

# 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 Sherman Park, near Washington, was not particularly impressed when she read that rich, attractive Edith Towne had been left at the altar by Delafield Simms, a New York hotel owner. She was surprised, however, when she saw Evans Follette, a young neighbor, whom the war had left completely disengaged 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 engraved "Del or nothing." He knew then that the girl he had been pursuing was Jane. He called on her that night and they 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 the Edith story. Because her uncle deserved it, Edith Towne had accepted Delafield Simms' proposal 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. Mrs. Follette, widowed mother of Evans, was a woman of indomitable courage. Impoverished, she nevertheless managed to keep Evans and herself in comfortable comfort by working at Evans' office. Evans, however, was a man of little self-reliance and looked to his mother and Jane for guidance. Edith Towne phones Baldy in answer to an ad. She asked him to bring her pocketbook. Jane calls on Frederick Towne in his elaborate office. He gives Lucy, his stenographer, a letter to Delafield Simms, in which he severely criticizes Towne. Towne, unknown to Lucy and Simms, are in love with each other. Towne takes Jane home in his limousine. She introduces him to Evans, who is jealous of Towne. Baldy goes to meet Edith Towne at her hiding place.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

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They laughed together. Baldy was great fun, Edith decided, different.

"You are wondering, I fancy, how I happened to come here," she said, leaning back in her chair, her bushy hair against its faded cushions. "Well, an old cook of Mother's, Martha Burns, is the wife of the landlord. She will do anything for me. I have had all my meals upstairs. I might be a thousand miles away for all my world knows of me."

"I was worried to death when I thought of you out in the storm."

"And all the while I was sitting with my feet on the fender, reading about myself in the evening papers."

"And what you read was a plenty," said Baldy, slantly. "Some of those reporters deserve to be shot."

"Oh, they had to do it," indifferently, "and what they have said is nothing to what my friends are saying. It's a choice morsel. Every girl who ever wanted Del's millions is crowding over the way he treated me."

The look in his eyes disconcerted her. "Do you really think that?" "Of course. We're a greedy bunch."

"I don't like to hear you say such things."

"Why not?" "Because—you aren't greedy. You know it. It wasn't his millions you were after."

"What was I after—I wish you'd tell me. I don't know."

"Well, I think you just followed the flock. Other girls got married. So you would marry. You didn't know anything about love—or you wouldn't have done it."

"How do you know I've never been in love?"

"Isn't it true?"

"I suppose it is. I don't know, really."

"You'll know some day. And you mustn't ever think of yourself as mercenary. You're too wonderful for that—too too fine!"

She realized in that moment that the boy was in earnest. That he was not saying pretty things to her for the sake of saying them. He was saying them all in sincerity. "It is nice of you to believe in me. But you don't know me. I am like the little girl with the curl. I can be very, very good, but sometimes I am horrid."

"You can't make me think it." He handed her a packet of letters. "Your uncle sent these. There's one from Simms on top."

"I think I won't read it. I won't read any of them. It has been heavily to be away from things. I feel like a disembodied spirit, looking on but having nothing to do with the world I have left."

They were smiling now. "I can believe that," Baldy said, "but I think you ought to read Simms' letter. You needn't tell me you haven't any curiosity."

"Well, I have," she broke the envelope. "More than that I am madly curious. I wouldn't confess it though to anyone—but you."

"They can cut me up in little pieces—before I break my silence."

Again they laughed together. Then she broke the seal of the letter. Read it through to herself, then read it a second time aloud.

"Now that it is all over, Edith, I want to tell you how it happened. I know you think it is a rotten thing I did. But it would have been worse if I had married you. I am in love with another woman, and I did not find it out until the day of our wedding."

"She isn't in the least to blame, and somehow I can't feel that I am quite the cad that everybody is calling me. Things are bigger sometimes than ourselves. Fate just took me that morning—and swept me away from you."

"It isn't her fault. She wouldn't go away with me, although I begged her to do it. And she was right of course."

"She is poor, but she isn't marrying me for my money. The world will say she is—but the world doesn't recognize the real thing. It has come to me, and if it ever comes

to you, you're going to thank me for this—but now you'll hate me, and I'm sorry. You're a beautiful, wondrous woman—and I find no excuse for myself, except the one that it would have been a crime under the circumstances to tie us to each other.

"In spite of everything, "Faithfully, "Del."

There was a moment's silence, as she finished. Then Edith said, "So that's that," and tore the letter into little shreds. Her blue eyes were like bits of steel.

