

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER X—Continued

Adelaide sat motionless, eyes on her plate. When she spoke again it was of other things. "Did you hear that Delafeld is coming back?"

"Who told you?" asked Frederick. "Eloise Harper. Benny's sister saw Del at Miami. She is sure he is expecting to marry the other girl."

"Bad taste, I call it."

"Everybody is crazy to know who she is."

"Have they any idea?"

"No, Benny's sister said he talked quite frankly about getting married. But he wouldn't say a word about the woman."

"I hardly think he will find Edith heart-broken." Towne glanced across the table. Edith was not wearing the willow. No shadow marred her lovely countenance. Her eyes were clear and shining pools of sweet content.

Her uncle was proud of that high-held head. He and Edith might not always hit it off. But, by Jove, he was proud of her.

"No, she's not heart-broken," Adelaide's cool tone disturbed his reflections, "she is getting her heart mended."

"What do you mean?"

"They are an attractive pair, little Jane and her brother. And the boy has lost his head."

"Over Edith? Oh, well, she plays around with him; there's nothing serious in it."

"Don't be too sure. She's interested."

"What makes you insist on that?" irritably.

"I know the signs, dear man," the cat seemed to purr, but she had claws.

And it was Adelaide who was right. Edith had come to the knowledge that night of what Baldy meant to her.

As she had entered the ballroom men had crowded around her. "Why," they demanded, "do you wear mistletoe, if you don't want to pay the forfeit?"

Backed up against one of the marble pillars, she held them off. "I do want to pay it, but not to any of you."

Her frankness diverted them. "Who is the lucky man?"

"He is here. But he doesn't know he is lucky."

They thought she was joking. But she was not. And on the other side of the marble pillar a page in scarlet listened, with joy and fear in his heart. "How fast we are going. How fast?"

There was dancing until midnight, then the curtains at the end of the room were drawn back, and the tree was revealed. It towered to the ceiling, a glittering, gorgeous thing. It was weighted with gifts for everybody, fantastic toys most of them, expensive, meaningless.

Evans, standing back of the crowd, was aware of the emptiness of it all. Oh, what had there been throughout the evening to make men think of the Babe who had been born at Bethlehem?

The gifts of the Wise Men? Perhaps. Gold and frankincense and myrrh? One must not judge too narrowly. It was hard to keep simplicities in these opulent days.

Yet he was heavy-hearted, and when Eloise Harper charged up to him, dressed somewhat scantily as a dryad, and handed him a foolish monkey on a stick, she seemed to suggest a heathen saturnalia rather than anything Christian and civilized.

"A monkey for a monk," said Eloise. "Mr. Follette, your cassock is frightfully becoming. But you know you are a whitened sepulchre."

"Am I?"

"Of course. I'll bet you never say your prayers."

She danced away, unconscious that her words had pierced him. What reason had she to think that any of this meant more to him than it did to her? Had he borne witness to the faith that was within him? And was it within him? And if not, why?

He stood there with his foolish monkey on his stick, while around him whirled a laughing, shrieking crowd. Why, the thing was a carnival not a sacred celebration. Was there no way in which he might bear witness?

Edith had asked him to sing the old ballads, "Dame, get up and bake your pies," and "I saw three ships a-sailing." Evans was in no mood for the dame who baked her pies on Christmas day in the morning, or the pretty girls who whistled and sang—on Christmas day in the morning.

When all the gifts had been distributed the lights in the room were turned out. The only illumination was the golden effulgence which encircled the tree.

In his monk's robe, within that circle of light, Evans seemed a mystical figure. He seemed, too, appropriately ascetic, with his gray hair, the weary lines of his old-young face.

But his voice was fresh and clear.

And the song he sang hushed the great room into silence.

"O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie, Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The silent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth, The everlasting light, The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight."

He sang as if he were alone in some vast arched space, beneath spires that reached towards Heaven, behind some grille that separated him from the world.

And now it seemed to him that he sang not to that crowd of upturned faces, not to those men and women in shining silks and satins, not to Jane who was far away, but to those others who pressed close—his comrades across the Great Divide!

So he had sung to them in the hospital, sitting up in his narrow bed—and most of the men who had listened were—gone.

As the last words rang out his audience seemed to wake with a sigh.

Then the lights went up. But the monk had vanished!

Evans left word with Baldy that he would go home on the trolley. "I am not quite up to the supper and all that. Will you look after Mother?"

"Of course. Say, Evans, that song was top notch. Edith wants you to sing another."

"Will you tell her I can't? I'm sorry. But the last time I sang that was for the fellows—in France. And it got me—"

"It got me, too," Baldy confided; "made all this seem—silly."

