

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"My dear child," Mrs. Follette said, "have lunch with me. Mary has baked fresh bread, and we'll have it with your berries, and some Dutch cheese and cream."

"I'd love it," Jane said; "I hoped you'd ask me. We are going at four to Delafield Simms for the weekend. I shall have to be fashionable for forty-eight hours, and I hate it."

Mrs. Follette smiled indulgently. "Of course, you don't mean it. And don't try to be fashionable. Just be yourself. It is only people who have never been anybody who try to make themselves like others."

"Well," said Jane, "I'm afraid I've never been anybody, Mrs. Follette. I'm just little Jane Barnes."

Her air was dejected.

"What's the matter with you, Jane?" Mrs. Follette demanded.

Jane clasped her hands together. "Oh, I want my mother. I want my mother." Her voice was low, but there was a poignant note in it.

Old Mary came out with the tray, and when she had gone, Mrs. Follette said, "Now tell me what's troubling you?"

"I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"Oh, of Mr. Towne's big house, and—I think I'm a little bit afraid of him, too, Mrs. Follette."

"Why should you be afraid?"

"Of the things he'll expect of me. The things I'll expect of myself. I can't explain it. I just—feel it."

Mrs. Follette, pouring ice-cold milk from a silver pitcher, said, "It is a case of nerves, my dear. You don't know how lucky you are."

"Am I lucky?" wistfully.

"Of course you are lucky. But all girls feel as you do, Jane, when the wedding day isn't far off. They wonder and wonder. It's the newness—the—"

"Laying flesh and spirit . . . in his hands . . ." Jane quoted, with quick-drawn breath.

"I shouldn't put it quite like that," Mrs. Follette said with some severity; "we didn't talk like that when I was a girl."

"Didn't you?" Jane asked. Well, I know you were a darling, Mrs. Follette. And you were pretty. There's that portrait of you in the library in pink."

"I looked well in pink," said Mrs. Follette, thoughtfully, "but the best picture that was ever done of me is a miniature that Evans has." She buttered another slice of bread. She had no fear of growing fat. She was fat, but she was also stately and one neutralized the other. To think of Mrs. Follette as thin would have been to rob her of her duchess role.

Jane had not seen the miniature. She asked if she might.

"I'll get it," said Mrs. Follette, and rose.

Jane protested, "Can't I do it?"

"No, my dear. I know right where to put my hand on it."

She went into the cool and shadowy hall and started up the stairs, and it was from the shadows that Jane heard her call.

There was something faint and agitated in the cry, and Jane flew on winged feet.

Mrs. Follette was holding on to the stair-rail, swaying a little. "I can't go any higher," she panted; "I'll sit here, my dear, while you get my medicine. It's in my room on the dresser."

Jane passed her on the stairs, and was back again in a moment with the medicine, a spoon, and a glass of water. With her arm around the elder woman she held her until the color returned to her cheeks.

"How foolish," said Mrs. Follette at last, sitting up. "I almost fainted. I was afraid of falling down the stairs."

"Let me help you to your room," Jane said, "and you can lie on the couch—and be quiet—"

"I don't want to be quiet, but I'll lie on the couch—if you'll sit there and talk to me."

So with Jane supporting her, Mrs. Follette went up the rest of the flight, and across the hall—and was made comfortable on a couch at the foot of her bed.

Jane loved the up-stairs rooms at Castle Manor. Especially in summer. Mrs. Follette followed the southern fashion of taking up winter rugs and winter curtains and substituting sheer muslins and leaving a delightful bareness of waxed floor.

"Perhaps I can tell you where to find the miniature," Mrs. Follette said, as Jane fanned her; "it is in Evans' desk set back under the row of pigeonholes. You can't miss it, and I want to see it."

Jane crossed the hall to Evans' room. It faced south and was big and square. It had the same studied bareness that made the rest of the house beautiful. There was a mahogany bed and dresser, many books, deep window-seats with faded velvet cushions.

Evans' desk was in an alcove by

the east window which overlooked Sherwood. It was a mahogany desk of the secretary type, and there was nothing about it to drain the color from Jane's cheeks, to send her hand to her heart.

Above the desk, however, where his eyes could rest upon it whenever he raised them from his writing, was an old lantern! Jane knew it at once. It was an ancient ship's lantern that she and Baldy had used through all the years, a heritage from some sea-going ancestor. It was the lantern she had carried that night she had found Evans in the fog!

Since her return from Chicago she had not been able to find it. Baldy had complained, "Sophy must have taken it home with her." But Sophy had not taken it. It was here. And Jane knew, with a certainty that swept away all doubts, why.

