

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

© PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY—WNU SERVICE

## THE STORY SO FAR

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 Delafeld 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. Later he found a bag she had left in the car, containing a diamond ring on which was inscribed "Del to Edith—Forever." He knew then that his passenger had been Edith Towne. Already he was half way in love with her. That night he discussed the matter with Jane, and they called her uncle, worldly, sophisticated Frederick Towne. He visited them at their home, delighted with Jane's simplicity.

## CHAPTER III

Edith Towne had lived with her Uncle Frederick nearly four years when she became engaged to Delafeld Simms. Her mother was dead, as was her father. Frederick was her father's only brother, and had a big house to himself, after his mother's death. It seemed the only haven for his niece, so he asked her, and asked also his father's cousin, Annabel Towne, to keep house for him, and chaperone Edith.

Annabel was over sixty, and rather indefinite, but she served to play propriety, and there was nothing else demanded of her in Frederick's household of six servants. She was a dried-up and desiccated person, with fixed ideas of what one owed to society. Frederick's mother had been like that, so he did not mind. He rather liked to think that the woman of his family kept to old ideals. It gave to things an air of dignity.

Edith, when she came, was different. So different that Frederick was glad that she had three more years at college before she would spend the winters with him. The summers were not hard to arrange. Edith and Annabel adjourned to the Towne Cottage on an island in Maine—and Frederick went up for weekends and for the month of August. Edith spent much time out-of-doors with her young friends. She was rather fond of her Uncle Fred, but he did not loom large on the horizon of her youthful occupations.

Then came her winter at home, and her consequent engagement to Delafeld Simms. It was because of Uncle Fred that she became engaged. She simply didn't want to live with him any more. She felt that Uncle Fred would be glad to have her go, and the feeling was mutual. She was an elephant on his hands. Naturally, he was a great old dear, but he was a Turk. He didn't know it, of course. But his ideas of being master of his own house were perfectly archaic. Cousins Annabel and the servants, and everybody in his office simply hung on his words, and Edith wouldn't hang. She came into his bachelor Paradise like a rather troublesome Eve, and demanded her share of the universe. He didn't like it, and there you were.

It was really Uncle Fred who wanted her to marry Delafeld Simms. He talked about it a lot. At first Edith wouldn't listen. But Delafeld was persistent and patient. He came gradually to be as much of a part of her everyday life as the meals she ate or the car she drove. Uncle Fred was always inviting him. He was forever on hand, and when he wasn't she missed him.

They felt for each other, she decided, the thing called "love." It was not, perhaps, the romance which one found in books. But she had been taught carefully at college to distrust romance. The emphasis had been laid on the transient quality of adolescent emotion. One married for the sake of the race, and one chose, quite logically, with one's head instead, as in the old days, with the heart.

So there you had it. Delafeld was eligible. He was healthy, had brains enough, an acceptable code of morals—and was willing to let her have her own way. If there were moments when Edith wondered if this program was adequate to wedded bliss, she put the thought aside. She and Delafeld liked each other no end. Why worry?

And really at times Uncle Fred was impossible. His mother had lived until he was thirty-five, she had adored him, and had passed on to Cousin Annabel and to the old servants in the house the formula by which she had made her son happy. Her one fear had been that he might marry. He was extremely popular, much sought after. But he had kept his heart at home. His sweetheart, he had often said, was silver-haired and over sixty. He basked in her approbation; was soothed and sustained by it.

Then she had died, and Edith had come, and things had been different. The difference had been demonstrated in a dozen ways. Edith was pleasantly affectionate, but she didn't yield an inch. "Dear Uncle Fred," she would ask, when they disagreed on matters of manners or morals, or art or athletics, or religion or the lack of it, "isn't my opinion as good as yours?"

"Apparently my opinion isn't worth anything." "Oh, yes it is—but you must let me have mine."

Yet, as time went on, he learned that Edith's faults were tempered by her fastidiousness. She did not confuse liberty and license. She neither smoked nor drank. There was about her dancing a fine and stately quality which saved it from sensuousness. Yet when he told her things, there was always that irritating shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, well, I'm not a rowdy—you know that. But I like to play around."