It was just before New Year's that Lucy Logan brought a letter for Frederick Towne to sign, and when he had finished she said, "Mr. Towne, I'm sorry, but I'm not going to work any more. So will you please accept my resignation?"

He showed his surprise. "What's the matter? Aren't we good enough for you?"

"It isn't that." She stopped and went on, "I'm going to be married, Mr. Towne."

"Married?" He was at once congratulatory. "That's a pleasant thing for you, and I mustn't spoil it by telling you how hard it is going to be to find someone to take your place."

"I think if you will have Miss Dale? She's really very good."

Frederick was curious. What kind of lover had won this quiet Lucy? Probably some clerk or salesman.

"What about the man? Nice fellow, I hope—"

"Very nice, Mr. Towne," she flushed, and her manner seemed to forbid further questioning. She went away, and he gave orders to the cashier to see that she had an increase in the amount of her final check. "She will need some pretty things. And when we learn the date we can give her a present."

So on Saturday night Lucy left, and on the following Monday a card was brought up to Edith Towne.

She read it. "Lucy Logan? I don't believe I know her," she said to the maid.

"She says she is from Mr. Towne's office, and that it is important."

"Miss Towne," Lucy said as Edith approached her, "I have resigned from your uncle's office. Did he tell you?"

"No. Uncle Fred rarely speaks about business."

With characteristic straightforwardness Lucy came at once to the point. "I have something I must talk over with you. I don't know whether I am doing the wise thing. But it is the only honest thing."



"I can't imagine what you can have to say."

"No you can't. It's this—" she hesitated, then spoke with an effort. "I am the girl Mr. Simms is in love with. He wants to come back and marry me."

Edith's fingers caught at the arm of the chair. "Do you mean that it was because of you—that he didn't marry me?"

"Yes. He used to come to the office when he was in Washington and dictate letters. And we got in the way of talking to each other. He seemed to enjoy it, and he wasn't like some men—who are just—silly. And I began to think about him a lot. But I didn't let him see it. And he told me afterward, he was always thinking of me. And the morning of your wedding day he came down to the office—to say 'Good-by.' He said he—just had to. And—well, he let it out that he loved me, and didn't want to marry you. But he said he would have to go on with it. And—and I told him he must not, Miss Towne."

Edith stared at her. "Do you mean that what he did was your fault?"

"Yes," Lucy's face was white, "if you want to put it that way. I told him he hadn't any right to marry you if he loved me." She hesitated, then lifted her eyes to Edith's with a glance of appeal. "Miss Towne, I wonder if you are big enough to believe that it was just because I cared so much—and not because of his money?"

"You think you love him?" she demanded.

"I know I do. And you don't. You never have. And he didn't love you. Why—if he should lose every cent tomorrow, and I had to tramp the road with him, I'd do it gladly. And you wouldn't. You wouldn't want him unless he could give you everything you have now, would you? Would you, Miss Towne?"

Edith's sense of justice dictated her answer. "No," she found herself unexpectedly admitting. "If I had to tramp the roads with him, I'd be bored to death."

"I think he knew that, Miss Towne. He told me that if he didn't marry you, your heart wouldn't be broken. That it would just hurt your pride."

Edith had a moment of hysterical mirth. How they had talked her over. Her lover—and her uncle's stenographer! What a tragedy it had been! And what a comedy!

She leaned forward a little, locking her fingers about her knees. "I wish you'd tell me all about it."

So Lucy told the simple story. And in telling it showed herself so naive, so steadfast, that Edith was aware of an increasing respect for the woman who had taken her place in the heart of her lover. She perceived that Lucy had come to this interview in no spirit of triumph. She had dreaded it, but had felt it her duty. "I thought it would be easier for you if you knew it before other people did."

Edith's forehead was knitted in a slight frown. "The whole thing has been most unpleasant," she said. "When are you going to marry him?"

"I told him on St. Valentine's day. It seemed—romantic."

Romance and Del! Edith had a sudden illumination. Why, this was what he had wanted, and she had given him none of it! She had laughed at him—been his good comrade. Little Lucy adored him—and had set St. Valentine's day for the wedding!

There was nothing small about Edith Towne. She knew fineness when she saw it, and she had a feeling of humility in the presence of little Lucy. "I think it was my

fault as much as Del's," she stated. "I should never have said 'Yes.' People haven't any right to marry who feel as we did."

"Oh," Lucy said rapturously, "how dear of you to say that. Miss Towne, I always knew you were—big. But I didn't dream you were so beautiful." Tears wet her cheeks. "You're just—marvellous," she said, wiping them away.

