The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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faults furnished a perpetual topic.

They thought she might, but her

hospitable purpose was never ful-

They came up the path and Jane

Mr. Towne, and will you give him a

"Indeed, I will," Mrs. Allison

seemed to rise on wings of gratifica-

tion, "only it is chocolate and not

And Frederick said that he adored

chocolate, and presently Mrs. Alli-

son's little living-room was all in a

pleasant flutter; and over on Jane's

terrace, Evans Follette sat, a lonely

sentinel, and pondered on the limou-

sine, and the elegance of Jane's es-

Once old Sophy called to him,

"You'll ketch your death, Mr. Ev-

He shook his head and smiled at

her. A man who had lived through

a winter in the trenches thought

nothing of this. Physical cold was

clutched at his heart was the thing

were lights now in Mrs. Allison's

and eager, told each other in flash-

deserted at the altar. "You know,

my dear, the one who ran away."

When Jane said that she must be

pleasant things of her prettiness-

hinting of Towne's absorption in her.

had a way of making her feel im-

portant. And the adulation of the

across the street towards the little

house on the terrace, a gaunt figure

"Evans," Jane scolded, "you need

shouldn't sit out in such weather as

She presented him to Frederick.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Towne?"

old ladies added to her elation.

them.

this?"

"I'm not cold."

She laughed and sparkled. It was

that frightened him.

cup of tea?"

him to come over?"

and the lovely flowers.

THE STORY THUS 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 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 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. She disappeared immediately after the wedding was to have taken place. The next day Jane received a basket of fruit from Towne, and a note asking if he might call again. Mrs. Follette, widowed mother of Evans, was a woman of indomitable courage. Impoverished, she nevertheless managed to keep Evans and herself in comparative comfort by running a dairy farm. Evans, mentally depressed and disillusioned, had little self reliance and looked to his mother and Jane for guidance. Edith Towne phones Baldy in answer to an ad. She asked him to bring her pocketbook. Jane calls on Frederick Towne in his elaborate office.

CHAPTER V-Continued

Jane bought modestly and Mrs. Allison told them that the Briggs carried her parcels. He even | young Baldwins had dined at Castle made a suggestion as to the cut of Manor on Thanksgiving. And that the steak. His father, it seemed, there had been other guests. had been a butcher.

They drove back then for Frederick. Briggs went up for him, and boy on her hands?" returned to say that Mr. Towne would be down in a moment.

Frederick was, as a matter of fact, finishing a letter to Delafield Simms:

"I am assuming that you will get filled, for as she stepped out on the your mail at the Poinciana, but I porch, a long, low limousine shall also send a copy to your New stopped in front of the house, and York office. Edith has asked me to out of it came Jane in all the glory return the ring to you. I shall hold of a great bunch of orchids, and it until I learn where it may be de- with a man by her side, whose elelivered into your hands.

"As for myself, I can only say this-that my first impulse was to kill you. But perhaps I am too civi- said, "Mrs. Allison, may I present lized to believe that your death would make things better. You must understand, of course, that you've put yourself beyond the pale of decent people."

Lucy's pencil wavered-a flush stained her throat and cheeks-then she wrote steadily, as Frederick's voice continued:

"You will find yourself blackballed by several of the clubs. Whatever your motive, the world sees no

He stopped. "Will you read that over again, Miss Logan?"

So Lucy read it-still with that hot flush on her cheeks, and when she had finished Frederick said, "You can lock the ring in the safe until I give you further instructions."

A clerk came in to say that the car was waiting, and presently Frederick Towne went away and Lucy was left alone in the great room, which was not to her a forest of adventure, as it had seemed to Jane, but a great prison where she tugged at her chains.

She thought of Delafield Simms sailing fast to southern waters. Of those purple seas-the blazing stars in the splendid nights. Delafield had told her of them. They had often talked together.

She turned the ring around on her finger, studying the carved figure. The woman with the butterfly wings was exquisite-but she did not know her name. She slipped the ring on the third finger of her left hand. Its diamonds blazed.

