The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

O PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY—WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Young, pretty Jane Barnes, who lived with her brother, Baldwin, in Sherwood Park, near Washington, was not particularly impressed when she read that rich, attractive Edith Towne had been left at the altar by Delafield Simms, wealthy New Yorker.

CHAPTER I-Continued

Down the path Jane went, the two pussy-cats like small shadows in her wake, until suddenly a voice came out of the dark. "I believe it is little Jane

Barnes." She stopped. "Oh, is that you,

Evans? Isn't it a heavenly night?" "I'm not sure." "Don't talk that way."

"Why not?" "Because an evening like this is like wine-it goes to my head."

"You are like wine," he told her. "Jane, how do you do it?" "Do what?" "Hold the pose of youth and joy

and happiness?" "You know it isn't a pose. I just

feel that way, Evans.' "My dear, I believe you do." He limped a little as he walked

beside her. He was tall and gaunt, Almost grotesquely tall. Yet when he had gone to war he had not seemed in the least grotesque. He had been tall but not thin, and he had gone in all the glory of his splendid youth.

There was no glory left. He was twenty-seven. He had fought and he would fight again for the same cause. But his youth was dead, except when he was with Jane. She revived him, as he said, like wine.

"I was coming over," he began, and broke off as a sibilant sound interrupted him. "Oh, are the cats with you? Well,

Rusty must take the road," he laughed as the little old dog trotted to neutral ground at the edge of the grove. Rusty was friends with Merrymaid, except when there were kittens about. He knew enough to avoid her in days of anxious motherhood.

Jane picked up the kitten. "They would come."

"All animals follow you. You're sort of a domestic Circe-with your dogs and chickens and pussy-cats in the place of tigers and lions and leopards."

"I'd love to have lived in Eden," said Jane, unexpectedly, "before Eve and Adam sinned. What it must have meant to have all those great beasts mild-mannered and purring under your hand like this kitten. What a dreadful thing happened, Evans, when fear came into the

"What makes you say that now, Jane?" His voice was sharp. "Shouldn't I have said it? Oh,

Evans, you can't think I had you "No," with a touch of weariness,

"but you are the only one, really, who knows what a coward I am-'Evans, you're not." "You're good to say it, but that's

what I came over for. I am up against it again, Jane. Some cousat the New Willard-and Mother and I went in to see them last night. They have invited us to go back with them. They've a big house east of Fifth Avenue, and they want us as their guests indefinitely. They think it will do me a lot of goodget me out of myself, they call it. But I can't see it. Since I came home-every time I think of facing mobs of people"-again his voice grew sharp-"I'm clutched by something I can't describe. It is perfectly unreasonable, but I can't help

For a moment they walked in silence, then he went on-"Mother's very keen about it. She thinks it will set me up. But I want to stay here-and I thought if you'd talk to her, she'll listen to you, Jane-she always does."

"Does she know how you feel

about it?" "No, I think not. I've never told her. I've only spilled over to you now and then. It would hurt Mother, no end, to know how changed I fectly sweet. And we can have an am."

Jane laid her hand on his arm. "You're not. Brace up, old dear. You aren't dead yet." As she lifted her head to look up at him, the hood of her cape slipped back, and the wind blew her soft, thick hair against his cheek. "But I'll talk to your mother if you want me to. She is a great darling."

They had reached the kitchen "Won't you come in?" Jane

"No. I've got to get back. only ran over for a moment. I have to have a daily sip of you, Jane.

"Baldy's bringing a steak for dinner. Help us eat it." "Sorry, but Mother would be

"When shall I talk to her?" "There's no hurry. The cousins are staying on for the opening of Congress. Jane dear, don't despise me-" His voice broke. "Evans. as if I could."

Again her hand was on his arm. He laid his own over it. "You're the best ever, Janey," he said, huskily-and presently he went away. Jane, going in, found that Baldy had telephoned. "He kain't git

here until seven," Sophy told her. "You had better run along home," Jane told her. "I'll cook the steak when it comes."

Sophy was old and she was tired. Life hadn't been easy. The son who was to have been the prop of her old age had been killed in France. There was a daughter's daughter who had gone north and who now and then sent money. Old Sophy did not know where her granddaughter got the money, but it was good to have it when it came. But it was not enough, so old Sophy worked. "I hates to leave you here alone,

"Oh, run along, Sophy. Baldy will come before I know it."

