The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

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Jane smiled at him with her chin tilted in her bird-like way. She was really having the time of her life. She was thrilled and fascinated by the beauty of her surroundings, and gradually Frederick began to take on something of the fascination.

After dinner they sat in the great drawing-room—a portentous place—with low-hung crystal chandeliers—pale rugs—pale walls—with one corner redeemed from the general chilliness by a fireplace of yellow Italian marble, and a huge screen of peacock feathers in a mahogany frame.

"I call this room the Ice Palace," Frederick told her. "Mother furnished it in the early eighties—and she would never change it. And now I rather hate to have it different. I warmed this corner with the fireplace and the screen. Edith always sits in the library on the other side of the hall, but Mother and I had our coffee here, and I prefer to continue the old custom."

Jane's eyes opened wide. "Don't you and your niece drink your coffee together?"

"Usually, but there have been times," he laughed as he said it, "when each of us has sat on opposite sides of the hall in lonely state."

Jane laughed too. "Baldy and I do things like that."

They finished their coffee and he smoked a cigar. Edith and Baldy telephoned that the thing was more serious than they had anticipated. That perhaps he had better send Briggs.

"So that means I'm going to have you to myself for an hour longer," Frederick told Jane. "I hope you are as happy in the prospect as I am."

"I am having a joyous time. I feel like Cinderella at the ball."

He laughed at that. "You're a refreshing child, Jane." He had never before called her by her first name.

"Am I? But I'm not a child. I'm as old as the hills."

"Not in years."

"In wisdom. I know how to make ends meet, and how to order meals, and how to plan my own dresses, and a lot of things that your Edith doesn't have to think about."

"And yet you are happy."

"I'll say I am."

He laughed but did not continue the subject. "I've a rather wonderful collection of earrings. Would you like to look at them? Queer fad, isn't it? But I've picked them up everywhere."

"Why earrings?"

"Other things are commonplace—brooches, necklaces, tiaras. But there's romance in the jewels that women have worn in their ears. You'll see."

He went into another room and brought back a tray. It was lined with velvet and the earrings were set up on tiny cushions. It was a unique display. Cameos from ancient Rome, acorns of human hair in the horrible taste of the sixties—gypsy hoops of gold—coral roses in delicate fretted wreaths—old French jewels—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and seed pearls, larger pearls set alone to show their beauty, and a sparkling array of modern things, diamonds in platinum—long pendants of jade and jet—opals dripping like liquid fire along slender chains.

She hung over them.

"Which do you like best?" he asked.

"The pearls?"

He was doubtful. "Not the white ones. These—" he picked up a pair of sapphires set in seed pearls—rather barbaric things that hung down for an inch or more. "They'll suit your style. Have you ever worn earrings?"

"No."

"Try them."

He helped her to adjust them—and his hand touched her smooth warm cheek. He was conscious of her closeness, but gave no sign.

There was a little mirror above the mantel. "Look at yourself," he said.

She tilted her head so that the jewels shook. The blue lights of the stones made her skin incandescent.

Frederick surveyed her critically. "You ought to have a more sophisticated gown. Silver brocade with a wisp of a train."

"It changes me, doesn't it? I am not sure that I like them."

What a joy she was after Adelaide.

As if the name had brought her, a voice spoke from the door. "I wouldn't let Waldron announce me, Ricky; may I come in?"

She stopped as she saw Jane. "Oh, you're not alone?"

"This is Miss Barnes, Adelaide. I think you met her brother today at luncheon. Edith telephoned that you and Eloise had found her."

"That's what I came about, to warn you. Eloise has the reporters on her trail. She'll be over in a minute. But the harm will be done, I am afraid, before you can stop her."

"Oh, I'm resigned. Edith's coming back tonight. Miss Barnes' brother is bringing her."

"Really?" Adelaide Laramore was appraising Jane. A shabby child. From the threshold she had had a moment of jealousy. But the moment was past. Frederick was extremely fastidious. He adored beauty and this Barnes child was not beautiful.

Jane was unfastening the earrings. "Aren't they heavenly, Mrs. Laramore?"

"The sapphires?" Mrs. Laramore sat down on the couch. Her evening wrap slipped back, showing her white neck. Her fair hair was swept up from her forehead. She had a long face, with pink cheeks and pencilled eyebrows. She was like a portrait on porcelain, and she knew it, and emphasized the effect. "The sapphires? Yes. They're the choice of the lot."

She went on to speak of Eloise. "She is simply hopeless. She has told the most hectic tales and all the papers have sent men out to the Inn."

"Well, they escaped. They started early and have been hung up at Alexandria."

"Eloise and Benny and the Captain dined with me. She was still telephoning when I left. I told her

Jane sat very still at her desk.

that I did not sanction it, and that I should come straight over and tell you. But she laughed and said she didn't care. That she thought it was great fun and that you were a good sport."

"I shan't see her," shortly; "she ought to know better. Setting reporters on Edith like a pack of wolves."

"I told her how you would feel," Adelaide reiterated.

"I should see her if I were you, Mr. Towne," said a crisp, young voice.

Adelaide turned with a gasp. With her slippered feet crossed in front of her, Jane looked like a child. For the first time Mrs. Laramore got a good view of those candid gray eyes. They had a queer effect on her. Eyes like that were most uncommon. Fearless. The girl was not afraid of Frederick. She was not afraid of anyone.

"Why should I see her?" Frederick demanded.

"Won't it just add to her sense of melodrama if you don't? And why should you care? Your niece is coming home. And that's the end of it."

"You mean," Frederick demanded, "that I am to carry it off with an air?"

Jane nodded. "Make comedy of it instead of tragedy."

Adelaide slipping out of her wrap was revealed as elegant and distinguished in silver and black.

"May I have a cigarette, Ricky, to settle my nerves? Eloise is tremendously upsetting." Adelaide was plaintive.

Jane watched her with lively curiosity. The women she knew did not smoke. Baldy's flappers did, but they were abnormal and of a new generation. Mrs. Laramore was old enough to be Jane's mother, and Jane had a feeling . . . that mothers . . . shouldn't smoke . . .

But none the less, Adelaide Laramore and her exotic ways were amusing. She had a brittle and artificial look, like the Manchu lady in the Museum, or something in wax.

Jane was brought back from her meditation by the riotous entrance of Eloise and the two men.

"I knew Adelaide was telling tales."

"I told you I was coming, Eloise."

Eloise stared at Jane when Frederick presented her. "You look like your brother. Twins?"

"No." Jane decided that she liked Miss Harper better than she did Mrs. Laramore—which wasn't saying—much . . .

"The reporters are on their way to Alexandria—full cry." Eloise all in emerald green, with her red hair in a classic coiffure, was like some radiant witch, exultant of evil. "You mustn't scold me, Frederick. It was terribly exciting to tell them, and I adore excitement."

"They aren't there."

"Where are they?"

Frederick chanted composedly, "We three know . . . but we will never tell . . ."

"Adelaide will, when I get her alone."

"I will not."

"Then Miss Barnes will. Do you know how young you look, Miss Barnes? I feel as if you'd tell me anything for a stick of candy."

They roared at that. And Jane said, "Nobody ever made me do anything I didn't want to do."

And now Benny and the Captain looked at her, and looked again. What a voice the child had, and eyes!

Eloise, on the couch, hugged her knees and surveyed her gold slippers. "They are putting my picture in the paper and Adelaide's. They saw one on my desk—"

Mrs. Laramore cried out, "Benny, why did you let her do it?" and there was a great uproar—in which Eloise could be heard saying:

"And they are going to have a picture of the Inn, and one of your brother if they can get it, Miss Barnes."

Jane began to feel uncomfortable. She was, she told herself, as much out of place as a pussy-cat in a Zoo. These women and these men reminded her somehow of the great sleek animals who snarled at each other in the Rock Creek cages. Frederick did not snarl. But she had a feeling he might if Eloise kept at him much longer.

It was in the midst of the hubbub that Edith entered. She walked in among them as composedly as she had faced them at the Inn.

"Hello," she said, "you sound like a jazz band." She went straight up to Frederick and kissed him. "I suppose Eloise is shouting the news to the world." She tucked her hand in his arm. "There are more than a million reporters outside. Mr. Barnes is keeping them at bay."

"Where did they find you?"

"Heard of us, I suppose, at the Alexandria hotel. We didn't realize it until we reached here, and then they piled out and began to ask questions."

Frederick lifted her hand from his arm. "I'll go and send them away."

Eloise jumped up. "I'll go with you."

And then Frederick snarled, "Stay here."

But neither of them went, for Baldy entered, head cocked, eyes alight—Jane knew the signs.

"They've gone," he said. "I told you I'd get rid of them, Miss Towne."

He nodded to them all. Absolutely at his ease, lifted above them all by the exaltation of his mood. Finer, Jane told herself, than any of them—his beautiful youth against their world-weariness.

Edith was smiling at Jane. "I knew you at once. You are like your brother."

They were alike. A striking pair as they stood together. "It is because of Mr. Barnes and his sister that we got in touch with Edith," Frederick explained. He had regained his genial manner.

"Oh, really." Adelaide knew that she and her friends ought to go at once. Edith looked tired, and Eloise at moments like this was impossible. But she hated to leave anyone else in the field. "Can't I give you a lift?" she asked Jane, sweetly, "you and your brother."

But it was Frederick who answered. "Miss Barnes lives at Sherwood Park. Briggs will take her out."

So Adelaide went away, and Eloise and the two men, and Edith turned to her uncle and said, "I'm sorry."

Her face was white and her eyes were shining, and all of a sudden she reached up her arms and put them about his neck and sobbed as if her heart would break.

And then, and not until then, little Jane knew that Edith was not like one of the animals at the Zoo.

In Jane's next letter to Judy she told her how the evening with the Townes had ended. And that she had invited the Townes and Follettes for tea the next afternoon.

When she had written the last line, Jane sat very still at her desk. She was thinking of Evans. She hadn't seen him for three days. Not since the Sunday night she had gone to the Townes. That night in the fog had impressed her strangely. She had felt for Evans something that had nothing to do with admiration for him nor respect nor charm. His weakness had drawn her to him, as a mother might be drawn to a child. His struggle was, she felt, something which she must share. Not as his wife! No . . . That kind of love was different. If only he would let her be his little sister, Jane.

He had not even called her up. When she had invited him and his mother to tea with the Townes, Mrs. Follette had answered, and had accepted for both of them. Evans, she said, was in Washington, and would be out on the late train.

When he arrived ahead of the others on the afternoon of her tea, Jane said, "Where have you been? Do you know it has been four days since we've seen each other?"

"Weren't you glad to get rid of me? I've thought of you every minute." He dropped into a seat beside her.

She was gazing at him with lively curiosity. "How nice you look."

"New suit. Like it?"

"Yes. And you act as if somebody had left you a million dollars."

"Wish he had. I bought this outfit with a first edition 'Alice in Wonderland,'" he laughed and explained. "I've been getting rid of some of our rare books. I feel plutocratic in consequence. Five hundred dollars, if you please, for that old Hogarth, with the scathing Ruskin inscription. And I'm going to open an office, Jane."

"In Washington?"

"On Connecticut Avenue. Same building, same room, where I started."

"Evans, how splendid!"

"Yes. You did it, Jane."

"I? How?"

"The night of the fog. I never realized before what a walking-stick I've been—leaning on you. Henceforth you're the Lady of the Lantern. It won't be so fatiguing."

