

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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## CHAPTER XV—Continued

Then Eloise and Edith came in, and presently the men, and Lucy and Del from a trip to the small pokers, and Adelaide going out with Del to dinner was uncomfortably aware that Jane had either artlessly or artfully refused to discuss with her the women who had been loved by Frederick Towne!

The dinner was delicious. "Our farm products," Delafield boasted. Even the fish, it seemed, he had caught that morning, motoring over to the river and bringing them back to be split and broiled and served with little new potatoes. There was chicken and asparagus, small cream cheeses with the salad, heaped-up berries in a Royal Worcester bowl, roses from the garden. "All home-grown," said the proud new husband.

Jane ate with little appetite. She had refused to discuss with Adelaide the former heart affairs of her betrothed, but the words rang in her ears. "The women that Ricky has loved."

This morning, however, there was a long envelope. In one corner was the name of the magazine to which, nearly six months before, Baldy had sent his prize cover design. The strength of the wind increased. The table was sheltered by the house, but at last Delafield decided, "We'd better go in. The rain is coming. We can have our coffee in the hall."

Their leaving had the effect of a stampede. Big drops splashed into the plates. The men servants and maids scurried to the rescue of china and linen.

The draperies of the women streamed in the wind. Adelaide's tulle was a banner of green and blue. The peacock came swiftly up the walk, crying raucously, and found a sheltered spot beneath the steps.

From the wide hall, they saw the rain in silver sheets. Then the doors were shut against the beating wind.

They drank their coffee, and bridge tables were brought in. There were enough without Jane to form two tables. And she was glad. She wandered into the living-room and curled herself up in a window-seat. The window opened on the porch. Beyond the white pillars she could see the road, and the rain-drenched garden.

After a time the rain stopped, and the world showed clear as crystal against the opal brightness of the western sky. The peacock came out of his hiding-place, and dragged a long, heavy tail over the sodden lawn.

It was cool and the air was sweet. Jane lay with her head against a cushion, looking out. She was lonely and wished that Towne would come. Perhaps in his presence her doubts would vanish. It grew dark and darker. Jane shut her eyes and at last she fell asleep.

She was waked by Towne's voice. He was on the porch. "Where is everybody?"

It was Adelaide who answered him. "They have motored into Alexandria to the movies. Eloise would have it. But I stayed—waiting for you, Ricky."

"Where's Jane?"

"She went up-stairs early. Like a sleepy child."

Jane heard his laugh. "She is a child—a darling child."

Then in the darkness Adelaide said, "Don't, Ricky."

"Why not?"

"Do you remember that once upon a time you called me—a darling child?"

"Did I? Well, perhaps you were. You are certainly a very charming woman."

Jane, listening breathlessly, assured herself that of course he was polite. He had to be.

Adelaide was speaking. "So you are going to make the announcement tomorrow?"

"Who told you?"

"Edith."

"Well, it seemed best, Adelaide. The wedding day isn't far off—and the world will have to know it."

A hushed moment, then, "Oh, Ricky, Ricky!"

"Adelaide! Don't take it like that."

"I can't help it. You are going out of my life. And you've always been so strong, and big, and brave. No other man will ever match you."

When he spoke, his voice had a new and softer note. "I didn't dream it would hurt you."

"You might have known."

The lightning flickered along the horizon showed Adelaide standing beside Towne's chair.

"Ricky"—the whispered words reached Jane—"kiss me once—to say 'good-by.'"

## CHAPTER XVI

Young Baldwin Barnes, on Saturday morning, ate breakfast alone in the little house. He read his paper and drank his coffee. But the savor of things was gone. He missed Jane. Her engaging chatter, the spirited challenge, even the small irritations. "She is such a darling-dear," was his homesick meditation. Oh, a man needed a woman on the other side of the table. And when Jane was married, what then? Edith!

Oh, if he might! If Philomel might sing for her! Toast and poached eggs! Nectar and ambrosia! His little house a castle!

"But it isn't mine own," the young poet reminded himself; "there is still the mortgage." He came down to earth, cleared the table, fed the pussy-cats. Then he went down to the post-box to get the mail.

The Barnes' mail was rarely voluminous, rarely interesting. A bill or two, a letter from Judy—some futile advertising stuff.

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second gallery—and would he go right up.

