

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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## CHAPTER XVI—Continued

It was on the way home that Jane had said to Baldy: "I feel like a selfish pig."

"Why, my dear?"

"To take your precious prize before it is cold. It doesn't seem right."

"It isn't a question of right or wrong. If things turn out with these new people as I hope, I'll be painting like mad for the next two months. And you'll have your work cut out for you as my model. They like you, Jane. They said so."

He had driven on steadily for a time, and had then said, "I never wanted you to marry him."

"Why not, Baldy?"

He turned his lighted-up eyes upon her. "Jane—I wanted you to have your—dreams—"

She had laid her hand on his arm in a swift caress. "You're a darling—and after a while, 'Nothing can take us from each other, ever, Baldy.'"

Never had they drawn closer in spirit than at this moment. But they said very little about it. When they came to the house, Baldy went at once to the garage. "I'll answer that letter, and put in a good afternoon looking over my sketches." He did not tell her how gray the day stretched ahead of him—that golden day which had started with high hopes.

Jane changed to a loose straight frock of orange cotton, and without a hat, feeling actual physical freedom in the breaking of her bonds, she swung along the path to the little grove. It was aromatic with the warm scent of the pines, and there was a cool shade in the heart of it. Jane had brought a bag of stockings to mend, and sat down to her homely task, smiling a little as she thought of the contrast between this afternoon and yesterday, when she had sat on the rim of the fountain and watched Adelaide and the peacock. She had no feeling of rancor against Adelaide. She was aware only of a great thankfulness.

She was, indeed, at the moment, steeped in divine content. Here was the place where she belonged. She had a sense of blissful escape.

Merrymaid came down the path, her tail a plume. The kitten followed. A bronze butterfly floated across their vision, and they leaped for it—but it went above them—joyously towards the open blue of the sky. The two cats gazed after it, then composed themselves carefully like a pair of miniature lions—their paws in front of them, sleepy-eyed but alert for more butterflies, or for Jane's busy tread.

And it was thus that Towne found her. Convinced that the house was empty, he had started towards Baldy's studio. Then down the vista of the pine grove, his eye had been caught by a spot of golden color. He had followed it.

She laid down her work and looked up at him. "You shouldn't have come."

"My dear child, why not? Jane, you are making mountains of molehills."

"I'm not."

He sat down beside her. The little cats drew away, doubtful. "It was natural that you should have resented it. And a thing like that isn't easy for a man to explain. Without seeming a—cad—"

"There isn't anything to explain."

"But there is. I have made you unhappy, and I'm sorry."

She shook her head, and spoke thoughtfully. "I think I am—happy. Mr. Towne, your world isn't my world. I like simple things and pleasant things, and honest things. And I like a One-Woman man, Mr. Towne."

He tried to laugh. "You are jealous."

"No," she said, quietly, "it isn't that, although men like you think it is. A woman who has self-respect must know her husband has her respect. Her heart must rest in him."

He spoke slowly. "I'll admit that I've philandered a lot. But I've never wanted to marry anyone but you. I can promise you my future."

"I'm sorry. But even if last night had never been—I think I should have—given you up. I had begun to feel that I didn't love you. That out there in Chicago you swept me off my feet. Mr. Towne, I am sorry. And I am grateful. For all your kindness—" She flushed and went on, "You know, of course, that I shan't be happy until—I don't owe you anything . . ."

He laid his hand on hers. "I wish you wouldn't speak of it. It is nothing."

"It was a great deal."

He looked down at her, slender and young and infinitely desirable. "You needn't think I am going to let you go," he said.

"I'm afraid—you must—"

He flamed suddenly. "I'm more of a One-Woman man than you think. If you won't marry me, I won't have anyone else. I'll go on alone. As for Adelaide—A woman like that doesn't expect much more than I gave. That's all I can say

about her. She means nothing to me, seriously, and never will. She plays the game, and so do I, but it's only a game."

He looked tired and old. "I'll go abroad tomorrow. When I come back, perhaps you'll change your mind."

