

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER I

Sherwood Park is twelve miles from Washington. Starting as a somewhat pretentious suburb on the main line of a railroad, it was blessed with easy accessibility until encroaching trolleys swept the tide of settlement away from it, and left it high and dry—its train service, unable to compete with modern motor vehicles, increasingly inefficient.

Property values, inevitably, decreased. The little suburb degenerated, grew less fashionable. People who might have added social luster to its gatherings moved away. The frame houses, which at first had made such a brave showing, became a bit down at the heel.

The Barnes cottage was saved from the universal lack of loveliness by its simple lines, its white paint and green blinds. Yet the paint had peeled in places, and the concrete steps which followed the line of the two terraces were cracked and worn.

Old Baldwin Barnes had bought his house on the instalment plan, and his children were still paying for it. Old Baldwin had succumbed to the deadly monotony of writing the same inscription on red slips through thirty years of faithful service in the Pension Office, and had left the world with his debts behind him.

He had the artistic temperament which his son inherited. Julia was like her mother who had died two years before her husband. Mrs. Barnes had been unimaginative and capable. It was because of her that Julia had married an architect, and was living in a snug apartment in Chicago, that Baldwin Junior had gone through college and had some months at an art school before the war came on, and that Jane, the youngest, had a sense of thrift, and an intensive experience in domestic economy.

As for the rest of her, Jane was twenty, slender as a Florentine page, and fairly pretty. She was in love with life and liked to talk about it. Young Baldwin said, indeed, with the frankness of a brother, that Jane ran on like a babbling brook. She was "running on" this November morning, as she and Young Baldwin ate breakfast together. Jane always got the breakfast. Sophy, a capable Negro woman, came over later to help with the housework, and to put the six o'clock dinner on the table. But it was Jane who started the percolator, poached the eggs, and made the toast on the electric toaster, while young Baldwin read the Washington Post. He read bits out loud when he was in the mood. He was not always in the mood, and then Jane talked to him. He did not always listen, but that made no difference.

Jane had named the percolator "Philomel," because of its purring harmonies.

"Don't you love it, Baldy?" Her brother, with one eye on the paper, was eating his grapefruit.

"Love what?" "Philomel."

"Silly stuff—" "It isn't. I like to hear it sing."

"In my present mood I prefer a hymn of hate."

She buttered a slice of toast for him. "Well, of course, you'd feel like that."

"Who wouldn't?" He took the toast from her, and buried himself in his paper, so Jane buttered another slice for herself and ate it in protesting silence—plus a poached egg, and a cup of coffee rich with yellow cream and much sugar. Jane's thinness made such indulgence possible.

"I simply love breakfast," she continued.

"Is there anything you don't love, Jane?" with a touch of irritation.

"Yes."

"What?" "You."

He stared at her over the top of the sheet. "I like that!"

"Well, you won't talk to me, Baldy. It isn't my fault if you hate the world."

"No, it isn't. He laid down the paper. "But I'll tell you this, Jane, I'm about through."

She caught her breath, then flung out, "Oh, you're not. Be a good sport, Baldy. Things are bound to come your way if you wait."

He gave a short laugh and rose. "I wish I had your optimism."

"I wish you had."

They faced each other, looking for the moment rather like two young cockerels. Jane's bobbed hair emphasized the boyish effect of her straight, slim figure. Baldy towered above her, his black hair matching hers, his eyes, too, matching—gray and lighted-up.

Jane was the first to turn her eyes away. She looked at the clock. "You'll be late."

He got his hat and coat and came back to her. "I'm a blamed sore-head. Give me a kiss, Jane."

She gave it to him, and clung to him for a moment. "Don't forget to bring a steak home for dinner,"

was all she said, but he was aware of the caress of those clinging fingers.

It was one of his grievances that he had to do the marketing—one could not depend on Sherwood's single small store—so Baldy with dreams in his head drove twice a week to the butcher's stall in the old Center Market to bring back chops, or a porterhouse, or a festive small roast.

He had no time for it in the mornings, however. His little car took him over the country roads and through the city streets and landed him at the Patent Office at a quarter of nine. There, with a half-hour for lunch, he worked until five—it



She felt poignantly the beauty of it.

was a dog's life and he had other aspirations.

Jane, left to herself, read the paper. One headline was sensational. The bride of a fashionable wedding had been deserted at the altar. The bridegroom had failed to appear at the church. The guests waiting impatiently in the pews had been informed, finally, that the ceremony would be postponed.

