

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 missed 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, asking if he might call again. Mrs. Follette, widowed mother of Evans, was a woman of indomitable courage. Impoverished, she nevertheless managed to keep Evans and herself in comparative comfort by running a dairy farm. Evans, mentally depressed and disillusioned, had little self reliance and looked to his mother and Jane for guidance.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"As a man thinks—Do you believe it?" Evans asked.

"Some of it," replied Jane.

"We'll talk about it tonight. No, I can't come in. Dinner is at seven." He lingered a moment longer. "Do you know what a darling you are, Jane?"

She stood watching him as he limped away. Once he turned and waved. She waved back and her eyes were blurred with tears.

In Jane's next letter to Judy she told about the dinner.

"We had a delicious dinner. It seems to me, Judy, that my mind dwells a great deal on things to eat. But, after all, why shouldn't I? Housekeeping is my job."

"Mrs. Follette doesn't attempt to do anything that she can't do well, and it was all so simple and satisfying. In the center of the table was some of the fruit that Mr. Towne sent in a silver epergne, and there were four Sheffield candlesticks with white candles."

"Mrs. Follette carved the turkey, Evans can do things like that—she wore her perennial black lace and pearls, and in spite of everything, Judy, I can't help liking her, though she is such a beggar on horseback. They haven't a cent, except what she makes from the milk, but she looks absolutely the lady of the manor."

"The cousins are very fashionable. One of them, Muriel Follette, knows Edith Towne intimately. She told us all about the wedding, and how people are blaming Edith for running away and are feeling terribly sorry for Mr. Towne. Of course they didn't know that Baldy and I had ever laid eyes on either of them. But you should have seen Baldy's eyes, when Muriel said things about Edith. I was scared stiff for fear he'd say something. You know how his temper flares."

"Well, Muriel said some catty things. That everybody is sure that Delafield Simms is in love with someone else, and that they are saying Edith might have known it if she hadn't always looked upon herself as the center of the universe. And they feel that if her heart is broken, the decent thing would be to mourn in the bosom of her family. Of course I'm not quoting her exact words, but you'll get the idea."

"And Baldy thinks his queen can do no wrong, and was almost bursting. Judy, he walks in a dream. I don't know what good it is going to do him to feel like that. He will have to always worship at a distance like Dante. Or was it Alard? I always get those grande passions mixed."

"Anyhow, there you have it. Edith Towne rode in Baldy's flivver, and he has hitched that little wagon to a star!"

"Well, after dinner, we set the victrola going and Baldy had to dance with Muriel. She dances extremely well, and I know he enjoyed it, though he wouldn't admit it. And Muriel enjoyed it. There's no denying that Baldy has a way with him."

"After they had danced a while everybody played bridge, except Evans and me. You know how I hate it, and it makes Evans nervous. So we went in the library and talked. Evans is dreadfully discouraged about himself. I wish that you were here and that we could talk it over. But it is hard to do it at long distance. There ought to be some way to help him. Sometimes it seems that I can't stand it when I remember what he used to be."

Evans had carried Jane off to the library high-handedly. "I want you," was all the reason he vouchsafed as they came into the shabby room with its leaping flames in the fireplace, its book-lined walls, its imposing portrait above the mantel.

The portrait showed Evans' grandfather, and beneath it was a photograph of Evans himself. The likeness between the two men was striking—there was the same square set of the shoulders, the same bright, waved hair, the same air of youth and high spirits. The grandfather in the portrait wore a blue uniform, the grandson was in khaki, but they were, without a question, two of a kind.

"You belong here, Jane," said Evans, "on one side of the fireplace,

with me on the other. That's the way I always see you when I shut my eyes."

"You see me now with your eyes wide open—"

"Yes, Jane, I told Mother this afternoon that I wouldn't go to New York. So that's settled, without your saying anything."

"How does she feel about it?"

"Oh, she still thinks that I should go. But I'll stay here," he moved his head restlessly. "I want to be where you are, Jane. And now, my dear, we're going to talk things out. You know that yesterday you made a sort of promise. That you'd pray for me to get back—and that if I got back—well, you'd give me a chance. Jane, I want your prayers, but not your promise."

"Why not?"

"I am not fit to think of any woman. When I am—well—if I ever am."



Evans had carried Jane off to the library.

—you can do as you think best. But you mustn't be bound."

She sat silent, looking into the fire.

"You know that I'm right, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, I do, Evans. I thought of it, too, last night. And it seems like this to me. If we can just be friends—without bothering with anything else—it will be easier, won't it?"

"I can't tell you how gladly I'd do both, as you call it. But it wouldn't be fair. You are young, and you have a right to happiness. I'd be a shadow on your—future—"

"Please don't—"

He dropped on the rug at her feet.