"I shall never change it," she said, "never."

He stood up. "Jane, I could make you happy." He held her hand as she stood beside him.

She looked at him and knew that he could not. Her dreams had come back to her—of Galahad—of Robin Hood . . . the world of romance had again flung wide its gates . . .

After Towne had gone she sat for a long time thinking it over. She blamed herself. She had broken her promise. Yet, he, too, had broken a promise.

She finished mending the stockings, and rolled them into compact balls. The little cats were asleep—the shadows were stretched out and the sun slanted through the pines. She had dinner to get, for her return had been unexpected, and Sophy had not been notified.

She might have brought to the thought of her tasks some faint feeling of regret. But she had none. She was glad to go in—to make an omelette—and cream the potatoes—and have hot biscuits and berries—and honey.

Planning thus, competently, she raised her eyes—to see coming along the path the two boys who had of late been Evans' close companions. She spoke to them as they reached her. "Can't you stay a minute? I'll make you some lemonade."

They stopped and looked at her in a way that startled her. "We can't," Arthur said; "we're going over to the Follettes. We thought we might help."

She stared at them. "Help? What do you mean?"

Sandy gasped. "Oh, didn't you know? Mrs. Follette died this morning . . ."

Evans had found his mother at noon, lying on the couch at the foot of her bed. He had stayed at home in the morning to help her, and at ten o'clock she had gone up-stairs to rest a bit before lunch. Old Mary had called her, and she had not answered. So Evans had entered her room to find that she had slipped away peacefully from the world in which she exaggerated her own importance. It would go on without her. She had not been neighborly but the neighbors would all come and sympathize with her son. And they would miss her, because she had added to the community some measure of stateliness, which they admired even as they resented it.

Evans had tried to get Baldy on the telephone, but could not. Jane was at Grass Hills. He would call up at long distance later. There was no reason why he should spoil for them this day of days.

So he had done the things that had to be done in the shadowed house. Dr. Hallam came, and others. Evans saw them and they went away. He moved in a dream. He had no one to share intimately his sorrow—no sister, no brother, no one, except his little dog, who trailed after him, wistful-eyed, and with limping steps.

The full force of the thing that had happened did not come to him at once. He had a feeling that at any moment his mother might sweep in from the out-of-doors, in her white linen and flat black hat, and sit at the head of the table, and tell him the news of the morning.

He had had no lunch, so old Mary fixed a tray for him. He did not eat, but drank some milk. Then he and Ruddy took up their restless wandering through the silent rooms. Old Mary, true to tradition, had drawn all the blinds and shut many of the windows, so that the house was filled with a sort of golden gloom. Evans went into his mother's little office on the first floor, and sat down at her desk. It was in perfect order, and laid out on the blotter was the writing paper with the golden crest, and the box of golden seals. And he had laughed at her! He remembered with a pang that they would never again laugh together. He was alone.

He wondered why such things happened. Was all of life as sinister as this? Must one always find tragedy at every turn of the road? He had lost his youth, had lost Jane. And now his mother. Was everything to be taken away? Would there be nothing left but strength to endure?

Well, God helping him, he would endure to the end . . .

He closed the desk gently and went out into the darkened hall. As he followed its length, a door opened at the end. Black against the brightness beyond, he saw the two lads. They came forward with some hesitation, but when they saw his tired face, they forget self-consciousness.

"We just heard. And we want to help." Sandy was spokesman. Arthur was speechless. But he caught hold of Evans' sleeve and looked up at him. His eyes said what his voice refused.

Evans, with his arms across their shoulders, drew the boys to him. "It was good of you to come."

"Miss Barnes said," again it was Sandy who spoke, "that perhaps we might get some pine from the little grove. That your mother liked it."

"Miss Barnes? Is she back? Does she know?"

"We told her. She is coming right over."

Baldy drove Jane in his little car. As she entered she seemed to bring the light in with her. She illuminated the house like a torch.

She walked swiftly towards Evans, and held out her hand. "My dear, I am so sorry."

