The DIM LANTE

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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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. However, she still mused over it when she met Evans Follette, a young neighbor, whom the war had left completely discouraged and despondent. Evans had always loved Jane. That morning Baldwin Barnes, on his way to work in Washington, offered assistance to a tall, lovely girl in distress.

CHAPTER II-Continued

When at last Baldy drew up at the little way station, and unfastened the curtain, he was aware that she had opened the suede bag and had a roll of bills in her hand. For a moment his heart failed him. Was she going to offer him money?

But what she said, with cheeks flaming, was: "I haven't anything less than ten dollars. Do you think they will take it?"

"It's doubtful. I have oodles of change." He held out a handful. "Thank you so much, and-you must let me have your card-"

"Oh, please-" Her voice had an edge of sharpness. "Of course it must be a loan." He handed her his card in silence. She read the name. "Mr. Barnes, you have been very kind. I am

tremendously grateful." "It was not kindness-but now and then a princess passes."

For a breathless moment her amazed glance met his-then the clang of a bell heralded an approaching car.

As he helped her out hurriedly she stumbled over the rug. He caught her up, lifted her to the ground, and motioned to the motor-

The car stopped and she mounted the steps. "Good-by, and thank you so much." He stood back and she waved to him while he watched her out of sight.

His work at the office that morning had dreams for an accompaniment. He went out at lunch-time but ate nothing. It was at lunchtime that he bought the violets-paying an unthinkable price for them, and not caring.

It was after office that Baldy carried the flowers to his car. He set the box on the back seat. In the hurry of the morning he had forgotten the rug which still lay where his fair passenger had stumbled over it. He picked it up and something dropped from its folds. It was the gray suede bag, half open, and showing the roll of bills. Beneath the roll of bills was a small sheer handkerchief, a vanity case with a pinch of powder and a wee puff, a new check-book-and, negligently at the very bottom, a ring-a ring of such enchantment that as it lay in Baldy's hand, he doubted its reality. The hoop was of platinum, slender, yet strong enough to bear up a carved moonstone in a circle of diamonds. The carving showed a delicate Psyche-with a butterfly on her shoulder. The diamonds blazed like

Inside the ring was an inscription-"Del to Edith-Forever."

Del to Edith? Where had he seen those names? With a sudden flash of illumination, he dropped the ring back into the bag, stuffed the bag in his pocket, and made his way to a newsboy at the corner.

There it was in startling headlines: Edith Towne Disappears. Delafield Simms' Yacht Said to Have Been Sighted Near Norfolk!

So his passenger had been the much-talked-about Edith Townedeserted at the moment of her mar-

He thought of her eyes of burning blue-the fairness of her skin and hair-the touch of haughtiness. Simms was a cur, of course! He should have knelt at her feet!

The thing to do was to get the bag back to her. He must advertise at once. On the wings of this decision, his car whirled down the Avenue. The lines which, after much deliberation, he pushed across the counter of the newspaper office. would be ambiguous to others, but clear to her. "Will passenger who left bag with valuable contents in the car call up Sherwood Park 49."

"Is she really as beautiful as that?" Jane demanded. "As what?"

"Her picture in the paper." "Haven't I said enough for you to

Jane nodded. "Yes. But it doesn't sound real to me. Are you sure you didn't dream it?"

"I'll say I didn't. Isn't that the proof?" The gray bag lay on the table in front of them, the ring was on Jane's finger.

She turned it to catch the light. "Baldy," she said, "it's beyond imagination."

"I told you-" "Think of having a ring like

"Think," fiercely, "of having a lover who ran away."

some advantages in being-un- | that you have news of her, and that | ways been the best of friends-more sought. I'm like the Miller-ess of

"I care for nobody-No, not I, Since nobody Cares-

For me-!" She sang it with a light boyish swing of her body. Her voice was girlish and sweet, with a touch of

Baldy flung his scorn at her. "Jane, aren't you ever in earnest?" "Intermittently," she smiled at him, came over and tucked her arm in his. "Baldy," she coaxed, "aren't you going to tell her un-

He stared at her. "Her uncle? Tell him what?" "That you've found the bag."

