

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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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 missed 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. He gives Lucy, his stenographer, a letter to Delafield Simms, in which he severely criticizes him. Unknown to him, Lucy and Simms are in love with each other. Towne takes Jane home in his limousine. She introduces him to Evans, who is jealous of Towne. Baldy goes to meet Edith Towne at her hiding place.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

They laughed together. Baldy was great fun, Edith decided, different. "You are wondering, I fancy, how I happened to come here," she said, leaning back in her chair, her burnished hair against its faded cushions. "Well, an old cook of Mother's, Martha Burns, is the wife of the landlord. She will do anything for me. I have had all my meals upstairs. I might be a thousand miles away for all my world knows of me."

"I was worried to death when I thought of you out in the storm."

"And all the while I was sitting with my feet on the fender, reading about myself in the evening papers."

"And what you read was a plenty," said Baldy, slangily. "Some of those reporters deserve to be shot."

"Oh, they had to do it," indifferently, "and what they have said is nothing to what my friends are saying. It's a choice morsel. Every girl who ever wanted Del's millions is crowding over the way he treated me."

The look in his eyes disconcerted her. "Do you really think that?"

"Of course. We're a greedy bunch."

"I don't like to hear you say such things."

"Why not?"

"Because—you aren't greedy. You know it. It wasn't his millions you were after."

"What was I after—I wish you'd tell me. I don't know."

"Well, I think you just followed the flock. Other girls got married. So you would marry. You didn't know anything about love—or you wouldn't have done it."

"How do you know I've never been in love?"

"Isn't it true?"

"I suppose it is. I don't know, really."

"You'll know some day. And you mustn't ever think of yourself as mercenary. You're too wonderful for that—too fine."

She realized in that moment that the boy was in earnest. That he was not saying pretty things to her for the sake of saying them. He was saying them all in sincerity. "It is nice of you to believe in me. But you don't know me. I am like the little girl with the curl. I can be very, very good, but sometimes I am horrid."

"You can't make me think it." He handed her a packet of letters. "Your uncle sent these. There's one from Simms on top."

"I think I won't read it. I won't read any of them. It has been heavenly to be away from things. I feel like a disembodied spirit, looking on but having nothing to do with the world I have left."

They were smiling now. "I can believe that," Baldy said, "but I think you ought to read Simms' letter. You needn't tell me you haven't any curiosity."

"Well, I have," she broke the envelope. "More than that I am madly curious. I wouldn't confess it though to anyone—but you."

"They can cut me up in little pieces—before I break my silence."

Again they laughed together. Then she broke the seal of the letter. Read it through to herself. Then read it a second time aloud.

"Now that it is all over, Edith, I want to tell you how it happened. I know you think it is a rotten thing I did. But it would have been worse if I had married you. I am in love with another woman, and I did not find it out until the day of our wedding."

to you, you're going to thank me for this—but now you'll hate me, and I'm sorry. You're a beautiful, wonderful woman—and I find no excuse for myself, except the one that it would have been a crime under the circumstances to tie us to each other.

"In spite of everything, Faithfully, 'Del.'"

There was a moment's silence, as she finished. Then Edith said, "So that's that," and tore the letter into little shreds. Her blue eyes were like bits of steel.

"He's right," said Baldy. "I'd like to kill him for making you unhappy—but the thing was bigger than himself."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Of course if you are going to condone—dishonor—"

He was leaning forward hugging his knees. "I am not condoning



He was a whimsical youngster, she decided.

anything. But—I know this—that some day if you ever fall in love, you'll forgive—"

"I am not likely to fall in love," coldly, "I'm too sensible—"

"Oh, I know. You've had strings of lovers—you're too tremendously lovely not to have. But they've all been afraid of you. No caveman stuff—or anything like that. Isn't that the truth?"

"I should hate a caveman."

"Of course, but you wouldn't be indifferent, and you'd end by caring—"

"I dislike brutal types—intensely—"

He sat with his chin in his hand, his shoulders hunched up like a faun or Pan at his pipes. "All cavemen aren't brutal types. Some day I'm going to paint a picture of a man carrying off a woman. And I'm going to make him a slender young god—and she shall be a rather substantial goddess—but she'll go with him—his spirit shall conquer her—"

She looked at him in surprise. "Then you paint?"

