he was powerless to help her except by surrounding her with the sense of his infinite compassion. It was a long time before she raised her head, and as she did so, still far from composed, the door was flung unceremoniously open and Algy and Moses entered

"The dollar's all spent," announced Moses.

"Well," said Gale, with a slight sigh, "It lasted just about long enough, I rather wish, though, I had given you a dollar and a half! Will you take me over and introduce me to your new little cousin?"

Mrs. Elliott, who was "passing the afternoon" with Violet, saw him walk down the cobblestone path with a small boy on either side of him, from her point of vantage in the North Parlor window. Violet did not receive her callers in the kitchen, like Mrs. Gray. She did not consider it "select" to do so.

"Look here, Violet," called Mrs. Elliott excitedly, "if there ain't Mr. Hamlin comin' down Seth's front walk! He don't take 'no' for an answer very easy, does he?"

"No," said Violet, "and Mary doesn't say 'yes' very easily, either. I can't think what that girl's made of. She used to be always laughing and singing, but now-a-days she's so glumexcept with the children-that you can hardly get a word out of her, and you can't ask her the most trivial question that she doesn't lose her temper. And she's never shown the slightest feeling about Paul!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sheer, Lovely Cottons for Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



S ant in the mode. Of all the fluttery-ruffly seasons the coming summer promises to be the flutterlest-ruffliest one we have known for years. With all the dainty crisp organdles, filmy mousselines, dotted nets, swisses and similar airy-fairy cottons which the vogue calls for, it is inevitable that our summer rai-

it does to the point of enchantment. Commencement frocks especially yield to feminine persuasion this season. They are all that any fair one might dream of in the way of beguiling effects which myriads of little ruffles and "oodles" of tiny lace edgings unfailingly bespeak.

The prettiness of these frocks, made of plain or embroidered organdies or sheer mousselines and the like, is simply devastating. Their full long skirts (usually ending above the ankle) have a picturesque grace about them as they fairly revel in a frou frou of ruffles and ruchings and such. If not ruffles and frills and decorative treatments, then adroitly cut ample flares and circular movements, such as distinguish the winsome frocks pictured. accomplish the coveted fullness for the

new skirts. Let no one assume, however, that the presence of wide hemlines means that slender silhouettes are to be sacrificed. Not for one moment! The new "lines" call for slim fitted hips, and not until a point is reached between hipline and knees is the skirt allowed to sputter out into whirling, swirling masses of little ruffles or develop

widening flares. The sleeves of these prettily femi-

ment will go alluringly feminine, which I nine frocks are as whimsical as passing summer breeze. They are, almost without exception, short and they are either puffed or ruffled or laceadorned or stiffened to stand out as sprightly as a ballet dancer's skirt. Sometimes the cunning puffs are ensnared by a neat band which makes them look demure.

Necklines, too, contribute in no small way to the prettiness and becomingness of these fascinating summer frocks. The gay and debonair gown posed to the right in the illustration, has a lovely neckline. The material for this winsome model is a durened starched sheer cotton. The embroidered dots are green. The belt is green velvet. The white organdie flowers which outline the neckline in lel fashion are repeated on the skirt, for the newest gesture among designers is to feature attractive back views. The keynote of the frock on the

seated figure is its simplicity-sophisticated simplicity, if you please, for the durene embroidered white organdie which fashions it is a last word in fabric lore. Nothing could be prettier for graduate wear. Later this same frock could be posed over a pastel taffeta when it goes to parties and to dances.

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GOWNS BEING MADE FOR SUNDAY NIGHT

The importance of "Sunday night" is stressed by one Paris house, for it has designed probably the majority of its spring and summer costumes with this particular evening in mind.

When you think of it, it is quite an inspiration, for Sunday night is a time for relaxation, informality and congenial intimacy. Hence ensembles that fit in with these feelings must be very lovely and restful, provocative of delightful conversation, restful to the eye and refreshing in every de-

tail. . And that is just what they are, The black crepe frocks have graceful sleeves with much fullness about the elbow, often of white diamante tulle or in a heavier blistered crepe. Lacquered lace makes possible many stiff, standupish frills for the outlining of decolletages which gives them a crispness that is almost fragile. Organdie is used in the same manner.

More and Better Blouses

Fashion Slogan of Spring You may wear the frilliest of Victorian creations-or you may go in for a simple Fascisti shirt. But blouses you must have, for this is pre-eminently a suit season.

For informal wear, candy-striped shirting, made up in severe mannish style with a collar which may be worn open or closed, is a favorite type. Gay plaid taffeta, or checked surah silk are made up in youthful overblouses, belted at the waistline, with cap sleeves, and huge scarf bows tied under the chin. Linen, with drawnwork of stripes or checks, in butter yellow, brick red or old blue, is being made up in simple blouses for wear with tailored jacket suits.

There is practically no limit to the variety in more dressed-up blouses, for town wear, and for bridge, luncheon

Stripes Woven in Just as You Want Them to Appear

You will like the new use for old stripes. Instead of turning and twisting the material to make the stripes run like you want them to, there is forthcoming a new material with the stripes already woven into it just the way you want them to go. And in the grandest assortment of colors! You're asking if they would make your mouth water? Wait till you see 'em!

CHIC LINEN SUIT By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Those who know fashions are all enthusiasm over the idea of linen as a medium for the new jacket suits. The new tweed weave linens are as soft as fine woolen and the beauty of them is that they crush little, if at all. Smart Parisiennes have started the vogue of the dark blouse with the natural colored linen suit, brown or navy organdie being especially sponsored for these blouses. The young woman in the picture has chosen to wear a navy and white striped blouse with a soft-tied navy scarf with her attractive noncrushable tweed linen suit.

Novelty Organdies

Very springlike are the flowers of the new gay crisp organdie blouses. Some of the very newest ones are of crinkly organdle with stripes like seersucker. Others are of blistered organdies. Still others are of the sheer starched organdles.

OUR-CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

REWARDS

THIS isn't a very good report, Rita. I see you have a poor mark in spelling and another in arithmetic and grammar isn't very good. 1 don't believe you are studying. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you study hard this month and get a good mark in everything, I'll give you that set of dishes you want."

"The nice blue ones in Daly's window? Oh, good for me. I'll get a hundred in everything. You see."

"Well, we will be satisfied with less than that. You do your best and you will get the dishes."

For a few days Rita works hard and the marks rise. Then she yawns a little and says she is tired studying. She wants to go out to play. Guess she'll rest now. She will do the words in the morning.

"Don't forget that you want those dishes."

"No. I'm remembering. I'll study by and by."

Less and less enthusiasm for study, more weariness, more need for play. more forgetting until finally her mother loses all patience and says, "Sit right down and study. Now, no more of this. I am not going to let you waste an; more time. How do you think you are going to get the dishes unless you work?"

"I don't care. If I don't get them all right for you. I do work. I study hard as anything and the teacher gives me the hardest questions and makes me miss on purpose." Rita weeps at her own grief. The reward, in store, has failed to pull her along the hard road of duty.

Rewards held in store for future payment rarely work. Bribing a child to work falls oftener than it succeeds. It is right to reward an effort. Rewards encourage children to push on when enthusiasms have died down They stimulate the child to fresh hope and they renew his energy. But the reward must be immediate. It must follow the good deed promptly. Children live in the present moment. Their failures and hopes and struggles are all of the moment. To make a reward effective it must follow the performance immediately and be a

surprise. When a child finds himself rewarded for something he has done he is delighted beyond words. The feeling is not all caused by the thought of his personal gain. With it, and very strongly, is mingled a c ation of your appreciation of his work and effort. Nothing so pleases us as to find that somebody was rooting hard for us all the time we struggled

to win success. Don't promise rewards for work far in the future. Make them immediate.

. . . PLEASE THE BABY

MOTHER had been canning all aftcarrying her about. She sat in a rocker on the porch watching Edna May doing her home work in the short time before dinner. The baby had fallen asleep on the couch in the sitting room. Now he wakened and cried.

"Go in, Edna May, and see what you can do to please him. I'm so tired I can't move another step." Edna May cheerfully went to the

rescue. In a short time she came back. "He wants my red cap, mother." "All right. Give it to him, Anything to please him."

Mother rested for a while and rose to prepare for dinner. Crossing the sitting room something caught her eye. The baby sat in the midst of a miscellaneous heap like a pirate among his treasure. "Give me," he commanded, and at once Edna May gave him.

"For pity's sake, Edna May, what is the matter with you? Here I am tired to death, I ask you to help with the baby for a few minutes and you completely upset the house, Pick every bit of that stuff up."

Edna May, quite crestfallen, began gathering up the loot. Each time she laid hold of an article the baby screamed and fought to keep it. Mother came swiftly, smacked both childrep and planted them firmly, one in his crib and the other on a chair. "Stay there and keep quiet if you can't do anything else." Both children were crying earnestly when father

walked up the path. It was all very natural, Mother was tired beyond words. Edna May was willing but unknowing. The baby had the chance of his life and he took it. The only way out that I can see is to have a couple of things handy for such an occasion. A ball tied to the baby's chair, a favorite Teddy sitting in a little chair, will serve the purpose. Then when baby is to be diverted for

a few minutes the means are at hand, Crying it out is not so easy when one's nerves are raw but it is better than having a scene, isn't it? It is cheaper in nervous energy in the long run. It won't do to teach the baby that he is to be pleased no matter what comes or goes. Sometimes he can't be pleased and the sooner belearns it the better. It does cost a few

bowls but most of us can stand that. 6. Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.