"No, I'm not." Edith's eyes were on the fire. "Normally, I am rather proud and—hateful. If you had come a week ago—" Her voice fell away into silence as she still stared at the fire.

Lucy looked at her curiously. "A week ago?"

Edith nodded. "Do you like fairy tales? Well, once there was a princess. And a page came and sang—under her window." The fire purred and crackled. "And the princess—liked the song—"

"Oh," said Lucy, under her breath.

She stood up. "I can't tell you how thankful I am that I came."

"You're not going to run away yet," Edith told her. "I want you to have lunch with me. Upstairs. You must tell me all your plans."

"I haven't many. And I really oughtn't to stay."

"Why not? I want you. Please don't say no."

So up they went, with the perturbed parlor maid speaking through the tube to the pantry. "Miss Towne wants luncheon for two, Mr. Waldron. In her room. Something nice, she says, and plenty of it."

Little Lucy had never seen such a room as the one to which Edith led her. The whole house was, indeed, a dream palace. Yet it was the atmosphere with which her lover would soon surround her. She had a feeling almost of panic. What would she do with a maid like Alice, who was helping Josephine set up the folding-table, spread the snowy cloth, bring in the hot silver dishes?

As if Edith divined her thought, she said when the maids had left, "Lucy, will you let me advise?"

"Of course, Miss Towne."

"Don't try to be—like the rest of us. Like Del's own crowd, I mean. He fell in love with you because you were different. He will want you to stay—different."

"But I shall have so much to learn."

Edith was impatient. "What must you learn? External? Let them alone. Be yourself. You have dignity—and strength. It was the strength in you that won Del. You and he can have a life together that will mean a great deal, if you will make him go his way. But you must not go his—"

Lucy considered that. "You mean that the crowd he is with weakens him?"

"I mean just that. They're sophisticated beyond words. You're what they would call—provincial. Oh, be provincial, Lucy. Don't be afraid. But don't adopt their ways. You go to church, don't you? Say your prayers? Believe that God's in His world?"

Lucy's fair cheeks were flushed. "Why, of course I do."

"Well, we don't—not many of us," said Edith. "The thing you have got to do is to interest Del in something. Don't just go sailing away with him in his yacht. Buy a farm over in Virginia, and help him make a success of it."

"But he lives in New York."

"Of course he does. But he can live anywhere. He's so rich that he doesn't have to earn anything, and his office is just a fiction. You must make him work. Go in for a fad; blooded horses, cows, black Berkshires."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Play Clothes Smartly Styled Of Dependable Wash Fabrics

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



PLAY clothes have come to be a theme of themes with costume designers. The idea of wearing just any old duds when you go out to play or to rough it in camp life or mountain climbs or just simple cross-country hikes is completely taboo these days. No woman of modern outlook can afford to sidetrack the issue of being smartly and appropriately garbed wherever she goes. There's absolutely no escaping the new demand for "style" tuned to environs of the time, the place and the game. Indulge in any outdoor pastime you will, but be sure you "look the part" in the matter of correct attire.

Designers have risen so valiantly to the occasion of creating an entire wardrobe of play clothes that all one has to do is to go to specialized departments and make your needs known and you will be outfitted to the nth degree of correctness for this sports occasion or that.

However, there is more to the play clothes challenge than just style, for dependable wearability that will withstand the ravages of roughing it is of such vast importance one needs must meet the issue with all the art and science at command. Which is exactly what fabric manufacturers are doing.

Note the play clothes pictured. They are extremely fabric conscious.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—Filming of Kipling's "The Light That Failed" on the New Mexico desert, near Santa Fe, was delayed the other day when a savage wind blew the tents away. The pug-nacious William Sandstorm Mild compared to Director's Past Wellman, the director, long known as "Wild Bill," enjoys fighting sandstorms, having licked one almost single-handed when he was filming "Beau Geste," in Arizona. He probably got a few good shots of the storm and will work them into the film, with his gift for improvisation.

He was the flying partner of Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player, in the Lafayette Escadrille in the World war, and revealed an instinct for showmanship by playing tunes on German tower bells with a machine gun as he zipped around the belfry. It was said that, before the Germans dropped him in a tree and sent him home, he could peg out "Silver Threads Among the Gold" without a sour note.

In aviation films, he has employed effectively both his histrionic talents and his training in air acrobatics. His film, "Wings," of 1928, touched off his expanding fame. "Men With Wings," of last year, rated by discerning critics as a top-bracket film, told the story of aviation from the day of the Wright brothers' first flight.

He was known at times, around Hollywood, as "Screwball Bill," but has simmered down considerably since he married Dorothy Connan, finding a desert sandstorm only mildly diverting, considering his rough-and-tumble past.