His pride in her grew—in her burnished hair, the burning blue of her eyes, her great beauty, the fineness of her spirit, the integrity of her character.

Yet he sighed with relief when she told him of her engagement to Delafeld Simms. He loved her, but none the less he felt the strain of her presence in his establishment. It would be like sinking back into the luxury of a feather bed, to take up the old life where she had entered it.

And Edith, too, welcomed her emancipation. "When I marry you," she told Delafeld, "I am going to



"Bob is utterly at sea."

break all the rules. In Uncle Fred's house everything runs by clockwork, and it is he who winds the clock."

Their engagement was one of mutual freedom. Edith did as she pleased, Delafeld did as he pleased. They rarely clashed. And as the wedding day approached, they were pleasantly placid.

Delafeld, dictating a letter one day to Frederick Towne's stenographer, spoke of his complacency. He was writing to Bob Sterling, who was to be his best man, and who shared his apartment in New York. Delafeld was an orphan, and had big money interests. He felt that Washington was tame compared to the metropolis. He and Edith were to live one block east of Fifth Avenue, in a house that he had bought for her.

When he was in Washington he occupied a desk in Frederick's office. She had Logan took his dictation. She had been for several years with Towne. She was twenty-three, well-groomed, and self-possessed. She had slender, flexible fingers, and Delafeld liked to look at them. She had soft brown hair, and her profile, as she bent over her book, was clear-cut and composed.

"Edith and I are great pals," he dictated. "I rather think we are going to hit it off famously. I'd hate to have a woman hang around my neck. And I want you for my best man. I know it is asking a lot, but it's just once in a lifetime, old chap."

Lucy wrote that and waited with her pencil poised.

"That's about all," said Delafeld. Lucy shut up her book and rose. "Wait a minute," Delafeld decided. "I want to add a postscript."

Lucy sat down.

"By the way," Delafeld dictated, "I wish you'd order the flowers at Tolley's. Write orchids for Edith of course. He'll know the right thing for the bridesmaids—I'll get Edith to send him the color scheme—"

here. 'Anything but orchids—she doesn't like them.'"

"But I've been sending her orchids every week."

"Perhaps she didn't want to tell you—"

"And you think I should have something else for the wedding bouquet?"

"I think she might like it better. There was a faint flush on her cheek."

"What would you suggest?"

"I can't be sure what Miss Towne would like."

"What would you like?" intently she considered it seriously—her slender fingers clasped on her book.

"I think," she told him, finally, "that if I were going to marry a man I should want what he wanted."

He laughed and leaned forward.

"Good heavens, are there any women like that left in the world?"

Her flush deepened, she rose and went towards the door. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything."

His voice changed. "Indeed, I am glad you did." He had risen and now held the door open for her. "We men are stupid creatures. I should never have found it out for myself."

She went away, and he sat there thinking about her. Her impersonal manner had always been perfect, and he had found her little flush charming.

It was because of Lucy Logan, therefore, that Edith had white violets instead of orchids in her wedding bouquet. And it was because, too, of Lucy Logan, that other things happened. Three of Edith's bridesmaids were house-guests. Their names were Rosalind, Helen and Margaret. They had, of course, last names, but these have nothing to do with the story. They had been Edith's classmates at college, and she had been somewhat democratic in her selection of them.

"They are perfect dears, Uncle Fred. I'll have three cave-dwellers to balance them. Socially, I suppose, it will be a case of sheep and goats, but the goats are—darling."

They were, however, the six of them, what Delafeld called a bunch of beauties. Their bridesmaid gowns were exquisite—but unobtrusive. The color scheme was blue and silver—and the flowers, forget-me-nots and sweet peas. "It's a bit old-fashioned," Edith said, "but I hate sensational effects."

Neither the sheep nor the goats agreed with her. Their ideas were different—the goats holding out for something impressionistic, the sheep for ceremonial splendor.

