

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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### SYNOPSIS

Young, pretty Jane Barnes, who lived with her brother, Baldwin, in Sherwood Park, near Washington, was not particularly impressed when she read that rich, attractive Edith Towne had been left at the altar by Delafield Simms, wealthy New Yorker. However, she still mused over it when she met Evans Follette, a young neighbor, whom the war had left completely discouraged and despondent. Evans had always loved Jane. That morning Baldwin Barnes, on his way to work in Washington, offered assistance to a tall, lovely girl in distress.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

When at last Baldy drew up at the little way station, and unfastened the curtain, he was aware that she had opened the sudee bag and had a roll of bills in her hand. For a moment his heart failed him. Was she going to offer him money?

But what she said, with cheeks flaming, was: "I haven't anything less than ten dollars. Do you think they will take it?"

"It's doubtful. I have odds of change." He held out a handful.

"Thank you so much, and—you must let me have your card—"

"Oh, please—"

Her voice had an edge of sharpness. "Of course it must be a loan."

He handed her his card in silence. She read the name. "Mr. Barnes, you have been very kind. I am tremendously grateful."

"It was not kindness—but now and then a princess passes."

For a breathless moment her amazed glance met his—then the clang of a bell heralded an approaching car.

As he helped her out hurriedly she stumbled over the rug. He caught her up, lifted her to the ground, and motioned to the motorman.

The car stopped and she mounted the steps. "Good-by, and thank you so much." He stood back and she waved to him while he watched her out of sight.

His work at the office that morning had dreams for an accompaniment. He went out at lunch-time but ate nothing. It was at lunch-time that he bought the violets—paying an unthinkable price for them, and not caring.

It was after office that Baldy carried the flowers to his car. He set the box on the back seat. In the hurry of the morning he had forgotten the rug which still lay where his fair passenger had stumbled over it. He picked it up and something dropped from its folds. It was the gray sudee bag, half open, and showing the roll of bills. Beneath the roll of bills was a small sheer handkerchief, a vanity case with a pinch of powder and a wee puff, a new check-book—and, negligently at the very bottom, a ring—a ring of such enchantment that as it lay in Baldy's hand, he doubted its reality. The hoop was of platinum, slender, yet strong enough to bear up a carved moonstone in a circle of diamonds. The carving showed a delicate Psyche—with a butterfly on her shoulder. The diamonds blazed like small suns.

Inside the ring was an inscription—"Del to Edith—Forever."

Del to Edith? Where had he seen those names? With a sudden flash of illumination, he dropped the ring back into the bag, stuffed the bag in his pocket, and made his way to a newsboy at the corner.

There it was in startling headlines: Edith Towne Disappears. Delafield Simms' Yacht Said to Have Been Sighted Near Norfolk!

So his passenger had been the much-talked-about Edith Towne—deserted at the moment of her marriage!

He thought of her eyes of burning blue—the fairness of her skin and hair—the touch of haughtiness. Simms was a cur, of course! He should have knelt at her feet!

The thing to do was to get the bag back to her. He must advertise at once. On the wings of this decision, his car whirled down the Avenue. The lines which, after much deliberation, he pushed across the counter of the newspaper office, would be ambiguous to others, but clear to her. "Will passenger who left bag with valuable contents in Ford car call up Sherwood Park 49."

"Is she really as beautiful as that?" Jane demanded.

"As what?"

"Her picture in the paper."

"Haven't I said enough for you to know it?"

Jane nodded. "Yes. But it doesn't sound real to me. Are you sure you didn't dream it?"

"I'll say I didn't. Isn't that the proof?" The gray bag lay on the table in front of them, the ring was on Jane's finger.

She turned it to catch the light. "Baldy," she said, "it's beyond imagination."

"I told you—"

"Think of having a ring like this—"

"Think," fiercely, "of having a lover who ran away."

"Well," said Jane, "there are

some advantages in being—unsought. I'm like the Miller-ess of Dee—

"I care for nobody—  
No, not I,  
Since nobody  
Cares—  
For me—!"

She sang it with a light boyish swing of her body. Her voice was girlish and sweet, with a touch of huskiness.