He flung off her arm. "Would you have me turn traitor?" "Heavens, Baldy, this isn't melo-

drama. It's common sense. You can't keep that bag." "I can keep it until she answers

my advertisement." "She may never see your advertisement, and the money isn't yours,

and the ring isn't." He was troubled. "But she trusted me. I can't do it." Jane shrugged her shoulders, and

began to clear away the din-



Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation.

ner things. Baldy helped her. Old Merrymaid mewed to go out, and Jane opened the door.

"It's snowing hard," she said. The wind drove the flakes across the threshold. Old Merrymaid danced back into the house, brighteyed and round as a muff. The air

was freezing. "It is going to be a dreadful night," young Baldwin, heavy with gloom, prophesied. He thought of Edith in the storm in her buckled shoes. Had she found shelter? Was she frightened and alone somewhere in the dark?

He went into the living-room, whence Jane presently followed him. Jane was knitting a sweater and she worked while Baldy read to He read the full account of Edith Towne's flight. She had gone away early in the morning. The maid, taking her breakfast up to her, had found the room empty. She had left a note for her uncle. But he had not permitted its publication. He was, they said, wild with anxiety.

"I'll bet he's an old tyrant," was Baldy's comment.

Frederick Towne's picture was in the paper. "I like his face," said "and he doesn't seem so frightfully old."

'Why should she run away from him, if he wasn't a tyrant?" he de-

manded furiously. "Well, don't scold me." Jane was as vivid as an oriole in the midst of her orange wools.

She loved color. The living-room was an expression of it. Its furniture was old-fashioned but not oldfashioned enough to be lovely. Jane had, however, modified its lack of grace and its dull monotonies by covers of chintz - tropical birds against black and white stripesand there was a lamp of dull blue pottery with a Chinese shade. A fire in the coal grate, with the glow of the lamp, gave the room a look of burnished brightness. The kitten, curled up in Jane's lap, played cozily with the tawny threads

"Don't scold me," said Jane, "it isn't my fault." "I'm not scolding, but I'm worried to death. And you aren't any help,

are you?" She looked at him in astonishment. "I've tried to help. I told you to call up."

Young Baldwin walked the floor. "She trusted me." "You won't get anywhere with that," said Jane with decision. "The

you'll give it only under promise that he won't do anything until be has talked it over with you." "That sounds better," said young

Baldwin; "how did you happen to think of it?"

"Now and then," said Jane, "I have ideas." Baldy went to the telephone. When

he came back his eyes were like gray moons. "He promised everything, and he's coming out-" "Yes, he wouldn't wait until to-

morrow. He's wild about her-" "Well, he would be." Jane mentally surveyed the situation. 'Baldy, I'm going to make some coffee, and have some cheese and crackers."

"He may not want them." "On a cold night like this, I'll

say he will; anybody would." Baldy helped Jane get out the round-bellied silver pot, the pitchers and tray. The young people had a sense of complacency as they handled the old silver. Frederick Towne could have nothing of more distinguished history. It had belonged to their great-grandmother, Dabney, who was really D'Aubigne, and it had graced an emperor's table. Each piece had a monogram set in an engraved wreath. The big tray was so heavy that Jane lifted it with difficulty, so Baldy set it for her on the little mahogany table which they drew up in front of the fire. There was no wealth now in the Barnes family, but the old silver spoke of a time when a young hostess as black-haired as Jane had dispensed lavish hospitality.

Frederick Towne had not expected what he found-the little house set high on its terraces seemed to give from its golden-lighted window squares a welcome in the dark. "I shan't be long, Briggs," he said to his chauffeur.

"Very good, sir," said Briggs, and led the way up the terrace.

Baldy ushered Towne into the living-room, and Frederick, standing on the threshold, surveyed a coziness which reminded him of nothing so much as a color illustration in some old English magazine. There was the coal grate, the table drawn on its massive tray, violets in a low vase-and rising to meet him a slender, glowing child, with a banner of orange wool behind her.

"Jane," said young Barnes, "may I present Mr. Towne?" and Jane held out her hand and said, "This is very good of you."

He found himself unexpectedly gracious. He was not always gracious. He had felt that he couldn't be. A man with money and position had to shut himself up sometimes in a shell of reserve, lest he be imposed upon.

But in this warmth and fragrance he expanded. "What a charming room," he said, and smiled at her. Jane felt perfectly at ease with him. He was, after all, she reflected, only a gentleman, and Baldy was that. The only difference lay in their divergent incomes. So, as the two men talked, she knitted on,

with the outward effect of placidity. "Do you want me to go?" she had asked them, and Towne had replied promptly, "Certainly not. There's nothing we have to say that you can't hear."

So Jane listened with all her ears, and modified the opinion she had formed of Frederick Towne from his picture and from her first glimpse of him. He was nice to talk to, but he might be hard to live with. He had obstinacy and egotism. "Why Edith should have done it

amazes me." "She was hurt," she said, "and she wanted to hide." "But people seem to think that in some way it is my fault. I don't

like that. It isn't fair. We've al-

like brother and sister than niece and uncle." "But not like Baldy and me," said

Jane to herself, "not in the least like Baldy and me." "Of course Simms ought to be

shot," Towne told them heatedly. "He ought to be hanged," was

Baldy's amendment. Jane's needles clicked, but she said nothing. She was dying to tell these bloodthirsty males what she thought of them. What good would it do to shoot Delafield Simms? A woman's hurt pride isn't to be healed by the thought of a man's

dead body. Young Baldwin brought out the ag. 'It is one that Delafield gave Frederick stated, "and I cashed a check for her at the bank the day before the wedding. I can't imagine why she took the ring with

"She probably forgot to take it off; her mind wasn't on rings." Jane's voice was warm with feeling. He looked at her with some curiosity. "What was it on?"

"Oh, her heart was broken. Nothing else mattered. Can't you see?" Jane swept them back to the matter of the bag. "We thought you ought to have it, Mr. Towne, but Baldy had scruples about revealing anything he knows about Miss Towne's hiding place. He feels that she trusted him."

"You said you had advertised, Mr. Barnes?"

"Yes." "Well, the one thing is to get her Tell her that if she calls you up." Frederick looked suddenly tired and old.

Baldy, leaning against the mantel, gazed down at him. "It's hard to decide what I ought to do. But I feel that I'm right in giving her a chance first to answer the advertisement."

Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation. "Of course you'll have to act as you think best."

And now Jane took things in her own hands. "Mr. Towne, I'm going to make you a cup of coffee."

"I shall be very grateful," he smiled at her. What a charming child she was! He was soothed and refreshed by the atmosphere they created. This boy and girl were a friendly pair and he loved his ease. His own house, since Edith's departure, had been funereal, and his friends had been divided in their championship between himself and Edith. But the young Barneses were so pleasantly responsive with their lighted-up eyes and their little air of making him one with them. Edith had always seemed to put him quite definitely on the shelf. With little Jane and her brother he had a feeling of equality of age.

"Look here," he spoke impulsively "may I tell you all about it? It would relieve my mind immense-

To Jane it was a thrilling moment. Having poured the coffee, she came out from behind her battlement of silver and sat in her chintz chair. She did not knit; she was enchanted by the tale that Towne was telling. She sat very still, her hands folded, the tropical birds about her. To Frederick she seemed like a bird herself-slim and lovely, and with a voice that

sangi Towne was not an impressionable man. His years of bachelorhood had hardened him to feminine arts. But here was no artfulness. Jane assumed nothing. She was herself. As he talked to her, he became aware of some stirred emotion. An almost youthful eagerness to shine as the hero of his tale. If he embroidered the theme, it was for her benefit. What he told her was as he saw it. But what he told her was not the truth, nor even half of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lions Walk Tightrope and Seals Ride Horseback

Lions that walk tightropes and | learned it will be rewarded for walkthe latest attractions produced by crack animal trainers. In the circus world new bags of tricks are necessary every year or so, and now that motion pictures are demanding wild animals to do tasks that seem almost miraculous, trainers are educating their animals to perform stunts of which no one dreamed before.

Teaching a lion to walk two swaying tightropes high in the air seems like a nearly impossible task until an experienced trainer tells how he does it, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Charles Gay, who has a tightrope-walking lion at his lion farm at El Monte, Calif., starts to teach his cubs tricks when they are nine months old, after their trainers have gained their trust through frequent petting and feed-

"Teaching a lion to walk the tightrope takes about six months of steady training," says Gay. "We start with a wide plank 10 feet long on supports a few feet off the ground. We tempt the animal to walk this plank by leading it with and the cottage of the novelist's "Well," said Jane, "there are thing to do is to tell Mr. Towne a piece of meat. After it has

seals that ride horseback are two of | ing, we remove a central support, allowing the plank to bounce and sway under the animal's weight.

'Next we substitute two narrow planks for the wide one, gradually training the lion to walk the narrower planks until he finds himself walking a couple of pieces of two-by-four planks. The next step is to substitute one and one-quarterinch iron pipes, then thick steel cables which the lion can grasp with his non-skid pads, and finally the smaller cables on which he performs his act.

"During all this time we gradually lengthen and heighten the supports so the animal finally learns to walk ropes 20 or 30 feet long that may be 20 feet in the air. During the first part of the training the lion may take an occasional spill, so we use a pile of wood shavings under the planks as a safety mat."

George Eliot's Country Visitors to Staffordshire in England find it is the Loamshire of George Eliot's novels. Ellastone is the "Haysthorpe" of Adam Bede, childhood can be seen there,



A LONG TIME

A Negro clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his congre-

"Eternity! Why, don't you know the meaning of that word? It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings atop of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and add them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would still be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

ANOTHER FRIENDSHIP SPOILED



He-So you've seen very little of our friend Smith since I've been away from town? She - Very little indeed, Mr.

Brown. He-How's that? You seemed such great friends. She-Yes-but I married him, you know.

News Enough

A man driving along a country road saw the roof of a farmhouse ablaze. He shouted wildly to the woman standing calmly in the doorway: "Hey, your house is on fire!"

"Your house is on fire," a little

"What? I'm a little deaf." "Your house is on fire!" at the top of his voice.

"Is that all?" "Well, it's all I can think of at the moment."

Variety Welcomed

Diner-I want to make a complaint about a waiter. Proprietor-I'm glad to hear that. Diner-Glad?

Proprietor-Yes, glad. You see it's a relief to hear a complaint that isn't about the food.

Big Business

Panhandler-Say, buddy, could you spare me a buck for coffee? Dinocan-What, a dollar for coffee? You shouldn't drink so much

coffee. Panhandler-Don't try to tell me how to run my business; either come across or say "Nothin' doin'."

Misnomer

A bright, but rather unprepossessing little girl overheard one of the neighbors say that she was 'homely.

"I'm not either 'homely,' " she denied to a playmate. "I hardly ever stay at home."



Mother-That visitor of yours doesn't seem to be able to take his

Bored Maiden-Why, mother, the poor simp can't even take a hint.

Umbrella Fad

Jane-I see that you and Ethel carry a gentleman's umbrella. Are you following the famous Chamberlain fashion? Winnie-Yes, dear. I reckon it's our duty to keep our "powder" dry!

Too True "But, my good man," said Mrs. Smith, dubiously, to the tramp at her door, "your story has such a

"Yes, ma'am. That's the natural

result of speaking with an empty stomach."

New Office Boy-I have added these figures up eight times, sir. Boss-That's very good and thor-New Office Boy-And here are the

eight results.

looking on.

Unselfish Youth Jeannie-Why don't you eat your apple, Sandy? Sandy-I'm waiting for Jock

Smith to come along. Apples taste

much better if there's another boy

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Here is the first line of a wellknown poem: "I could not love thee, dear, so much." Can you give the second line?

2. What country is known as

"The Land of the White Elephant"? 3. What is the greatest depth in the Atlantic?

4. An Andalusian is a native of what country?

5. Which is smaller, an atom or an electron? 6. What does the nautical terms

"dead reckoning" mean? 7. Why are Pullman porters gen-erally called "George"?

The Answers

1. "Loved I not honor more." 2. Siam is known as "The Land of the White Elephant." 3. Nearly 51/2 miles (28,680 feet).

north of Puerto Rico and Hispaniola. 4. Spain.5. An electron is smaller than

an atom. 6. A method of ascertaining the approximate position of a vessel from the course steered and the

ly bodies of light are obscured. 7. Probably from the name of George M. Pullman, builder of the first Pullman cars.

distance covered when the heaven-

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested-slower than any of them - CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of



MPARTIAL laboratory tests of 16 I of the largest-selling brands show which one of them gives the most actual smoking per pack. The find-

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! The quality cigarette every smoker can afford.



THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS **PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR** BEST CIGARETTE BUY!