There was to be a wedding breakfast at the house. Things were therefore given over early to the decorators and caterers, and coffee and rolls were served in everybody's room.

When the wedding bouquet arrived Edith sought out her uncle in his study on the second floor.

"Look at this," she said; "how in the world did it happen that he sent white violets? Did you tell him, Uncle Fred?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Cross my heart."

They had had their joke about Del's orchids. "If he knew how I hated them," Edith would say, and Uncle Fred would answer, "Why don't you tell him?"

But she had never told, because after all it didn't much matter, and if Delafeld felt that orchids were the proper thing, why muddle up his mind with her preferences?

The wedding party was assembled in one of the side rooms. Belated guests trickled in a thin stream towards the great doors that opened and shut to admit them to the main auditorium. A group of servants, laden with wraps, stood at the foot of the stairs. As soon as the process-

ion started they would go up into the gallery to view the ceremony.

In the small room was almost overpowering fragrance. The bridesmaids, in the filtered light, were a blur of rose and blue and white. There was much laughter, the sound of the organ through the thick walls.

Then the ushers came in.

"Where's Del?"

"The bridegroom was, it seemed, delayed. They waited."

"Shall we telephone, Mr. Towne?" someone asked at last.

Frederick nodded. He and his niece stood apart from the rest. Edith was smiling but had little to say. She seemed separated from the others by the fact of the approaching mystery.

The laughter had ceased; above the whispers came the tremulous echo of the organ.

The usher who had gone to the telephone returned and drew Towne aside.

"There's something queer about it. I can't get Del or Bob. They may be on the way. But the clerk seemed reticent."

"I'll go to the phone myself," said Frederick. "Where is it?"

But he was saved the effort, for someone, watching at the door, said, "Here they come," and the room seemed to sigh with relief as Bob Sterling entered.

No one was with him, and he wore a worried frown.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Towne?" he asked.

Edith was standing by the window looking out at the old churchyard. The uneasiness which had infected the others had not touched her. Slender and white she stood waiting. In a few minutes Del would walk up the aisle with her and they would be married. In her mind that program was as fixed as the stars.

And now her uncle approached and said something. "Edith, Del isn't coming—"

"Is he ill?"

"I wish to heaven he were dead."

"What do you mean, Uncle Fred?"

"I'll tell you—presently, but we must get away from this—"

His glance took in the changed scene. A blight had swept over those high young heads. Two of the bridesmaids were crying. The ushers had withdrawn into a huddled group. The servants were staring—uncertain what to do.

Somebody got Briggs and the big car to the door.

Shut into it, Towne told Edith: "He's backed out of it. He left—this." He had a note in his hand.

"It was written to Bob Sterling. Bob was with him at breakfast time, and when he came back, this was on Del's dresser."

She read it, her blue eyes hot:

"I can't go through with it, Bob. I know it's a rotten trick, but time will prove that I am right. And Edith will thank me.

"Del."

She crushed it in her hand.

"Where has he gone?"

"South, probably, on his yacht."

"Wasn't there any word for me?"

"No."

"Is there any other—woman?"

"It looks like it. Bob is utterly at sea. So is everybody else."

All of her but her eyes seemed frozen. The great bouquet lay at her feet where she had dropped it. Her hands were clenched.

Towne laid his hand on hers. "My dear—it's dreadful."

"Don't—"

"Be sorry?"

"But he's a cur—"

## May Replace Chestnut Trees Killed by Disease

The slopes of the Appalachians are spotted with ghost forests.

Little more than a generation ago, perhaps, the most characteristic tree of the region was the chestnut. It was taken as a matter of course.

About 1904 an Oriental fungus known as endothonia parasitica appeared on the trees in New England. It spread rapidly through the entire chestnut region, attacking the bark, girdling the trunk, and killing the trees. There was nothing to be done about it. The spores of this fungus were extremely light, so that every little breeze wafted them into new regions.