"I'll say I do. Terrible things—magazine covers. But in the back of my mind there are masterpieces—"

He was a whimsical youngster, she decided. But no end interesting. "I don't believe your things are terrible. And I shall want to see them—"

"You are going to see them. I have a studio in our garage. I sometimes wonder what happens at night when my little flivver is left alone with my fantasies. It must feel that it is fighting devils—"

He broke off to say, "I'm as gawdulous as Jane. Please don't let me talk any more about myself."

"Is Jane your sister?"

"Yes. And now let's get down to realities. Your uncle wants you to come home."

"And hogs," Baldy supplemented, dreamily. "Some people are like that."

"Look here," he said suddenly, "if I were you I'd go back."

"I will not."

"I think you ought. Face things out. Let your uncle understand that there are to be no postmortems. It is the only thing to do. You can't stay here forever."

"Did Uncle Fred make you his ambassador?" coldly.

"He did not. When I came, I felt that I would do anything to keep you away from home as long as you liked. But I don't feel that way now. You'll just sit here and grow bitter about it—instead of thanking God on your knees."

He hung it at her, unexpectedly. There was a moment's intense silence. Then he said, "Oh, I hope you don't think I am preaching—"

"No—no—" and suddenly her head went down on her arm, that beautiful burnished head.

She was crying!

"I'm sorry," he told her, huskily. And again there was silence.

She hunted for her handkerchief, and he handed her his. "You needn't be sorry," she said; "it seems—rather refreshing to have someone say things like that. Oh, I wonder if you know how hard we are—and cynical—the people of my set. And I don't believe any of us ever—thank God."

They talked for an hour after that. "There is no reason why you should hurry back," Baldy said, "but I'd like your uncle tell people where you are. Then the papers will drop it, don't you see?"

"I see. Of course I've been silly—but you can't think how I suffered."

She would not have admitted it to anyone else. But she met his sincerity with her own.

"I was going to have our lunch served up here," she said, "but I think I won't. The dining-room downstairs is charming—and if anyone comes in that I know—I shan't care—as long as I'm going back."

The food was delicious, and having settled her problems, Edith showed herself delightfully gay and girlish. There was heliotrope in a Sheffield bowl on their table.

"Martha grows old-fashioned flowers in pots," Edith said. She picked out a spray for him and he put it in his coat. "It's my favorite." She told him about Delafield's orchids. "Think of all those months," she said, "and he never knew the flowers I liked."

There were other people in the room, but it was not until the end of the meal that anyone came whom Edith recognized.

"Eloise Harper—and she sees me," was her sudden remark. "Now watch me carry it off."

She stood up and waved to a party of four people, two men and two women, who stood in the door. They saw her at once, and the effect of their coming was a stampede.

"Blessed child," said the girl who was in the lead, "have you eloped? And is this the man?"

"This is Mr. Barnes," said Edith, "who comes from my uncle. I am to go back. But I have had a corking adventure."

Eloise, red-haired and vivid in a cloak and turban of wood-brown, seemed to stand mentally on tiptoe. "I wouldn't miss the talk I am going to have with the reporters to-night."

One of the men of the party protested. "Don't be an idiot, Eloise."

"Well, I owe Edith something. Don't I, darling?"

"You do." There was a flame in back of Edith's eyes. "She liked Delafield before I did."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bermuda History on Back of Some Coinages

The history of the Bermuda islands holds a fascinating story to coin-collectors. The background of Bermuda's monetary system is revealed century by century on the backs of its currency, and at Hamilton and St. George's one can find old curio shops containing rare pieces of Bermuda coinage dating back into the Seventeenth century, according to a Hamilton, Bermuda, correspondent in the Indianapolis News.

Bermuda has used silver, gold, copper and tobacco as the basis of its monetary system. Today Bermuda is on the same money standard as its mother country, but in the shops American money is accepted in payment of goods.

Doublons, pistols, piece-of-eight, all the coinages of the Spanish Main—tobacco, palmetto, even peppercorn once circulated in Bermuda as mediums of exchange by which to buy or rent a house, purchase a slave or pay for building a private sloop.

