

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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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 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. Later he found a "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. He told them Edith's story. Because her uncle desired it, Edith Towne had accepted Delafield Simms, whom she liked but did not love.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"It doesn't do any good to call him names, Uncle Fred."
"I think you must look upon it as a great escape, Edith."
"Escape from what?"
"Unhappiness."
"Do you think I can ever escape from the thought of this?" The strong sweep of her arm seemed to indicate her bridal finery.
He sat in unhappy silence, and suddenly she laughed. "I might have known when he kept sending me orchids. When a man loves a woman he knows the things she likes."

It was then that Towne made his mistake. "You ought to thank your lucky stars—"

She blazed out at him, "Uncle Fred, if you say anything more like that—it's utterly idiotic. But you won't face facts. Your generation never does. I'm not in the least thankful. I'm simply furious."

There was an hysterical note in her voice, but he was unconscious of the tension. She was not taking it in the least. She was wishing she might. She should have wept on his shoulder. Melted to tears he might have soothed her. But there were no tears in those blue eyes.

She trod on her flowers as she left the car. Looking straight ahead of her she ascended the steps. Within everything was in readiness for the wedding festivities. The stairway was terraced with hydrangeas, pink and white and blue. In the drawing-room were rose garlands with floating ribbons. And there was a vista of the dining-room—with the caterer's men already at their posts.

Except for these men, a maid or two—and a detective to keep his eye on things, the house was empty. Everybody had gone to the wedding, and presently everybody would come back. The house would be stripped, the flowers would fade, the caterers would carry away the wasted food.

Edith stopped at the foot of the stairs. "How did they announce it at the church?"

"That it had been postponed. It was the only thing to do at the moment. Of course there will be newspaper men. We'll have to make up a story—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. Tell them the truth, Uncle Fred. That I'm not—wanted, that I was kept—waiting at the church. Like the heroine in a movie."

She stood on the steps above him, looking down. She was as white as her dress.

"I don't want to see anybody. I don't mind losing Del. He doesn't count. He isn't worth it. But can you imagine that any man—any man, Uncle Fred, could have kept me—waiting?"

The thing that Frederick Towne got out of his niece's flight was this. "She wouldn't let anybody sympathize with her. Simply locked the door of her room, and in the morning she was gone. It has added immeasurably to the gossip."

His listeners had, however, weighed him in the balance of understanding and sympathy, and had found him wanting. The youth in them sided with Edith. But none of this showed in their manner. They were polite and hospitable to the last. Frederick, ushered out into the storm by Baldy, still saw Jane like a bird, warm in her nest.

By morning the violence of the storm had spent itself. But it was still bitterly cold. The snow was blue beneath the leaden sky. The chickens, denied their accustomed promenade, ate and drank and went to sleep again in the strange dusk. Merrymaid and the kitten having poked their noses into the frigid atmosphere withdrew to the snug haven of a basket beneath the kitchen stove. Sophy sent word that her rheumatism was worse, and that she could not come over. Jane, surveying the accumulated piles of dishes, felt a sense of unusual depression. While Frederick Towne had talked last night she had caught a glimpse of his world—the great house—six servants—gay girls in the glamour of good clothes, young men who matched the girls, money men to meet every emergency—a world in which nobody had to wash dishes—or make soup out of Sunday's roast.

She was cheered a bit, however, by the announcement that her brother had decided to stay home from the office.

"I'll have a try at that magazine cover—"

Her spirits rose. "Wouldn't it be utterly perfect if you got the prize—?"

"Not much chance. The thing I need is a good model—"

"And I won't do it" with some wistfulness.

They had talked of it before. Baldy refused to see possibilities in Jane. "Since you bobbed your hair, you're too modern—"

"Editors like 'em modern, don't they?"

But his thoughts had winged themselves to that other woman whom his fancy painted in a thousand poses.

"If Edith Towne were here—I'd put her on a marble bench beside a sapphire sea—"

"I'll bet you couldn't get an editor in the world to look at it. Sapphire seas and classic ladies are a million years behind the times—"

"They are never behind the times—"

Jane shrugged, and changed the subject. "Darling—if you'll put your mind to mundane things for a moment. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, the Follettes are to dine with us, and we haven't any turkey."

