

Lady Blanche Farm
A Romance of the Commonwealth
By Frances Parkinson Keyes
The story of a woman who has lived through the years of the Civil War, Reconstruction, and the present day.

CHAPTER X
The first thing that struck Gray's attention as he stepped out of the house was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that had not been felt for some time.

He looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly ten o'clock. The night was dark and the stars were shining brightly in the sky.

He walked down the path and saw that the snow had fallen again. It was a soft, white snow that had settled on the ground.

He reached the door and unlocked it. The house was dark and silent. He turned on the light and saw that everything was in its place.

He went to the window and looked out. The snow was still falling and the wind was blowing hard. He shivered and went to the door.

He opened the door and stepped out. The cold was even more biting now. He walked a few steps and then stopped.

He looked back at the house and saw that the light was still on. He went back and unlocked the door.

He went to the window again and looked out. The snow had stopped falling and the wind had died down.

He went to the door and unlocked it. He stepped out and looked at his watch. It was now nearly midnight.

He went back to the house and unlocked the door. He stepped in and closed the door behind him.

He went to the window and looked out. The snow was still on the ground and the stars were still shining.

from such a source to give utterance to speech.

"I think you're right," he said at last. "I don't know what to do about it. The only thing I can do is to wait and see."

"Good for you! About pretty soon, I'll see you tomorrow night, because until-after Sylvia's time, because Austin begged me to do so. Well, I'll see you tomorrow night! Meanwhile, there are probably lots of little things you can find to do for Mary. If you really want to."

As David drew away, he found he could not get Paul and his own expected sentiments out of his mind. "I'm darned if I don't believe Sylvia was right about him, as usual," he reflected. "The phase he's been passing through has been pretty unattractive. I don't know, but it may have been just a phase. If only he hadn't lost Mary—"

David's remark about the daily grind of housework gave Paul a great deal of food for thought. He was to find the kitchen fire built and the tea-kettle boiling when she came downstairs in the morning.

The wood box filled, the furnace tended faithfully day and night, the porches and paths kept free from snow. On Monday mornings he appeared in empty washbasins and hung out clothes. At his installation, Myra agreed to do all the baking for both houses. "I'll do the mending and the Foreign Missionary society to finish the weekly sewing. And Mary paid for her small stove and quietly crumpled up in a heap on the floor one afternoon when Alzy was out of danger, and Sylvia's grave was hidden with snow. Paul picked her up and laid her on the bed, changing her dress and taking care of her shoes as he called for her. Jane, fortunately, was in the house and understood her while he went downstairs to telephone for Dr. Wells and to get a hot-water bottle and a hot stimulant ready. And when he saw that the girls were finally to cry for the boys that was worrying her more than anything else, he turned his attention mainly to them. It would have been hard to discover anyone more stupid and awkward in dealing with a little child than Paul. He never did what he could. He did better than he realized and his reward was greater than he expected. The first time that the children fell upon him, almost simultaneously, with hugs and kisses, was when he came in with two small wooden snow shovels—"to use when Alzy was outdoors again. In no time now."

As he hugged and kissed them in return, his embarrassment was equaled only by the inner glow of contentment that permeated his being.

Mary, up again for the first time, came in to find them thus occupied. The inner glow of contentment changed to a leaping flame as Paul looked at her and saw the expression of surprise and gratitude on her pale face.

"You're awfully good to those children," she said softly.

"They're great kids. I never knew before how much fun a kid is. I thought they were horrid little nuisances," returned Paul apologetically.

Mary sat down beside him, "Blanche and Philip are coming home for Christmas," she said. "Isn't that nice? Cousin Violet has a letter saying they'll surely be here the twenty-fourth, and of course she's perfectly delighted."

"That is good news! Got any money?" "I don't know whether you'll call it good or not—but Austin Gray is going to France. I think that's much the best thing he can do. He says it's only a matter of months now before the United States will be in the war, too. He's going over as an ambulance driver, but he says he can get transferred to the real job later on. If we do, he was just here to see you. He went downstairs for a minute just as he came in, but I didn't know you were here, so he didn't wait. He asked me to invite you to go to New York with him, after Christmas. He'll be here for a fortnight, at least, making final arrangements."

"New York?" "Yes. Wouldn't you like to go? I thought you were crazy to get away from Hanstead."

"No Man of Her Own" Leads Film Bill Coming Week

The "Conquerors," a great moving picture story based on an American epic story will be shown at The Carlton Theatre tonight for the second time. The final showing will be on Saturday night.

The picture is based on an inspiring story meant to develop confidence in the United States and her people. The net proceeds from the three nights go to the Barrington Relief fund.

The attraction at the Carlton theatre Sunday and Monday will be "No Man of Her Own," a dramatic film starring Clark Gable, and featuring Carol Lombard and Dorothy Mack.

"No Man of Her Own" is the story of a clever card-sharp, played by Gable, who lives by trimming mill lionists out of their bank rolls at poker games. He plays as fast and loses with women as he does with the money of millionaires, but when he tries to walk out on Dorothy Mack, she threatens to turn him over to the police.

A recent addition to the large entertainment area at radio station WLS is "The Jackie Hamblers." It is composed of Jack Taylor, Chick Hart,

Flory Holmes and Shelby Atchison. The latter, incidentally, is one of the few "left-handed" fiddlers known to either radio or the stage. It is not surprising to know that the four boys all of whom are scarcely out of their teens, are from the Cumberland mountain region. While Virginia and Ohio claim it out for the title of "Mother of the Presidents," Kentucky goes prominently along fostering the ever-growing "hill-billy" entertainers in increasing numbers. "The Prairie Ramblers" will be at The Carlton Sunday night. "Men of America" with Bill Boyd, Chick Sale and others will be on the screen Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

"Men of America" is the story of a small town in Southern California, proud of its 100 per cent Americanism, where all of the citizens are foreign born. A group of sweeping gangsters hide in the vicinity and the rest of the story is devoted to the manner in which the townspeople, led by Boyd as an ex-serviceman and Charles (Chick) Sale as an ex-lionel fighter and keeper of the general store, who played to stardom in a single day through being chosen to play a leading role in "The Age of Consent," is seen as Boyd's leading man.

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