

Green Fancy

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Girl of Mystery! House of Mystery!

Synopsis.—Thomas K. Barnes, a wealthy New Yorker on a walking trip in New England, is threatened by a mountain storm. At dusk at a lonely cross-roads, miles from Hart's tavern, where he intends to pass the night, he meets a girl in a similar plight, bound for a dwelling house called Green Fancy. Along comes an automobile for the girl. She gives him a lift to his tavern. There he falls in with a stranded troupe of "barnstorming" actors, of which Lyndon Rushcroft is the star and "Miss Thackeray" the leading woman. The theatrical people are doing hotel work for their board.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Barnes laughed aloud. There was no withstanding the fellow's sprightly impudence.

"I happen to enjoy walking," said he.

"If I enjoyed it as much as you do I'd be limping into Harlem by this time," said Mr. Dillingford sadly. "But you see I'm an actor, I'm too proud to walk—"

The cracked bell on the office desk interrupted him, somewhat peremptorily. Mr. Dillingford's face assumed an expression of profound dignity. He lowered his voice as he gave vent to the following:

"That man Jones is the meanest human being God ever let— Yes, sir, coming, sir!" He started for the open door with surprising alacrity.

Barnes surveyed the little bedchamber. It was just what he had expected it would be. The walls were covered with a garish paper selected by one who had an eye but not a taste for color—bright pink flowers that looked more or less like chunks of a shattered watermelon split promiscuously over a background of pearl gray. The bedstead, bureau and washstand were offensively modern. Everything was as clean as a pin, however, and the bed looked comfortable. He stepped to the small, many-paned window and looked out into the night. The storm was at its height. In all his life he never had heard such a clatter of rain, nor a wind that shrieked so appallingly.

His thoughts went quite naturally to the woman who was out there in the thick of it. He wondered how she was faring and lamented that she was not in his place now and he in hers. What was she doing up in this God-forsaken country? What was the name of the place she was bound for? Green Fancy! What an odd name for a house! And what sort of house—

His reflections were interrupted by the return of Mr. Dillingford, who carried a huge pewter pitcher from which steam arose in volume. At his heels strode a tall, cadaverous person in a checked suit.

Never had Barnes seen anything quite so overpowering in the way of a quilt. Joseph's coat of many colors was no longer a vision of childhood. It was a reality. The checks were an inch square and each cube had a narrow border of azure blue. The general tone was a dirty gray, due no doubt to age and a constitution that would not allow it to outlive its usefulness.

"Meet Mr. Bacon, Mr. Barnes," introduced Mr. Dillingford, going to the needless exertion of indicating Mr. Bacon with a generous sweep of his free hand. "Our heavy leads. Mr. Montague Bacon, also of New York."

"Ham and eggs, pork tenderloin, country sausage, rump steak and spring chicken," said Mr. Bacon in a cavernous voice, getting it over with while the list was fresh in his memory. "Fried and boiled potatoes, beans, succotash, onions, stewed tomatoes and—er—just a moment, please. Fried and boiled potatoes, beans—"

"Ham and eggs, potatoes and a cup or two of coffee," said Barnes, suppressing a desire to laugh.

"And apple pie," concluded the waiter triumphantly. "I knew I'd get it if you gave me time. As you may have observed, my dear sir, I am not what you would call an experienced waiter. As a matter of fact, I—"

The bell downstairs rang violently. Mr. Bacon departed in great haste.

While the traveler performed his abominable Mr. Dillingford, for the moment disengaged, sat upon the edge of the bed and enjoyed himself. He talked.

"We were nine at the start," said he pensively. "Gradually we were reduced to seven, not including the manager. Two of 'em escaped before the smash. The low comedian and character old woman. Joe Buckley and his wife. That left the old man—I mean Mr. Rushcroft, the star—Lyndon Rushcroft, you know—myself and Bacon, Tommy Gray, Miss Rushcroft, Miss Hughes and a woman named Bradley, seven of us. The woman named Bradley said her mother was dying in Buf-

falo, so the rest of us scraped together all the money we had—nine dollars and sixty cents—and did the right thing by her. Actors are always doing darn-fool things like that, Mr. Barnes. And what do you suppose she did? She took that money and bought two tickets to Albany, one for herself and another for the manager of the company—the lowest, meanest ornerliest white man that ever— But I am crabbing the old man's part. You ought to hear what he has to say about Mr. Manager. He can use words I never even heard of before. So that leaves just the four of us here, working off the two days' board bill of Bradley and the manager, Rushcroft's ungodly spree, and at the same time keeping our own slate clean. Miss Thackeray will no doubt make up your bed in the morning. She is temporarily a chambermaid. Cracking fine girl, too. Are you all ready? I'll lead you to the dining room. Or would you prefer a little appetizer beforehand? The taproom is right on the way. You mustn't call it the bar. Everybody in that little graveyard town down the road would turn over completely if you did. Hallowed tradition, you know."