He is, however, as Irish as ever, and his famous aerial fight with an unknown Paris antagonist probably will continue. On leave in Paris, he found it necessary to re-buke an offensive stranger by knocking him stiff as a plank. Later, in Chicago, the stranger, spying Mr. Wellman on the street, did the same to him. A year or two later, in Hollywood, seeing his unknown sparring partner crossing the street, Mr. Wellman put himself one up by a blow to the chin. There have been other encounters. I believe the score is now even. But he bears no grudge. It is just a detail of his native ebullience, which leads him to such devices as galvanizing the chairs on the lot so his working crew can't sit down.

With Capra, La Cava and Hitchcock, he is achieving a sharp characterization and finished technique, as the movies get into long pants and offer adult entertainment. He grew up in Brookline, Mass., tried to sell chocolates and woolen goods, but didn't, went to the war with an ambulance unit and won the Croix de Guerre with the Lafayette Escadrille. His friend, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., steered him to Hollywood, soon after the war, as a messenger boy for Goldwyn. In 10 years, he did almost everything for every studio in Hollywood, before he hit his stride with "Wings."

He is 43, slender, whippy, with a touch of gray in his curly brown hair, and is apt to sock anybody in an argument and then affectionately buy him a drink. "A Star Is Born" hiked his fame considerably.

THIS reporter asked several informed persons if they knew that a woman was assistant secretary of the United States treasury. None of them did. Mrs. Blair Women in Office Banister, who holds that office, would find encouragement in that. She tells the Regional Conference of Democratic Women at Washington that the decreasing public excitement about women in office is a good sign. Their status in public life, if that's what interests them, is so assured that they no longer rate "glaring headlines" when they are put in a responsible post.

Mrs. Banister is a sister of Senator Carter Glass, one of a family of six boys and six girls, all following their father's business—newspaper work. Her sister, Dr. Meta Glass, is president of Sweetwater college. Mrs. Banister left Lynchburg, Va., in 1919, to assist George Creel's committee on public information. She was appointed to the treasury post in July, 1933.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Hats, Tiny or Big Favor Tweed-Like Linens for Suits

Although this year's linens abound in the traditional smooth finishes of the sort that denote well-bred aristocracy, many new versions are appearing. Something for the home make-your-own-clothes designer to get excited about is the smart new slubbed, nubbed and tweed-like linens which combine the celebrated coolness of flax with a fine aptitude for tailoring that insures a suit of distinction and comfort for town or travel wear.

Fruit Trims New White Straw Hats

Perfectly charming among summer-girl fashions are the new, usually large, rough white straw hats that are trimmed with clusters of gay colored fruit instead of the usual flower garnitures. This new fashion is wonderfully effective whether the hat be worn with an all-white costume or with a gay and festive silk print. It adds to the glory of this mode to carry a matching white straw handbag that is similarly fruit-trimmed.

Deck White Suits In Brass Buttons

There is a tendency to impart a military air to summer dresses and suits made of white sharkskin or white gossamer sheer wool by the use of handsome brass buttons, and in some instances epaulets of gold braid have been added. The fad for all white with gold trimming is also carried out in that gold kid belts are being worn with classic white dresses the draping of which takes on a sculptural beauty.

Fishnet Trim A New York designer, on the search for something different to distinguish summer clothes, has turned to fishnet.



Bears Protected in Vast Territory in Alaska

Alaskan bears have the benefit of protection on three types of sanctuaries—refuges established by executive orders, closed areas under game law regulations and national parks and monuments.

Mount McKinley National park and Katmai and Glacier Bay National monuments, where all wild life is protected, provide the bears with more than 5,800,000 acres of safe range—1,939,493 acres on Mount McKinley, 2,697,590 on Katmai and 1,164,900 on Glacier Bay.

The Aleutian islands bird refuge includes the 998,000-acre Unimak island where bears occur and share the protection given all wild life. Through an executive order, bears share with elk the protection afforded by the 448,000 acres of Afognak island.

Regulations under the Alaska game law prevent bear hunting on eight additional areas, totaling more than 1,340,000 acres. An area of 1,222,000 acres contiguous to Glacier Bay National monument and two areas on Admiralty with a combined acreage of nearly 52,000 acres have been closed to bear hunting. The Admiralty island areas, Thayer mountain and Pack creek, in-

clude 38,400 and 13,440 acres, respectively. Five other areas, with an aggregate acreage of 66,560, have been closed to all hunting. The commonly used names for these areas and their acreage are as follows: Eyak lake, 21,760; Mendenhall lake, 5,120; Alaska railroad, 24,960; Keystone canyon, 4,480; and Big Delta, 10,240.