She locked it presently in the safe -then came back and read the letter which Towne had signed. She sealed it and stamped the envelope. Then she wrote a letter of her own. She made a little ring of her hair, and fastened it to the page. Beneath it she wrote, "Lucy to Del-forever." She kissed the words, held the crackling sheet against her heart. Her eyes were shining. The great room was no longer a prison. She saw beyond captivity to the open

Mrs. Allison and the three old ladies with whom Jane was to drink tea, were neighbors. Mrs. Allison lived alone, and the other three lived in the homes of their several sons and daughters. They played cards every Friday afternoon, and Jane always came over when Mrs. Allison entertained and helped her with the refreshments. They were very simple and pleasant old ladies with a nice sense of their own dignity.

At any rate, they had Jane. Some of the other young people scorned these elderly tea-parties, and if they came, were apt to show it in their manner. But Jane was never scornful. She always had the time of her life, and the old ladies felt particularly joyous and juvenile when she was one of them.

But this afternoon Jane was late Tea was always served promptly at four. And it happened that there were popovers. So, of course, they

"I telephoned to Sophy," said Mrs. Allison, "and Jane has gone to town. I suppose something has kept her. Anyhow we'll start in."

So the old ladies ate the popovers and drank hot sweet chocolate, and found them not as delectable as when Jane was there to share them. Things were, indeed, a bit dull, her up. Jane stood on the porch settles everywhere on the tops of fleet."

and watched him go down the steps. He waved to her when he reached his car.

"Oh, Evans," she said, "I've had such a day." They went into the house together.

Jane lighted the lamp. "Can't you dine with us?"

"I hoped you might ask me. Mother is staying with a sick friend. If I go home, I shall sup on bread and milk."

"Sophy's chops will be much better." She held her flowers up to him. "Isn't the fragrance heaven-

"Towne gave them to you?" She nodded. "Oh, I've been very grand and gorgeous-lunch at the Chevy Chase club-a long drive afterward-" she broke off. "Evans, you look half-frozen. Sit here by the They discussed Mrs. Follette, whose fire and get warm."

"I met both trains." "Evans-why will you do such things?"

"I wanted to see you."

"But you can see me any time-" "How can she afford it," was the "I cannot. Not when you are lunching with fashionable gentlemen unanimous opinion, "with that poor with gold-lined pocketbooks." He held out his hands to the blaze. "Do "He's sitting up there on the terrace," Mrs. Allison further informed | you like him?" them. "Do you think I'd better ask

"Mr. Towne? Yes, and I like the things he does for me. I had to pinch myself to be sure it was true." "If what was true?"

"That I was really playing around with the great Frederick Towne." "You talk as if he were conferring a favor."

She had her coat off now and her gance measured up to the limousine and the lovely flowers.

chair opposite him. "Evans," she said, "you're jealous." She was still vivid with the excitement of the afternoon, lighted up by it, her skin warmed into color by the swift flowing blood beneath.

"Well, I am jealous," he tried to smile at her, then went on with a touch of bitterness, "Do you know what I thought about as I sat watching the lights at Mrs. Allison's? ing his rags, a lonely thing, an ugly thing. Well, we're two of a kind, Jane, that scarecrow and I."

Her shocked glance stopped him. Evans, you don't know what you are saying."

He went on recklessly. "Well, after all, Jane, the thing is this. It's a man's looks and his money that count. I'm the same man inside of me that I was when I went away. You know that. You might have loved me. The thing that is left you don't love. Yet I am the same man-"

As he flung the words at her, her eyes met his steadily. "No," she said, "you are not the same man." "Why not?"

