

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

© PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"I know," said Jane thoughtfully. "Bob, do you think that if that specialist comes it will save Judy's life?"

"It might. It—it's the last chance, Janey."

Janey hugged her knees. "Can't you borrow the money?"

"I have borrowed up to the limit of my securities, and how can I ever pay?"

Her voice was grim. "We will manage to pay; the thing now is to save Judy."

"Yes," he tried, pitifully, to meet her courage. "If they'll get the specialist, we'll pay."

She had risen. "I'll call up Mr. Towne, and tell him I can't dine with him."

"But, Janey, there's no reason why you shouldn't keep your engagement."

She had turned on him with a touch of indignation. "Do you think I could have one happy moment with my mind on Judy?"

Bob had looked at her, and then looked away. "Have you thought that you might get the money from Towne?"

Her startled gaze had questioned him. "Get money from Mr. Towne?"

"Yes. Oh, why not, Janey? He'll do anything for you."

"But how could I pay him?"

There had been dead silence, then Bob said, "Well, he's in love with you, isn't he?"

"You mean that I can—marry him?"

"Yes. Why not? Judy says he's crazy about you. And, Janey, it's foolish to throw away such a chance. Not every girl has it."

"But, Bob, I'm not—in love with him."

"You'll learn to care—He's a delightful chap, I'd say." Bob was eager. "Now look here, Janey, I'm talking to you like a Dutch uncle. It isn't as if I were advising you to do it for your sakes. It is for your own sake, too. Why, it would be great, old girl. Never another worry. Somebody always to look after you."

The wind outside was singing a wild song, a roaring, cynical song, it seemed to Jane. She wanted to say to Bob, "But I've always been happy in my little house with Baldy and Philomet, and the chickens and the cats." But of course Bob could say, "You're not happy now, and anyhow what are you going to do about Judy?"

or. Yet always with that touch of deference.

"Do you love me, Jane?"

"Not—yet."

"But you will. I'll make you love me."

Then just before they reached home he asked for the rose. She gave it to him, all fading fragrance. He touched it to her lips then crushed it against his own.

"Must I be content with this?" Her quick breath told her agitation. He drew her to him, gently. "Come, my sweet."

Oh, money, money. Jane learned that night the power of it!

Coming in with Frederick from that wild moonlight world, flushed with excitement, hardly knowing this new Jane, she saw Bob transformed in a moment from haggard hopelessness to wild elation.

Frederick Towne had made a simple statement. "Jane has told me how serious things are, Hering. I want to help." Then he had asked for the surgeon's name; spoken at once of a change of rooms for Judy; increased attendance. There was much telephoning and telegraphing. An atmosphere of efficiency. Jane, looking on, was filled with admiration. How well he did things. And some day he would be her husband!

There was a fine dignity in his avowal. She liked him more than ever.

"Do you love me enough"—she hurried over the words, "to help me?"

"Yes." He drew her gently towards him. There was no struggle. She lay quietly against his arm, but he was aware that she trembled.

"Mr. Towne, Judy must have a great specialist right away. It's her only chance. If you will send for him tonight, make yourself responsible for everything—I'll marry you whenever you say."

He stared down at her, unbelieving. "Do you mean it, Jane?"

"Yes. Oh, do you think I am dreadful?"

He laughed exultantly, caught her up to him. "Dreadful? You're the dearest—ever, Janey."

Yet as he felt her fluttering heart, he released her gently. Her eyes were full of tears. He touched her wet cheek. "Don't let me frighten you, my dear. But I am very happy."

She believed herself happy. He was really—irresistible. A conquer-

forth bonneted in spring beauty—the men drove to the links—and look things over.

And clients came. Not many, but enough to point the way to success. He had sold more of the old books. His mother's milk farm was becoming a fashionable fad.

Edith Towne had helped to bring Mrs. Follette's wares before her friends. At all hours of the day they drove out, Edith with them. "It is such an adorable place," she told Evans, "and your—mother! Isn't she absolutely herself? Selling milk with that empress air of hers. I simply love her."