"Well, we'll leave it at that. We're friends, forever," he reached up and took her hands in his, "forever!"

"Always, Evans—"

"For better, for worse—for richer, for poorer—"

Of course—"

They stared into the fire, and then he said softly, "Well, that's enough for me, my dear, that's enough for me—" and after a while he began to speak in broken sentences. "Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest. . . . After so many hours of toil and quest. . . . A famished pilgrim. . . . That's Keats, my dear. Jane, do you know that you are food and drink?"

"Am I?" unsteadily.

"Yes, dear little thing, if I had you always by my fire I could fight the world."

When Jane and Baldy reached home that night, Baldy stamped up and down the house, saying things about Muriel Follette. "A girl like that to criticize."

She yawned. "I'm going to bed." The telephone rang, and Baldy was off like a shot. Jane uncured herself from her chair and lent a listening ear. It was a moment of exciting interest. Edith Towne was at the other end of the wire!

Jane knew it by Baldy's singing voice. He didn't talk like that to commonplace folk who called him up. She was devoured with curiosity.

He came in, at last, literally walking on air. And just as Jane had felt that his voice sang, so she felt now that his feet danced.

"Jane, it was Edith Towne."

"What did she say?"

"Just saw my advertisement. Paper delayed—"

"Where is she?"

"Beyond Alexandria. But we're not to give it away."

"Not even to Mr. Towne?"

"No. She's asked me to bring her bag, and some other things."

He threw himself into a chair opposite Jane, one leg over the arm of it. He was a careless and picturesque figure. Even Jane was aware of his youth and good looks.

Edith had, as it seemed, asked him to have Towne send the ring back to Delafield—to have her wedding presents sent back, to have a bag packed with her belongings.

She started up the stairs but before she had reached the landing he called after her. "Jane, what have you on hand for tomorrow?"

She leaned over the rail and looked down at him. "Friday? Feed the chickens. Feed the cats. Help Sophy clean the silver. Drink tea at four with Mrs. Allison, and three other young things of eighty."

"Well, look here. I don't want to face Towne. He'll say things about Edith—and insist on her coming back—she says he will, and that's why she won't call him up. And you've got more diplomacy than I have. You might make it all seem—reasonable. Will you do it, Jane?"

"Do you mean that you want me to call on him at his office?"

"Yes. Go in with me in the morning."

"Baldy, are you shirking? Or do you really think me as wonderful as your words seem to imply?"

"Oh, if you're going to put it like that—"

She smiled down at him. "Let's leave it then that I am—wonderful. But suppose Mr. Towne doesn't fall for your plan? Perhaps he won't let her have the bag or a check-book or money or anything—"

Jane saw then a sudden and passionate change in her brother. "If he doesn't let her have it, I will. I may be poor but I'll beg or borrow rather than have her brought back to face those cats—until she wants to come."

CHAPTER V

Frederick Towne never arrived in his office until ten o'clock. So Jane was ahead of him. She sat in a luxurious outer room, waiting.

When he came in he saw Jane at once, and held out his hand smiling. "You've heard from Edith?"

"Yes. Last night. Too late to let you know."

"Good. We'll go into my room."

Jane was thrilled by a sense of things happening. Outwardly calm, she was inwardly stirred by excitement.

She sat in a big leather chair which nearly swallowed her up, and stated her errand.

"Baldy thought I'd better come, he's so busy, and anyhow he thinks I have more tact." She tilted her chin at him and smiled.

"And you thought it needed tact."

"Well, don't you, Mr. Towne? We really haven't a thing to do with it, and I'm sure you think so. Only now we're in it, we want to do the best we can."

"I see. Since Edith has chosen you and your brother as ambassadors, you've got to use diplomacy."

"She didn't choose me, she chose Baldy."

"But why can't she deal directly with me?"

"She ran away from you. And she isn't ready to come back."

"She ought to come back."

"She doesn't think so. And she's afraid you'll insist."

"What does she want me to do?"

"Send her the bag with the money and the checkbook, and let Baldy take out a lot of things. She gave him a list; there's everything from toilet water to talcum."

"Suppose I refuse to send them?"

"You can, of course. But you won't, will you?"

"No, I suppose not. I shan't coerce her. But it's rather a strange thing for her to be willing to trust all this to your brother. She has seen him only once."

"Well," said Jane, with some spirit, "you've seen Baldy only once, and wouldn't you trust him?"

She flung the challenge at him, and quite surprisingly he found himself saying, "Yes, I would."

"Well," said Jane, "of course."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her. Again he was aware of quickened emotions. She revived half-forgotten ardors. Gave him back his youth. She used none of the cut and dried methods of sophistication. She was fearless, absolutely alive, and in spite of her cheap gray suit, altogether lovely.

So it was with an air of almost romantic challenge that he said, "What would you advise?"