Newspaper men hunting for the bridegroom learned that he had left a note for his best man—and that he was on his way to southern waters. The bride could not be seen. Her uncle, who was also her guardian, and with whom she lived, had stated that there was nothing to be said. That was all. But society was on tiptoe. Delafeld Simms was the son of a rich New Yorker. He and his bride were to have spent their honeymoon on his yacht. Edith Towne had a fortune to match his. Both of them belonged to old and aristocratic families. No wonder people were talking.

There was a picture of Miss Towne, a tall, fair girl, in real lace, orange blossoms, seed pearls—

Pride was in every line of her. Jane's tender fancy carried her to that first breathless moment when the bride had donned that gracious gown and had surveyed herself in the mirror. "How happy she must have been." Then the final shuddering catastrophe.

Sophy arrived at this moment, and Jane told her about it. "She'll never dare trust anybody, will she?"

"Yo' kain't ever tell what a woman will do, Miss Janey. Effen she a trustin' nature, she'll trus' and trus', and effen she ain't a trustin' nature, she won't trus' nohow."

"But what do you suppose made him do it?"

"Nobody knows what a man's gwine do, w'en it comes to gittin' married."

"But to leave her like that, Sophy. I should think she'd die."

"Effen the good Lord let women die w'en men 'ceived them," Sophy proclaimed with a chuckle, "dere wouldn't be a female left w'en the trump sounded." Her tray was piled high with dishes, as she stood in the dining-room door. "Does you-all want rice puddin' fo' dinnah, Miss Janey?"

And there the subject dropped. But Jane thought a great deal about it as she went on with her work.

She told her sister, Julia, about it when, late that afternoon, she wrote her weekly letter.

"The worst of it must have been to lose her faith in things. I'd rather be Jane Barnes without any love affair than Edith Towne with a love affair like that. Baldy told me the other day that I am not unattractive! Can't you see him saying it? And he doesn't think me pretty. Perhaps I'm not. But there are moments, Judy, when I like myself—"

"Baldy nearly had a fit when I bobbed my hair. But I did it and took the consequences, and it's no end comfortable. Baldy at the present moment is mid-Victorian. It is his reaction from the war. He says he is dead sick of flappers. That they are all alike—and make no appeal to the imagination! He came home the other night from a dance and read Tennyson—can you fancy that after the way he used to fling Amy Lowell at us and Carl Sand-

burg? He says he is so tired of short skirts and knees and proposals and cigarettes that he is going to hunt with a gun, if he ever decides to marry, for an Elaine or a Griselda! But the worst of it is, he takes it out on me! I wish you'd see the way he censors my clothes and my manners, and I sit here like a prisoner in a tower with not a man in sight but Evans Follette, and he is just a heartache, Judy."

"Baldy had had three proposals; he said that the first was stimulating, but repetition 'staled the interest.' Of course he didn't tell me the names of the girls. Baldy's not a cad."

"But he is discouraged and desperately depressed. He has such a big talent, Judy, and he just slaves away at that old office. He says that after those years in France, it seems like a cage. I sometimes wonder what civilization is, anyhow, that we clip the wings of our young eagles. We take our boys and shut them up, and they pant for freedom. Is that all that life is going to mean for Baldy—eight hours a day—behind bars?"

She felt poignantly the beauty of it—the dark pines and the little moon above them—the tug of the wind at her cloak like a riotous playmate.

Baldy was not the only poet in the family, but Jane's love of beauty was inarticulate. She would never be able to write it on paper or draw it with a pencil.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Trend of Big Game Population Now On Increase

Startling comparisons between human and animal populations are revealed in an analysis by the American Wildlife Institute of a big game inventory by the United States Biological survey.

"There are 874,000 deer in Michigan alone," points out Stanley T. Boggess, who made the analysis for the institute. "There are 15 states in the Union which have fewer than this number of human beings."

In general it is noted the entire trend of the big population is on the upswing. It would be difficult to say just how many years it has been since the big game population of any given state exceeded the number of human beings in the same area.

The state which comes nearest this is Nevada. Nevada's 91,000 people outnumber the big game reported in that state only by about 3 to 2. The five species of big game animals resident in Nevada totals 60,875.

The state which comes nearest the proportions indicated by these figures is Wyoming. In that state nine big game species total more than 125,923. This figure represents a sum equal to more than half of

Wyoming's reported population. Only two of the 48 states are without deer, according to this report.

A revelation which will be astonishing to some, outside of Pennsylvania, is that the Keystone state, the second most populous in the union, also ranks second in deer population with 700,093 reported. California leads the western states with 435,555 deer. The deer comprise more than four-fifths of the big game of America, outnumbering in population the great city of Chicago.