Edith had planned to have dinner with them tonight. Evans' took an early train to Sherwood. When he reached home Edith and his mother were on the porch and the Towne car stood before the gate.

"I've got to go back," Edith explained. "Uncle Fred came in from Chicago an hour or two ago and telephoned that he must see me."

"Baldy will be broken-hearted," Evans told her, smiling.

"I couldn't get him up. I tried, but they said he had left the office. I thought I'd bring him out with me." She kissed Mrs. Follette. "I'll come again soon, dear lady. And you must tell me when you are tired of me."

Evans went to the car with her, and came back to find his mother in an exalted mood. "Now if you could marry a girl like Edith Towne."

"Edith," he laughed lightly. "Mother, are you blind? She and Baldy are mad about each other."

"Of course she isn't serious. A boy like that."

"Isn't she? I'll say she is." Evans went charging up the stairs to dress for dinner. "I'll be down presently."

"Baldy may be late; we won't wait for him," his mother called after him.

The dining-room at Castle Manor had a bare waxed floor, an old drop-leaf table of dark mahogany, deer's antlers over the mantel, and some candles in sconces.

Old Mary did her best to follow the rather formal service on which Mrs. Follette insisted. The food was simple, but well-cooked, and there was always a soup and a salad.

It was not until they reached the salad course that they heard the sound of Baldy's car. He burst in at the front door, as if he battered it down, stormed through the hall, and entered the dining-room like a whirlwind.

"Jane's going to be married," he cried, "and she's going to marry Frederick Towne!"

Evans half-rose from his chair. Everything turned black and he sat down. There was a loud roaring in his ears. It was like taking ether—with the darkness and the roaring.

When things cleared he found that neither his mother nor Baldy had noticed his agitation. His mother was asking quick questions. "Who told you? Does Edith know?"

Baldy threw himself in a chair. "Mr. Towne got back from Chicago this afternoon. Called me up and said he wanted me to come over at once to his office. I went, and he gave me a letter from Jane. Said she thought it was better for him to bring it, and then he could explain."

He threw the note across the table to Mrs. Follette. "Will you read it? I'm all in. Drove like the dickens coming out. Towne wanted me to go home with him to dinner. Wanted to begin the brother-in-law business right away before I got my breath. But I left. Oh, the darned peacock!" Jane would have known Baldy's mood. The tempest-gray eyes, the chalk-white face.

"But don't you like it, Baldy?"

"Like it? Oh, read that note. Does

it sound like Jane? I ask you, does it sound like Jane?"

It did not sound in the least like Jane. Not the Jane that Evans and Baldy knew.

"Baldy, dear. Mr. Towne will tell you all about it. I am going to marry him as soon as Judy is better. I know you will be surprised, but Mr. Towne is just wonderful, and it will be such a good thing for all of us. Mr. Towne will tell you how dreadfully ill Judy is. He wants to do everything for her, and that will be such a help to Bob."

"And so we will live happy ever after. Oh, you blessed boy, you know how I love you. Send a wire, and say that it is all right. Tell Evans and Mrs. Follette. They are my dearest friends and will always be."

She signed herself:

"Loving you more than ever," "Jane."

Mrs. Follette looked up from the letter, took off her reading glasses, and said complacently, "I think it is very nice for her." The dear lady quite basked in the thought of her intimate friendship with the fiancée of Frederick Towne.

But the two men did not bask. "Nice, for Jane?" they threw the sentences at her.

"Oh, can't you see why she has done it?" Baldy demanded. He caught up the note, pointing an accusing finger as he read certain phrases. "It will be such a good thing for all of us . . . he wants to do everything for her . . . it will be such a help to Bob . . ."

"Doesn't that show," Baldy demanded furiously, "she's doing it because Judy and Bob are hard up and Towne can help—I know Jane."

"I don't see why you should object," Mrs. Follette was saying; "it will be a fine thing for her. She will be Mrs. Frederick Towne!"

"I'd rather have her Jane Barnes for the rest of her life. Do you know Towne's reputation? Any woman can flatter him into a love affair. A fat Lothario." Baldy did not mince the words.

"But he hasn't married any of them," said Mrs. Follette triumphantly. She held to the ancient and honorable theory that the woman a man marries need not worry about past love affairs since she had been paid the compliment of at least legal permanency.

Evans' lips were dry. "What did you say to Towne?"

"Oh, what could I say? That I was surprised, and all that. Something about hoping they'd be happy. Then I beat it and got here as fast as I could. I had to talk it over with you people or—burst." His eyes met Evans' and found there the sympathy he sought. "It's a rotten trick."

"Yes," said Evans, "rotten."

"I think," said Mrs. Follette, "that you must both see it is best."

Yet her voice was troubled. Though her complacency had penetrated the thought of what Jane's engagement might mean to Evans. Yet, it might, on the other hand, be a blessing in disguise. There were other women, richer—who would help him in his career. And in time he would forget Jane.

Old Mary gave them their coffee. "Shall we walk for a bit, Baldy?" Evans said, when at last they rose.

The two men made their way towards the pine grove. The twilight sky was a deep purple with a thin sickle of a moon and a breathless star.

And there in the little grove under the purple sky Evans said to Baldy, "I love her."

"I know. I wish to God you had her."

"I love her."

"I know. I wish to God you had her."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Colorado Elk Herds Show Big Increase in Number

More than 20,000 elk, the greatest number since 1890, roam the slopes of the Rocky mountains in Colorado, despite the fact they have been the targets for hunters during 10 consecutive open seasons, the U. S. forest service reported.

The present elk population in 14 national forests in the state, which harbor approximately 95 per cent of the total number, has been estimated at 20,000 head by the regional office of the forest service here, writes a Denver United Press correspondent.

The figure represented an increase of 455 per cent since 1914. The computation was based on a study conducted by the division of wild life and range management of the federal service.

The most important factor in increasing the number of elk in the state, it was stated, was in closing the hunting season and providing protection for 10 years when it was apparent the herds were diminishing.

Even then, it was said, conservation of the animals was not started until four forests in the state were totally devoid of elk, and so few remained in three other forests that rigid protection precautions were necessary.

Remnants of the remaining herds

and animals obtained from northern Wyoming were introduced into the elkless forests, and all hunting was barred for several years. Feed was provided during the winters when deep snow covered the mountains and every precaution was taken to eliminate disease.

The first elk placement was made in 1912 when 23 head were released in the San Juan forest in southwestern Colorado. During the following year 16 were placed in the Holy Cross forest to supplement an almost equal remnant of native animals. Twenty-eight animals were released in Roosevelt forest to create the nucleus of the vast herd now found in the region of Estes park.

The action produced such successful results, forest officials reported, that it probably would be several years before a hunting ban again would be placed upon the Colorado elk herds.

Origin of Name 'Yellowstone'

According to the Geological Survey the name "Yellowstone" is derived from its original French name, "Roche Jaune," meaning "yellow rock or stone," though by some said to be from the Indian word "Mi-tsi-a-da-zi," meaning "rocks on Yellow river."

Christmas Play

By Katherine Edelman

THE town hall was wreathed with holly and mistletoe. Bright red bells hung from the old-fashioned chandeliers. Christmas candles sent their soft glow into the night. The whole place cried out welcome to the crowd who thronged through the doors.

By eight o'clock every seat was occupied. Small gossip and murmurs of expectancy ran through the crowd. The little town was proud of the boy who was taking the leading part in the play. They had known Ted Rawlings all their lives. Known him as an easy-going lad, interested in nothing more than fishing and hunting around the country, and later as an astonishingly changed ambitious fellow. No one seemed to understand how the quick transition occurred.

All eyes turned to the stage as the heavy curtain rolled upward. Three hundred pairs of eyes fastened themselves upon the moving, speaking figures. "Isn't Ted wonderful," young girls whispered breathlessly to each other. Between acts, thum-



"Ted, you were perfectly wonderful," Sally was saying.

derous bursts of applause filled the room. Hands clapped with vehemence. Small boys made their approval known by shrill whistling.

Ted carried the audience with him, every step of the way. He seemed to enter, to merge himself completely in the character he portrayed. His make-believe was so intense in the last act, that there was a deep silence for a moment when the final curtain fell.