"I don't mind having a cocktail. Will you join me?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm expected to," confessed Mr. Dillingford. "We've been drawing quite a bit of custom to the taproom. The rubes like to sit around and listen to conversation about Broadway and Bunker Hill and Old Point Comfort and other places, and then go home and tell the neighbors that they know quite a number of stage people. Human nature, I guess. Listen! Hear that? Rushcroft reciting 'Gunga Din.' You can't hear the thunder for the noise he's making."

They descended the stairs and entered the taproom, where a dozen men were seated around the tables, all of them with pewter mugs in front of them. Standing at the top table—that is to say, the one farthest removed from the door and commanding the attention of every creature in the room—was the imposing figure of Lyndon Rushcroft. He was reciting, in a sonorous voice and with tremendous fervor, the famous Kipling poem. A genial smile wiped the tragic expression from his face. He advanced upon Barnes and the beaming Mr. Dillingford, his hand extended.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed reverently, "how are you?" Cordially boomed in his voice. "I heard you had arrived. Welcome—thricefold wel-



"Welcome, Thricefold Welcome."

come!" He neglected to say that Mr. Montague Bacon, in passing a few minutes before, had leaned over and whispered behind his hand:

"Fellow upstairs from New York, Mr. Rushcroft—fellow named Barnes. Quite a swell, believe me."

It was a well-placed tip, for Mr. Rushcroft had been telling the natives for days that he knew everybody worth knowing in New York.

Barnes was momentarily taken aback. Then he rose to the spirit of the occasion.

"Hello, Rushcroft," he greeted, as if meeting an old-time and greatly beloved friend. "This is good. 'Pon my soul you are like a thriving date palm in the middle of an endless desert. How are you?"

They shook hands warmly. Mr. Dillingford slapped the newcomer on the shoulder affectionately, familiarly, and shouted:

"Who would have dreamed we'd run across good old Barnesy up here? By Jove, it's marvelous!"

"Friends, countrymen," boomed Mr. Rushcroft, "this is Mr. Barnes of New York. Not the man the book was written about but one of the best fellows God ever put into this little world of ours. I do not recall your 22nd,

gentlemen, or I would introduce each of you separately and divisibly."

Lyndon Rushcroft was a tall, saggy man of fifty. Despite his determined erectness he was inclined to sag from the shoulders down. His head, huge and gray, appeared to be much too ponderous for his yielding body, and yet he carried it manfully, even theatrically. The lines in his dark, seasoned face were like furrows; his nose was large and somewhat bulbous, his mouth wide and grim. Thick, black eyebrows shaded a pair of eyes in which white was no longer apparent—it had given way to a permanent red. A two-days' stubble covered his chin and cheeks. Altogether he was a singular exemplification of one's idea of the old-time actor.

Passing through the office, his arm linked in one of Barnes', Mr. Rushcroft hesitated long enough to impress upon Landlord Jones the importance of providing his "distinguished friend, Robert W. Barnes," with the very best that the establishment afforded. Putnam Jones blinked slightly and his eyes sought the register as if to accuse or justify his memory. Then he spat copiously into the corner, a necessary preliminary to a grin. He hadn't much use for the great Lyndon Rushcroft. His grin was sardonic. Something told him that Mr. Rushcroft was about to be liberally fed.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Rushcroft Dissolves, Mr. Jones Intervenes, and Two Men Ride Away.

Mr. Rushcroft explained that he had had his supper. In fact, he went on to confess, he had been compelled, like the dog, to "speak" for it. What could be more disgusting, more degrading, he mourned, than the spectacle of a man who had appeared in all of the principal theaters of the land as star and leading support to stars, settling for his supper by telling stories and reciting poetry in the taproom of a tavern?

"Still," he consented, when Mr. Barnes insisted that it would be a kindness to him, "since you put it that way, I dare say I could do with a little snack, as you so aptly put it. Just a bite or two. What have you ready, Miss Tilly?"

Miss Tilly was a buxom female of forty or thereabouts, with spectacles. She was one of a pair of sedentary waitresses who had been so long in the employ of Mr. Jones that he hated the sight of them.