Baldy flung his scorn at her. "Jane, aren't you ever in earnest?" "Intermittently," she smiled at him, came over and tucked her arm in his. "Baldy," she coaxed, "aren't you going to tell her uncle?"

He stared at her. "Her uncle? Tell him what?"

"That you've found the bag."

He flung off her arm. "Would you have me turn traitor?"

"Heavens, Baldy, this isn't melodrama. It's common sense. You can't keep that bag."

"I can keep it until she answers my advertisement."

"She may never see your advertisement, and the money isn't yours, and the ring isn't."

He was troubled. "But she trusted—"

Jane shrugged her shoulders, and began to clear away the din-



Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation.

ner things. Baldy helped her. Old Merrymaid mewed to go out, and Jane opened the door.

"It's snowing hard," she said.

The wind drove the flakes across the threshold. Old Merrymaid danced back into the house, bright-eyed and round as a muff. The air was freezing.

"It is going to be a dreadful night," young Baldwin, heavy with gloom, prophesied. He thought of Edith in the storm in her buckled shoes. Had she found shelter? Was she frightened and alone somewhere in the dark?

He went into the living-room, whence Jane presently followed him. Jane was knitting a sweater and she worked while Baldy read to her. He read the full account of Edith Towne's flight. She had gone away early in the morning. The maid, taking her breakfast up to her, had found the room empty. She had left a note for her uncle. But he had not permitted its publication. He was, they said, wild with anxiety.

"I'll bet he's an old tyrant," was Baldy's comment.

Frederick Towne's picture was in the paper. "I like his face," said Jane, "and he doesn't seem so frightfully old."

"Why should she run away from him, if he wasn't a tyrant?" he demanded furiously.

"Well, don't scold me." Jane was as vivid as an oriole in the midst of her orange woools.

She loved color. The living-room was an expression of it. Its furniture was old-fashioned but not old-fashioned enough to be lovely. Jane had, however, modified its lack of grace and its dull monotonies by covers of chintz—tropical birds against black and white stripes—and there was a lamp of dull blue pottery with a Chinese shade. A fire in the coal grate, with the glow of the lamp, gave the room a look of burnished brightness. The kitten, curled up in Jane's lap, played cozily with the tawny threads.

"Don't scold me," said Jane. "It isn't my fault."

"I'm not scolding, but I'm worried to death. And you aren't any help, are you?"

She looked at him in astonishment. "I've tried to help. I told you to call up."

Young Baldwin walked the floor. "She trusted me."

"You won't get anywhere with that," said Jane with decision. "The thing to do is to tell Mr. Towne

that you have news of her, and that you'll give it only under promise that he won't do anything until he has talked it over with you."

"That sounds better," said young Baldwin; "how did you happen to think of it?"

"Now and then," said Jane. "I have ideas."

Baldy went to the telephone. When he came back his eyes were like gray moons. "He promised everything, and he's coming out—"

"Here?"

"Yes, he wouldn't wait until tomorrow. He's wild about her—"

"Well, he would be," Jane mentally surveyed the situation.

"Baldy, I'm going to make some coffee, and have some cheese and crackers."

"He may not want them."

"On a cold night like this, I'll say he will; anybody would."

Baldy helped Jane get out the round-bellied silver pot, the pitchers and tray. The young people had a sense of complacency as they handled the old silver. Frederick Towne could have nothing of more distinguished history. It had belonged to their great-grandmother, Dabney, who was really D'Aubigne, and it had graced an emperor's table. Each piece had a monogram set in an engraved wreath. The big tray was so heavy that Jane lifted it with difficulty, so Baldy set it for her on the little mahogany table which they drew up in front of the fire. There was no wealth now in the Barnes family, but the old silver spoke of a time when a young hostess as black-haired as Jane had dispensed lavish hospitality.

Frederick Towne had not expected what he found—the little house set high on its terraces seemed to glow from its golden-lighted window squares a welcome in the dark. "I shan't be long, Briggs," he said to his chauffeur.

"Very good, sir," said Briggs, and led the way up the terrace.