In 1615 the Bermuda company was formed, and almost immediately a special copper coinage was used in trading with the company's store and for other small daily transactions. This was called "hog money"

"Cat," said Eloise lightly. "I liked his yacht, but Benny's is bigger, isn't it, Benny?" She turned to the younger man of the party who had not spoken.

"I'll say it is," Benny agreed, cheerfully, "and it isn't just my yacht that she's after. She has a real little case on me."

The second woman, older than Eloise, tall and fair-haired in smoke-gray with a sweep of dull blue wing across her hat, said, "Edith, you had child, your uncle has been frightfully worried."

"Of course, you'd know, Adelaide. And it does him good to be worried. I am an antidote for the rest of you."

Everybody laughed except Baldy. He ran his fingers with a nervous gesture through his hair. He was like a young eagle with a ruffled crest.

Martha came up to arrange for a table. "Bring your coffee over and sit with us," Eloise said; "we want to hear all about it."

Edith shook her head. "I don't belong to your world yet. And I've had a heavenly time without you."

They went on laughing. Silence settled on the two they left behind. And out of that silence Edith asked, "You didn't like the things we said?"

"Hateful!"

"Do you always show what you feel like that?"

"Jane says I do."

"Well, if it had been anybody but Eloise Harper and Adelaide Larimore, Adelaide is Uncle Fred's latest."

She rose. "Let's go upstairs. If I stay here I shall want to throw things at their heads. And I don't care to break Martha's dishes."

They stopped at the other table, however, for a light word or two, then went up to Edith's sitting-room on the second floor. When they were once more by the fire, she said, "And now what do you think of me? Nice temper?"

"I think," he said, promptly, "that they probably deserved it."

She laid her hand for a fleeting moment on his arm. "You are rather a darling to say that. I was really horrid."

When he was ready at last to go, she decided, "Tell Uncle Frederick to send Briggs out for me in the morning. I might as well have it spread, now that Eloise is going to over the news."

"I wish you'd go in with me to-night."

"Oh, but I couldn't—"

"Why not?"

She weighed it—"And surprise Uncle Fred?"

"I think we'd better telephone, so he can kill the fatted calf."

"Yes. He doesn't like things sprung on him. Hurts his dignity—but he's rather an old dear, and I love him—do you ever quarrel with the people you love?"

"Jane and I fight. Great times."

"I have a feeling I shall like Jane."

"You will. She's the best ever. Not a beauty, but growing better-looking every day. Bobbed her hair—and I nearly took her head off. But she's rather a peach."

"I'll have you both down for dinner some day. I think we are going to be friends"—again that light touch on his arm.

He caught her hand in his. "I shall only ask that you let the page twang his lyre." Then with a deeper note, "Miss Towne, I can't tell you how much your friendship would mean."

"Would it? Oh, I am going to have some good times with you and your little sister, Jane. I am so tired of people like Eloise and Adelaide, and Benny and—Del . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lace Tunes to This Summer's 'Lovely Lady' Fashion Trends

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S fashions that trend to "lovely lady" types that will hold the spotlight during the coming months.

Which brings us at once to the theme of this story—lace, lovely lace! With the new styles going in so enthusiastically for feminine prettiness in hat, gown and accessories, the logical answer needs must be lace, as has been the answer throughout the centuries of fashions that have gone before.

With the craze for lace trims on hats, for billowy masses of lace at throat and at wrist, with the return of the "baby waist" that is exquisitely sheer and entrancingly lace trimmed, with tailored laces for daytime wear, with sheer pleated laces for dress-up wear, with picturesque period frocks enchantingly detailed in lace, with lace playing a star role in bouffant fashions, with accessories even to gloves and bags and boutonnières of lace, the current message of lace has become "viva lace!"

The important thing to say about modern laces is that they are so versatile in character that there's a lace for every occasion no matter what the challenge may be. For that matter it is not an exaggeration to say that an entire wardrobe could be planned of lace. There are fabriclike laces for tailored use, stunning laces for afternoon frocks, laces of grand dame elegance for formal evening wear, sheer laces of cobweb mesh that plead up beautifully, two-way stretch laces for bathing suits and so on and so on without end.