"The man of yesterday did not think-dark thoughts-"

The light had gone out of her as if he had blown it with a breath. "Jane," he said, unsteadily, "I am

sorry-" She melted at once and began to scold him, almost with tenderness. 'What made you look at the scarecrow? Why didn't you turn your back on him, or if you had to look, why didn't you wave and say, 'Cheer up, old chap, summer's coming, and you'll be on the job again'? To me there's something debonair in a scarecrow in summer-he dances

in the breeze and seems to fling defiance to the crows." He fell in with her mood. "But

his defiance is all bluff." "How do you know? If he keeps away a crow, and adds an ear of corn to a farmer's store-hasn't he fulfilled his destiny?"

way. I suppose you are hinting that | a lyre.' I can keep away a crow or two-'

"I'm not hinting, I am telling it straight out."

They heard Baldy's step in the old dear; stop it."

"And I took Briggs to market," her recital; "you should have seen "real sand." him. He carried my parcels-and offered advice-"

Miss Towne wanted?"

and I waited in the car while Mr. sheriff of Apache county in 1887. Towne had the bags packed. He wanted me to go in but I wouldn't. We brought her bags out with us." "Who's we?"

"Mr. Towne and I, myself," she added the spectacular details. "Do you mean that you've been

playing around with him all day?" "Not all day, Baldy. Part of it." "I'm not sure that I like it." "Why not?"

your head with ideas."

CHAPTER VI

Baldy Barnes faring forth to find Edith Towne on Sunday morning the O. K. corral in Tombstone. was a figure as old as the agesyouth in quest of romance.

It was very cold and the clouds were heavy with wind. But neither hat. She came and sat down in the | cold nor clouds could damp his ardor-at his journey's end was a lady with eyes of burning blue.

People were going to church as he came into the city and bells were ringing, but presently he rode again in country silences. He crossed the First in Yellowstone Park long bridge into Virginia and followed the road to the south.

speak so eloquently of history. Be-yond the town was another stretch

of road parallel to the broad stream, and at last an ancient roadside inn, of red brick, with a garden at the back, barren now, but in summer a tangle of bloom, with an expanse of reeds and water plants, extending out into the river, and a low spidery boat-landing, which showed black at this season above

For years the old inn had been deserted, until motor cars had brought back its vanished glories. Once more its wide doors were open. There was nothing pretentious about it. But Baldy knew its reputation for genuine hospitality.

He wondered how Edith had kept herself hidden in such a place. It was amazing that no one had dis- person, the boiling springs, towering covered her. That some hint of her geysers and strange mineral depospresence had not been given to the newspapers.

room upstairs. "I think," she said years ahead of them in risking exto him, as he came in, "that you are istence in a land where the earth trouble for me-"

"It isn't any trouble." His assurhis youth and inexperience, yet the men of the fort laughed at him words came to him, "And I didn't and told others what they thought such nice things?"

"I shall always say them to you. fy his discovery. And you mustn't mind. Really," Jane would have recognized returning confidence in that cock of the "Oh, if you want to put it that head, "I'm just a page-twanging

(TO BE CONTINUED)

easy to endure. The cold that Dust a Constant Enemy Throughout the Home

The early night came on. There house, and within was warmth and broad acres of our farm land, or, niture and the floors. But this, of laughter. The old ladies, excited resolved into its components, their course, is not nearly so apparent place may be the seashore, the coal to the homemaker. ing asides that Mr. Towne was the mine and a dozen or more organic great Frederick Towne. The one sources. Singly, all these range from whose name was so often in the papers, and his niece, Edith, had been ful, points out a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Merged as dust, and within the four walls of our homes, however, getting home, they pressed around it should be attacked wherever and her, sniffing her flowers, saying whenever it is encountered.

Dust is our constant and ubiquita joyous experience. Mr. Towne of which we are not readily aware.

