

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

Jane had been afraid that Frederick would say something about an immediate marriage, and now he was saying it.

"Oh," she told him, earnestly, "you promised I might wait until Judy could come on. In June."

"I know. But it will be very hot, and you'll have a whole lifetime in which to see Judy."

"But not at my wedding. She's my only sister."

"I see," but his voice showed his annoyance; "but it seems as if your family have demanded enough of you. Can't you think a bit about yourself—and me?"

She pressed her point. "Judy is like my mother. I can't be married without her and the babies."

"If the babies come, you'll be looking after them until the last moment, and it will be a great strain on you, sweetheart."

"Oh, it won't be. I adore babies."

His quick jealousy flared. "I don't," he said, with a touch of sulkiness. "I'm not fond of children."

She ate in silence. And presently he said repentantly, "You must think me a great boor, Jane. But you don't know how much I want you."

He was like a repentant boy. She made herself smile at him. "I think you are very patient, Mr. Towne."

"I am not patient. I am most impatient. And when are you going to stop calling me Mr. Towne?"

"When I can call you—husband."

"But I don't want to wait until then, dearest."

"But Frederick is so long, and Fred is so short, and Ricky sounds like a highball." She had thrown off her depression and was sparkling.

"Nobody calls me 'Ricky' but Adelaide. I always hated it."

"Did you?" She was demure. "I might say 'my love,' like the ladies in the old-fashioned novels."

He laughed delightedly. "Say it."

She acquiesced unexpectedly. "My love, we are invited to a week-end with the Delafield Simms, at their new country place, Grass Hills."

"Are we?" Then in a sudden ardent rush of words, "Jane, I'd kiss you if the world wasn't looking on."

"The reporters would be ecstatic. Headlines."

"I am tired of headlines. And what do you mean about going to Delafield Simms?"

"They are asking a lot of his friends. It is his wife's introduction to his old crowd. Much will depend on whether you and Edith will accept. And it was Edith who asked me to—make you come—"

He leaned towards her across the table. "Ask me, prettily, and I'll do it."

"Really?" She laughed, blushed and did it. "Will you go—my love?"

"Could I say 'no' to that?" He radiated satisfaction. "Do you know how charming you are, Jane?"

"Am I? But it is nice of you to go. I know how you'll hate it."

"Not if you are there. And now, who else are asked?"

"Oh, Mrs. Laramore and Eloise Harper and a lot of others. Lucy says she'll be like a fish out of water, but Delafield has made up his mind that his friends shan't think that he's ashamed of her."

When their ices came and their coffee, Frederick said, "I've got to spend a half-hour in a committee room. Shall I take you up to the Senate Gallery?"

"No—there's nothing interesting, is there? I'll wait in Statuary Hall."

Jane loved the marble figures that circled the Hall. Years ago there had not been so many. They had been, then, perhaps, more distinctive. As a child, she had chosen as her favorites the picturesque Colonials, the frontiersmen in leather tunics and coonskin caps. She had never liked the statemen in stiff shirts and frock coats, although she had admitted their virtues. Even the incongruous classic draperies were more in keeping with the glamour which the past flung over the men who had given their best to America.

But it was Fulton who had captured her imagination, with his little ship, and Pere Marquette with his cross, the peace-loving Quaker who had conquered; adventurer, pioneer, priest and prophet—builders all of the structure of the new world.

She wondered what future generations would add to this glorious company. Would the Anglo-Saxon give way to the Semite? Would the Huguenot yield to the Slav? And would these newcomers hold high the banner of national idealism? What would they give? And what would they take away?

There were groups of sightseers gathered about the great room—a guide placing them here and there on the marble blocks. The trick was to put someone behind a mottled pillar far away, and let him speak. Owing to some strange acoustical quality the sound would be tele-

phoned to the person who stood on the whispering stone.

Years ago Jane had listened while a voice had come echoing across the hollow spaces of the great Hall, "My country—right or wrong—my country—"

Another ghost! The ghost of a boy, patriotic, passionately devoted to the great old gods. "Of course they were only men, Jane. Human. Faulty. But they blazed a path of freedom for those who followed . . ."

When Frederick came, he found her standing before the prim statue of Frances Willard.