"I'd let her alone, like little Bo Peep. She'll come home before you know it, Mr. Towne."

"I wish that I could think it—however, it's a great comfort to know that she's safe. I shall give it out that she is visiting friends, and that I've heard from her. And now, about the things she wants. It seems absolutely silly to send them."

"I don't think it's silly."

"Why not?"

"Oh, clothes make such a lot of difference to a woman. I can absolutely change my feelings by changing my frock."

She rose. "I'll leave the list with you and you can telephone Baldy when to come for them."

"Don't go. I want to talk to you."

"But you're busy."

"Not unless I want to be."

"But I am. I have to go to market—"

"Briggs can take you over. I'll call up the garage."

"Briggs! Can you imagine Briggs driving through the streets of Washington with a pound of sausage and a three-rib roast?"

"Do you mean that you are going to take your parcels back with you?"

"Yes. There aren't any deliveries in Sherwood."

He hesitated for a moment, then touched her shoulder lightly with his forefinger. "Look here. Let Briggs take you to market, then come back here, and we'll run up to the house, get the things for lunch at Chevy Chase, and put you down, sausages, bags and all, at your own door in Sherwood."

"Really?" She was all shining radiance.

"Really. You'll do it then? Sit down a moment while I call up Briggs."

He called the garage and turned again to Jane. "I'll dictate some important letters, and be ready for you when you get back."

So Jane went through the fine old market, with its long aisles brilliant with the bounty of field and garden, river, and bay and sea. There were red meats and red tomatoes and red apples, oranges that were yellow, and pumpkins a deeper orange. There were shrimps that were pink, and red-snappers a deeper rose. There was the gold of butter and the gold of honey—the green of spinach, the green of olives and the green of pickles in bowls of brine, there was the brown of potatoes overflowing in burlap bags, and the brown of bread baked to crustiness—the brown of the plumage of dead ducks—the white of onions and the white of roses.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dog Show Judges' Decisions Not Always Pleasing

To be a dog show judge is one of the most desired and least appreciated positions among dog fanciers. Novices, and many show veterans, have a distinctly envious regard for the people who award the ribbons in the show ring. The position carries with it a certain amount of the limelight which is so attractive. On the other hand, the dog show judge is one of the most abused of individuals. His decisions seldom give universal satisfaction and he is called publicly and privately everything from a publicity-seeking ignoramus to a deliberate cheat, writes R. R. Taynton in the Washington Star.

The truth of the matter is that many people rush into dog judging before they have had adequate experience in breeding and showing dogs and before they have cultivated that "eye for a dog" that is absolutely indispensable to a good judge. Others judge entirely on the basis of personal prejudice as to what constitutes an important point in the breed chosen.

For instance, if ears of a certain type may be the most difficult point to attain in that judge's kennel, he may give undue emphasis to that point.

Of more than a pair of ears. He forgets likewise that each breed has a definite standard and there is a scale of points, express or implied, for the various parts of the dog and that the dog must be measured against a mental image of that standard on the day judged.

No judge may assume the prerogative of putting a puppy up or down because of the way he thinks it will develop. He should not put a dog in poor coat or condition to best of breed because he happens to know how the dog looks when he is in full bloom.

In other countries, dog show judges are carefully trained either by the kennel club of the country or by the breed clubs. Judges undergo apprenticeships either as student judges or as assistants or stewards in the ring. In this country, no such aid is given the aspiring judge.

Only One Note Used in Song
A curious and famous song, seldom heard in recent years, is "The Monotone," composed by Peter Cornelius (1824-1874). Throughout the entire song of 42 bars, says Collier's Weekly, only one note G— is used.

Urge Children To Help Plan Own Activities

● INDIVIDUALITY should be recognized. Parents should allow children to develop own tastes without imposing their own. Too much supervision dulls the edge of the greatest enthusiasm.

By RUTH ARNOLD NICKEL

"I JUST ran in to tell you that I won't be at the meeting, tomorrow," said Mrs. Mitchell, as her neighbor came out on the porch to greet her. "I'm going to take Lillian to the museum."

"How nice," commented Mrs. Gracie, giving her a chair.

"Well, it's rather a hot trip," Mrs. Mitchell admitted, "and Lillian isn't very enthusiastic, but I think she ought to take advantage of such things. Besides, she never knows what to do with herself during vacations. I simply have to arrange a program for her, or she would waste her time or mope. How did you manage to get Gladys interested in so many worthwhile things?"

Mrs. Gracie smiled. "Gladys? Oh, she and I take turns in choosing special undertakings now. I used to insist that she work out certain projects. When she was 12 years old—that was two years ago—I decided that the time had come to teach her all sorts of things. She had learned to sew a little and loved to make doll's clothes, but I wanted her to make something useful. I bought some fine white cloth and started her on a slip."