Miss Janey."

Jane went through the kitchen to the back door, throwing an appraising glance at the things in the warm-



thrown to me in mid-ocean?

ing oven, and stood waiting on the threshold, hugging herself in the keenness of the wind.

Presently her brother's tall form was silhouetted against the silvery gray of the night. "I thought you were never com-

ing," she said to him.

"I thought so, too." He bent and kissed her; his cheek was cold as it touched hers. "Aren't you nearly frozen?"

"No. Sorry to be late, honey, Get dinner on the table and I'll be ready-" "I'm afraid things won't be very

appetizing," she told him; "they've waited so long. But I'll cook the steak-" He had gone on, and was beyond

the sound of her voice. She opened ins are on from New York-they're the fat parcel which he had deposited on the kitchen table. She wondered a bit at its size. But Baldy had a way of bringing home unexpected bargains-a dozen boxes of crackers-unwieldy pounds of cof-

But this was neither crackers nor coffee. The box which was revealed bore the name of a fashionable florist. Within were violets-single ones -set off by one perfect rose and tied with a silver ribbon.

Jane gasped-then she went to the door and called:

"Baldy, where's the steak?" He came to the top of the stairs. Great guns," he said, "I forgot it!" Then he saw the violets in her hands, laughed and came down a step or two. "I sold a loaf of bread and bought-white hyacinths-"

"They're heavenly!" Her glance swept up to him. "Peace offering?" There were gay sparks in his eyes. "We'll call it that."

She blew a kiss to him from the tips of her fingers. "They are peromelette. Only if we eat any more eggs, we'll be flapping our wings." "I don't care what we have. I am so hungry I could eat a house."

He went back up the stairs, laughing. Jane, breaking eggs into a bowl, meditated on the nonchalance of men. She meditated, too, on the

mystery of Baldy's mood. The flowers were evidence of high exaltation. He did not often lend himself to such extravagance. He came down presently and helped carry in the belated dinner.

The potatoes lay like withered leaves in a silver dish, the cornbread was a wrinkled wreck, the pudding a travesty. Only Jane's omelette and a lettuce salad had escaped the blight of delay.

Then, too, there was Philomel, singing. Jane drew a cup of coffee, hot and strong, and set it at her brother's place. The violets were the front of their competitor's line cloud sparks to the ground and a in the center of the table, the cats of travel and soon disappear over tree or barn or a transmission line purring on the hearth.

almost passionate intensity. She loved to have Baldy in a mood like this-things right once more with his world.

She knew it was so by the ring of his voice, the cock of his headhence she was not in the least surprised when he leaned forward under the old-fashioned spreading dome which drenched him with light, and said, "I've such a lot to tell you, Jane; the most amazing thing has happened."

CHAPTER II

When young Baldwin Barnes had ridden out of Sherwood that morning on his way to Washington, his car had swept by fields which were crisp and frozen; by clumps of trees whose pointed tops cut into the clear blue of the sky; over ice-bound streams, all shining silver in the early sunlight.

He had the eye of an artist, and he liked the ride. Even in winter the countryside was attractive-and as the road slipped away, there came a few big houses surrounded by wide grounds, with glimpses through their high hedges of white statues, of spired cedars, of sundials set in the midst of dead gar-

Beyond these there was an arid stretch until the Lake was reached, then the links of one country club, the old buildings of another, and at last on the crest of a hill, a view of the city-sweeping on the right towards Arlington and on the left towards Soldiers' Home.

Turning into Sixteenth Street, he crossed a bridge with its buttresses guarded by stone panthers-and it was on this bridge that his car

Climbing out, he blamed Fate furiously. Years afterward, however, ne dared not think of the difference it might have made if his little flivver had not failed him.

Once when he stopped, a woman passed him. She was tall and slender and wrapped up to her ears in moleskin. Her small hat was blue, from her hand swung a gray suede bag, her feet were in gray shoes with cut-steel buckles.

Baldy's quick eyes took in the deails of her costume. He reflected as he went back to work that women were fools to court death in that fashion, with thin slippers and silk stockings, in this bitter weather.

He found the trouble, fixed it, jumped into his car and started his motor. And it was just as he was moving that his eye was caught by a spot of blue bobbing down the hill below the bridge. The woman who had passed him was making her way slowly along the slippery path. On each side of her the trees were brown and bare. At the foot of the hill was a thread of frozen water.