The second gallery looked out over the river. Jane lay in a long chair. She was pale, and there were shadows under her eyes.

"Oh, look here, Janey," Baldy blurted out, "is it as bad as this?"

"I'm just—lazy." She sat up and kissed him. Then buried her face in his coat and wept silently.

"For heaven's sake, Jane," he patted her shoulder, "what's the matter?"

"I want to go home."

He looked blank. "Home?"

"Yes." She stopped crying. "Baldy, something has happened—and I've got to tell you." Tensely, with her hands clasped about her knees, she rehearsed for him the scene between Adelaide and Frederick Towne. And when she finished she said, "I can't marry him."

"Of course not. A girl like you. You'd be miserable. And that's the end of it."

"Utterly miserable." She stared before her. Then presently she went on. "I stayed up-stairs all the morning. Lucy and Edith have been perfect dears. I think Edith lays it out to the announcement of my engagement tonight. That I was dreading it. Of course it mustn't be announced, Baldy."

He stood up, sternly renouncing his dreams. "Get your things on, Jane, and I'll take you home. You can't stay here, of course. We can decide later what it is best to do."

"I don't see how I can break it off. He's done so much for us. I can't ever—pay him—"

In Baldy's pocket was the pink slip. He took it out and handed it to his sister. "Jane, I got the prize. Two thousand dollars."

"Baldy!" Her tone was incredulous.

He had no joy in the announcement. The thing had ceased to mean freedom—it had ceased to mean—Edith. It meant only one thing at the moment, to free Jane from bondage.

He gave Jane the letter and she read it. "It is your great opportunity."

"Yes." He refused to discuss that aspect of it. "And it comes in the nick of time for you, old dear."

Their flight was a hurried one. A note for Lucy and one for Towne. A note for Edith!

Jane was not well was the reason given their hosts. The note to Towne said more than that. And the note left for Edith was—renunciation.

Edith coming home to luncheon found the note in her room. All the morning she had been filled with glorious anticipation. Baldy would arrive in a few hours. Together they would walk down that trellised path to the fountain, they would sit on the marble coping. She would trail her hand through the water. Further than that she would not let her imagination carry her. It was enough that she would see him in that magic place with his air of golden youth.

But she was not to see him, for the note said:

"Beloved—I make no excuse for calling you that because I say it always in my heart—Jane has made up her mind that she cannot marry your uncle. So we are leaving at once."

"I can't tell you what the thought of these two days with you meant to me. And now I must give them up. Perhaps I must give you up, I don't know. I came with high hopes. I go away without any hope at all. But I love you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Enclosed was a pink check.

Towne blamed Adelaide furiously. Of course it was her fault. Such foolishness. And sentimentality. And he had been weak enough to fall for it.

Yet, as he cooled a bit, he was glad that Jane had showed her resentment. It was in keeping with his conception of her. Her innocence had flamed against such sophistication. There might, too, be a hint of jealousy. Women were like that. Jealous.

As they whirled through Washington, Briggs voiced his fears. "If we meet a cop it will be all up with us, Mr. Towne."

"Take a chance, Briggs. Give her more gas. We've got to get there."

With all their speed, however, it was four o'clock when they reached Sherwood. Towne was still in the clothes he had worn on the links. He had not eaten since breakfast. He felt the strain.

He stormed up the terrace, where once he had climbed in the snow. He rang the bell. It whirred and whirred again in the silence. The house was empty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Edith read the note twice, then put it to her lips. She hardly dared admit to herself the keenness of her disappointment.

She stood for a long time at the window looking out. Why had Jane decided not to marry Uncle Frederick? What had happened since yesterday afternoon?

From Edith's window she could see the south lawn. The servants were arranging a buffet luncheon. Little tables were set around—and wicker chairs. Adelaide, tall and fair, in her favorite blue and a broad black hat stood by one of the little tables. She was feeding the peacock with bits of bread. She made a picture, and Towne's window faced that way.

"I wonder—" Edith said, and stopped. She remembered coming in from the movies the night before and finding Adelaide and Towne out on the porch. And where was Jane?

Towne did not eat lunch. He pleaded important business, and had his car brought around. But every body knew that he was following Jane. Mystery was in the air. Adelaide was restless. Only Edith knew the truth.

