

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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THE STORY THUS FAR

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. Later he found a bag she had left in the car, containing a diamond ring on which was inscribed "Del to Edith—Forever." He knew then that his passenger had been Edith Towne. Already he was half in love with her. That night he discussed the matter with Jane, and they called her uncle, worldly, sophisticated Frederick Towne. He visited them at their home, delighted with Jane's simplicity. He told them Edith's story. Because her uncle desired it, Edith Towne had accepted Delafield Simms, whom she liked but did not love. She disappeared immediately after the wedding was to have taken place. The next day Jane received a basket of fruit from Towne, and a note asking if he might call again.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Mrs. Follette had, too, an admirable courage. Her ambitions had been wrapped up in her son. What her father might have been, Evans was to be. They had scrimped and saved that he might go to college and study law. Then, at that first dreadful cry from across the sea, he had gone. There had been long months of fighting. He had left her in the flower of his youth, a wonder-lad, with none to match him among his friends. He had come back crushed and broken. He, whose career lay so close to his heart—could do now no sustained work. Mentally and physically he must rest. He might be years in getting back. He would never get back to gay and gallant boyhood. That was gone forever.

Yet if Mrs. Follette's heart had failed her at times, she had never shown it. She was making the farm pay for itself. She supplied the people of Sherwood Park and surrounding estates with milk. But she never was in any sense—a milk-woman. It was, rather, as if in selling her milk she distributed favors. It was on this income that she subsisted, she and her son.

Later he and Jane walked together in the clear cold. She was in a gay mood. She was wrapped in her old orange cape, and the sun, breaking the bank of sullen clouds in the west, seemed to turn her lithe young body into flame.

"Don't you love a day like this, Evans?" She pressed forward up the hill with all her strength. Evans followed, panting. At the top they sat down for a moment on an old log—which faced the long aisles of snow between thin black trees. The vista was clear-cut and almost artificial in its restraint of color and its wide bare spaces.

Evans' little dog, Rusty, ran back and forth—following this trail and that. Finally in pursuit of a rabbit, he was led far afield. They heard him barking madly in the distance. It was the only sound in the stillness.

"Jane," Evans said, "do you remember the last time we were here?"

"Yes." The light went out of her eyes.

"As I look back it was heaven, Jane. I'd give anything on God's earth if I was where I was then."

All the blood was drained from her face. "Evans, you wouldn't," passionately, "you wouldn't give up those three years in France—"

He sat very still. Then he said tensely, "No, I wouldn't, even though it has made me lose you—"

"You mustn't say such things—"

"I must. Don't I know? You were such an unawakened little thing, my dear. But I could have—waked you. And I can't wake you now. That's my tragedy. You'll never wake up—for me—"

"Don't—"

"Well, it's true. Why not say it? I've come back—a scarecrow, the shadow of a man. And you're just where I left you—only lovelier—more of a woman—more to be worshipped—Jane—"

As he caught her hand up in his, she had a sudden flashing vision of him as he had been when he last sat with her in the grove—the swing of his strong figure, his bare head borrowing gold from the sun—the touch of assurance which had been so compelling.

"I never knew that you cared—"

"I knew it, but not as I did after your wonderful letters to me over there. I felt, if I ever came back, I'd move heaven and earth." He stopped. "But I came back—different. And I haven't any right to say these things to you. I'm not going to say them—Jane. It might spoil our—friendship."

"Nothing can spoil our friendship, Evans—"

He laid his hand on hers. "Then you are mine—until somebody comes along and claims you?"

"There isn't anybody else," she turned her fingers up to meet his, "so don't worry, old dear," she smiled at him but her lashes were wet. Her hand was warm in his and she let it stay there, and after a while she said, "I have sometimes thought that if it would make you happy, I might—"

"Might—love me?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. "I didn't say it for that. I just had to have the truth between us. And I don't want—"

make you love me, Jane." There was a hint of his old masterfulness—and she was thrilled by it.

She withdrew her hand and stood up. "Then I'll—pray—that you—get back—"

"Do you mean it, Janey?"

"I mean it, Evans."

"Then pray good and hard, my dear, for I'm going to do it."

They smiled at each other, but it was a sacred moment.