It was not usual at this time to see pedestrians in that place. Now and then a workman took a short cutor on warm days there were picnic parties-but to follow the rough paths in winter, was a bleak and arduous adventure.

He stayed for a moment to watch her, then suddenly left his car and ran. The girl in the blue hat had caught her high heels in a root, had stumbled and fallen.

When he reached her, she was struggling to her feet. He helped her, and picked up the bag which she had dropped.

"Thank you so much." Her voice was low and pleasing. He saw that she was young, that her skin was very fair, and that the hair which swept over her ears was pale gold, I am going to ask you to drive me but most of all, he saw that her over the Virginia side-I'll get the eyes were burning blue. He had trolley there. never seen eyes quite like them. The

Jane loved her little home with old poets would have called them sapphire, but sapphires do not

> "It was so silly of me to try to do she was protesting, "but I thought it might be a short cut-" He wondered what her destination might be that this remote path should lead to it. But all he said

mountain climbing-" "They aren't made for anything." she said, looking down at the steel-

buckled slippers, "useful."
"Let me help you up the hill." "I don't want to go up." He surveyed the steep incline. "I

am perfectly sure you don't want to go down." "I do," she hesitated, "but I suppose I can't."

He had a sudden inspiration. "Can I take you anywhere? My little flivver is up there on the bridge. Would you mind that?"

'Would I mind if a life-line were thrown to me in mid-ocean?" She said it lightly, but he fancied there was a note of high hope.

They went up the hill together. 'I want to get an Alexandria car,' she told him.

"But you are miles away from it." "Am I?" She showed momentary confusion. "I-hoped I might reach it through the Park-"

"You might. But you might also freeze to death in the attempt like a babe in the wood, without any robins to perform the last melancholy rites. What made you think of such a thing?"

He saw at once his mistake. Her voice had a touch of frigidity. "I can't tell you."

"Sorry," he said abruptly. "You must forgive me."
She melted. "No, it is I who should be forgiven. It must look strange to you-but I'd rather notexplain-'

On the last steep rise of the hill he lifted her over a slippery pool, and as his hand sank into the soft fur of her wrap, he was conscious of its luxury. It seemed to him that his mustard-colored coat fairly shouted incongruity. His imagination swept on to Raleigh, and the velvet cloak which might do the situation justice. He smiled at himself and smiling, too, at her, felt a tingling sense of coming circum-

It was because of that smile, and the candid, boyish quality of it, that she trusted him. "Do you know," she said, "I haven't had a thing to eat this morning, and I'm frightfully hungry. Is there any place that I could have a cup of coffee-where you could bring it out to me in the

"Could I?" the morning stars sang. "There's a corking place in Georgetown."

"Without the world looking on?" "Without your world looking on," She hesitated, then told the truth.

'I'm running away—''
He was eager. "May I help?" "Perhaps you wouldn't if you knew." "Try me."

He helped her into his car, tucked the rug about her, and put up the curtains. "No one can see you on the back seat," he said, and drove to Georgetown on the wings of the wind.

He brought coffee out to her from a neat shop where milk was sold, and buns, and hot drinks, to motormen and conductors. It was a clean little place, fresh as paint, and the buttered rolls were brown and crisp.

"I never tasted anything so good," the runaway told Baldy. "And now

(TO BE CONTINUED)

'Pronghorn' Distinct From All Other Antelopes

there were only about 26,600 anteroamed the range. The last cenin the country.

In other words there are more than five times as many on the range as there were 15 years ago. There is no animal on this continent more typically American than the "pronghorn." He is so distinct from all other antelopes that he is classified as a species, genus and family all by himself, says the American Wildlife Insti-

Antelopes are very vain about opportunity to match their prowess with anything that runs. They have long been the swiftest animals on the range. Any fast moving object our people in wildlife. is a challenge and the antelopes dash along in a parallel course until they are well in the lead, and then as if to make a convincing display of their prowess, they dash across the front of their competitor's line the horizon.

A recent census of the American | In addition to their gracefully antelope, or "pronghorn," shows curved prong horns, the American these animals are decidedly on the antelope have another characterisincrease. A survey made during tic feature. When alarmed, the the years from 1922 to 1924 showed | skin muscles on the animal's rump throw the long white hairs out into lopes left of the millions which once | two brightly conspicuous rosettes. When the "pronghorn" takes to sus shows there are now 131,555 flight, these rosettes are visible long after the rest of the animal has merged into the protective coloration of the landscape and can be seen as brilliant white spots dancing over the horizon.