Today probably 95 per cent of the chestnuts are gone. The few left, which have escaped largely by accident, are doomed. But a few years ago a few healthy trees were transported bodily to the campus of the North Carolina State college at Raleigh, 200 miles from their usual habitat and away from the path of the blight.

For four years, according to a report, writes Thomas R. Henry in the Washington Star, they have escaped infection and remain healthy and thriving. It is hoped that they will live to become the ancestors of other great chestnut forests when

all the trees in the mountains have been killed and the fungus goes with them because it will have nothing more to live on.

Meanwhile a series of co-operative experiments is being undertaken by the college and the department of agriculture in an effort to discover a preventative for the blight. A variety of chestnut in Japan and another in China have been found which appear resistant, but they are inferior to the American variety. However, a few are being grown on the Raleigh campus side by side with the fugitives from the Appalachians and efforts, thus far unsuccessful, are being made to produce crosses which will retain the fungus-resisting qualities.

**West Indian Mahogany**

West Indian mahogany was the first discovered and the first used in England and in the American colonies. Today Cuba supplies commercial quantities while lesser amounts are produced in Santo Domingo. The West Indian mahogany is generally held to be the finest of the mahoganies, being heavier, fine textured and of beautiful color and figure. It is used principally in making reproductions of Eighteenth century chair—

## Hats With Veiling Galore Are in a Capricious Mood

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



## MILLINERY has indeed come

into its own this spring. The new hats are everything a spring hat should be—the most refreshingly springlike hats that have graced fashion's stage for many a season. In them romance in millinery has been recaptured.

The very ecstasy of spring breathes through the flowers that bedeck the pretty straws and through the ribbons and fantastic scarf trimmings on colorful felts and suedes, likewise through the dainty lace and immaculate lingerie trims, new this season, and through the glorified spring colorings and beyond all the final touch of charm is achieved via mists of frivolous whimsical veiling that swirls and whirls and cuts pretty capers throughout the entire picture.

You can be as choosy as you like in selecting your spring bonnet. Whether you decide on one of the very new and amusing elfish tall crowns that style the latest models or whether you declare in favor of a crownless type, whether your hat be huge of brim or have no brim at all (flower toques with pert bon colored veils are quite the rage) whether it be a breton or Gibson girl sailor you choose, or if you are ultra enough to want one of the very smart Paris-inspired bonnet types that tie under the chin, no matter in what direction fancy leads you, you can't go wrong in fashion's eyes.

New in crowns is the postilion. See it pictured in the group to the left above. This model in miniature blue (an attractive blue featured this season) felt is trimmed with contrasting plaid taffeta ribbon and an allover crisp blue veil. Plaids and stripes have invaded the millinery world with great display. Hat and bag sets of striking plaids or stripes are among the fetching con-

ditions that tune to the enthusiasm shown for high color.

Veilings galore are enlivening the millinery scene this spring. The hat without a veil is the exception rather than the rule. In arranging veils you are supposed to do just as fancy dictates, the more whimsical, the more erratic, the more altogether adorably irresponsible so far as following form and conventions, the smarter.

Navy is classic for spring suits, coats and dresses. The navy blue hat of chic peach-basket variety shown below to the left in the picture is topped off with a cluster of soft pink ribbon bows nestled inside the top of the crown. A sheer navy veil is draped around the crown with ends flying in the back. This model is also available in other fashionable color combinations.

Black hats with colorful accents are an accepted mode for dressy spring wear. The crown of the black felt Watteau, shown above to the right, is sprightly decked with chartreuse and fuchsia flowers. The big bow at the back is of stiff chartreuse veiling.

With her black lace afternoon dress Hildegarde, glamorous American radio songstress, wears a black felt turban with bright Tuscan straw brim as pictured below to the right in the group.

The newer shallow-crowned bretons stress forward moving slightly rolled brims higher at the back than front as pictured in the inset below. This charming model is a Pixie green felt with contrasting veil and ribbon band in navy. It is also seen in various other color combinations.

© Western Newspaper Union.