The responsiveness of lace to every mood of fashion accounts for the fact that designers are acquiring the lace habit with an increasing

enthusiasm as the possibilities reveal the growing tendency of lace producers to supply a type for every need.

The illustration presents three distinct types of frocks fashioned of lace. A new medium for the tailored sheer dress which will be found ever so practical for summer wear, is an interesting conventionally patterned two-tone lace as pictured to the left in the group. Bruyere designed this dress which has a grosgrain ribbon belt and two ribbon bows on the shoulder.

Utterly feminine and charming is the afternoon dress shown in the foreground to the right. Vera Borea designs this lovely frock of a delicate but firm lace that delineates big florals with sheer mesh between. The ruffles around the neckline and on the sleeves are indicative of Paris trends. In this dress of horizon blue lace the ruffles lend a beguiling feminine note with no suggestion of fussiness. For summer afternoon wear and informal evenings, there is wide favor expressed for pastel laces.

An interesting feature of sheer afternoon lace frocks is that many are worn over costume slips in contrasting color. Dark laces, very sheer, are also worn over light foundation slips. The monotone effect that demands a matching color for the slip is equally good style.

The model in the center shows an evening dress designed by Molyneux. It demonstrates how pleasingly sheer lace yields to pleated treatments. The straight-fitted sheath skirt is finely pleated, and the dramatic balloon sleeves are likewise pleated. The deep square décolletage is noteworthy.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Pleated Skirt in Summer Fabrics

Skirts and blouses are usually on the wane by the time really warm weather sets in and the lightweight suit usually is the only opportunity for continuing this casual style. But not so this year, at least if the prominence of spun rayon, linen and cotton skirts are any indication.

The pleated all-round skirt is especially good in summer fabrics, which may account for the increased popularity, and not only the skirt departments but the blouse and summer sweater departments are preparing for much activity instead of a lessening of it.

The practicality of the skirt and blouse or sweater is undeniable. It is easy to have a number of changes at little outlay and there is less necessity of laundering than with a number of one-piece frocks.

Feminine Frills On Shirtwaists

Sportswear is not being neglected, even among the frills and ruffles of the majority of feminine clothes, and the shirtwaist is making a conspicuous appearance, changed in some cases by the addition of pleated and gathered fullness, but still basically the same.

In some instances this style is seen with additional color contrasts, among them one shirtwaist dress with rose top and navy skirt, another with a pink and white striped top and pink skirt, and others solid pastel shirtwaist frocks with contrasting bright cummerbunds around the waist.

Smart Rainwear



That adage, "prepare for a rainy day," ever instilled in the minds of the young, has been taken literally in the realm of fashion. The modern interpretation of stylish rainwear is reflected in the very attractive rain cape here pictured. Surely some little girl's geography book must have inspired this all-America raincape in that it is printed with a map of the United States, rivers and mountains and borderlines included. It comes either with a babushka to match, as pictured, or if preferred you can get it with attached hood.

Pocket Interest Watch for peg-topped pockets in daytime and evening skirts.

Charming Patterns For Cotton Materials

NO. 1747: For junior sizes. A precious play frock, with snug, wide sleeves, basque bodice, high at the neck, and a very wide skirt in the swirling skating silhouette. Included are tailored shorts, with a fitted yoke that fits slimly. A perfect thing for outdoor sports and summer daytimes. Make it of calico, gingham or percale, and trim it with rows of ric-rac.

No. 1527: An ideal design for a woman's street cotton. The plain tailored skirt is topped by a narrow sash belt, tied at the side.



The blouse is cut on basic shirtwaist lines, with a plain front panel, side fullness, round collar. Gay little frills give it a feminine, summery touch. For this, choose linen, gingham, dotted swiss or flat crepe.

The Patterns.

No. 1747 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the ensemble; 10 yards of ric-rac.

No. 1527 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 5 yards of 35-inch material; 2 1/4 yards of pleating or ruffling.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1324, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

QUICK QUOTES

ESSENTIAL LIBERTY

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