

# The Christmas Romance Of a Blacksmith's Daughter

Superstitious? Oh, No; but She Just Won't Consider Herself  
Officially Engaged to a Real British Lord Until She Finds  
a Horseshoe in Her Christmas Stocking.



Miss Katherine Jackman, the village blacksmith's daughter, who declines to consider herself officially engaged to a British lord until after she "finds" a golden horseshoe on Christmas morning.

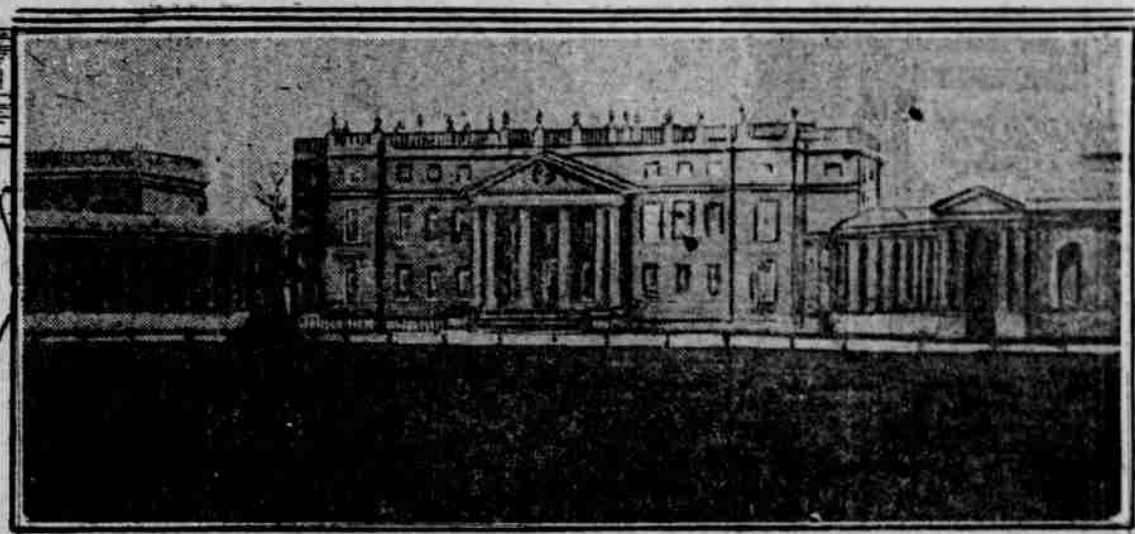


Photo copyright Kadel & Herbert.  
The stately home of the Master of Kinloss which Miss Jackman will occupy when she becomes his bride.

BY ETHEL THURSTON.

JUST imagine waking up on Christmas morning and finding a horseshoe in your stocking!

Miss Katherine Beatrice MacKenzie Jackman, youngest daughter of the village blacksmith at Stowe, Buckinghamshire, England, is going to wake up on Christmas morning and find a horseshoe in her stocking. The finding of a horseshoe, as the Book of Dreams informs us, is a sure sign of good luck. And Miss Jackman, being a sure believer in signs, wants all the good luck she can raise.

She is engaged to marry a real English lord, the Honorable Lois Francis Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Morgan Grenville, master of Kinloss and heir presumptive to the title of baron of Kinloss. All the newspapers have printed announcements of their engagement within the last few weeks.

But it so happens that within a very short time before the engagement was announced, the master of Kinloss, or, rather, the horse he was riding, cast a shoe. And the losing of a horseshoe, as the Book of Dreams informs us, is a sure sign of bad luck.

The master of Kinloss does not take any stock in what the Book of Dreams says. It is against his principles and also his profession. He has been studying for the ministry and is at present acting as curate at St. Sepulchre's church at Northampton.

And he is prepared to prove that the mere losing of a horseshoe does not mean bad luck. In his case, he says, it brought him good luck because just as soon as he discovered that his horse had lost a shoe he turned about and headed for the village smithy to have his mount reshod.

And there he met Miss Katherine Beatrice MacKenzie Jackman. She was blowing the blows of her father's forgo and the heat and the exertion had heightened the color in her cheeks.

The Honorable Lois Francis, having shed his clerical for a mere horseman-like outfit, must have presented a striking appearance as he stood at the door of the smithy waiting for his horse to be shod. It was a longer job than the blacksmith had supposed it would be. The master of Kinloss got him to go over his horse's four feet very carefully before he left. It was a sure enough case of love at first sight, for next day he was back at the smithy with another horse.

They are to be married next June, provided nothing happens in the meantime to substantiate the declaration of the Book of Dreams that the losing of a horseshoe is followed by bad luck.

Miss Jackman isn't looking for bad luck, particularly now that she is engaged to marry a lord. So with the connivance of the master of Kinloss she is not going to consider herself actually engaged to him until Christmas morning.