Baldy ushered Towne into the living-room, and Frederick, standing on the threshold, surveyed a coziness which reminded him of nothing so much as a color illustration in some old English magazine. There was the coal grate, the table drawn up to the fire, the twinkling silver on its massive tray, violets in a low vase—and rising to meet him a slender, glowing child, with a banner of orange wool behind her.

"Jane," said young Barnes, "may I present Mr. Towne?" and Jane held out her hand and said, "This is very good of you."

He found himself unexpectedly gracious. He had felt that he couldn't be. A man with money and position had to shut himself up sometimes in a shell of reserve, lest he be imposed upon.

But in this warmth and fragrance he expanded. "What a charming room," he said, and smiled at her.

Jane felt perfectly at ease with him. He was, after all, she reflected, only a gentleman, and Baldy was that. The only difference lay in their divergent incomes. So, as the two men talked, she knitted on, with the outward effect of placidity.

"Do you want me to go?" she had asked them, and Towne had replied promptly, "Certainly not. There's nothing we have to say that you can't hear."

So Jane listened with all her ears, and modified the opinion she had formed of Frederick Towne from his picture and from her first glimpse of him. He was nice to talk to, but he might be hard to live with. He had obstinacy and egotism.

"Why Edith should have done it amazes me."

"She was hurt," she said, "and she wanted to hide."

"But people seem to think that in some way it is my fault. I don't like that. It isn't fair. We've al-

ways been the best of friends—more like brother and sister than niece and uncle."

"But not like Baldy and me," said Jane to herself, "not in the least like Baldy and me."

"Of course Simms ought to be shot," Towne told them heatedly. "He ought to be hanged," was Baldy's amendment.

Jane's needles clicked, but she said nothing. She was dying to tell these bloodthirsty males what she thought of them. What good would it do to shoot Delafield Simms? A woman's hurt pride isn't to be healed by the thought of a man's dead body.

Young Baldwin brought out the bag. "It is one that Delafield gave her," Frederick stated, "and I cashed a check for her at the bank the day before the wedding. I can't imagine why she took the ring with her."

"She probably forgot to take it off; her mind wasn't on rings," Jane's voice was warm with feeling. He looked at her with some curiosity. "What was it on?"

"Oh, her heart was broken. Nothing else mattered. Can't you see?"

Jane swept them back to the matter of the bag. "We thought you ought to have it, Mr. Towne, but Baldy had scruples about revealing anything he knows about Miss Towne's hiding place. He feels that she trusted him."

"You said you had advertised, Mr. Barnes?"

"Yes."

"Well, the one thing is to get her home. Tell her that if she calls you up," Frederick looked suddenly tired and old.

Baldy, leaning against the mantel, gazed down at him. "It's hard to decide what I ought to do. But I feel that I'm right in giving her a chance first to answer the advertisement."

Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation. "Of course you'll have to act as you think best."

And now Jane took things in her own hands. "Mr. Towne, I'm going to make you a cup of coffee."

"I shall be very grateful," he smiled at her. What a charming child she was! He was soothed and refreshed by the atmosphere they created. This boy and girl were a friendly pair and he loved his ease. His own house, since Edith's departure, had been funereal, and his friends had been divided in their championship between himself and Edith. But the young Barneses were so pleasantly responsive with their lighted-up eyes and their little air of making him one with them. Edith had always seemed to put him quite definitely on the shelf. With little Jane and her brother he had a feeling of equality of age.

"Look here," he spoke impulsively, "may I tell you all about it? It would relieve my mind immensely."

To Jane it was a thrilling moment. Having poured the coffee, she came out from behind her battlement of silver and sat in her chintz chair. She did not knit; she was enchanted by the tale that Towne was telling. She sat very still, her hands folded, the tropical birds about her. To Frederick she seemed like a bird herself—slim and lovely, and with a voice that sang!

Towne was not an impressionable man. His years of bachelorhood had hardened him to feminine arts. But here was no artfulness. Jane assumed nothing. She was herself. As he talked to her, he became aware of some stirred emotion. An almost youthful eagerness to shine as the hero of his tale. If he embroidered the theme, it was for her benefit. What he told her was as he saw it. But what he told her was not the truth, nor even half of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Lions Walk Tightrope, Seals Ride Horseback

Lions that walk tightropes and seals that ride horseback are two of the latest attractions produced by crack animal trainers. In the circus world new bags of tricks are necessary every year or so, and now that motion pictures are demanding wild animals to do tasks that seem almost miraculous, trainers are educating their animals to perform stunts of which no one dreamed before.