Mr. Rushcroft's conception of a bite or two may have staggered Barnes but it did not bewilder Miss Tilly. He had four eggs with his ham, and other things in proportion. He talked a great deal, proving in that way that it was a supper well worth speaking for. Among other things he dilated at great length upon his reasons for not being a member of the Players or the Lambs in New York city. It seems that he had promised his dear, devoted wife that he would never join a club of any description. Dear old girl, he would as soon have cut off his right hand as to break any promise made to her. He brushed something away from his eyes, and his chin, contracting, trembled slightly. "What is it, Mr. Bacon? Any word from New York?"

Mr. Bacon hovered near, perhaps hungrily.

"Our genial host has instructed me to say to his latest guest that the rates are two dollars a day, in advance, all dining-room checks payable on presentation," said Mr. Bacon, apologetically.

Rushcroft exploded. "O scurvy insult," he boomed. "Confound his—" The new guest was amiable. He interrupted the outraged star. "Tell Mr. Jones that I shall settle promptly," he said with a smile.

"It has just entered his bean that you may be an actor, Mr. Barnes," said Bacon.

Miss Tilly, overhearing, drew a step or two nearer. A sudden interest in Mr. Barnes developed. She had not noticed before that he was an uncommonly good-looking fellow. She always had said that she adored strong, "athletic" faces.

Later on she felt inspired to jot down, for use no doubt in some future literary production, a concise, though general, description of the magnificent Mr. Barnes. She utilized the back of the bill of fare and she wrote with the feverish ardor of one who dreads the loss of a first impression. I here append her visual estimate of the hero of this story:

"He was a tall, shapely specimen of mankind, wrote Miss Tilly. 'Broad-shouldered. Smooth-shaved face. Penetrating gray eyes. Short, curly hair about the color of mine. Strong hands of good shape. Face tanned considerably. Heavy dark eyebrows. Good teeth, very white. Square chin. Lovely smile that seemed to light up the room for everybody within hearing. Nose ideal. Mouth same. Voice aristocratic and reverberating with education. Age about thirty or thirty-one. Rich as Croesus. Well-trimmed legs. Would make a good nobleman.'"

All this would appear to be reasonably definite were it not for the note regarding the color of his hair. It leaves to me the simple task of completing the very admirable description of Mr. Barnes by announcing that Miss Tilly's hair was an extremely dark brown.

Also it is advisable to append the following biographical information: Thomas Kingsbury Barnes, engineer, born in Montclair, N. J., September 26, 1885. Cornell and Beaux Arts, Paris. Son of the late Stephen S. Barnes, engineer, and Edith (Valentine) Barnes. Office, Metropolitan building, New York city. Residence, Amsterdam mansion. Clubs: (Lack of space prevents listing them here). Recreations, golf, tennis and horse-back riding. Fellow of the Royal Geographical society. Member of the Loyal Legion and the Sons of the American Revolution.

Added to this, the mere announcement that he was in a position to indulge a fancy for long and perhaps aimless walking tours through more or less out-of-the-way sections of his own country, to say nothing of excursions in Europe.

He was rich. Perhaps not as riches are measured in these Mjdas-like days, but rich beyond the demands of avarice. His legacy had been an ample one. The fact that he worked hard at his profession from one year's end to the other—not excluding the six devoted to mentally productive jaunts—is proof sufficient that he was not content to subsist on the fruits of another man's enterprise. He was a worker.

The first fortnight of a proposed six weeks' jaunt through upper New England terminated when he laid aside his heavy pack in the little bedroom at Hart's Tavern. Cockcrow would find him ready and eager to begin his third week. At least so he thought. But, truth is, he had come to his journey's end; he was not to sling his pack for many a day to come.

After setting the mind of the landlord at rest Barnes declined Mr. Rushcroft's invitation to "quaff" a cordial with him in the taproom, explaining that he was exceedingly tired and intended to retire early.

Instead of going up to his room immediately, however, he decided to have a look at the weather. His uneasiness concerning the young woman of the crossroads increased as he peered at the wall of blackness looming up beyond the circle of light. She was somewhere outside that sinister black wall and in the smothering grasp of those invisible hills, but was she living or dead? Had she reached her journey's end safely? He tried to extract comfort from the confidence she had expressed in the ability and integrity of the old man who drove with far greater recklessness than one would have looked for in a wild and irresponsible youngster.

He recalled with a thrill the imperious manner in which she gave directions to the man, and his surprising servility. It suddenly occurred to him that she was no ordinary person; he was rather amazed that he had not thought of it before.

Moreover, now that he thought of it, there was, even in the agreeable rejoinders she had made to his offerings, the faint suggestion of an accent that should have struck him at the time but did not for the obvious reason that he was then not at all interested in her. Her English was so perfect that he had failed to detect the almost imperceptible foreign flavor that now took definite form in his reflections. He tried to place this accent. Was it French or Italian or Spanish? Certainly it was not German.