"You are a lantern, Jane, held high . . ."

She found the miniature and carried it back to Mrs. Follette. "I told you you were pretty and you have never gotten over it."

She had regained her radiance. Mrs. Follette reflected complacently



"I hope it won't rain," Edith said.

ly that girls were like that. Moods of the moment. Even in her own day.

She spoke of it to Evans that night. "Mrs. Follette had lunch with me. She was very tired and depressed. I told her not to worry. It's natural she should feel the responsibility of the future. Marriage is a serious obligation."

"Marriage is more than that, Mother."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's a great adventure. The greatest adventure. If a woman loved me, I'd want her to fly to me—on wings. There'd be no fear of the future if Jane loved Towne."

"But she does love him. She wouldn't marry him for his money."

"No, she wouldn't," with a touch of weariness. "It is one of the things I can't make clear to myself. And I think I'd rather not talk about it, Mother."

They were in Mrs. Follette's room. She had told her son about her heart attack, and he had been anxious. But she had been quite herself after and had made light of it. "I shall have Hallam over in the morning," he had insisted, and she had acquiesced. "I don't need him, but if it will make you feel better."

CHAPTER XV

Lucy was still to Eloise Harper the stenographer of Frederick Towne. Out of place, of course, in this fine country house, with its formal gardens, its great stables, its retinue of servants.

"What do you do with yourself?" she asked her hostess, as she came down, ready for dinner, in revealing apricot draperies and found Lucy crisp in white organdie with a band of black velvet around her throat.

"Do?" Lucy's smile was ingenuous. "We are very busy, Del and I. We feed the pigs."

"Pigs?" Eloise stared. She had assumed that a girl of Lucy's type would affect an elaborate attitude of leisure. And here she was, instead, fashionably energetic.

They fed the pigs, it seemed, actually. Of course not the big ones. But the little ones have their bottles. There are ten and their mother died. You should see Del and me. He carries the bottle in a metal holder—round,—Lucy's hand described the shape,—and when they see him coming they all squeal, and it's adorable."

Lucy's air was demure. She was very happy. She was a woman of strong spirit. Already she had in-

terested her weak husband beyond anything he had ever known in his drifting days of bachelorhood. "After dinner," she told Eloise, "I'll show you Del's roses. They are quite marvellous. I think his collection will be beyond anything in this part of the country."

Delafield, coming up, said, "They are Lucy's roses, but she says I am to do the work."

"But why not have a gardener?" Eloise demanded.

"Oh, we have. But I should hate to have our garden a mere matter-of-mechanics. Del has some splendid ideas. We are going to work for the flower shows. Prizes and all that."

Delafield purred like a pussy-cat. "I shall name my first rose the 'Little Lucy Logan.'"

Edith, locking arms with Jane, a little later, as they strolled under a wisteria-hung trellis towards the fountain, said, "Lucy's making a man of him because she loves him. And I would have laughed at him. We would have bored each other to death."

"They will never be bored," Jane decided, "with their roses and their little pigs."

They had reached the fountain. It was an old-fashioned one, with thin streams of water spouting up from the bill of a bronzed crane. There were goldfish in the pool, and a big green frog leaped from a lily pad. Beyond the fountain the wisteria roofed a path of pale light. A peacock walked slowly towards them, its long tail sweeping the ground in burnished beauty.

"Think of this," said Jane, "and Lucy's days at the office."

"And yet," Edith pondered, "she told me if he had not had a penny she would have been happy with him."

"I believe it. With a cottage, one pig, and a rose-bush, they would find bliss. It is like that with them."

The two women sat down on the marble coping of the fountain. The peacock trailed by them, its jewels all ablaze under the sun.

Adelaide, in her burnished tulle, tall, slender, graceful as a willow, was swinging along beneath the trellis. The peacock had turned and walked beside her. "What a picture Baldy could make of that," Edith said, "The Proud Lady."

"Do you know," Jane's voice was also lowered, "when I look at her, I feel that it is she who should marry your uncle."

Edith was frank. "I should hate her. And so would he in a month. She's artificial, and you are so adorably natural, Jane."

Adelaide had reached the circle of light that surrounded the fountain. "The men have come and have gone up to dress," she said. "All except your uncle, Edith. He telephoned that he can't get here until after dinner. He has an important conference."

"He said he might be late. Benny came, of course?"

"Yes, and Eloise is happy. He had brought her all the town gossip. That's why I left. I hate gossip."

Edith knew that pose. No one could talk more devastatingly than Adelaide of her neighbor's affairs. But she did it, subtly, with an effect of charity. "I am very fond of her," was her way of prefacing a ruthless revelation.