On that day her romance will have a real official beginning. It will commence when she hops out of bed to see what Santa Claus has brought her. In her stocking she will find a horseshoe; not a big steel shoe like her father makes, of course, but a dainty little horseshoe of solid gold studded with diamonds, a Christmas gift from the master of Kinloss to the village blacksmith's daughter with whom he is deeply in love.

English society seems to have taken the first announcement of the engagement of the young British lord and the farmer's daughter in a very matter-of-fact way.

In fact it has been pointed out that this is not the first time that a member of the distinguished-house of Kinloss has gone to the "lower classes" for a bride. The Kinloss peerage was created in 1661 by King James I for Sir Edward Bruce, and during the



The Hon. Lois C. F. T. M. Grenville, Master of Kinloss.



The village blacksmith shop where Miss Jackman lives and helps her father to make horseshoes.

past 300 years there have been various sloopments, romantic attachments and regular church weddings between members of the big house and others of the "peasant blood." One of the forebears of the master of Kinloss married a peasant girl who lived in the little village of Lunan in Forfar-

shire, Scotland. In due time their son grew up and after amassing a fortune he returned to his native heath and married Lady Betty Maitland, a very fascinating Scotch woman.

The abbey of Kinloss, from which the family derives its title, is in the

north of Scotland. It was founded by King David I of Scotland and possesses a rather romantic history.

One day the king was hunting in the north of Scotland. In the dense woods he got separated from his companions. Then a white dove appeared

and led him to two shepherds, who gave him some food and escorted him back to his followers. In thankfulness for his rescue he immediately paid out land for the abbey and sent his workers to build it. Of course it has passed through many vicissitudes

since those days, but it is one of the famous landmarks in Scotland.

Dating back to before the days of the Conqueror is the fame of the mansion of Stowe, the English country seat of the Kinloss family. This magnificent residence is situated in the north of Buckingham county, which is not so very far from London. It is set in a richly wooded park of over 500 acres, enriched with rolling hills, lovely valleys and lakes. The house itself is an extensive structure and has been the scene of lavish entertainments. Many wonderful paintings and rare marbles have been housed within its historic walls. Scattered about the park are obelisks, towers and grottoes. Very lovely is the Temple of Venus, while in the rolling park vast herds of deer and flocks of sheep add to the beauty of the landscape.

When Katherine Jackman crosses the threshold of this famous English home she will link herself with a family famed not only for its ancient lineage but also for its valor. Among the ancestors of the master of Kinloss were many noble soldiers. Another was a distinguished naval officer. A Spanish prize was captured by him, and on one of the memorials in the great park his deeds are carefully recorded. Others encouraged literature or became great diplomats.

Just what the younger brothers and sisters of the nobleman think about this newest alliance is not known outside the immediate family circle. They all did their part in the great war, so perhaps are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of democracy that they may delight in finding one

of their family ready to practice democratic ideals. At first the mother of this young man—yet after all he's 31, just three years older than the girl he contemplates marrying—raised strong objections.

**Overcoming Family Objections.**

But the persistence of her son gradually overcame them. One thing on which they both agreed was that Miss Jackman is a very charming girl. But of course charm alone is not everything when it comes to being the chatelaine of a historic house. Indeed, there are going to be many rather difficult problems to adjust after the bishop pronounces them man and wife. The impetuous lover doubtless never paused to consider relationships. But when his aristocratic mother did she made several very interesting discoveries. Her head gardener will be her son's brother-in-law. So when the master of Kinloss and his fair bride entertain royalty, and doubtless they will, for Stowe house has often been honored by kings and queens, it may be rather embarrassing to have the gardener doff his cap and stand at attention while the royal guests pass by.

And when the chauffeur meets the train a similar situation will be presented, for by this prospective alliance between commoner and a lord of high degree, the latter becomes a brother-in-law of his chauffeur. And that is not the end of this new relationship. There's the village milkman. He, too, will be linked with the historic house of Buckingham when the village blacksmith's lovely daughter joins hands and heart with the master of Kinloss.

## WOUNDED WAR HEROES IN HOSPITAL MAKE TOYS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR CHILDREN

For Many Months American Boys Disabled in Battle Have Been Busily Engaged Preparing Yule Cheer for Little Waifs in Great Orphanages Throughout United States.

HUNDREDS of wounded war heroes, survivors of some of the toughest battles Americans engaged in during the war, but not without lifelines of their participation, who were the enthusiastic recipients of a Merry Christmas package while serving in the trenches of France or Belgium, this Christmas will be the medium to make thousands of little "kiddies" in orphan asylums happy. Hands that had been taught to use a rifle or a gun, or guide an aeroplane, the owners of which have not yet been divorced from their hospital cots, for the last year have been busily engaged in making Christmas toys for the joyful purpose of keeping their minds off their own ills and bringing joy to young America.

"Made in Germany" stamped upon a toy once was considered the best salesman in the world. But that was before some other "Made in Germany" products attempted to demolish present-day civilization and instigated a war that will make this Christmas morning a much less merry one than it might have been in millions of

homes throughout the world. As a result of the war a hiatus was put upon "Made in Germany" toys. And there seems little chance of them again coming into popular favor when they have to buck up against the trademark "Made by a Wounded Soldier."