"Gladys never wore the slip," said Mrs. Gracie ruefully, "at least not until I had made it over. She disliked working on it. This started a kind of struggle between us."

"But she sews now, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she sews beautifully," said Mrs. Gracie. "When the slip was finally finished, I said nothing more about sewing. I didn't want to fix the dislike that I had started. Then the next summer she begged me for a pink tennis dress. It was early in the season and the ones she liked were too expensive. Then she said, 'Mother, I think I could make one, if you'd help me with the binding around the neck.' I tried not to show my delight! We found a remnant of goods and she made the dress with very little help from me; you see she wanted it. She read the directions and made it carefully."

"But that implies that mothers shouldn't try to direct their children," objected Mrs. Mitchell.

Imposing Their Own Views.

"I wondered about that," said Mrs. Gracie, "and I talked it over with Tom. He had been trying to improve her reading, but when he brought books home from the library she never seemed to care for them. Then we concluded that we weren't accomplishing our purpose."

"Maybe you are right," said Mrs. Mitchell. "Tell me what you did."

"We decided to stop imposing our tastes upon Gladys and let her develop her own. We had kept her too busy. As I thought about it, I remembered my own early summer vacations. I had regular work to do, but I was allowed to create most of my own pleasures. I remembered long hours of reading—discovering books that I learned to love, hours of play, and gardening in the back yard. Whenever I got bored, I began to look around for something new and interesting to do."

"I told this to Tom and he remembered the same conditions with regard to his own childhood. We decided that we had been supervising Gladys too much. So we planned to be ready to share experiences with her part of the time, but to leave her many hours each week when she would be entirely free."

"Gladys had to do some housework, of course, and that kept her busy in the mornings. During the first week she seemed a little bored in the afternoons. Then one day she asked me to teach her to knit a sweater! The next week she began voluntarily looking for something to read and before long she was interested of her own accord in some of the very subjects her father had hoped she'd like!"

"But wasn't she ever idle?" asked Mrs. Mitchell.

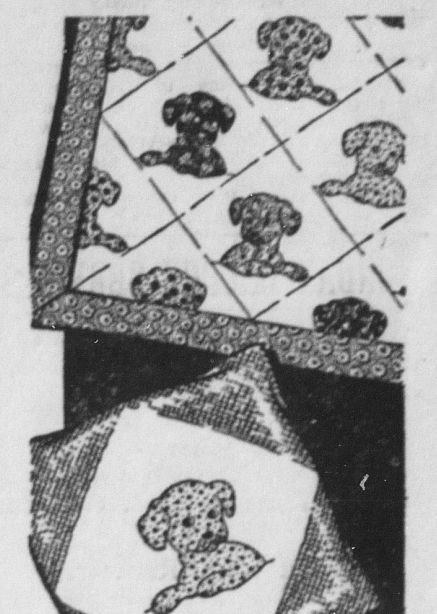
"Yes, she used to lie in the hammock on the porch sometimes for hours. One day she said to me, 'Mother, I love to lie and look up at the sky in the summertime. In the winter I'm too busy to think and get things straightened out in my mind.'"

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Mitchell, rising—"I think I'll drop the museum outing. Perhaps if I drag Lillian there on a hot day when she doesn't want to go, she will dislike it."

"I'm afraid Gladys would," laughed Mrs. Gracie sympathetically. "She often joins me in my enthusiasms if I don't try to force them on her. But she's an individual, too, and I can't expect her to be exactly like me. We take many trips together and take turns deciding where to go. A museum trip is always a special thing. Both of us enjoy it, but I am always careful to bring Gladys home while she is still interested, and before she gets tired."

National Kindergarten Association (WNU Service.)

Simple Scrap Quilt Is Colorful and Gay



Pattern 2216

Out of your scrap bag, like magic, come all these colorful dog patches so simple to cut and apply! Make a gay quilt, pillow or scarf or all three to add charm to your room. Pattern 2216 contains accurate pattern pieces; diagram of block; instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing; yardage chart; diagram of quilt.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York.

Public Life

True friendships are very rarely found in those who are occupied in the pursuit of honors and public affairs.—Cicero.

INDIGESTION

Sensational Relief from Indigestion and One Dose Proves It. 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!

Whereabouts of Happiness

Happiness is where we find it, but very seldom where we seek it.—J. Petit-Senn.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 42), who learns 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!

Evil Treachery

Treachery, though at first very cautious, in the end betrays itself.—Livy.

666 relieves misery of Colds fast! LIQUID - TABLETS SALVE-NOSE DROPS

Learn to Unlearn

Child of Nature, learn to unlearn.—Disraeli.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—let tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

SPECIAL BARGAINS

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● They are offered by merchants who are not afraid to announce their prices or the quality of the merchandise they offer.