## Bouquet Bracelets

Newest fashion whimsy is to wear bouquet bracelets matched to the color of your nails. Flowers on a band of velvet that are matched to nail-polish shades will make your hands the talk of the card table. Flowers in fuchsia are matched to fuchsia polish, pale faun-pink buds are matched to regency, tulip nails match tiny tulips. Winning hands at beauty as well as at card table may be graced with dainty orchids at each wrist as pictured.

**Aromatic Earrings**

Perfumed earrings are a recent whimsy. They come in the form of tiny metal flowers, in color to match your ensemble. The perfume fragrance rises through a gold mesh center from a wad of cotton inserted below.

**Checked Costume**

It is considered smart this season to have at least one Shepherd's checked costume in the wardrobe.

**Shells for Lapels**

Tiny bouquets of flowers are made entirely of shells and are to be worn in your lapel.

**Silk for Action**

Washable and noncrushable silks for active sportswear have been endorsed by Paris.

**As Good as New**

A softly shirred chiffon blouse in lilac or fuchsia will help to carry your black suit right on into spring.

**Combining Jacket Being Modernized**

The fussy "combining jacket" that mother used to wear has been superseded by a trim rubber cape which has many other uses besides keeping stray hairs from settling on a clean dress or blouse. Slipped on and off in a jiffy, it is ideal for repairing complexions and for washing up at odd moments when there isn't time to disrobe.

One of the newest make-up capes on the market has a little pocket in the form of a flower for holding hair pins, powder puff, or comb. The soft rubberized fabric takes to soap and water like a dish cloth, thus making it possible to keep its delicate pastel colors flower-fresh.

**Fashion Designers Turn Lilac-Minded**

Each season this flower or that flower is especially featured. Paris milliners have turned lilac-minded this spring, either trimming with lilac clusters or in some instances making toques and even tiny sailor hats of them. Wear a lilac spray on your dark or light coat, it is one of the popular flowers of the moment in fashion's realm. Carnations are also worn.

**Overlive Remarks**

When men speak ill of thee, live so as nobody may believe them.—Plato.

## That Nagging Backache

**May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action**

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, ill worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to get rid of excess poisonous body waste. They are antiseptic to the urinary tract and tend to relieve irritation and the pain it causes. Many grateful people recommend Doan's. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Live Stock Commission

**BYERS BROS & CO.**

A Real Live Stock Com. Firm

At the Omaha Market

## FARM LANDS

45 AC. DIVERSIFIED FARM—25 ac. cult. Mod. home, Nec. equipment, pumping plant, cows, chickens included. 1/4 mile to town. Elderly age. \$7,500. A. C. SHIVES, TOLEDO, WASH.

40 AC. DIVERSIFIED FARM—1/4 miles town, Farm 20 ac. cult. Mod. farm, home, Nec. equipment, 5 head stock, Water system, orchard, Elderly, \$5,025. A. C. SHIVES, TOLEDO, WASH.

## OPPORTUNITY

TWO MEN WANTED TO STAKE GOLD MINING CLAIMS. Excellent opportunity. Not a stock selling proposition. Write A. DAVISON, WEST BEND, WISCONSIN.

## Lovely Bedsread of Filet Crochet Squares

Extra lovely—this lacy spread—but yours at no extra cost save that of this simple pattern and the 10-inch filet square, repeated, makes 100 of this loveliness! In spread or cloth—use only four for a square doilie or an inset for a cloth. Pattern 1499 contains directions and a chart for making the square shown and joining it to make a variety of articles; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

## Absence of a Friend

I am the better acquainted with you for absence, as men are with themselves for affliction: absence does but hold off a friend to make one see him truly.—Pope.

## CONSTIPATED?

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels

If you think all laxatives are alike, just try this all vegetable laxative, no milk, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headache, biliousness, tired feeling when up, upset nervous and moody spirit.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—long if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the money, plus postage.

Price, 25c. Write for FREE INFORMATION.

Get NR Tablets today.

ALWAYS BUY FROM THE MANUFACTURER'S OFFICE

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES

DR. J. C. HAYES