Teaching a lion to walk two swaying tightropes high in the air seems like a nearly impossible task until an experienced trainer tells how he does it, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Charles Gay, who has a tightrope-walking lion at his lion farm at El Monte, Calif., starts to teach his cubs tricks when they are nine months old, after their trainers have gained their trust through frequent petting and feeding.

"Teaching a lion to walk the tightrope takes about six months of steady training," says Gay. "We start with a wide plank 10 feet long on supports a few feet off the ground. We tempt the animal to walk this plank by leading it with a piece of meat. After it has

learned it will be rewarded for walking, we remove a central support, allowing the plank to bounce and sway under the animal's weight.

"Next we substitute two narrow planks for the wide one, gradually training the lion to walk the narrower planks until he finds himself walking a couple of pieces of two-by-four planks. The next step is to substitute one and one-quarter-inch iron pipes, then thick steel cables which the lion can grasp with his non-skid pads, and finally the smaller cables on which he performs his act."

"During all this time we gradually lengthen and heighten the supports so the animal finally learns to walk ropes 20 or 30 feet long that may be 20 feet in the air. During the first part of the training the lion may take an occasional spill, so we use a pile of wood shavings under the planks as a safety mat."

"See" With Ears in Dark According to a physiologist, if you're smart you can see in the dark with your ears. Blind people take greater advantage of the latent possibilities of the human ear than do persons with unimpaired sight.

## It's Most Exciting Blouse Season Known in Years

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN it comes to drawing the crowds it's the blouse sections that are doing it these days—most exciting blouse season known for years.

The main reason for this stampede in the blouse direction is that suits rank ace-high in importance this spring and as every woman and her sisters and her cousins and her aunts well know, the proper upkeep of a suit calls for one chic blouse after another. However, the fact that suits are "tops" this season is not the only reason for the mad rush blouseward that is going on. It's the blouses themselves that are the magnet that draws, from the standpoint of "style" color and material they are simply not to be resisted.

The interest displayed in sterling pure silk weaves for the blouse this season is especially significant. Simply tailored blouses like the one shown below to the right in the illustration are indispensable with your tweeds. This model, a Lelong creation, is tailored of a heavy ecru silk crepe in rich deep red. It has a tucked shirt front fastened

with leather thongs that clasp into girth "croquet wickets."

Collarless jacket suits frequently have the jacket lined in the same silk print (jacket is often reversible) as fashions the blouse. Dotted silks are the rage for this sort of styling. If it is something out of the ordinary you are wanting to fit into the scheme of things take note of the stunning "bib blouse" pictured to the left below. It classifies under ingenue or schoolgirl type, which does not mean that it is restricted to teen-age wear, for it's the fashion to wear young looking clothes this spring that belie age counted in years. The clever big effect is achieved via an insert of bold big dots contrasting the tiny-dot-print.

The revival of the ornate dressy blouse reflects the influence of the gay nineties. See the model in the upper left corner of the picture. In creating this lady-type blouse for dinner or cocktail hours Lanvin alternates bands of black silk georgette and val lace finishing it off with highband neck and turnover collar.

The revival of the white blouse with the dark suit is one of fashion's top-most highlights. The Gibson girl blouse pictured above to the right is in white silk organdy with lace-trimmed jabot coming high at the neck. The bishop sleeve with its lace-trimmed frill at the wrists give this blouse the new look that is copied from the old.

For the be-frilled and lace edged, tucked and finely hand-worked white blouse now so fashionable, thin silks such as silk organdy or silk triple sheers that will wash well and keep their whiteness are highly recommended.

Perhaps the biggest sensation in the present vogue is the white peasant blouse with full-to-the-wrist long sleeves that gather into a tight band such as are worn with the very new gypsy skirts fashioned of vivid striped or plaid silk. For this blouse, designers use washable white silk chiffon or white silk organdy with gratifying results.