When the "Iron Horse" came to his range the antelope met more than his match in speed for the first time. The locomotive was more than his nemesis in speed for it was the symbol of a mechanized advance which, by the end of the Nineteenth century, had threatened their speed and cannot resist an the antelope with complete extermination. The return of these splendid animals is a tribute to the growing and intelligent interest of

Lightning's Course Shown

Most lightning flashes pass from top to bottom of the thunder cloud but occasionally the bottom of the cloud sparks to the ground and a is "struck by lightning."



WRONG STOP

The chief engineer and the master mechanic had spent the evening together. For obvious reasons, the master mechanic was a little hesi-

tant about going home. "I'll tell you what to do if you don't want to disturb your wife," said the chief. "When you get in was, "High heels aren't made forthe house, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, then creep quietly up the steps to your own room."

They met the next morning at the plant. "How did you get on?" asked the chief.

"Rotten," replied the master me-chanic. "I did just as you told me. I folded my clothes neatly. I crept quietly up the stairs. But when I reached the top-it was the elevated station!"

SHE'S ALL THE REST



"It is said there are a thousand evils in the world-and one of them is man."

"Pray what are the others?" "Woman."

Take His Chances!

The Browns were standing on the balcony of the seaside hotel, and couldn't help hearing what the young couple in the garden below were saying.

Mrs. Brown turned to her husband. "I think he's going to propose and we shouldn't be listening. Just whistle to warn him." "Why should I?" asked Mr. Brown. "Nobody whistled to warn

Best Man

me."

An Irishman obtained leave from work to attend a wedding. He returned with two black eyes. The foreman asked him what had

happened. "When I got there," replied the Irishman, "I saw a fellow all dressed up like a peacock. 'An' who are you?,' says I. 'I'm the best man,' he says, an' begorra, he was,

New Fish Story

Game Warden-Hey, you! Don't you know that the bass season isn't open yet? What are you doing with that big one on your string?

Angler-Why, you see he's been taking my bait all morning and I just tied him up until I get ready to go home.

HOPED HE WOULD



"If I ever catch you with my girl again I'll knock your block off!" "I hope you will."

Long Distance Calls He held her in his arms and gazed into her sweet blue eyes. "What would you do if I tried to kiss you?" he asked.

"Yell for father," she replied. He sprang away from her nerv-"Great Scott!" he cried. "7 thought he was in Paris!"

Agreed! "Get ready to die," said the footpad, presenting his revolver. "I'm

"That's right, he is!"

going to shoot you." "Why?" asked his victim. "I've always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."
"Do I look like you?"

"Yes." "Then shootl"

"No-accepted!"

Old Query At a recent "hill-climbing" contest, amid the dust and heat and the roar of the motorcycle, a vendor called: "Don't forget, we have pop on

"Were's mom?" yelled some wag in the crowd.

Settled for Life "I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live." "What, refused again?"

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. What is polyandry? 2. How does a whale feed its young?

3. What shapes the destinies of a people? 4. How does a patriotic American woman salute the flag?

5. What political figure was known as the "Plumed Knight"? 6. What is the most abundant metal contained in the earth? 7. What is meant by referring

to a diamond as being so many carats? 8. Which is the country of origin of the word (A) candy, (B) mus-

lin, (C) millinery? The Answers 1. The possession by a woman

of more than one husband at a

2. The whale, a viviparous mammal, suckles its young. 3. Their modes of thought.

4. By placing her right hand over her heart. 5. James G. Blaine was known as the "Plumed Knight."

6. Aluminum. 7. When we refer to a diamond as being so many carats, we refer

to its weight. 8. (A) Candia, old name for Crete, (B) Mosul (Iraq), (C) Milan; milliners being originally sellers of Milan goods.







OOLER, milder smoking in Ulonger-burning Camels. Extra smoking, too, as shown by the following results of a recent impartial laboratory comparison of 16 of the largest-selling brands:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED-25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELL-ING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average time for all the other brands.

Yes, Camel's fine, slow-burning, more expensive tobaccos do make a difference. Delicate taste...fragrant aroma. ... smoking pleasure at its best, and more of it! Camel is the quality cigarette every smoker can afford.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Penny for Penny your best cigarette buy!