"Why haven't we?"

"You were to get it when you went to town, and now you're not going—"

"I am not—not for all the turkeys in the world. We can have roast chickens. That's simple enough, Janey."

"It may seem simple to you. But who's going to cut off their heads?"

"Sophy," said Baldy. Having killed Germans in France he refused further slaughter.

"Sophy has the rheumatism—"

"Oh, well, we can feast our souls—"

Jane leaned back in her chair and looked at him. "Your perfectly poetic solution may satisfy you, but it won't feed the Follettes."

With some irritation, therefore, he promised, if all else failed, to himself decapitate the fowls. "But your mind, Jane, never soars above food—"

Jane, with her chin in her hands, considered this. "A woman," she said, "who keeps house for a poet—must anchor herself to something. Perhaps I'm like a captive balloon—if you cut the cable, I'll shoot straight up to the skies—"

She smiled that thought of herself, and looked over it, after Baldy had left her. She wondered if the cable would ever be cut. If the captive balloon would ever soar.

So she went about her simple tasks, putting the bone on to boil for soup, preparing the vegetables for it—wondering what she would have for dessert—with all his scorn of domestic details, Baldy was apt to be fastidious about his sweets—and coming finally to her sweeping and dusting in the front part of the house.

The telephone rang and she answered it. Evans was at the other end of the wire.

"Mother wants to speak to you."

Mrs. Follette asked if she might change her plans for Thanksgiving. "Will you and your brother dine with us, instead of our coming to you? Our New York cousins find that they have the day free, unexpectedly. They had been asked to a house party in Virginia, but their hostess has had to postpone it on account of illness."

"Is it going to be very grand? I haven't a thing to wear."

"Don't be foolish, Jane. You always look like a lady."

"Thank you, Mrs. Follette." Jane hoped that she didn't look as some ladies look. But there were, of course, others. It was well for her at the moment, that Mrs. Follette could not see her eyes.

"And I thought," went on the unconscious m. tron, "that if you were not too busy, you might go with Evans to the grove and get some greens. I'd like the house to look attractive. Is the snow too deep?"

"Not a bit. When will he come?"

she had a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror. She wore a one-piece lilac cotton frock—with a small square apron, and an infinitesimal bib. It was a nice-looking little frock, but that had had it for a million years. That was the way with all her clothes. The suit she was going to put on had been dyed. It had been white in its first incarnation. It was now brown. There was no telling its chromatic future.

She heard steps on the porch, and turned to open the door for Evans.

But it was not Evans. Briggs, Frederick Towne's chauffeur, stood there with a box in his arms. "Mr. Towne's compliments," he said, "and shall I set it in the hall?"

"Oh, yes, thank you." Her surprise brought the quick color to her cheeks. She watched him go back down the terrace, and enter the car, then she opened the box.

Beneath clouds of white tissue paper she came upon a long, low basket, heaped with grapes and tangerines, peaches and pomegranates. Tucked in between the fruits were shelled nuts in fluted paper cases, gleaming sweets in small glass jars, candied pineapples and cherries, bunches of fat raisins, stuffed dates and prunes.

Jane talked to the empty air. "How dear of him—"

The white tissue paper fell in drifts about her as she lifted the basket from the box.

There was a little note tied to the handle.

"Dear Miss Barnes: I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your hospitality last night—and you were good to listen to me with so much sympathy. I am hoping that you'll let me come again and talk about Edith. May I? And here's a bit of color for your Thanksgiving feast."

Gratefully always,
"Frederick Towne."

Jane stood staring down at the friendly words. It didn't seem with in reason that Frederick Towne meant that he wanted to come—to see her. And she really hadn't listened with sympathy. But—oh, of course, he could come. And it was heavenly to have a thing like this happen on a day like this.

As she straightened up with the basket in her hands, she saw herself again in the long mirror—a slender figure in green—bobbed black hair—golden and purple fruits. She gasped and gazed again. There was Baldy's picture ready to his hand—November! Against a background of gray—that glowing figure—Baldy could idealize her—make the wind blow her skirts a bit—give her a fluttering ribbon or two, a glorified loveliness.