In the color madness that has gripped the world of fashion blouses are playing a dramatic role. Surah silk is a great favorite, printed or plain, stressing chaireuse, fuchsia, yellow gold, rust, violet, mustard and citrus color.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### Cloque Organdy



A multi-color floral print cloque organdy with a permanent crinkle that won't come out in the wash makes this lovely and practical dress for a little girl.

The round ruffled collar is of white organdy inset and edged with val lace to match the lace edge finish of the puffed sleeves. The velvet ribbon sash is of soft blue to harmonize with the deeper blue background of the print. There will be quantities of cloque printed organdy used during the coming months.

### New Hairdress Is Becoming Popular

A new hairdress covers the entire head in flat curls that remind of a boyish bob. It is very youthful and is referred to as the "little girl" hairdress. The high-do for hair is seen less in the daytime but still persists for formal occasion. At the immediate moment hair worn page-boy fashion is popular. A pleasing compromise is the arrangement that brings curls or puffs up to the front in somewhat of a pompadour effect, with the almost shoulder-length end-curl bob at the back.

## TIPS to Gardeners

### Fertilizer Usage

GARDENS can't go on producing excellent flowers and vegetables year after year without an application of fertilizer now and then. Because stable manure is difficult to obtain, a complete commercial fertilizer recommended by your dealer will prove most satisfactory. Before applying fertilizer, however, give consideration to a few simple, practical hints.

First, be cautious! Never apply fertilizer recklessly or over-abundantly. Don't be like the man who saw a neighbor get good results from a sparing use of fertilizer. He proceeded to apply 10 times as much, but expecting 10 times as good results—but his garden proved worthless.

Broadcast the complete fertilizer over the soil 10 days before planting, using about three pounds per square rod. Three or four weeks after planting, if the garden seems a bit backward, apply a side dressing. Sprinkle fertilizer lightly alongside the rows, about six inches from the plants; then cultivate. Apply only from one to two pounds per square rod of garden.

## GAS SO BAD CROWDS HEART

"My bowels were so sluggish and my stomach so bad I was just miserable. Sometimes gas bloated me until it crowded my heart. I tried Adierka. Oh, what relief! The first dose worked like magic. Adierka removed the gas and waste matter and my stomach felt so good."—Mrs. E. A. Mahan. If gas in your stomach and bowels blows you up until you gasp for breath, take a tablespoonful of Adierka and notice how the stomach GAS is relieved almost at once. Adierka often moves the bowels in less than two hours. Adierka is BOTH carminative and cathartic, carminatives to warm and soothe the stomach and expel GAS, cathartics to clear the bowels and relieve intestinal nerve pressure. Recommended by many doctors for 35 years. Get genuine Adierka today. Sold at all drug stores.

Clever Men  
Clever men are good, but they are not the best.—Carlyle.

## History REPEATS Itself!



Twenty-five years of scientific research made it possible for Quaker State, in 1914, to produce the only motor oil which successfully lubricated the hottest running motor of its time... the Franklin Air-cooled engine. Twenty-five more years of research enables Acid-Free Quaker State Motor Oil to meet the most difficult problems of lubricating the 1939 models. Insure the performance of your new car! Use Acid-Free Quaker State regularly. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

## Cottons Have New Roles This Spring

Cottons have new roles in the creation of spring fashions. Pique and linen, for example, are used for white toques and sailors to wear with navy blue suits. These fabrics also are important for collar and cuff sets that are attached to dark evening dresses. Gloves also are being made of these washable materials.

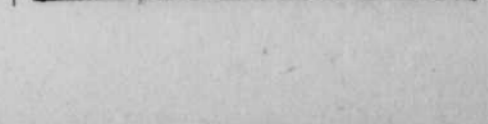
Gingham accents are equally as popular and unusual in their application to newest costumes. Plaid gingham pipings appear as trimming on navy blue reefer suits and also make matching blouses.

### A Town Bag for You

One of the new handbags in rough straw braid is a navy town bag in plain rectangular shape with thick base, having a heavy gold chain around it near the top to simulate drawstrings.

### Novelty Belts Popular

Novelty belts for your plainest, trimmest dresses are always in demand.



Retail price 35¢ per quart