"I thought your brother would be down," Adelaide looked at Jane, poised on the rim of the fountain, like a blue butterfly,—but he wasn't with the rest."

"Baldy can't be here until tomorrow noon. He had to be in the office."

"What are you going to do with yourself in the meantime, Edith?" Adelaide was in a mood to make

people uncomfortable. She was uncomfortable herself. Jane, in billowing heavenly blue with rose ribbons floating at her girdle, was youth incarnate. And it was her youth that had attracted Towne.

The three women walked towards the house together. As they came out from under the arbor, they were aware of black clouds' stretched across the horizon. "I hope it won't rain," Edith said, "Lucy is planning to serve dinner on the terrace."

Adelaide was irritable. "I wish she wouldn't. There'll be bugs and things."

Jane liked the idea of an out-of-door dinner. She thought that the maids in their pink linen were like rose-leaves blown across the lawn. There was a great umbrella over the table, rose-striped. "How gay it is," she said; "I hope the rain won't spoil it."

When they reached the wide-pillared piazza, no one was there. The wind was blowing steadily from the bank of clouds. Edith went in to get a scarf.

And so Jane and Adelaide were left alone.

Adelaide sat in a big chair with a back like a spreading fan; she was statuesque, and knew it, but she would have exchanged at the moment every classic line for the effect that Jane gave of unpremeditated grace and beauty. The child had flung a cushion on the marble step, and had dropped down upon it. The wind caught up her ruffles, so that she seemed to float in a cloud.

She laughed, and tucked her whirling draperies about her. "I love the wind, don't you?"

Adelaide did not love the wind. It ruffled her hair. She felt spitefully ready to hurt Jane.

"It is a pity," she said, after a pause, "that Ricky can't dine with us."

Jane agreed. "Mr. Towne always seems to be a very busy person."

Adelaide carried a little gauze fan with gold-lacquered sticks. When she spoke she kept her eyes upon the fan. "Do you always call him 'Mr. Towne'?"

"Of course."

"But not when you're alone."

Jane flushed. "Yes, I do. Why not?"

"But, my dear, it is so very formal. And you are going to marry him."

"He said that he had told you."

"Ricky tells me everything. We are very old friends, you know."

Jane said nothing. There was, indeed, nothing to say. She was not in the least jealous of Adelaide. She wondered, of course, why Towne should have overlooked this lovely lady to choose a shabby child. But he had chosen the child, and that settled it as far as Mrs. Laramore was concerned.

But it did not settle it for Adelaide. "I think it is distinctly amusing for you to call him 'Mr. Towne.' Poor Ricky! You mustn't hold him at arms' length."

"Why not?"

"Well, none of the rest of us have," said Adelaide, deliberately. Jane looked up at her. "The rest of you? What do you mean, Mrs. Laramore?"

"Oh, the women that Ricky has loved," lightly.

The winds fluttered the ribbons of Jane's frock, fluttered her ruffles. The peacock on the lawn uttered a discordant note. Jane was subconsciously aware of a kinship between Adelaide and the burnished bird. She spoke of the peacock.

"What a disagreeable voice he has."

Adelaide stared. "Who?"

"The peacock," said Jane. (TO BE CONTINUED)

The Once Over by H.I. Phillips

We got one great break in this Christmas business . . . there was no dispute about the right date.

Well, there's just an outside chance that in a day or two Junior can get those electric trains back from popper's possession.

It would seem to some observers that a lot of German ships are suffering from the illusion they are undersea boats.

"To have interned the Graf Spee would have meant that she might have deteriorated badly."—Berlin Dispatch. Blowing her to bits keeps her in fine shape, you understand.

"Mr. Selznick declared the film 'Gone With the Wind' took about four hours, but would not be cut."—News item.

Wanna bet?

MORE ABOUT THOSE HATS
How to tell whether the snood is part of the hat or the hat part of the snood is a major difficulty. In either case it gives a woman the appearance of having become tangled in some mosquito netting while putting on her bonnet.

Still, the snood isn't entirely to blame for the comic angle in 1939 millinery. It's the hats themselves. They have gone babyish. They look like those little things that used to be used as ornaments on birthday cakes.

The idea seems to be to get an adult into a hat designed for kindergarten wear.

We have seen old-fashioned pen wipers that would make ideal bonnets for misses' and ladies' wear this season.

Anything goes as long as it is four sizes too small and good for a laugh.

HOOT MON! IT'S IMPOLITE TO EXPOSE AT LUNCH TIME

Scotland is becoming peeved because the German bombers arrive so often during lunch hour. Those Germans seem to have no idea whatever of etiquette.

