

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"I know. But—Oh, I can't analyze it, Edith. I love you—no end. More than anything. But I won't ask you to marry me."

"Do you know how selfish you are, Baldy?"

"I know how wise I am." She made an impatient gesture. "You're not thinking of me in the least. You are thinking of your pride."

He caught her hand in his. "I am thinking of my pride. Do you suppose it is easy for me to let Jane—take money from him? To feel that there is no man in our family who can pay the bills? I am proud. And I'm glad of it. Edith—I want you to be glad that I won't take—alms."

Her wise eyes studied him for a moment. "You blessed boy. You blessed poet," she sighed, "I am proud of you, but my heart aches—for myself."

He caught her almost roughly in his arms and in a moment released her. "I'm right, dearest?"

"No, you're not right. If we married, we'd sail to Italy and have a villa by the sea. And you would paint masterpieces. Do you think my money counts beside your talent? Well, I don't."

"My dear, let me prove my talent first. As things are now, I couldn't pay our passage to the other side."

"You could. My money would be yours—your talent mine. A fair exchange."

He stuck obstinately to his point of view. "I won't tie you to any promise until I've proved myself."

"And we'll lose all these shining years."

"We won't lose a moment. I'm going to work for you."

He was, she perceived, on the heights. But she knew the weariness of the climb.

Coming out of the garden in the late afternoon, they were aware of other arrivals at the Inn.

"Adelaide and Uncle Fred, by all the gods," said Edith, as they peered into the dining-room from the dimness of the hall. "Oh, don't let them see us. Adelaide's such a bromide."

They crept out, found Baldy's car and sped towards the city. "I should say," Baldy proclaimed sternly, "that for a man who is engaged, a thing like that is unspeakable."

"Oh, Uncle Fred and Adelaide," said Edith, easily; "she probably asked him. And she was plaintive. A plaintive woman always gets her way."

Adelaide had been plaintive. And she had hinted for the ride. "Why not an afternoon ride, Ricky? It would rest you."

"Sorry. But I'm tied up."

"I haven't seen you for ages, Ricky."

"I know, old girl. I've had a thousand things."

"I've—missed you."

It wasn't easy for Frederick to ignore that Adelaide was an attractive woman.

"Oh, well, I can get away at four. We'll have tea at the old Inn."

"Heavenly. Ricky, I have a new blue hat."

"You could always wear blue." He decided that he might as well make things pleasant. There was a shock in store for her. Of course he'd have to tell her about Jane.

So Adelaide in the new blue hat—with a wrap that matched—with that porcelain white and pink of her complexion—with her soft voice, and appealing manner, had Frederick for three whole hours to herself.

She told him all the spicy gossip, Frederick, like most men, ostensibly scorned scandal, but lent a willing ear. What Edith had said, what Benny had said, what all the world was saying about Del's marriage.

"I am going to marry Jane Barnes, Adelaide. The engagement isn't to be announced until she returns to Washington. But I want my friends to know."

She put her elbows on the table, clasped her hands and rested her chin on them looking at him with steady eyes. "So that's the end of it, Ricky?"

"The end of what?"

"Our friendship."

"Why should it be?"

"Oh, do you think that your little Jane is going to let you philander?"

"I shan't want to philander. If that's the way you put it."

"So you think you're in—love with her?"

"I know I am," the red came up in his cheeks, but he stuck to it manfully. "It's different from anything—ever that I've felt before."

"They all say that, don't they, every time?"

"Don't be so—cynical."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not. Well, I shall miss you, Ricky, dear."

That was all, just that plaintive note. But Adelaide's plaintiveness was always effective.

Jane was home again. Judy was better. Philomel sang. The world was a lovely place.

"Oh, but it's good to be back," Jane was telling Baldy at breakfast. The windows were wide open, the fragrance of lilacs streamed in, there were pink hyacinths on the table.

"It's heavenly."

Baldy smiled at her. "The same old Jane."

She shook her head, and the light in her eyes wavered as if some breath of doubt fanned it. "Not quite. The winter hasn't been easy. I'm a thousand years older."

"And with a wedding day ahead of you."

"Yes. Do you like it, Baldy?"

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed her. "Not a bit—if you want the truth—I shall be jealous of Mr. Frederick Towne."