He took a few turns up and down the long porch, stopping finally at the upper end. The clear, inspiring clang of a hammer on an anvil fell suddenly upon his ears. He looked at his watch. The hour was nine, certainly an unusual time for men to be at work in a forge. He remembered two men in the taproom who were bare-armed and wore the shapeless leather aprons of the smithy.

Hart's tavern is entertainingly serio-comic, when suddenly tragedy takes the stage—battle, murder and sudden death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mother Wasp's Good Work.
So far as known, only one small insect—a wasp of the sphex family—among the millions of creatures belonging to a lower order than man, has ever employed the aid of a tool to accomplish a desired result. The mother wasp of this family digs a tunnel in the ground, deposits her eggs in it, and after the wasp has made its tunnel and deposited the eggs, it finishes its task by ramming down pellets of earth, little stones, etc., into the mouth of the tunnel. This is the race habit of these wasps. It is recorded on undoubted authority that one inventive mother, when the mouth of the tunnel was covered to a level with the rest of the ground about it, brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot, and plicking up a small pebble in her mandibles, used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making the spot as firm and as hard as the surrounding surface. Then she departed, brought more dirt, plicked up the pebble again and used it.

Mercy of the Future.
The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—Bulwer Lytton.

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



Concerning Wraps for Children.

On very little children designers sometimes like to put clothes that make them look like fascinating miniatures of their mothers. There is a wonderful appeal in these little replicas of grown-up garments, something droll and something that brings out the sweet promise that makes little girls so lovable. As the little lady progresses into the flapper stage this mimicry of grown-ups is abandoned because she requires things made especially for her in her "pin-fee" stage. It takes the little, downy chick to look lovely while she apes her mother and to make us wish to have the world an easy place for her to live in when she grows up.

For a girl of ten—or thereabout—the checked coat shown in the picture has been designed with thought only of her and her needs. It is in black and gray, and is a very childish looking and crisp garment, as buoyant as a hair bow. It hangs straight at the front, has roomy sleeves with wide

cuffs, fastens with two large buttons and has a girle that is joined at the ends with a buckle. Having traveled this far in a quiet and dignified manner the designer grew playful in making the accessories. The pockets are queer and just make-believe and the collar plays pranks. It takes on a hand of plain gray cloth at the back and becomes revers at the front by means of an unexpected side-step, to which attention is called by two little buttons. It is a coat to please a little girl and every one who sees her.

The very little girl has a demure and correct count on with a full body gathered to a fitted yoke. The pointed collar finished with a tassel at the back suggests a hood and looks very little-girlish, but a muffer collar of silk has a very grown-up air. Designing clothes for children is not as simple as it looks, but there are people who are gifted with a special knack for doing it.



Dress Hats Approved by Fashion.

If the feminine mind ever needed convincing that pretty and strictly feminine clothes add a world of joy to life, it is thoroughly made up on that point now. During the war women got themselves into business clothes and uniforms, turned their backs on everything that hinted of frivolity and "tended to their knitting," dressed in the quietest and most matter-of-fact way. But the minute it was over they welcomed everything that is beautiful and cheerful in apparel and are spending more money for clothes than ever before, to the benefit of everybody.

Of course millinery reflects more quickly than anything else the moods of the public, for several reasons. A glance at the group of hats pictured here reveals picturesque shapes, lovely colors, blossoms, ribbons, exquisite materials, all telling the story of mid-summer as clearly as can be. At the top of the group there is a wide-brimmed black hat of braid with a portion of the brim cut away and filled in with malines. Flowers are set against the crown and ribbon encircles it; one gets a glimpse of them through the malines in the brim.

Just below at the left, a lovely leg-horn has its upper brim and crown

veiled with georgette. Velvet ribbon in a pastel blue is drawn over the crown and falls in long ends at the back and small garden flowers are clustered against this azure background. You can imagine how pleasing they are. At the right another leghorn is simply trimmed with very wide pink satin ribbon tied in a full bow with short ends, at the back. The last hat is a black shape with milan crown and hair braid brim and has a sash of narrow sapphire blue ribbon with clusters of small flowers set against it.

Julia Bottomley

Ruffles and Frills for Waists.

If one's happiness depends on ruffles and sheer frills, says Vogue, there is a gay waist of net, which is one of the newest materials for the warm weather blouses. It is in a deep cream tone and ripples around the neck into a ruffle edged with cream Venetian lace. The sleeves at the cuffs are made with a double ruffle, one of the plain net, the other of net edged with lace. Cream crocheted buttons fasten the front.