The Dionne quintts have five typewriters. Just wait until Doc Dafoe is asked to change the ribbons.

Germany is now weakening pilseiner beer in its economy drive. Careful now; there's a limit to everything, Adolf!

PROPHECY
The marriage of Stalin and Hitler of course
Sooner or later will end in divorce.
Edna G. Groskin

DISTRICT ATTORNEY DEWEY of New York is out for the presidency. It's going to mean plenty of trouble if he finds out politics is a racket.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE OPERA
The conduct of Carmen
Was truly alarmen—
She deserved what she got
When put on the spot.

The Barber of Seville
Has unusual skill
In arranging affairs
For people in pairs.
But I've often suspected
His own business was neglected.
Rebecca Richmond

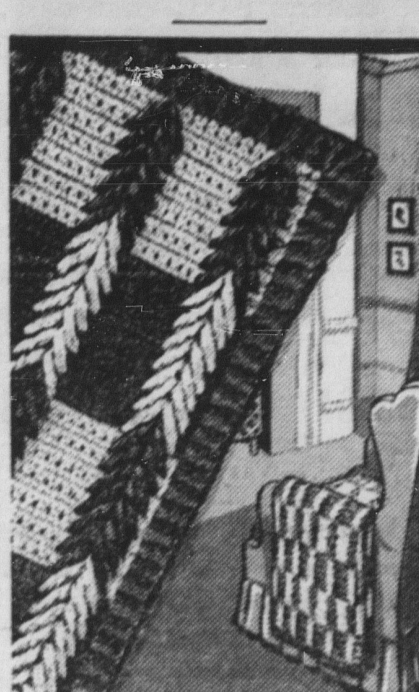
Morris A. Blitzer hopes the Russians will find that what they have taken are Finns of the mickey type.

PSYCHOPATHIC WARD CASES
Case No. I
Middle-aged stranger who can't remember his name. Semi-hysterical condition. Constantly cries, "Ouch!" "Stop it!" and "You got me!" When not pulling covers over his head demands that he be allowed to hide in closet. Has numerous wounds, cuts and abrasions. Diagnosis: Probably a parent with three or more male children, two of whom got bows and arrows and air rifles for Christmas.

Case No. II.
Pfaff, Mr. and Mrs. Felix E., about 23 years of age; were brought to psychopathic ward together in state of complete nervous collapse. Can get nothing from them except the words, "Never again!" Diagnosis: a young married couple who didn't know any better than to give Junior a drum.

Case No. III.
Unidentified man, white, 51, says he is one of the Van Sweringen Brothers: covered with adhesive tape and temporary Red Cross bandages; talks incessantly and unintelligibly about "crossovers," "yards," "freight depots," and "main lines." And from time to time demands "Where's the ambulance? Didn't I tell you there was a big wreck?" Diagnosis: Obviously has been playing with Junior's electric train set ever since 5 a. m. Christmas morning.

Easy Afghan Smart Done in Two Shades



An afghan for a beginner! In two shades of a color, it's worked in single crochet, with rib stitch forming a herringbone design. Pattern 6505 contains directions for making afghan; illustration of it and stitches; materials required; color schemes; photograph of section of afghan. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Chinese Boy Thought One Letup Deserved Another

In a Shanghai bungalow shared by several young Englishmen, the Chinese houseboy had a perfectly round head which he kept shaved and polished like a billiard ball.

The young men were always taking pot shots at this tempting target with paper pellets or giving it a pat as they passed by. To all of which the Chinese said nothing.

One day they decided it was a shame to keep worrying the boy, so they called him in and told him they had decided to stop doing it.

He replied: "Thank you, masters. I very pleased. Now I not make your coffee with dishwasher any more."

Confetti Popcorn

2 quarts pop corn 1/2 cup water
2 cups sugar Vegetable coloring
2 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon flavoring

Divide pop corn into three equal portions. Combine sugar, butter, water, and coloring; bring to boil and cook until the syrup spins a thread (about 15 minutes). Add the flavoring. Pour over popped corn and stir until kernels are sugar coated and separated. Repeat process three times, using a different color and flavor each time; mix batches.

CLOTHESPIN NOSE
Has a cold pinched your nose shut—as if with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath—helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"

LUDEN'S 5¢
Menthol Cough Drops

Time for Courtesy

"Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."—Emerson.

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POP CORN. POP
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An honorable reputation is a second patrimony. —Publius Syrus.

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Brevity is the soul of wit.—Shakespeare.

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