He was smiling at her, and she smiled back. Yet quite strangely and inconsistently, she felt as if in changing his attitude towards her, he had robbed her of some privilege. "I didn't mind being a walking-stick."

"Well, I minded. After this I'll walk alone. And I'm going to work hard, and play around a bit. Will you have tea with me tomorrow, Jane? At the Willard? To celebrate my first tottering steps."

She agreed, eagerly. "It will be like old times."

"Minus a lot, old lady."

That was the way he had talked to her years ago. The plaintive note was gone.

"Take the three-thirty train and I'll meet you. I'll pay for the taxi with what's left of 'Alice.'"

"Don't be too extravagant."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Campfire Girls, Girl Scouts Like Nature Study

"Smaller than a robin—gray, a black cap, a black chin." What is it? A chickadee, of course.

"A flag of Belgium on each wing, from the cattail hear him sing!" What is it? A red-winged blackbird, as any Camp Fire girl or Girl Scout who has followed nature trails at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History will tell you, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Guided by the animal highway charts, they go from bats to butterflies. They play a game with the charts, and find out what kind of an animal a mouse is, or a grasshopper or a snake.

Or they go to the insect room on the second floor and learn the eight orders of insects, count insect legs and discover that "an insect is an animal without bones and has six jointed legs." Perhaps they go to the tanadoona room and learn that "some trees, like some people, are easy to tell by their shapes." Or perhaps they visit the rock room and discover a few of the elements of which minerals are made.

Then they go to the Hanna star dome on the second floor and sit on the floor in groups of 25. When they are able to point out and name seven constellations, seven stars, the constellation in which they appear and an interesting fact about each one, as well as a variable star and the time that elapses between its two periods of greatest brightness, they have earned three different honors. If they can tell the difference between a comet and a shooting star and four points of difference between a star and a planet, they have earned two more honors.

Probably the most fun of all is the "nest hunt." The nests of seven birds, their location—whether on the ground or in a tree—the number of eggs, and the color of the eggs, all will entitle them to another honor.

More than 1,000 Camp Fire girls and Girl Scouts follow these trails annually on Saturdays throughout the winter. They earn their honors, learn a great deal about nature, which they can follow with actual outdoor study the next summer and, incidentally, have a very good time, especially while they play nature games and eat their lunches in the auditorium at noontime.

Drinkers Cannot Inherit Land

A court which deals with farm inheritances has ruled that "drinkers cannot inherit land and are not fit to cultivate it properly."

Linen Scores High in List Of Summer Fabric Choices

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

LINEN is a magic word in the fabric realm. The news on linen weaves for the coming months is most exciting. Paris cables all laud linens and the roster of couturiers cited as favoring linens lends considerable weight to general predictions for a forthcoming linen summer.

There are no apparel needs which cannot be ratified with linen. For general purpose and daytime wear best dressed women are choosing stunning suits tailored of either black or navy linen. Recently burgundy and bottle green linens have been added to the list. Worn with a blouse of the exquisitely fine and sheer lingerie type now so fashionable these suits are about as eye-appealing as fancy can picture—smart with the new plaid gingham blouses too!

What with their newly acquired crease resistance, there is no question about the absolute practicality of linens. With the non-crease assurance given, gone forever is the wrinkling bugaboo.

Among the linens fashion is highlighting this season there are most attractive striped patterns and riotously colorful floral prints. Dressmakers, in search of something new in jacket dresses, see infinite possibilities in the new embroidered linens. Vivid sprawling designs, either printed or embroidered on a natural linen background, fairly cry to be made into jackets and boleros to wear over natural linen dresses.

Then, too, chic linens are leading a gay night life all their own. For party wear natural pure crash linen with insertions of white Torchon lace, the matching linen bolero edged with the lace, the skirt floor length and full, is but one of many clever entries of linen into the evening mode.

A smart daytime item is the severely tailored full-length coat of heavy imported natural coating linen as pictured to the right in the group. Keep in mind that this linen is the new non-crease type and that it launders successfully and easily. You will appreciate what a much-to-be-desired possession a coat of this type really is. It has a small Peter Pan collar, four pockets with inverted pleats, bone buttons and bound button holes, also a vent in back of the coat to give freedom of action.

The dress to the left will prove a perfect treasure for informal wear. It is of sheer black linen with multicolored wool embroidered flowers at neckline and decorating the split pockets on the skirt, the front fullness of which is an important fashion-correct detail. The open crown poke bonnet is of matching linen.

Centered in the group is a two-piece spectator sports dress of imported pure linen. It plays up unexpected color combinations, which are so definitely in the scheme of costume design for the coming summer. The skirt is of linen in the fashionable shocking pink; the linen jacket is chartreuse. Pink and blue embroidered flowers patterning it have loose fringe petals, done in a very novel way.

Dress linens that go back to nature for their colorings are very smart this season. Natural linen in the open coarse weaves seems to be the season's pet.

Many of the new petticoats are made of fine handkerchief linen trimmed with eyelet embroidery with gay baby ribbon threaded through quaint beading.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Canteen Bag

ASK to see the new canteen bags. They are the latest. This black patent leather canteen bag by David—the well-known American designer—adds a sophisticated touch to a stunning tailored frock of sheer beige wool and black coat. For all its seeming flatness this bag is very spacious and conveniently fitted with a safe billfold and chained coin purse. It is also available in scratch proof racer-grain calf.

Baby Blouse Asks Camisole in Lace

Because of the revival of the dainty and sheer lingerie "baby" blouse, there's a "cami-craze" coming on in fashion land. So be prepared, do it now, buy your camisole—make it plural, for you will need more than one—in advance. These dainty, little lace-trimmed vanities are a necessary luxury, you'll find that out the first time you wear your new peek-a-boo blouse. Ingenious designers are creating camisole-top costume slips which really are the most practical to buy. They do away with superfluous bulk at the waistline, being an ideal all-in-one garment.

Lace and Lingerie Touches on Hats

Ask your milliner to show you the latest in lace-trimmed hats. Some of the newest types have brims of heavy snow-white starched Venise lace. Others trim black straws or navy with narrow Val edgings, or with very wide lace bows. In the flower departments you can buy sprays and bouquets of white lingerie lace flowers. Wear one for your boutonniere and trim your navy straw hat with the other. Pique flowers are also smart as are also organdy frills on hats.

Coats With Flared Skirts

Coats of the new wool sheers also of the smart bengalines and moires are cleverly styled with full skirts that gives them a decidedly "new look."

Charming Patterns For Smart Fashions

IF YOU want to look slimmer than you are, and do it in the coolest, smartest way possible, make yourself a dress like 1756. The skirt, paneled front and back, and cut to a high, fitted waistline, is beautifully slenderizing. The bodice is adroitly gathered to take care of bust fullness. Cape sleeves flutter charmingly from a smooth shoulder-line, and the deep V-neckline is your favorite. Make this of chiffon, georgette, linen or voile. You'll be delighted with its softness, coolness and chic.

Three-Piece Sports Ensemble.

No. 1755 takes care of three things you'll certainly want to take on your vacation—and that's a lot to get out of one pattern. You can make with it a sleeveless play suit, a separate skirt that trans-

forms it into a daytime dress, and a bolero that makes the dress into a little suit! Just think what a blessing that will be, when you come to pack! And all three parts are just as smart and becoming as they can be! Gingham, percale, linen and pique are practical fabrics for this.

The Patterns.

No. 1756 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material without nap.

No. 1755 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 5⅝ yards of 35-inch material; 10 yards of braid or bias fold.

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Character Index

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A Hard Master

Honor is a harder master than the law.—Mark Twain.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

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