"I thought you were at Grass Hills."

"We came back unexpectedly."

"I am so glad—you came."

He was having a bad time with his voice. He could not go on.

Jane spoke to the boys. "Did you ask him about the pine branches? Just those, and roses from the garden, Evans."

"You always think of things—"

"Baldy will take the boys to the grove, and do any errands you may have for him." She was her calm and competent self—letting him get control of his emotion while she directed others.

Baldy, coming in, wrung Evans' hand. "The boys and I will get the pine, and Edith Towne is coming out to help. I called her up to tell her—"

Baldy stopped at that. He could not speak here of the glory that encompassed him. He had said, "If death should come to us, Edith? Does anything else count?" And she had said, "Nothing." And now she was coming and they would pick roses together in the garden. And love and life would minister to a greater mystery . . .

THE END.

When Baldy and the boys had gone, Jane and Evans opened the windows and pulled up the shades. The house was filled with clear light, and was cool in the breeze.

When they had finished, Jane said, "That's all, I think. We can rest a bit. And presently it will be time for dinner."

"I don't want any dinner."

They were in the library. Outside was an amethyst twilight, with a young moon low in the sky. Evans and Jane stood by the window, looking out, and Jane asked in a hushed voice, "You don't want any dinner because she won't be at the other end of the table?"

"Yes." His face was turned from her. His hands were clenched. His throat was dry. For a moment he wished he were alone that he might weep for his mother.

And then Jane said, "Let me sit at the other end of your table."

He turned back to her, and saw her eyes, and what he saw made him reach out blindly for her hand—sympathy, tenderness—a womanly brooding tenderness.

"Oh, Evans, Evans," she said, "I am not going to marry Frederick Towne."

"Why not?" thickly.

"I don't love him."

"Do you love me, Jane?"

She nodded and could not speak. They clung together. He wept and was not ashamed of it.

And standing there, with his head against her breast, Jane knew that she had found the best. Marriage was not a thing of luxury and soft living, of flaming moments of wild emotion. It was a thing of hardness shared, of spirit meeting spirit, of dream matching dream. Jane, that afternoon, had caught her breath as she had come into the darkened hall, and had seen Evans standing between those slender lads. So some day, perhaps, in this old house—his sons!

THE END.

Scrawls Reveal Ancient Man Real 'Doodler'

Ancient man was a "doodler" de luxe—and his idle scribbles on cliff walls still perplex many laymen and scientists, according to the Smithsonian Institution.

Dr. Julian H. Steward of the institution's bureau of American ethnology reported that the bureau receives a steady stream of inquiries about carvings and paintings on cliffs and boulders.

Various lay and scientific theories contend the drawings are part of a lost Indian language, fragments of the European alphabet brought to America by pre-Columbian Northmen, or cryptograms giving directions to buried treasure.

Steward, after extensive study of petroglyphs, reported that many of the crude pictures and geometric designs were fraudulent.

He said an even larger portion of the genuine ancient drawings, however, represent "idle scratching," an early form of "doodling."

Supporting his "idle scribbling" theory, Steward said:

"In view of the great trouble which white men frequently take to deface rocks and trees with names and initials, especially where other persons have done so before them, it would be foolish to suppose that

the motives of the prehistoric Indians were not sometimes equally trivial.

"It is a safe guess that a large number of petroglyphs were produced by persons amusing themselves during dull hours."

He said other drawings represent religious objects, portray events, or give directions, not to buried treasure, however, because "North American aboriginals attached no value whatsoever to our conception of 'treasure.'"

"It is easy enough with a little imagination," Steward said, "to detect forms of European letters in petroglyphs. It would be remarkable if there were not such coincidences."

"On the whole, however, the subject is worthy of comprehensive study. I urge persons running across such rock drawings to photograph them, if possible. What is without meaning now may fit into a comprehensive pattern later."

Causes Eyes to Shine at Night

The iris of cats and some other animals has an area called the tapetum around the optic nerve. This area causes the eye to shine at night.