"He's right," said Baldy. "I'd like to kill him for making you unhappy—but the thing was bigger than himself."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Of course if you are going to condone dishonor—"

He was leaning forward hugging his knees. "I am not condoning anything. But—I know this—that



He was a whimsical youngster, she decided.

some day if you ever fall in love, you'll forgive—"

"I am not likely to fall in love," coldly, "I'm too sensible."

"Oh, I know. You've had strings of lovers—you're too tremendously lovely not to have. But they've all been afraid of you. No caveman stuff—or anything like that. Isn't that the truth?"

"I should hate a caveman."

"Of course, but you wouldn't be indifferent, and you'd end by caring—"

"I dislike brutal types—intensely—"

He sat with his chin in his hand, his shoulders hunched up like a faun or Pan at his pipes. "All cavemen aren't brutal types. Some day I'm going to paint a picture of a man carrying off a woman. And I'm going to make him a slender young god—and she shall be a rather substantial goddess—but she'll go with him—his spirit shall conquer her—"

She looked at him in surprise. "Then you paint?"

"I'll say I do. Terrible things—magazine covers. But in the back of my mind there are master pieces."

He was a whimsical youngster, she decided. But no end interesting. "I don't believe your things are terrible. And I shall want to see them—"

"You are going to see them. I have a studio in our garage. I sometimes wonder what happens at night when my little flitter is left alone with my fantasies. It must feel that it is fighting devils—"

"Is Jane your sister?"

"Yes. And now let's get down to realities. Your uncle wants you to come home."

"I'm not going. I know Uncle Fred. He'll make me feel like a returned prodigal. He'll kill the fatted calf, but I'll always know that there were husks—"

"And husks," Baldy supplemented, dreamily. "Some people are like that."

"Look here," he said suddenly. "I will not."

"I think you ought. Face things out. Let your uncle understand that there are to be no postmortems. It is the only thing to do. You can't stay here forever."

"Did Uncle Fred make you his ambassador?" coldly.

"He did not. When I came, I felt that I would do anything to keep you away from home as long as you liked. But I don't feel that way now. You'll just sit here and grow bitter about it—instead of thanking God on your knees."

He flung it at her, unexpectedly. There was a moment's intense silence. Then he said, "Oh, I hope you don't think I am preaching—"

"No—no—" and suddenly her head went down on her arm, that beautiful burnished head.

She was crying!

"I'm sorry," he told her, huskily. And again there was silence.

She hunted for her handkerchief, and he handed her his. "You needn't be sorry," she said; "it seems—rather refreshing to have someone say things like that. Oh, I wonder if you know how hard we are—and cynical—the people of my set. And I don't believe any of us even—thank God."

They talked for an hour after that. "There is no reason why you should hurry back," Baldy said, "but I'd let your uncle tell people where you are. Then the papers will drop it, don't you see?"

"I see. Of course I've been silly—but you can't think how I suffered."

She would not have admitted it to anyone else. But she met his sincerity with her own.

"I was going to have our lunch served up here," she said, "but I think I won't. The dining-room down-stairs is charming—and if anyone comes in that I know—I shan't care—as long as I'm going back."

The food was delicious, and having settled her problems, Edith showed herself delightfully gay and girlish. There was heliotrope in a Sheffield bowl on their table. "Martha grows old-fashioned flowers in pots," Edith said. She picked out a spray for him and he put it in his coat. "It's my favorite." She told him about Delafield's orchids. "Think of all those months," she said, "and he never knew the flowers I liked."

There were other people in the room, but it was not until the end of the meal that anyone came whom Edith recognized.

"Elise Harper—and she sees me," was her sudden remark. "Now watch me carry it off."

She stood up and waved to a party of four people, two men and two women, who stood in the door.

They saw her at once, and the effect of their coming was a stampede.

"Blessed child," said the girl who was in the lead, "have you eloped? And is this the man?"

"This is Mr. Barnes," said Edith, "who comes from my uncle. I am to go back. But I have had a corking adventure."

Eloise, red-haired and vivacious, seemed to stand mentally on tiptoe. "I wouldn't miss the talk I am going to have with the reporters tonight."

One of the men of the party protested. "Don't be an idiot, Eloise."

"Well, I owe Edith something. Don't I, darling?"

"You do." There was a flame in back of Edith's eyes. "She liked Delafield before I did."

"Cat," said Eloise lightly. "I liked his yacht, but Benny's is bigger, isn't it, Benny?" She turned to the younger man of the party who had not spoken.

"I'll say it is," Benny agreed, cheerfully, "and it isn't just my yacht that she's after. She has a real little case on me."

The second woman, older than Eloise, tall and fair-haired in smoke across her hat, said, "Edith, you bad child, your uncle has been frightfully worried."

"Of course, you'd know, Adelaide. And it does him good to be worried. I am an antidote for the rest of you."

Everybody laughed except Baldy. He ran his fingers through his hair. He was like a young eagle with a ruffled crest.

Martha came up to arrange for a table. "Bring your coffee over and sit with us," Eloise said; "we want to hear all about it."

Edith shook her head. "I don't belong to your world yet. And I've had a heavenly time without you."

They went on laughing. Silence settled on the two they left behind. And out of that silence Edith asked, "You didn't like the things we said?"

"Hateful!"

"Do you always show what you feel like that?"

"Jane says I do."

"Well, if it had been anybody but Eloise Harper and Adelaide Larimore. Adelaide is Uncle Fred's latest."

She rose. "Let's go upstairs. If I stay here I shall want to throw things at their heads. And I don't care to break Martha's dishes."

They stopped at the other table, however, for a light word or two, then went up to Edith's sitting-room on the second floor. When they were once more by the fire, she said, "And now what do you think of me? Nice temper?"

"I think," he said, promptly, "that they probably deserved it."

She laid her hand for a fleeting moment on his arm. "You are rather a darling to say that. I was really horrid."

The food was delicious, and having settled her problems, Edith showed herself delightfully gay and girlish. There was heliotrope in a Sheffield bowl on their table. "Martha grows old-fashioned flowers in pots," Edith said. She picked out a spray for him and he put it in his coat. "It's my favorite."

"Yes. He doesn't like things sprung on him. Hurts his dignity—but he's rather an old dear, and I love him—do you ever quarrel with the people you love?"

"Jane and I fight. Great times."

"I have a feeling I shall like Jane."

"You will. She's the best ever. Not a beauty, but growing better-looking every day. Bobbed her hair—and I nearly took her head off. But she's rather a peach."

"I have you both down for dinner some day. I think we are going to be friends"—again that light touch on his arm.

He caught her hand in his. "I shall only ask that you let the page twang his lyre." Then with a deeper note, "Miss Towne, I can't tell you how much your friendship would mean."

"Would it? Oh, I am going to have some good times with you and your little sister, Jane. I am so tired of people like Eloise and Adelaide, and Benny and—Del . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Bermuda History Told on Back of Some Coinages

The history of the Bermuda islands holds a fascinating story to coin-collectors. The background of Bermuda's monetary system is revealed century by century on the backs of its currency, and at Hamilton and St. George's one can find old curio shops containing rare pieces of Bermuda coinage dating back into the Seventeenth century, according to a Hamilton, Bermuda, correspondent in the Indianapolis News.

Bermuda has used silver, gold, copper and tobacco as the basis of its monetary system. Today Bermuda is on the same money standard as its mother country, but in the shops American money is accepted in payment of goods.

Doubloons, pistols, piece-of-eight, all the coinages of the Spanish Main—tobacco, palmetto, even pepper-corn once circulated in Bermuda as mediums of exchange by which to buy or rent a house, purchase a slave or pay for building a private sloop.

In 1615 the Bermuda company was formed, and almost immediately a special copper coinage was used in trading with the company's store and for other small daily transactions. This was called "hog money."

and is unique as the first British colonial currency. Specimens of it are exceedingly rare.

The device of a ship was revived on a copper issue of 1793. These "ship pennies" were struck by Matthew Britton of Birmingham, by authority of George III. The total value was not to exceed 200 pounds sterling, but part of the issue was captured by the French. Only about \$600 worth arrived in Bermuda.

According to a proclamation of January 1, 1662, strangers were to be paid with tobacco at two shillings and sixpence a pound. This last clause practically declared tobacco as legal tender, and thereafter for half a century all taxes, assessments and other debts were reckoned in terms of tobacco.

**Noted Architect, Carver**  
Samuel McIntire of Salem, Mass., was most noted for his fame as an architect and as a carver. He is responsible for some beautiful pieces of furniture gracefully and delicately executed. His favorite piece was the sofa and several of these with chairs to match are in the collection of the Essex Institute at Salem.

## Egoists Thwart Child's Natural Talent Trends

● **ALLOW CHILD TO DEVELOP CHARACTERISTICS. HEREDITY PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS, AND "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON" DOESN'T ALWAYS HOLD TRUE. INDIVIDUAL INCLINATIONS SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED AND HONORED.**