She sought him in his studio. "I've got something to show you, darling-dear."

He was moody. "Don't interrupt me, Jane."

She rumped up his hair, which he hated. "Mr. Towne sent us some fruit, Baldy, and this." She held out the note to him.

He read it. "He doesn't say a word about me."

"No, he doesn't," her eyes were dancing; "Baldy, it's your little sister, Jane."

"You didn't do a thing but sit there and knit—"

"Perhaps he liked to see me—knitting—"

Baldy passed this over in puzzled silence.

"Where's the fruit?"

"In the house."
He rose. "I'll go in with you—"

He felt out of sorts, discouraged. The morning had been spent in sketching vague outlines—a sweep of fair hair under a blue hat—detached feet in shoes with shining buckles—a bag that hung in the air without hands. At intervals he had stood up and looked out at the blank snow and the dull sky. The room was warm enough, but he shivered. He suffered vicariously for Edith Towne. He had hoped that she might telephone. He had stayed home really for that.

"I have spent three hours doing nothing," he said, as he shut the door behind him; "not much encouragement in that."

"I have a model for you."
"Where?"

"I'll show you."

He followed her in, full of curiosity.

She showed him the fruit, then picked up the basket. "Look in the mirror, not at me," she commanded.

Reflected there in the clear glass, so still that she seemed fixed in print, Baldy really gave for the first time an artist's eye to the possibilities of his little sister. In the midst of all that crashing color—

"Gosh," he cried, "you're good-looking!"

His air of utter astonishment was too much for Jane. She set the basket on the steps, and laughed until she cried.

"I don't see anything funny," he told her.

"Well, you wouldn't, darling." He wiped her eyes with her little handkerchief, and sat up. "I am just dropping a tear for the ugly duckling."

"Have I made you feel like that?"

"Sometimes."

Their lighted-up eyes met, and suddenly he leaned down and touched her cheek—a swift caress. "You're a little bit of all right, Janey," which was great praise from Baldy.

CHAPTER IV

Mrs. Follette had been born in Maryland with a tradition of aristocratic blood. It was this tradition which had upheld her through years of poverty after the Civil war. A close scanning of the family tree might have disclosed ancestors who had worked with their hands. But these, Mrs. Follette's family had chosen to ignore in favor of one grandfater who had held Colonial office, and who had since been magnified into a personage.

Mr. Follette, during his lifetime, had walked a mile each morning to take the train at Sherwood Park, and had walked back a mile each night, until at last he had tired of two peripatetic miles a day, and of eight hours at his desk, and of eternally putting on his dinner coat when there was no one to see, and like old Baldwin Barnes, he had laid him down with a will.

At his death all income stopped, and Mrs. Follette had found herself on a somewhat lonely peak of exclusiveness. She could not afford to go with her richer neighbors, and she refused to consider Sherwood seriously. Now and then, however, she accepted invitations from old friends, and in return offered such simple hospitality as she could afford without self-consciousness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Archeologists Trace Man by Rings on Trees

The story of a thousand years of pre-history in the high watershed of the San Juan river has been dated by archeologists of the Carnegie institution of Washington by means of patient examination of annual tree rings preserved in the wood of ancient and long demolished dwellings, writes Thomas R. Henry in the Washington Star.

This region was the cradle of the great Pueblo culture, one of the greatest achieved in the New world, remnants of which persist in the Southwest today. By means of the tree-ring calendar the archeologists have been able to establish the following tentative dates, according to a report presented to trustees of the institution:

First occupancy—Just prior to 300 A. D.
First pottery making—About 475 A. D.

Invasion and conquest by an alien people—About 800 A. D.
The Golden age of Pueblo culture—From 1050 to 1275 A. D.

Abandonment of the region—About 1300.
The first settlers, the Carnegie archeologists found, were short people with long skulls, who camped in the open, but on occasionally constructed flimsy, single-room huts of sticks and mud. Their only clothing consisted of loin cloths, sandals and shoulder wraps of fur-wrapped cord. They apparently were typical savages, delighting in color. Their bod-

ies were richly adorned with beads and shell pendants. They had not yet learned the use of the bow and arrow. Instead they hurled darts with a more primitive instrument, the spear thrower.