The things they did after that were rendered unimportant by the haze of enchantment which hung over Evans' revelation. No man can tell a woman that he loves her, no woman can listen, without a

throbbing sense of the magnitude of the thing which has happened. From such beginnings is written the history of humanity.

Deep in a hollow where the wind had swept up the snow, and left the ground bare they found crowfoot in an emerald carpet—there were holy branches dripping red berries like blood on the white drifts. They filled their arms, and at last they were ready to go.

Evans whistled for Rusty but the little dog did not come. "He'll find us; he knows every inch of the way."

But Rusty did not find them, and they were on the ridge when that first awful cry came to them.

Jane clutched Evans. "What is it—oh, what is it?"

He swallowed twice before he could speak. "It's—Rusty—one of those steel traps"—he was panting now—his forehead wet—"the Negroes put them around for rabbits—"

Again that frenzied cry broke the stillness. "They're hellish things—"

Jane began to run in the direction of the sound. "Come on, Evans—oh, come quick—"

He stumbled after her. At last he caught at her dress and held her. "If he's hurt I can't stand it."

It was dreadful to see him. Jane felt as if clutched by a nightmare. "Stay here, and don't worry. I'll get him out—"

It was a cruel thing to face. There was blood and that little trembling body. The cry reduced now to an agonized whimpering. How she opened the trap she never knew, but she did open it, and made a bandage from her blouse which she tore from her shoulders regardless of the cold. And after what seemed to be ages, she staggered back to Evans with her dreadful burden wrapped in her cape. "We've got to get him to a veterinary. Run down to the road and see if there's a car in sight."

There was a car, and when Evans stopped it, two men came charging up the bank. Jane gave the dog into the arms of one of them. "You'll have to go with them, Evans," she said and wrapped herself more closely in her cape. "There are several doctors at Rockville. You'd better ask the stationmaster about the veterinary."

It was late when Evans came to Castle Manor with his dog in his arms. Rusty was comfortable and he had wagged a grateful tail. The pain had gone out of his eyes and the veterinary had said that in a few days the wound would heal.

There were no vital parts affected—and he would give some medicine which would prevent further suffering.

Mrs. Follette was out, and old Mary was in the kitchen, singing. She stopped her song as Evans came through. He asked her to help him and she brought a square, deep basket and made Rusty a bed.

"You-all jes' put him heah by the fiah, and I'll look after him."

Evans shook his head. "I want him in my room. I'll take care of him in the night."

He carried the dog upstairs with him, knelt beside him, drew hard deep breaths as the little fellow licked his hand.

"What kind of a man am I?" Evans said sharply in the silence.

"God, what kind of a man?"

Through the still house came old Mary's thin and piping song:

"Stay in the fiel',
Stay in the fiel', oh, wah-yah—
Stay in the fiel'
Till the wah is ended."

Evans got up and shut the door.

Jane was waked usually by the hoarse crow of an audacious little rooster, who sent his challenge to the rising sun.

But on Thanksgiving morning, she found herself sitting up in bed in the deep darkness—slim and white and shivering—oppressed by some phantom of the night.

She came to it gradually. The strange events of yesterday. Evans. Her own share in his future.

Her own share in Evans' future? Had she really linked her life with his? She had promised to pray that he might get back—she had pledged youth, hope and constancy to his cause. And she had promised before she had seen that stumbling figure in the snow!

In the matters of romance, Jane's thoughts had always ventured. She had dreamed of a gallant lover, a composite hero, one who should combine the reckless courage of a Robin Hood with the high moralities of a Galahad. With such a lover one might gallop through life to a piping tune. Or if the Galahad predominated in her hero, to an inspiring procession!

And here was Evans, gray and gaunt, shaken by tremors, fitting himself into the background of her future. And she didn't want him there. Oh, not as he had been out there in the snow!

Yet she was sorry for him with a sympathy that wrung her heart. She couldn't hurt him. She wouldn't. Was there no way out of it? Her hands went up to her face. She had a simple and childlike faith: "Oh, God," she prayed, "make us all—happy—"

Her cheeks were wet as she lay back on her pillows. And a certain serenity followed her little prayer. Things would work together in some way for good. . . . She would let it rest at that.

When at last the rooster crowed, Jane cast off the covers and went to the windows, drawing back the curtains. There was a faint whiteness in the eastern sky—amethyst and pearl, aquamarine, the day had dawned!

Well, after all, wasn't every day a new world? And this day of all days. One must think about the thankful things!

Baldy wanted to hear from Edith Towne so much that he did not go to church lest he miss her call. But Jane went, and sat in the Barnes' pew, and was thankful, as she had said, for love and warmth and light.

Evans, with his mother in the pew, looked straight ahead of him. He seemed worn and weary—a dark shadow set against the brightness of those comrades on the glowing glass.

After church, he waited in the aisle for Jane. "I'll walk down with you. Mother is going to ride with Dr. Hallam."

They walked a little way in silence, then he said, "Rusty is comfortable this morning."

"Your mother told me over the telephone."

He limped along at her side. "Jane, I didn't sleep last night—thinking about it. It is a thing I can't understand. A dreadful thing."

"I understand. You love Rusty. It was because you love him so much—"

"But to let a woman do it. Jane, do you remember—years ago? The mad dog?"

She did remember. Evans had killed it in the road to save a child. It had been a horrible experience, but not for a moment had he hesitated.

"I wasn't afraid then, Janey."

"This was different. You couldn't see the thing you loved hurt. It wasn't fear. It was affection."

"Oh, don't gloss it over. I know what you felt. I saw it in your eyes."

"Saw what?"

"Contentment."

She turned on him. "You didn't. Perhaps, just at first. I didn't understand. . . ." She fought for self-control, but in spite of it, the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't, Janey, Don't!" He was in an agony of remorse. "I've made you cry."

She blinked away the tears. "It wasn't contempt, Evans."

"Well, it should have been. Why not? No man who calls himself a man would have let you do it."

They had come to the path under the pines, and were alone in that still world. Jane tucked her hand in the crook of Evans' arm.

"Dear boy, stop thinking about it."

"I shall never stop."

"I want you to promise me that you'll try. Evans, you know we are going to fight it out together. . . ."

His eyes did not meet hers. "Do you think I'd let you? Well, you think wrong." He began to walk rapidly, so that it was hard to keep pace with him. "I'm not worth it."

And now quite as suddenly as she had cried, she laughed, and the laugh had a break in it. "You're worth everything that America has to give you." She told him of the things she had thought of in church. "You are as much of a hero as any of them."

He shook his head. "All that hero stuff is dead and gone, my dear. We idealize the dead, but not the living."

It was true and she knew it. But she did not want to admit it. "Evans," she said, and laid her cheek for a moment against the rough sleeve of his coat, "don't make me unhappy. Let me help."

"You don't know what you are asking. You'd grow tired of it. Any woman would."

"Why look ahead? Can't we live for each day?"

She had lighted a flame of hope in him. "If I might—" eagerly.

"Why not? Begin right now. What are you thankful for, Evans?"

"Not much," uneasily.

"Well, I'll tell you three things. Books and your mother and me. Say that over—out loud."

He tried to enter into her mood. "Books and my mother and Jane."

She caught at another thought. "It almost rhymes with Stevenson's 'books and food and summer rain,' doesn't it?"

"Yes. What a man he was—cheerful in the face of death. Jane, I believe I could face death more cheerfully than life—"

"Don't say such things—they had looked to the little house on the terrace, "don't say such things. Don't think them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fans' Part in Religion

During the Middle ages in Europe, fans played an important part in religion. They were waved over the priests' head while they said mass to keep away the flies which represented the devil. Later, fans were supposed to yield divine influence, their to-and-fro movement symbolizing the wing of the seraphim.

Great importance is placed on the subject of teeth and placement of jaw in all breeds and with the majority you will find that the standards require the overshot or level-mouth, accompanied by the state-



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Back in the champagne days, when our Uncle Sam was "Uncle Shylock" in England, Sir Philip Kerr, later the

British Envoy Is Old Friend Of Uncle Sam

marquess of Lothian, did not share this disesteem. He said repeatedly that Abraham Lincoln was his political saint; he risked ostracism at his club by admitting that America did a lot to help win the war, and urged that England should at least make a token payment on the American debt.

Lord Lothian, arriving in Washington as British ambassador to this country, has traveled widely in this country, has always taken home good reports, and, as one of the most skilled artisans of empire-building and upkeep, has urged understanding and co-operation between the two nations, for the well-being of both.

"The British empire," he recently said, "is America's outer ring of security. If it disappears under Fascist attack, the United States and its Monroe Doctrine, freedom of the seas and so on would be threatened."

A brilliant writer and speaker, addressing cultural and foreign policy groups in many nations, Lord Lothian has spoken and written unofficially, his dissertations reflecting closely empire policy. There probably is no more scholarly and gifted orator of the British intellectual dominions than this handsome Oxonian, trained in South Africa under the famous Lord Milner, skilled not only in the realistic "pratiqué" of empire-building, but in its genteel histrionics.

Like Simon, Chamberlain, Hoare, Halifax, Astor, Beaverbrook and virtually all the others of the British high command in recent years, he firmly refused to believe—until Munich—that Adolf Hitler had any but pacific and constructive intentions; he shared the prevailing conservative view that German expansion would be, legitimately, to the east, and that the resurgent Reich harbored no designs against the British empire. In 1935, he visited Herr Hitler and returned with warm reassurance to his countrymen. He reported great achievements by the Nazis and indicated high esteem for their fuhrer—as virtually all his political associates had done.

He shared the shock and bewilderment of his conferees in the aftermath of Munich. He urged that no further concessions be made to Germany and that the Hitler onslaught should be met with an impenetrable alliance against him. It was after Munich that he warned America against the ills with which it would be beset if Britain should succumb to a "Fascist attack."

LOUIS (LEPKE) BUCHALTER, who, it seems, after all, hasn't been away, was discharged seven times by New York magistrates.

Smooth Fellow

Never Carries

A Shootin' Iron

twice held him, as did Bridgeport, Conn., several times, but he won, seven to six, in 23 years of tilting with judges and juries, the charges ranging through assault, robbery, burglary and homicide, as involved in fur-dressing, garment, flour, trucking and fake labor union rackets.

He has never carried a gun, and, as befits the richest of all industrial racketeers, keeps the strong-arm stuff moving smoothly, with perhaps no more than an inter-office memorandum to carry it through. Unlike his predecessors of such amateurish outfits as the Gas House Gang, he is no show-off, never wears conspicuous clothes, speaks softly and is never out in front. His gang at times has included more than 500 thirty-second degree hoodlums, and J. Edgar Hoover, of the FBI, to whom he surrenders, has put him down as a co-partner of the Barker-Karpis kidnaping gang and other equally unpopular outfits.

He was born in Essex street, on New York's Lower East Side, in 1897, one of 11 children. All his brothers and sisters are honest and respectable. No explanation of his errant ways has ever been offered. In his early youth, he formed a partnership with young Jacob Shapiro, the beginning of a long and poisonous friendship. They worked up from such small beginnings as package-snatching and mauling pushcart peddlers, and, taking on hired help, began to take over old-established crime firms, such as the Kid Dropper gang. Their first big-business outreach was when they began systematically to shoot up the leather business.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

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AROUND THE HOUSE

When Shirring Cloth.—Lengthen the stitch on your machine and use ruled writing paper and stitch over. The rows will then be even.

Remove Paint Spots.—To remove fresh paint spots from clothing, saturate with turpentine and spirits of ammonia.

For Stains in Vase.—To remove stains from a vase or bottle, put into it two tablespoons of salt and four tablespoons of vinegar and shake well. Let stand for several hours, empty and rinse out in hot soapsuds.

Cleaning Leather Coverings.—To clean leather-seated or leather-covered chairs boil together equal quantities of sweet oil, turpentine and vinegar. Bottle until you are ready to use it, then pour a little on a woolen cloth and rub well into leather.

Keep Picture Dustproof.—The backs of pictures should be inspected frequently. If the paper of the back of the picture is torn, a new piece should be fastened on, so that dust may not get into the picture.

Cooking String Beans.—Cut string beans lengthwise into splinters. Cut in this way it takes a shorter time to cook than when cut in short pieces.

Treating Wax Floors.—If dirt becomes ground into a waxed floor moisten a cloth with turpentine and rub the turpentine well into the floor until the wax is removed, then wash the floor anew and polish it.

Cleaning Window Shades.—Window shades may be easily washed. Spread the shade over a flat surface and rub it briskly with a sponge dipped frequently in soapsuds. Rub off the suds with a soft cloth, rinse with clear water and dry thoroughly. Do this first on one side, then on the other.

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