In all, there are 5,160,605 big game animals in America, or less than one to every 25 persons recorded in the last census.

When one harks back to the millions of head of big game which roamed the country 100 years ago, these figures are but an insignificant remnant. It is possible the antelope and bison alone reached a figure over 100,000,000.

Of the 15 species enumerated in the census only the deer seemed to have recovered to a figure appreciably near their original abundance. Some of the species, notably the big horn sheep, are still on the decline.



YOUNG PSYCHOLOGIST

An employee of the public library has just reported a conversation she overheard between a progressive schoolboy and a non-progressive pal. Evidently the progressive scholar was trying to explain the difference between an inferiority complex and a superiority complex to his unenlightened contemporary. "Suppose," he said, "I asked you if you could jump ten feet and you said sure. Then you'd have a superiority complex. But if you said no, then you'd have an inferiority complex."

"What would I have," the other boy inquired, "if I said maybe I could and maybe I couldn't?" The progressive boy pondered. "I guess," he remarked, "you'd have a split personality."

LAUGHS AT HOME



"Do you go to many amusements these days, Bill?"

"No. Don't have to now. My son's gone to wearing Oxford bags and cretonne vests."

Why Not 'Crepe de Chine'?

A man and his wife decided to dine at a tearoom or cafeteria on Sundays. Recently some very delicious lemon chiffon pie was served to them. The next Sunday after church services Mrs. Green inquired:

"Where shall we eat today, John?" To her amusement her husband answered:

"Let's go where they have that good georgette pie."

Moving De Luxe

The J family was moving across the city. When the moving men came, the small family kitten was nowhere to be found. Donnie burst into tears but a neighbor promised to keep the kitten when it appeared and let Mr. J pick it up the next day.

When the family arrived at their new home, however, and mother opened the cabinet to get a dish towel, there was the kitten fast asleep on the pile of towels.

Five Year Plan

It was during the empanelling of a jury; the following colloquy occurred:

"You are a property-holder?" "Yes, your honor."

"Married or single?" "I have been married for five years, your honor."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion?"

"Not for five years, your honor."

SUN STROKE



"How did he get a sun-stroke?" "Jimmy Sunfish bumped into him."

Kept Out

"If time hangs heavily on your hands, why don't you go into politics?"

"A man as rich as I am," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "doesn't dare go into politics. He is considered lucky if they let him shove a card under the door with a check attached to it."

Turn About

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Fil- lip. "The baby has eaten a lot of that dog biscuit!"

"Never mind, dear," said a caller, "it just serves Fido right. He's often stolen the baby's food—haven't you, Fido?"

By Comparison

Diner (after a long wait)—Waiter, have you ever visited the zoo? Waiter—No, sir, I haven't. Diner—Well, you ought to—you wouldn't half enjoy watching the tortoises whiz past.

Quick Thought

The nurse came into the library to proclaim the good news. "It's a little boy," she announced. "What?" asked the absent-minded professor. "Oh, yes, just ask him what he wants."

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

POULTRY

BRED FOR PRODUCTION: Ducks
RAISED FOR PROFIT: Chickens
SOLD BY QUALITY: Turkeys
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Showing the Latest Button-Front Styles

NO WONDER button-front dresses are so popular for midsummer! They go on without mussing your hair or getting mussed themselves. They look so smart, crisp and tailored, and they are easiest of all to press! No. 1787 is an unusually pretty version, so easy to make that even beginners can do it. Inside pleats make your waistline small. Gathers give a nice round bustline. Make this of gingham, linen, pique or shark-skin, and trim it with lace or braid.

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A new and delightfully different version of the button-front is No.



1790. It has buttons to the waistline only. The skirt is cut with a wide lap-over, and a pretty, circular swing. For this, choose gingham, percale, linen or pique, with snowy frills to make it the more cool-looking and becoming.

The Patterns.

No. 1787 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with short sleeves; 1 1/4 yards of lace or braid.

No. 1790 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material without nap; 2 1/4 yards of trimming.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vitality to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Motto of Quarrels

Weakness on both sides, as we all know, is the motto of all quarrels.—Voltaire.



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THE DIM LANTERN

Little Jane Barnes held the key to happiness for four young people. Loved by two men, idealistic Evans Follette, to whom she is a guiding light in the gloom of despondency, and Frederick Towne, wealthy, domineering man-about-town, she is forced to make her decision. Through her choice four love stories unwind to happiness.

"The Dim Lantern" is one of Temple Bailey's greatest stories—one that will claim your interest from the first chapter to the end.

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