"Silly. You know I shall never love anybody more than you, Baldy."

She was perfectly unconscious of the revelation she was making, but he knew—and was constrained to say, "Then you don't really love him."

"Oh, I do. He's much nicer than I imagined he might be."

"Oh, well, if you think you are going to be happy."

"I know I am—dearest," she blew a kiss from the tips of her fingers.

"Baldy, I'm going to have a great house with a great garden—and invite Judy and the babies—every summer."

"Towne's not marrying Judy and the babies. He's marrying you. He won't want all of your poor relations hanging around."

"Oh, he will. He has been simply dear. I feel as if I can never do enough for him."

She was very much in earnest. Baldy refrained from further criticism lest he cloud the happiness of her home-coming. The thing was done. They might as well make the best of it. So he said, "Do you always call him 'Mr. Towne'?"

"Yes. He scolds, but I can't say Frederick—or Fred. He begs me to do it—but I tell him to wait till we're married and then I'll say 'dear.' Most wives do that, don't they?"

"I hope mine won't."

"Why not?"

"I shall want my wife to invent names for me, and if she can't, I'll do it for her."

Jane opened her eyes wide. "Romance with a big R, Baldy?"

"Yes, of course. I should want to be king, lover, master—friend to the woman who cared for me. That's the real thing, Janey."

"Is it?" But she did not follow

the subject up; she drew another cup of coffee for herself, and asked finally, "When is Evans coming back?"

"Not for several days. He will go to Boston when he finishes with New York."

"I see. And he's much better?"

"I should say. You wouldn't know him."

He rose. "I must run on. We're to dine at Towne's then?"

"Yes. Just the five of us. It seems funny that I haven't met Cousin Annabel. But she's able to take her place at the head of the table. Mr. Towne tells me. He told me, too, that she wants to meet me. But I have a feeling that she won't approve of me, Baldy. I'm not fashionable enough."

"Why should you be fashionable? You are all right as you are."

"Am I? Baldy, I believe my stock has gone up with you."

"It hasn't, Janey. You were always a darling. But I didn't want to spoil you."

"As if you could," she smiled wistfully. "Sometimes I have a feeling, Baldy, that I should like life to go on just as it is. Just you and me, Baldy. But of course it can't."

"Of course it can, if you wish it. You mustn't marry Towne if you have the least doubt."

"I haven't any doubts. So don't worry." She stood up and kissed him. "Briggs will come out for me—and we are all to see a play together afterward."

"Edith told me."

"Baldy," she had held of the lapel of his coat, "how are things going with—Edith?"

"Do you mean, am I in love with her? I am."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"God knows."

She looked up at him in surprise. "What makes you say that way? Has she told you she didn't care?"

"She has told me that she does care. But do you think, Janey, that I'm going to take her money?"

He patted her on the cheek and was off.

Jane picked a spray of princess-pine and stuck it in her blouse. Oh, what an adorable world! Her world. Could there be anything better than Frederick Towne could give her?

Baldy's words rang in her ears—"Do you think I am going to take her money?"

Yet she was taking Frederick Towne's money. She wished it had not been necessary. Each day it seemed to her that the thought burned deeper: she was under obligations to her lover that could be repaid only by marriage. And they were to be married in June.

Yet why should the thought burn? She loved him. Not, perhaps, as Baldy loved Edith. But there were respect and admiration, yes, and when she was with him, she felt his charm, she was carried along on the whirling stream of his own adoration and tenderness.

She went back to her own little house, and found a great box of roses waiting. She spent an hour filling vases and bowls with them. Old Sophy coming in from the kitchen said, "Looks lak dat Mistuh Towne's jes' fascinated with you, Miss Janey."

"Aren't the roses lovely, Sophy?"

Jane wanted to tell Sophy that Mr. Towne would some day be her husband. But she still deferred the announcement of her engagement.

"I've told one or two people," Frederick had said.

"Whom?"

"Well, Adelaide. She's such an old friend. And I told Annabel, of course. I don't see why you should care, Jane."

"I think I'm afraid that when I go into a shop someone will say,

"Oh, she's going to marry Frederick Towne, and see how shabby she is."

"You are never shabby."