## "The Name Is Familiar"

BY FELIX B. STREYCKMANS and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

### July and August

THE months July and August were named after the two Caesars, Julius and Augustus. And why? Because Julius and Augustus wanted themselves so honored—and those boys were used to getting what they wanted. But this trick was easy. They didn't even have to have influence with anybody to get this job done—it was Julius and Augustus who made the calendars.

When Julius Caesar conquered Egypt, he not only took over the government but the calendar as well. He made a new one with a year of 365 1/4 days divided into 12 months, the even months with 30 days and the odd with 31. Then he figured he had done such a magnificent job that he honored himself by changing the name of Quintilis, a 31-day month, to Julius.

Julius Caesar was assassinated and in the course of time his nephew, Augustus Caesar, became emperor of Rome. Augustus decided to do some calendar tinkering too. Sextilis, the month following Julius, seemed to be the logical one except that it had only 30 days. But he persuaded the Roman senate to give it 31 days and rename it Augustus.

And that, my dear children, is why, during the two hottest months of the year, we mop our brows and say, "Great Caesar, isn't it hot?"

Raglan Coat

FITZROY James Henry Somerset, who was Baron Raglan, should be remembered as commander-in-chief of the British forces during the Crimean war because it was he who gave the order which resulted in the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade." But it's more likely that he'll be remembered for his coat!

It came about this way: At the Battle of Waterloo, young Somerset, who had been secretary to the British embassy at Paris and was now aide-de-camp and military secretary to the duke of Wellington was so seriously wounded in the right arm that it had to be amputated.

Because of the loss of his arm, he needed a coat that was easy to put on. His tailor designed a garment that was loose, had roomy sleeves and hung over his shoulders like a cape. In 1819, he again became military secretary to the duke of Wellington and remained with him until the duke's death in 1852 when he was created Lord Raglan.

Meanwhile British sportsmen had begun using the style of coat Lord Raglan always wore, because of its comfort, and from that time to this it has been a raglan. Strangely enough, if the coat you are wearing today hasn't raglan sleeves, it isn't the "latest style."

Cardigan Jacket

THE cardigan jacket may be a warm, comfortable garment to wear but the man for whom it was named was neither warm-hearted nor a comfortable person to have around. James Thomas Brudenell, seventh earl of Cardigan, was born in 1797, entered the British army as a youth and eventually became lieutenant-colonel of the Fifteenth Hussars. As such he was overbearing and quarrelsome and, despite the fact that there were only 350 men in the regiment, within the space of two years he had more than 700 of his men arrested for one thing or another and held 105 courts martial.

He was also a duelist and in one of these encounters he wounded a brother officer so seriously that he was tried by the house of lords but "whitewashed" and acquitted. Unpleasant a person though he may have been, he was also a brave soldier.

After that return he was heard to remark, "These Cossack lances are deuced blunt. They tickle one's ribs."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Frozen Meat.—Meat thawed quickly is likely to be tough. Keep frozen meat in warm place before cooking.

Easy to Remove Stopper.—Dip the stopper of a mulligan bottle in paraffin before putting it into the bottle and it will not stick.

Baked potatoes will be more mealy if a piece is cut from either end of the potato.

Sift the Flour.—Flour has a tendency to pack down, especially fine wheat flour. One may easily put as much as an extra cup of flour in a recipe if it is not sifted before measuring.

A porous pot allows water to evaporate and this is a bad feature in warm dry houses. Plants in clay pots tend to develop a root system between the soil and the pot with very few roots in the soil itself.

Left-Over Sweet Potatoes.—Left-over baked or boiled sweet potatoes can be converted into appetizing dishes. One of these is to mash two cups potatoes and mix to a soft paste by adding milk. Season; then add half a cup boiled maple syrup and one-fourth cup butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the top begins to crystallize. Serve hot.

Save Christmas Cards.—Little folks can spend many a happy hour cutting out figures from Christmas cards. Instruct them to leave a small flap on the bottom of each figure, flap to be folded over, permitting figure to stand up.

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**BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE**