

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"Nothing is too good for you, Jane. I can't say it as I want to say it, but you'll never know what you seemed to me on Sunday as you came through the mist."

Evans' voice shook a little, but he recovered himself in a moment. "Here come the Townes." He rose as Edith entered with young Baldwin.

After that Evans followed Baldy's lead as a dispenser of hospitality. The two of them passed cups, passed thin bread and butter, passed little cakes, passed lemon and cream and sugar, flung conversational balls as light as feathers into the air, were, as Baldy would have expressed it, "the life of the party."

"Something must have gone to Casabianca's head," Frederick Towne remarked to Jane. "Have you ever seen him like this?"

"Years ago. He was tremendously attractive."

"Do you find him attractive now?" with a touch of annoyance.

"I find him wonderful"—her tone was defiant—"and I've known him all my life."

"If you had known me all your life would you call me wonderful?" She looked at him from behind her battlements of silver. "How do I know? People have to prove themselves."

Dr. Hallam had driven Mrs. Follette over. He rarely did social stunts, but he liked Jane. And he had been interested enough in Evans to want to glimpse him in his new role.

Strolling up to the tea-table, he was aware at once of a situation which might make for comedy, or indeed for tragedy. It was evident that Towne was much attracted to little Jane Barnes. If Jane reciprocated, what of young Follette?

"I saw Mrs. Laramore yesterday," he said, abruptly, "lovely as ever—"

"Yes, of course," Towne wished that Hallam wouldn't talk about Adelaide. He wished that all of the others would go away and leave him alone with Jane.

"Mrs. Laramore," said Jane unexpectedly, "makes me think of the lady of Shallott. I don't know why. But I do. I have really never seen such a beautiful woman. But she doesn't seem real. I have a feeling that if anything hit her, she'd break like china."

They laughed at her, and Edith said, "Adelaide will never break. She'll melt. She's as soft as wax." Then pigeonholing Mrs. Laramore for more vital matters. "Uncle Fred, I am going out to Baldy's studio; he's painting Jane."

Frederick was at once interested. "Her portrait?"

"No. A sketch for a magazine competition," Baldy explained.

"May I see it?" Baldy, yearning for solitude and Edith, gave reluctant consent. "Come on, everybody."

So everybody, including Dr. Hallam and Mrs. Follette, made their way to the garage.

Edith and young Baldwin arrived first. "And this is where you work," she said, softly.

"Yes. Look here, will you sit here so that I can feast my eyes on you? I've dreamed of you in that chair—in classic costume. Do you know that you were made for a goddess?"

"I know that you are a romantic boy."

"How old are you?" she asked him.

"Twenty-five."

"I don't believe it. I'm twenty-two, and I feel a thousand years older than you."

"You will always be ageless."

She laughed. "How old is Jane?"

"Twenty. Yet people take us for twins."

"She doesn't look it and neither do you."

The others came in and Edith went back to her thoughts. He wasn't too young. She was glad of that.

"Perhaps, but it's the way I feel." "But if you don't win the prize you won't have anything."

"No."

"And you'll be out two thousand dollars." The lion in the Zoo was snarling.

And above him, breathing an upper air, was this young eagle. "I'll be glad to give the sketch to you if it comes back," said Baldy, coolly, "but I rather think it will stick."

It was, in a way, a dreadful moment for Towne. There was young Baldwin sitting on the edge of the table, swinging a leg, debonair, defiant. And Edith laughing in her sleeve. Frederick knew that she was laughing. He was as red as a turkey cock.

It was Jane who saved him from apoplexy. She was really inordinately proud of Baldy, but she knew the dangers of his mood. And she had her duties as hostess.

"Baldy wants to see himself on the news stands," she said, soothingly; "don't deprive him of that pleasure, Mr. Towne."

"Nothing of the kind, Jane," exclaimed her brother.

"Baldy, I won't quarrel with you before people. We must reserve that pleasure until we are alone."

"I'm not quarrelling."

Jane held up a protesting hand. "Oh, let's run away from him, Mr. Towne. When he begins like that, there's no end to it."

She carried Frederick back to the house, and Evans, looking after them, said vindictively to Hallam, "Old Midas got his that time."

Dr. Hallam chuckled. "You don't hate him, do you? Evans, don't let him have Jane. He isn't worth it."

"Neither am I," said Evans. "But I would know better how to make her happy."

Back once more in the bright little living-room, Towne said to Jane, "May I have another cup of tea?"

"It's cold."

"I don't care. I like to see you pour it with your lovely hands."

She spread her hands out on the shining mahogany of the tea-table. "Are they lovely? Nobody ever told me."

His hand went over hers. "The loveliest in the world."

She sat there in a moment's breathless silence. Then she drew her hands away. Touched a little bell. "I'll have Sophy bring us some hot water."

Sophy came and went. Jane poured hot tea with flushed cheeks. He took the cup when she handed it to him. "Dear child, you're not offended?"

"I'm not a child, Mr. Towne," her lashes were lowered, her cheeks flushed.

He put his cup down and leaned towards her. "You are more than a child to me—a beloved woman. Jane, you needn't be afraid of me . . . I want you for my wife!"

Her astonished eyes met his. "But we haven't known each other a week."

"I couldn't love you more if I had known you a thousand years."

"Mr. Towne—please." He was very close to her.

"Kiss me, Jane."

She held her slender figure away from him. "You must not."

"I must."

"No, really . . . Please," she was breathing quickly. "Please." She was on her feet, the tea-table between them.

He saw his mistake. "Forgive me."

Her candid eyes met his. "Mr. Towne, would you have acted like this . . . with Edith's friends?"

"Mr. Towne's friends! The child's innocence! Adelaide's kisses went for a song. Eloise frankly offered hers. Edith was saved by only some inner grace."

"Jane, they are not worth your little finger. I put you above all. On a pedestal. Honestly. And I want you to marry me."

"But I don't love you."

"I'll make you. I have everything to give you."

Had he? What of Robin Hood and Galahad? What of youth and youth's audacity, high resolves, flaming dreams?

She felt something of this subconsciously. But she would not have been a feminine creature had she not felt the flattery of his pursuit.

"Jane, I'll make life a fairy tale. We'll travel everywhere. Sail strange seas. Wouldn't you love it—all those countries you have never seen—and just the two of us? And all the places you have read about? And when we come home I'll build you a house—wherever you say—with a great garden."

He was eloquent, and the things he promised were woven into the woof of all her girlish imaginings.

"I ought not to listen," she said, tremulously.

But he knew that she had listened. He was wise enough to leave it there.

He rose as he heard the others coming back. "Will you ride with me tomorrow afternoon? Don't be afraid of me. I'll promise to be good."

"Sorry. I'm to have tea in town with Evans."

"Can't you break the engagement?"

"I don't break engagements." The cock of her head was like Baldy's.

CHAPTER IX

"Jane—!"

"Yes, Baldy." Jane sat up in bed, dreams still in her eyes. She had been late in getting to sleep. There had been so much to think of—Frederick Towne's proposal—the startling change in Evans—

"It's a telegram. Open the door, dear."

She caught up her dressing-gown and wrapped it around her. "A telegram?" She was with him now in the hall. "Baldy, is it Judy?"

"Yes. She's ill. Asks if you can come on and look after the kiddies."

"Of course." She swayed a little. "Hold on to me a minute, Baldy. It takes my breath away."

"You mustn't be scared, old girl." "I'll be all right in . . . a minute. . . ."

His arms were tight about her. "It seems as if I should go, too, Janey."

"But you can't. I'll get things ready and ride in with you in the morning. I'll pack my trunk if you'll bring it down from the attic. I can sleep on the train tomorrow."

The next morning Baldy went to bring his car around, and Evans stood with his hand on the back of Jane's chair, looking down at her. "You'll write to me, Jane?"

"Oh, of course."

He shifted his hand from the chair back to her shoulder. "Dear little girl, if my blundering prayers will help you any—you'll have them."

She turned in her chair and looked up at him. She could not speak. Their eyes met, and once more Jane had that breathless sense of fluttering wings within her that lifted to the sun.

Then Baldy was back, and the bags were ready, and there was just that last hand-clasp. "God bless you, Jane . . ."

Frederick Towne was at the train. He had been dismayed at the news of Jane's departure. "Do you mean that you are going to stay indefinitely?" he had asked over the wire.

"I shall stay as long as Judy needs me."

Frederick had flowers for her,

books and a big box of sweets. People in the Pullman stared at Jane in the midst of all her magnificence. They stared too, at Towne, and at Briggs, who rushed in at the last moment with more books from Brentano.

Edith and Baldy were on the platform. Edith had come down with Towne. So Frederick, alone with Jane, said, "I want you to think of the things we talked about yesterday—"

"Please, not now. Oh, I'm afraid—"

"Of me? You mustn't be."

"Not of you—of everything—Life."

He took her hand and held it. "Is there anything else I can do for you? Everything I have is—yours, you know—if you want it."

He had to leave her then, with a final close clasp of the hand. She saw him presently standing beside Baldy on the station platform—the center of the eyes of everybody—the great Frederick Towne!

As the city slipped away and she leaned her head against the cushions and looked out at the flying fields—it seemed a stupendous thing that a man like Towne should have laid his fortune at her feet. Yet she had no sense of exhilaration. She liked the things he had to offer—yearned for them—but she did not want him at her side.

In her sorrow her heart turned to the boy who had stumbled over the words, "If my blundering prayers will help you—"

She found herself sobbing—the first tears she had shed since the arrival of the telegram.

When she reached Chicago, her brother-in-law, Bob Heming, met her. "Judy's holding her own," he said, as he kissed her. "It was no end good of you to come, Janey."

"Have you a nurse?"

"Two. Day nurse and night nurse. And a maid. Judy is nearly frantic about the expense. It isn't good for her, either, to worry. That's half the trouble. I tried to make her get help, but she wouldn't. But I blame myself that I didn't insist."

"Don't blame yourself, Bob. Judy wouldn't. She told me she could get along. And when Judy decides a thing, no one can change her."

"Well, times have been hard. And business bad. And Judy knew it. She's such a good sport."

They were in a taxi, so when tears came into Heming's eyes, he made no effort to conceal them.

"I'm just about all in. You can't understand how much it means to me to have you here."

"And now that I am here," said Jane, with a gallantry born of his need of her, "things are going to be better."

The apartment was simply furnished and bore the stamp of Judy's good taste. A friend had taken the children out to ride, so the rooms were very quiet as Jane went through them.

Judy in bed was white and thin, and Jane wanted to weep over her, but she didn't. "You blessed old girl," she said, "you're going to get well right away."

"The doctor thinks I may have to have an operation. That's why I felt I must wire you." Judy was anxious. "I couldn't leave the babies with strangers. And it was so important that Bob should be at his work."

"Of course," said Jane; "do you think anything would have made me stay away?"

Judy gave a quick sigh of relief. How heavenly to have Jane! And what a dear she was with her air of conquering the world. Jane had always been like that—with that conquering air. It cheered one just to look at her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hawks Destroy Field Mice; Great Aid to Farmers

Nature is wise. She provided that where the mortality in a species is high, the species is prolific. Such a prolific species is the field mouse. In a single year one female mouse may have 17 litters of young, averaging 5 to the litter. Thus in one year a female mouse may multiply herself 85 times. More than that, asserts a writer in the Missouri Farmer, each of her female offspring begins to reproduce at about one month of age, and it is estimated that if every descendant of a single female mouse lived there could result the unbelievable total of more than a million mice in a year's time. It is also claimed that each mouse uses 23 pounds of green feed in one year to support it, and that if there was an average of 10 field mice per acre on the farms of the United States the loss on our 65,000,000 acres of hay fields would amount to more than 3,000,000 tons per year. If allowed to propagate unmolested, scientists estimate that rodents would run man off the face of the earth in seven years. What keeps mice down? Many enemies are at work, enemies like cats, weasels, disease germs, etc., but one of the most important of its enemies is the hawk. Hawks have been called nature's

policemen, and it is believed that without these, farming would be impossible. In winter field mice eat seed, seed that is needed for game birds and other wildlife. When the seed is gone they eat the bark of trees, and it is not uncommon for them to ruin many young fruit trees. When in the field, hawks by day and owls by night prey upon them wholesale. One of these hawks, commonly known to farmers as the little sparrow hawk, may be seen atop a nearby tree watching for mice when corn is being shucked out of the shock, and he is very busy particularly if there is snow on the ground and he is hungry and the mice are easy to see. Nearly all hawks may kill an occasional bird and some of them catch chickens. A few, a very few of them, are almost wholly bad, just as there are bad actors among men. But the good that hawks do more than counterbalances their bad traits and farmers should think twice before shooting them down as outlaws. African Cobra Venom Deadly Two grams of the neurotoxin from the venom of the African cobra will kill 1,000,000 mice.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—In more than four decades, Louis M. Eilshemius made 5,000 paintings and drawings and never made a cent out of them.

'All Vanity' Cries Now, three big galleries give exhibitions of his work. One gallery is reported to have sold \$150,000 worth of his paintings. All his canvases are in demand at high prices.

Painter as Gold, Garlands Arrive

But Mr. Eilshemius, an irascible little man with a ragged beard and a testy way of speaking, is bedridden in his gloomy, gaslit old house in East Fifty-seventh street, and he asks, "What's the good of the whole damn thing?" He's 75 years old. He warned the world many times that it was going hell-for-leather down the skids, and now he thinks it's on the last stretch of the greased chute, and nothing else matters—not even money and fame.

The late Ralph Blakelock lost his mind after years of failure to stir critical or popular interest in his work. He was hailed as a great painter, and his pictures were bought by great galleries when he no longer knew or cared about money or recognition. There is an interesting parallel between his career and that of Mr. Eilshemius, although the latter is still bright and smart as a chipmunk.

But he won't even look out of his narrow bedroom window. He wants no outlook on a world turning itself into a madhouse. Pictures on the floor, covered with dust and cobwebs, may be worth a fortune, pictures of moods, dreams and memories, but that doesn't interest him. He had renounced the "pinks and vanities of this wicked world" long before it beat a path to his door.

The parallel between Blakelock and Eilshemius is also marked by the amazing diversity of their talents. Blakelock, the son of a physician, was trained in medicine, gifted in music and almost made a career of the piano and musical composition.

Eilshemius has composed a small library of songs, operas and studies and used to give piano concerts in his youth. He painted feverishly for 46 years, quitting in 1922 when none would buy his pictures and no galleries hang them. But, in his varied abilities, he far outshone Blakelock. Here are a few of his achievements:

When he was a student at Cornell university, he discovered a new species of ichneumon fly. Later he announced a new law governing the "ramification of trees."

He wrote somewhat more than 50 volumes of plays, novels, novelettes, essays and verse. The verse, Byronic in tone, was written in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. He published them himself and, like his pictures, they gathered only cobwebs and dust.

He invented a new kind of "magic" indelible ink and several studio devices for artists.

He explored various diseases and offered methods of therapy.

He was born in Laurel Hill, N. J., near Newark, the son of a wealthy glove manufacturer. He attended Cornell two years and was a roommate of Robert W. Chambers in Paris when they were studying art under Bougereau.

His is a blue-book family of Dutch antecedents, and his name is there inscribed, but that interests him no more than the hanging of his pictures in the Metropolitan, the Luxembourg and the Whitney galleries.

IN HIS book, "Dynamite," Louis Adamic says the Los Angeles Times explosion of 1910 forever ended militancy in the American labor movement. In that year Samuel Gompers and Frank Morrison were sentenced to prison terms on charges growing out of the Buck stove case. This was lost in the shuffle, with the dynamiting excitement. The terms were never served. Thereafter neither Gompers nor Morrison was militant. Currently, Mr. Morrison, the highly esteemed secretary-treasurer and conservative elder statesman of the A. F. of L. retires from office, after 43 years in that post. He will be 80 years old next month.

A native of Frankton, Ont., he is a doctor of laws of Lake Forest university. He entered law practice, but turned to the printing trade and became a member of the Typographical union in 1873. He is a member of the executive council of the Churches of Christ in America. (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

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Ask Me Another A General Quiz

- The Questions
1. Where is Independence square? Red square? Union square? Trafalgar square?
  2. What is the difference between parole and probation?
  3. Can you name a country or continent that starts with "A" but does not end with an "a"?
  4. Is it correct to say "Anybody can do as they please"?
  5. Was a President's child ever born in the White House?
  6. What city in the United States is directly south of the North pole?
  7. What is the estimated education of our population?
  8. Where would you look for a fly leaf in a book?

- The Answers
1. Philadelphia, Moscow, New York and London, respectively.
  2. Parole is a conditional release of a prisoner from jail; probation is a suspended sentence of one convicted but not sent to jail.
  3. Afghanistan.
  4. No. "Anybody can do as he pleases" is correct.
  5. Grover Cleveland's daughter, Esther, whose birthday was September 9, 1893, was the only President's child born in White House.
  6. All of them.
  7. The median education of the country as a whole is completion of elementary school. Of the nation's adults, 3.32 per cent are college graduates; 15.1 per cent are high school graduates.
  8. Immediately inside the cover.

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