"That's because I made myself two new dresses while I was at Judy's. And this is one of them."

"You have the great art of looking lovely in the simplest things. But some day you are going to wear a frock that I have for you." He told her about the silver and blue creation he had bought in Chicago. "Now and then I take it out and look at it. I've put it in your room, Jane, and it is waiting for you."

She thought now of the blue and silver gown, as Sophy said, "Miss Jane, I done pressed that wite chifon of yours twel it hardly hangs together."

"I'll wear it once more, Sophy. I'm having a sewing woman next week."

With the old white chifon she wore a golden rose or two—and sat at Frederick's right, while on the other end of the great table, Cousin Annabel weighed her in the balance.

Jane knew she was being weighed. Cousin Annabel was so blue-blooded that it showed in the veins of her hands and nose—and her hair was dressed with a gray transformation which quite overpowered her thin little face with its thin little nose.

As a matter of fact, Cousin Annabel felt that Frederick had taken leave of his senses. What could he see in this short-haired girl—who hadn't a jewel, except the one he had given her?

Jane wore Towne's ring, hidden, on a ribbon around her neck. "Some day I'll let everybody see it," she had said, "but not now."

"You act as if you were ashamed of it."

"I'm not. But Cinderella must wait until the night of the ball."

It was while they were drinking their coffee in the drawing-room that the storm came up. It was one of those cyclonic winds that whip off the tops of the trees and blow the roofs from unsubstantial edifices. The thunder was a ceaseless reverberation—the lightning was pink and made the sky seem like a glistening inverted shell.

Cousin Annabel hated thunderstorms and said so. "I think I shall go to my room, Frederick."

"You are not a bit safer up there than here," Towne told her.

"But I feel safer, Frederick." She was very decided about it.

So she went up and Baldy and Edith wandered across the hall to the library, where Edith insisted they could observe other aspects of the storm.

Jane and her lover were left alone, and presently Frederick was called to the telephone.

"I'm not sure that it's safe, sir, in this storm," Waldron warned.

"Nonsense, Waldron," Towne said, and stepped quickly across the polished floor.

Thus it happened that Jane sat by herself in the great drawing-room of the Ice Palace, while the wind howled, and the rain streamed down the window glass, and all the evil things in the world seemed let loose.

And she was afraid!

Not of the storm, but of the great house. She was so small and it was so big. Her own little cottage clasped her in its warm embrace. This great mansion stood away from her—as the sky stands away from the desert. All the rest of her life she would be going up and down those great stairs, sitting in front of this great fireplace, presiding at the far end of Frederick's great table—dwarfed by it all, losing personality, individuality, bidding good-bye forever to little Jane Barnes, becoming until death parted them the wife of Frederick Towne.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Caught in the Act!



At Santa Claus, Ind., where they run a school for Santa Clauses, the instructor shows his students how to handle one of Kris Kringle's most important duties. A measuring stick, to make sure there is enough clearance, is one of the requisites.

Follow the Rules When Addressing Christmas Cards

How do you address a Christmas card to a widow? A divorcee? A business acquaintance? Here are some tips on cards:

Generally speaking, greetings fall into two classes, formal and informal. If you use printed or engraved cards for formal use, the title Miss, Mr., or Mrs. should preferably appear above the greeting. For instance: "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stanton wish you a Merry Christmas," rather than "A Merry Christmas from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stanton."

On informal cards, signed in ink, the husband's or wife's name should come first, although ordinarily the person signing would put his own name last. In general, the husband's name comes first. These can be signed "Bob and Betty," or "Bob and Betty Bentley," depending on how well the acquaintance knows you.

No card should ever be sent without a Mr., Mrs. or Miss prefix. An unmarried woman is always addressed as "Miss." A married woman, whether her husband is alive or not, is addressed with "Mrs." prefixed to her husband's full name. Since a woman's maiden name is used only on legal papers or when she uses it professionally, a divorcee's maiden name may be used if it's been established by legal procedure after the divorce was granted.

Cards to a married couple should be addressed Mr. and Mrs., even though you may know only one of them. If it's a business acquaintance and you haven't met the recipient's wife, it's permissible to send the card in his name only. Business addresses are quite all right, though there's a bit more courtesy and more personal touch to find out the home address and send the card there.