When soot filters in around the edges of a loosely adjusted window As Frederick and Jane walked homemaker is quick to remove it, friend, the vacuum cleaner. but how many women stop to reflect that not all such soot remains on the rose from the top step and greeted | sill? Some surely sifts past the sill, drops onto the floor, and is not nearly so likely to get equally quick

a guardian. Don't you know that you and thorough attention. The same is true of all the finer

In the home, dust is misplaced window and door frames and on dirt. Its proper habitat may be the ceilings as well as on mantels, fur-

Suppose all the furnishings, upholstering and floor coverings of a the harmless to the downright harm- room were made in pure white! It 60-ton schooner, Argo, which set would take less than a day to conforth in 1753 under the command of vince even the most negligent house- Capt. Charles Swaine. Sailing in wife that there is constant need for March, the Argo encountered ice off the consistent use of her vacuum | Cape Farewell, but finally succeed-

Everyone knows, for instance, latter part of June. how soon white clothing soils, yet ous enemy, and the worst of it is dust and soot lodge just as consist- that Swaine was forced to give up that it is present in so many places ently on all the exposed surfaces in the attempt to penetrate further the home. It is simply that they westward and to turn back to the are not nearly so evident, which makes us forget the constant need examined the coast of Labrador beand settles on the sill, any careful for using our dependable family fore returning to Philadelphia where

Nelson's Prayer Before Battle Nelson's prayer before the battle of Trafalgar found in his diary October 21, 1805, was: "May the great God whom I worship grant to my country and for the benefit of Eudust that continually is sifting in rope in general a great and glorious through loose openings, or is being victory, and may no misconduct in carried in through doorways, or any one tarnish it, and may hucomes into the house from faulty manity after the victory be the pre-But he would not. He would call heating equipment. Furthermore, it dominant feature in the British

AMERICANS

Elmo Scott Watson

Long-Haired Sheriff

COMMODORE PERRY OWENS, born in Tennessee in 1852, went hall. Jane, rising, gave Evans' head to Texas in the early seventies and a pat as she passed him. "You are spent 11 years there as a cowboy thinking about yourself too much, before becoming foreman of a cow outfit in New Mexico. He wore his Baldy, ramping in, demanded a hair long-almost to his waist-and detailed account of Jane's adven- carried his six-shooter on his left side, the butt pointing forward. Old timers in the Southwest were doubtshe told him gleefully, midway of ful whether such a "show-off" had

They found out he did have when, singlehanded, he killed three Navajo Baldy had no ears for Briggs' at- Indian cattle thieves. Then the peotractions. "Did you get the things ple of northern Arizona decided he was the man to clean up the out-"We did. We went to the house laws in their section and elected him He broke up a band of 16 cattle

rustlers after killing Ike Clanton of Tombstone fame and two others and capturing his brother, Finn Clanton, leader of the gang.

But his greatest feat was his single-handed fight with four members of the Blevans gang, one of the factions in the famous Pleasant Valley war. In this fight, which took place in Holbrook, Perry killed three of "A man like that. He might fill the four, including Andy Cooper, one of Arizona's most dangerous gunfighters. It was one of the most ters in the history of the state, not net styles like this, in different coins) each. even excepting the famous fight at

> Refusing re-election as sheriff, Perry became a special agent for the Santa Fe railroad, later express messenger for Wells-Fargo and then a United States marshal. He gave up his man-hunting work in 1900 and became a business man in Seligman where he died in 1919.

WHAT an adventure it must have been for the first person It was early and he met few cars. who saw the Yellowstone! John Col-Yet had the way been packed with ter, who for three years had served motors, he would have still been in the famous Lewis and Clark ex-Well, as I came over today I passed alone in that world of imagination pedition, was the lucky man. He a snowy field—and there was a where he saw Edith Towne and that had just left the party and estabscarecrow in the midst of it, flutter- first wonderful moment of meeting. lished himself with the expedition So he entered Alexandria, pass- of Manuel Lisa from St. Louis who ing through the narrow streets that traveled up the Missouri river to

A fort was established at the Big Horn and John Colter was sent ahead to notify the red men. With courage typical of that period, he began his lone expedition into territory never before trod by even the most courageous trappers and pioneers of the time. Informed by the Indians that

ahead lay a territory that was bedeviled and that they would not penetrate it, his curiosity and his adventurous spirit impelled him to explore it. He was well rewarded for records show that, in 1808, he went through and then completely encircled what is now Yellowstone national park.