These were the Basket Makers. They were, for the most part, hunters, and skillfully fashioned spear points from the hard quartz. Around their camps they cultivated some corn and pumpkins. Slowly they evolved toward a sort of civilization, presumably brought about by their increasing dependence on agriculture. Beans were added to their basic crops. The villages tended to become more permanent. The brush but gave way for a single-room dwelling made of posts heavily coated with mud. They learned the use of the bow and how to make pots out of clay.

Happiness

The happiness of today is so important as the happiness of tomorrow. You cannot postpone your enjoyments and lump them in one mass to take them after you have gained a certain position or won a fortune. You must take them, if you take them at all, as you go along. The capacity to enjoy is not a constant element in human life. There comes a time when desire fails. A man may deliberately sacrifice his enjoyments and reap thereby great moral advantage, but he cannot postpone them.

Fashionable Silks Stress Plaids, Stripes and Checks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



also will the dotted patternings. There's no end to stripes. They start pin-stripe size and continue to run the gamut into wide, wider, widest variations. To be had, are the prim and quaint Victorian stripes mostly just one color on white, or if you are style alert you'll want silks in the handsome wider director's stripes, or if you have gone gypsy as is the way of fashion this spring you will insist on stripes in vivacious coloring for a full skirt to wear with your new sheer white blouse. With your navy or black suit you'll be right in style if you wear a hat of Spanish stripe silk and carry a bag to match.

Simple stripes, one color on white, are quite a featured theme in the latest fashions. See the dress centered in the group. It is made of black and white striped taffeta. It has the old-fashioned look that is so decidedly new-fashioned for spring and summer 1939.

You will not be able to resist the new plaid silks such as fashions the stunning daytime dress pictured to the left in the foreground. Solid blocks of color form the plaid in this printed silk crepe dress. It's the last word in chic, is this striking and youthful dress with its swing skirt that measures yards and yards about the hemline. The bodice is draped and is detailed with a soft knotted bow. The lingerie touch is introduced by a band of white mousseline de soie, edging the neckline and the sleeves.

These plaid silks are just the thing for the blouse you will wear with your navy or black or the new navy-green suit that is causing such a furore in Paris. Caps and jackets lined with plaid silk are on the style program, too, as are also the new petticoats that are the style sensation of the moment.

Surah silk is big news. Paris dressmakers are making a big to-do about this silk, hailing its revival as one of the most significant fabric style trends this season. The new check surahs will delight you as

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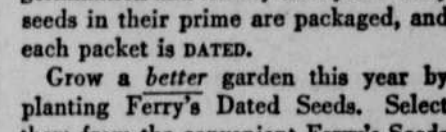
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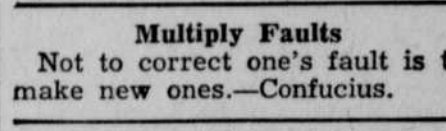
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Late Styles Turn To Tailored Suits

In the suit brigade for spring are large groups of very strictly tailored suits which have slightly longer than hip-length jackets and skirts that usually are gored or plaited. Jackets bound around with braid are frequently shown with such suits. They come in smooth twills or hard woollens, and are rather masculine-looking, but go with blouses which are so sweet, feminine, and dainty that they become girlish in effect.

Shirtwaist Frock Latest for Evening

The shirtwaist-and-skirt theme for evening has quite a following. Some gay spirits have concocted informal dinner gowns by adding a bishop-sleeved shirtwaist blouse of white silk or dotted chiffon to the long dark skirts of their evening tailors. Sometimes they link the two with a gay cummerbund.

Detachable Skirt Does Double Duty

Buy your new print frock or make it yourself as you will, but if you want it to do double duty see to it that you add a detachable skirt of dark silk crepe that has a wide crush corselet girdle that buttons about the waist, the skirt open to better advantage.

To Lend a Lacy Look

The importance of silk lace, not only as a trimming but for entire dresses, is an interesting new note struck by outstanding designers.

Cloque Organdy