A family in mourning may send and receive Christmas cards as usual unless the bereavement is very recent—within the last two or three weeks.

Kiss the Maiden Under Mistletoe—But Follow Rules!

IT'S still a nice custom this Christmas to kiss the young lady under the mistletoe, but your efforts are in vain unless it's done properly.

Every time someone kisses under the mistletoe a berry should be plucked from the branch, for only so many blessings are bestowed as there are berries. And don't let the mistletoe fall to the ground. Otherwise its properties of good luck and healing will be destroyed.

Many a romantic story surrounds this plant. The berries represent tears from this legend:

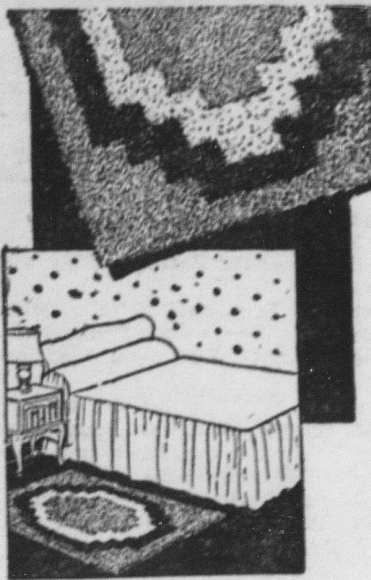
A Scandinavian god, Balder, dreamed he would die. When he told his mother, the goddess Friga, she made earth fire, air, water and all animals and plants promise they wouldn't harm her son.

But she overlooked the mistletoe, for its roots were neither in the earth nor air. So one of Balder's enemies fashioned an arrow from the plant and that was the end of Balder. The tears of the heartbroken goddess fell thick and fast, and froze into the berries.

Having such a heathen origin, mistletoe is seldom included in church schemes of decoration. But despite this ban few maids care to risk making the legend come true that "she who is not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas will not be married in the year which follows."

If you want to be lucky, remember the rules.

Rich Rug to Crochet In Exclusive Design



Pattern 2051.

You can have this thick-piled rug suitable for various rooms and show it as your handiwork. It's crocheted in squares which makes it excellent pick-up work. Pattern 2051 contains directions and charts for making rug; illustration of it and of stitches; materials required.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



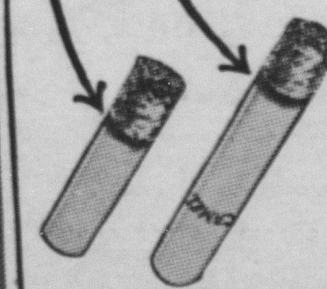
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EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

United States Marine Band Is 140 Years Old

From an organization composed of a handful of "fife and drummers," the United States Marine band has grown to one of the most famous military musical groups in the world.

The smartly clad bandmen, arrayed in scarlet coats, scarlet or white caps, and elaborate ornamentation across the uniform are in constant demand for affairs of state and patriotic gatherings. They appear frequently at White House receptions and concerts of the Pan-American Union.

The Marines' fife and drum corps, organized shortly after the Marine corps was established just prior to the Revolutionary war, usually consisted of "bands" of 10 or more musicians.

When the war ended, military activity virtually came to an end and the Marines' musical unit ceased to function. In 1798, however, the Marine corps was brought to life again and provision was made for a band.

When the national capital was moved from Philadelphia to Washington in 1800 the Marines also were transferred.

Washington at that time was a desolate spot and, according to the

Marine corps in its publication, "The United States Marine Band," did much to dispel the gloom.

The band often held its concerts on a hill where the Marines pitched camp, and the music supplied much-needed entertainment for the populace.

In those days the band consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two French horns, a bassoon and a drum. The band did not possess a bass drum and efforts to obtain one "were not successful for several months."

The band made its official debut at President Adams' New Year's Day reception at the White House in 1801. Ever since that day the band has been called by succeeding Presidents to play on this occasion.

The band's most notable appearance was when President Lincoln made his immortal Gettysburg address.

Springs Long Forgotten

In the year 125 B. C. the Romans established a thermal station at Aix-les-Bains, France. After the Roman period the springs were forgotten until the Seventeenth century. Aix is now an important spa and summer resort.