Alone, he saw before any other its. Not only was he a pioneer among white men, but more adven-He found her in a quaint sitting- turous than even the red men, being very good-natured to take all this trembled and groaned, spouted fire and hissed steam.

When Colter returned, he told ance was gone. With her hat off such an amazing story of smoking she was doubly wonderful. He felt pits and the smell of brimstone that do it for you, I did it for myself." were ridiculous stories of "Colter's She laughed. "Do you always say Hell." It was several years before anyone else had the courage to veri-

First Arctic Explorer BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is famous

for a long list of achievements but one more should be added to the list-that of patron of the first American voyage of Arctic exploration. Early in the Eighteenth century

the English parliament offered a reward of 20,000 pounds to anyone who proved the existence of the fabled Northwest Passage to Asia. A British expedition set out in 1746 and was gone for a year and a half but failed to find it.

Then Franklin became interested in the project. He helped outfit the ed in entering Hudson's strait in the

Here the ice packs were so high open sea again. He then carefully he arrived in November.

The next year he made a second voyage of discovery in the same vessel. Again he was unsuccessful and returned in October with the loss of three men, who were killed on the Labrador coast. But even though he had failed, he had won the right to the title of "First American Arctic Explorer" and, as Carl Van Doren, Franklin's latest biographer, says: "Here were the beginnings of a long chapter in the history of American adventure."

Western Newspaper Union.

ADVENTUROUS PATTERND 5



I ITTLE girls will look so sweet and feel so cool in No. 1738. which includes a simple little frock, gathered onto a shoulder yoke extended to cover the shoulders-and a fetching bonnet to shade the eyes. As you see from the diagram, this pattern is as

colors. Choose dotted swiss, lawn, linen or gingham.

Charming Apron-Frock. A practical daytime dress that has a dainty look about it, as well as a very figure-flattering line, is

yours in No. 1740. The fluttering sleeves, set in at a scalloped, slanting shoulder line, are as cool and unhampering as possible. The princess skirt, cut to a high waistline in the front, can be adjusted to just the snugness you want, because it ties with sash bows in the back. Such a pretty dress, and so easy to make,-of gingham, lawn, seersucker or calico.

No. 1738 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2 requires 2% yards of 35-inch material, panties included; 21/2 yards of ricrac. For tie strings of ribbon on bonnet, 1 yard is required. No. 1740 is designed for sizes 32,

34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 51/3 yards of 35-inch material; 3 yards of braid or bias

New Spring-Summer Pattern Book Send 15 cents for Barbara Bell's Spring - Summer Pattern Book! Make smart new frocks for street, daytime and afternoon, with these simple, carefully planned designs! It's chic, it's easy, it's economical, to sew your own. Each pattern includes a step-by-step sew chart to guide beginners.

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Mexicana Adds Smartness



stitches. To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Cir-

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



Pattern 6317

Mexico, land of excitement and color, served as inspiration for these fascinating designs for linens. Bright prints from your scrap bag form the easy applique patches while simple embroidery adds the finishing touches. You can turn out a delightful tea cloth, towel or scarf quick as a wink! Pattern 6317 contains a transfer

Injun-uity

The ingenuity of Hollywood's technicians is proverbial. During the making of a Wild West film soon to be released, a tribe of Red Indians was hired to impart local color. Consternation prevailed when it was discovered that the only language they could talk was English. But Hollywood was not defeat-

ed. A sound-film was made of two Indians discussing in English the scalping of the white hero. This was then run backwards. The resulting speech was as terrifying as any film fan could stand!

pattern of four motifs averaging 5% by 8% inches; patterns for applique patches; materials needed; color schemes; illustrations of

cle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

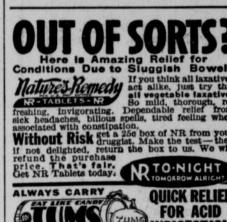


Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashen, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Equally Guilty

Those who consent to the act and those who do it shall be punished equally.-Coke.





Refining Corp., Oil City, Pennsylvania.