FOR the time it was no make-believe to Ted. He was living again all the agony of parting, of seeing Sally Howard go away without a word. He had been sure until her train pulled out that she would come and say how sorry she was for the bitter, reproachful words she had hurled at him. Words that had left their mark upon his soul—that had stung him into a mad, ambitious desire to show her what he could do.

He found no real satisfaction in the tumultuous applause that followed. In this hour of his triumph, his heart cried out for Sally. If only she was here! If only she had cared! He scarcely knew what he was saying in answer to the lavish congratulations.

Suddenly small hands pressed tightly around his arm, and a remembered voice spoke in his ear. "Ted, you were perfectly wonderful," Sally was saying, "wonderful, wonderful. I'm so proud—so proud of you."

"But, Sally, I don't understand. I thought you were in New York."

"I was, until last night. I've been keeping track of you. I knew all about the play, and—and the way you have been working lately. I wouldn't have missed this for anything in the world."

"But the things you said, Sally? They hurt—they still do."

"I wanted them to hurt, Ted. I know—I know it was cruel, but there seemed no other way. Someone had to give you the right kind of push to get you going. You know you were really lazy? But now, well, you've really put on speed."

"Nothing like the speed I'm going to show in getting ready for a Christmas wedding. There's just two days left. We've got to make it a really big event. Let's give out the announcement now—while the crowd is still in the hall."

The first Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, who started mysterious midnight gift-bearing journeys. In the Fourth century he was famous because he was a rich man who enjoyed giving secret gifts to the poor. One of his tricks was to throw purses of gold into cottage windows and run away.

From Europe's Christmas Menu
Take your choice of Christmas eats: Plum pudding in England, Pfeffernuesse in Germany, Vierknack in Denmark, Fatigman's Bak-kels in Norway, Horse-shoe cake in Hungary, Speculaas in Holland, and Lutfsisk in Sweden.

Getting a Shoeful in Holland
Not on reindeer but on a white horse, St. Nicholas arrives in some parts of Holland, and instead of looking for stockings he searches for wooden shoes to fill them with gifts.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Prunes, to be properly cooked, should be stewed very slowly for at least two successive days. The prunes will come out whole, soft and tender, and with the richest, most delicious juice.

When Washing Gloves.—If a few drops of olive oil are added to the water when washing chamois leather gloves, they will not become hard or stiff.

A shiny coat collar can be cleaned by sponging with a cloth moistened with ammonia or vinegar.

Removing Paper From Raisins.—If the paper sticks to the package of raisins, place them in the oven for a few minutes and the wrapping may be removed easily. It will also cause the raisins to separate and fall apart.

Tarnished table silver may be revived if placed in a quart of boiling water to which a good pinch of washing soda has been added. After boiling for a few minutes remove and dry thoroughly with a soft cloth.

**Do This
30 Minutes
After Eating**

**TO ALKALIZE EXCESS
STOMACH ACIDS FAST**

Quick Relief from Indigestion, Nausea and Headaches from excess stomach acidity this remarkable Phillips' Way.

No need now to be afraid to enjoy the food you like. If you expect acid indigestion after meals, follow this simple routine.

Take two teaspoonsful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia a half hour after you leave the table. Or, if you're not at home take two Phillips' Tablets, which have the same neutralizing effect.

This gives you a thorough "alkalization" just at the time excess stomach acids are developing...and does the job in a few minutes. No nausea or embarrassing gas, none of that uncomfortable fullness, or stinging "heartburns." You're surprised at how wonderful you feel.

The Phillips' Method may be a revelation and solve your problem once and for all.

When you buy, ask for and make sure you get the real Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Note the words "genuine Phillips'" on both bottle and Tablets box.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Right to Give
The great privilege of possession is the right to bestow.

YOUR GRACIOUS HOST FROM COAST TO COAST

in.. NEW YORK
The Gotham

in.. CHICAGO
The Drake
The Blackstone

in.. LOS ANGELES
The Town house

in.. BELLEAIR FLA.
Bellevue Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY
Managing Director

KIRKEBY HOTELS