

Patty` Fortune Carolyn Wells



Excerpt from Chapter 1: The Fairfields were down at The Pebbles, their summer home at the seashore, and Patty, who had spent much of the season in New England, had come down for a fortnight with her parents. Labour Day was early this year and the warm September sun was more like that of midsummer. The place was looking lovely, and Patty herself made a pretty picture, as she lounged in a big couch hammock on the wide veranda. She had on a white summer frock and a silk sweater of an exquisite shade of salmon pink. Her silk stockings were of the same shade, and her white pumps were immaculate. Mr. Fairfield looked at the dainty feet, hanging over the edge of the hammock, and said, teasingly, Ive heard, Patty, that there are only two kinds of women: those who have small feet, and those who wear white shoes.

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