**"Jim" and Buddy Make Toys.**

Three years ago "Jim" and his particular buddy, and thousands of others like them, were ensconced in the mud of the trenches, deprived of all of the comforts of home and in constant danger of "going west" at any moment. But nevertheless they were happy because it was the Christmas season. "Jim" and his particular buddy, as well as a great many others, did not escape the tortures of war unscathed. In fact, they and a great many of the others have not yet recovered from their wounds and still are married to hospital cots. But their enthusiasm in Christmas and the Christmas spirit are as pent up as they were in the days before they knew the white of a shell, the ringing of a bell, or the clatter of shrapnel. And because of this enthusiasm this Christmas is going to be an exceptionally merry one to thousands of

little tots in all parts of the country.

In the Knights of Columbus toy factory at St. Elizabeth's hospital, Washington, D. C., more than 300 shell-shocked and wounded heroes of the war have been busily engaged for months past in making Christmas toys. The factory was opened primarily as a last resort to help cure the shell-shocked and wounded heroes of diurnal psychiatric practice could do little. The result of their work is an accumulation of toy animals, such as not even Noah accommodated in his well-known ark. They are all ready for shipment to the little inmates of great city orphanages to whom they will be delivered Christmas morning. And that the boys who made the toys consider their time well spent goes without saying, as many of these same little orphans were left by hero fathers who fell on the field of battle.

**Red Cross Supplies Material.**

The materials out of which the boys in this hospital have been making their Christmas toys have been supplied by the Red Cross. Their products are being placed on special tables in the big department stores of the metropolis, and there the shoppers may find painted wooden trays of all shapes and sizes, old fashioned macramé lace bags, woven belts, wicker lamps, baskets in a wide variety of sizes, shapes, and colors, as well as any number of toys, all done by ex-soldiers and each article representing long hours of labor performed by men whose muscles have lost their suppleness from serious wounds and many bandagings, or by men who may never walk again.

**Here's Real Santa Claus.**

In addition to making these are toy ducks, locomotives and other things that are warranted to bring delight to the juvenile. The Knights of Columbus could have easily found

a market for them, but the boys who made them, heartily agreed with that organization that they should be given to the "kiddies."

The wounded soldiers in St. Elizabeth's hospital are only typical of heroes in other hospitals. The Poly-clinic hospital in New York also has a big, light, airy, and just at present, very lively toy shop in which the workmen are all wounded heroes. The men who can leave their cots gather there after breakfast and after luncheon to finish up the work begun or to start some new piece. The others, who cannot go to the workshop, lie propped up in bed so that they can more easily thread tiny beads to weave necklaces. Hands that one might consider too clumsy for such delicate work string the beads and weave with remarkable skill.

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## Suit Contract Broken With Fourteenth Child.

Father of 35 Long Collected Clothes With Each Birth in Family.

WASHINGTON, N. C., Dec. 18.—For many years Representative Small of North Carolina has by agreement been presenting to R. C. Bland, a Carolina farmer and one of his constituents, a new suit of clothes for each additional child in his family. Having presented 14 suits, and being recently notified to send the 15th, Representative Small has informed Bland that the contract will be "off" with Mr. Small's retirement from Congress March 3.

Small and Bland made their compact a number of years ago when Small was making a campaign speech at Robersonville, near here. Bland then had 20 children; he now has 34. Twenty-six of the 34 Bland children are living, and the present Mrs. Bland, Bland's second wife, is the mother of 19, nine of whom were born during the last ten years, including one set of twins. Eighteen still live at home, but Mrs. Bland declares she gets lonesome sometimes "because so many have gone away."

Mr. and Mrs. Bland recently had a group photograph taken of the family still remaining on the Bland farm. While the photographer was working a buzzard cast its shadow on the

ground. Bland was asked if he was superstitious.

"No," he said, "I'm not afraid of buzzards, but at first I thought the blame thing was a stork."

In calling the children together for the photograph, Bland simply cupped his hands and in a stentorian voice cried: "Children." Results were immediate. Children appeared from every direction. Some of the "children" were grown men and women; others were barely able to toddle forth, and one still was being carried in arms.

Bland says it is no more trouble to bring up 30 children than it is to raise ten.

"After you pass ten," he says, "the older ones are a big help."

The children were not unusually noisy, Bland said, although "they made considerable racket when 14 were taken down together with whooping cough." The Bland grocery bill is equivalent to about \$150 a week, although Bland produces a large part of his food. On one occasion he says he spent most of one night computing the cost of keeping his family comfortable, but that the figures reached such alarming proportions he gave up the job.

Bland is 65 years old.

**Darning Hint.**

If the children wear great holes in their stockings, or, perchance, you yourself have more than you wish, paste strips of soft material or little pieces of velvet inside the heels of shoes and you will have fewer holes to darn.