After lunch, she told Lucy. "Jane isn't going to marry Uncle Fred. I don't know why. But I am afraid that it is breaking up your house party."

"I hope it is," said Lucy, calmly. "Delafield is bored to death. He wants to get back to his pigs and roses. I am speaking frankly to you because I know you understand. I want our lives to be bigger and broader than they would have been if we hadn't met. And as for you"—her voice shook a little—"you'll always be a sort of goddess blessing our hearth."

Edith bent and kissed her, emotion gripping her. "Your hearth is blessed without me," she said, "but I'll always be glad to come."

Towne, riding like mad along the Virginia roads, behind the competent Briggs, pondered over Jane's letter.

"I was not up-stairs last night when you came. I was asleep in the window-seat of the living-room, just off the porch. And your voice waked me and I heard what you said, and Mrs. Laramore. And I can't marry you. I know how much you've done for me—and I shall never forget your goodness. Baldy will take me home."

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

## "The Name Is Familiar"

BY FELIX B. STREYCKMANS and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

### Pullman Cars

IN 1858, George Mortimer Pullman spent \$2,000 making over two railroad day coaches so that people could sleep in them. When he finished they were still crude, heated by wood-burning stoves and lighted by candles—but they had the arrangement of upper and lower berths characteristic of Pullman cars today.

Those two were the first sleeping cars in the history of railroading—and they were a success. Then, George Pullman (by the way, is that why they call Pullman porters "George"?—anyway, George Pullman then spent \$20,000 to build a sleeping car entirely from his own specifications. It was expensive and luxurious besides being longer, higher, wider and heavier than any other railroad car. But just like the young man who built a boat in his basement and then couldn't get it out a door or window, Pullman discovered that his big luxury car was too wide for station platforms and too high for bridges.

For several years the car remained idle, but when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, railroad officials decided Pullman's "palace car" should be attached to the funeral train and bridges and platforms were feverishly reconstructed along the way.

The success of George Pullman's sleeping car is now well known. He became one of the big "magnates" of Chicago. A whole town is named for him where the cars are made. But it is not so well known that the Pullman car of today was named for a man who became one of the most successful industrialists and rated among the richest men of his time, didn't have foresight enough to build his first car according to dimensions that would allow it to be pulled along the right-of-way.

When you buy a shirt and the sales clerk tells you it is mercerized, naturally, you are impressed. But do you really know what it means?

Mercerized cloth is cloth that has been treated by a process that was invented by John Mercer of Lancashire, England, and patented back in 1851. And that process consists in dipping in a solution of caustic alkali, shrinking it and tightening the fibers so that the cloth takes dyes more brilliantly and has a greater luster.

There seems to be some misunderstanding among the experts as to what brings about this luster. The 1929-32 edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica says, "Considerable change in the appearance of the cross section of the cotton fiber is effected by mercerizing it. It is especially noticeable that the fibers appear more rounded." And here is what the 1919 edition of The Americana says: "... mercerizing gives a luster to the cotton cloth because its fibers are drawn closer and flattened, presenting a smooth surface that reflects the light."

Maybe they got together since, but being that far apart, we are not going into the matter further. Flat or round, John Mercer of Lancashire invented the process almost 100 years ago.

Booze

A BOOZE bottle is a booze bottle these days, but a hundred years ago it was a Booz bottle. E. C. Booz, a Philadelphia distiller, is the man they were named for.

Back in 1840 he popularized the hip flask, selling his whiskey in flat, semi-rounded bottles that could be carried easily in the pocket, a convenient innovation compared with the round bottles that had to remain home on a shelf.

Then, to distinguish his own brand of liquor, he made all his bottles in unusual shapes and they became famous and were known by his name—Booz bottles.

After he died his type of bottle was not continued but the phrase Booz bottle was kept up and gradually came to mean any whiskey bottle and the contents soon was known as "Booz" then as "booze."

There are several original Booz bottles still in existence in America today, mainly in the hands of collectors. All of them, however, are empty.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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## Our Old-Time Couch Is Made Streamline

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

WAS there a couch like the picture at the top of this sketch, in the family "sitting room" when you were a child? Let's get it down from the attic, for just see what can be done with it! Properly streamlined it will look like the middle picture.

First paint the front of frame; then cover well up onto the head portion with cotton batting; next use bright cotton upholstery material. Remove stuffing at high