"Tired, sweetheart?"

"No."

"I stayed longer than I expected."

"It didn't seem long. I have had plenty of company."

He was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"All these." Her hand indicated the marble men and women.

He laughed. "Great old freaks, aren't they?"

"Freaks! Gods! Well, of course, it all depended absolutely on the point of view."

"I like them all," she said, sturdily, "even the ones in the hideous frock coats."

"Surely not, my dear."

"Yes, I do. They may be bad art, but they're good Americans."



That was the kind of thing to live for.

His laugh was indulgent. "After you've been abroad a few times, you won't be so provincial."

"If being provincial means loving my own, I'll stay provincial."

"Travel broadens the mind, changes the point of view."

"But why should I love my country less? I know her faults. And I know Baldy's. But I love him just the same."

As they walked on, he felt into step with her. "We won't argue. You are probably right, and if not, you're too pretty for me to contradict."

His gallantry was faultless, but she wanted more than gallantry. There had been the usual give and take of her arguments with Evans. They had had royal battles, youth had crossed swords with youth. And from their disagreements had come convictions.

She had once more the illusion of Frederick as a feather cushion! He would perhaps agree with her always!

And her soul would be—smothered!

It was the morning of the day that she was going to the Delafield Simms, and Jane was packing her bag. She felt unaccountably depressed. During this week-end her engagement would be announced. And when Judy came they would be married in the Sherwood church.

And that would be the end of it!

Her lover had planned the honeymoon with enthusiasm. "Dieppe, Jane, Avignon—the North Sea. Such sunsets."

Jane felt that she didn't care in the least for sunsets or trips abroad. She was almost frightened at her indifference to the wonders of a world of which Frederick talked continually. Oh, what were mountains and sea at a time like this? Her heart should beat high—the dawns should be rosy, the nights full of stars. But they were not. Her heart was like a stone in her breast. The mornings broke gray and blank. The nights were dark. Her dreams were troubled.

She knew now what had happened to her. She had let herself be blinded by a light which she had thought was the sun. And it was not even the moon! It was a big round artificial brilliance which warned no one!

Life with Frederick Towne would be just going up and down great stairs, eating under the eye of a

stately butler, riding on puffy cushions behind a stately chauffeur, sitting beside a man who was everlastingly and punctiliously polite.

Oh, half the fun in the world was in the tussle with hard things. She knew that now. Life in the little house had been at times desperately difficult. But it had been like facing a stiff breeze, and coming out of it thrilled with the battle against the elements.

Yet how could she tell these things to Frederick? He was complacent, comfortable. She was young and he liked that. He never dreamed that he might seem to her somewhat staid and stogy. For a moment, in Chicago, he had been lighted by almost youthful fires. But in these days of daily meetings, she had become aware of his fixed habits, his fixed opinions, the fixed programs which must be carried out at any cost.

She had found, indeed, that she had little voice in any plans that Frederick made for her. When he consulted her on matters of redecorating the big house he brought to the subject a wealth of technical knowledge that appalled her. Jane knew what she liked, but she did not know why she liked it. But Frederick knew. He had the lore of period furniture at his fingers' ends. Rugs and tapestries—paintings and porcelains! He had drawings made and water-color sketches, and brought them out to Jane. She had a feeling that when the house was finished it would be like some exquisitely ordered mausoleum. There would be no chintzes, no pussy-cats purring, no Philomel singing!

As for clothes! Frederick's mind dwelt much on the subject. Jane was told that she must have an ermine wrap, and one of Persian lamb. Most of her things would be made in Paris—there was a man over there who did things in just the right style for her—pretentious but not sophisticated. Frederick was already having certain jewels set appropriately. Gray pearls and emeralds—he had even gone to the point of getting samples of silk and chiffon that she might see the smoke-gray and jade color-scheme he had in mind for her.

Samples!

A man's mind shouldn't be on clothes. He should have other things to think of.

There was Evans, for example. He had described the other night the boys' club he was starting in Sherwood. "In the old pavilion, Jane. It will do as it is in summer, and in winter we'll enclose it. And we are to have a baseball team, and play against the surrounding towns. You should see my little lads."

She and Baldy had been much interested. The three of them had put their heads together as they sat on the porch of the little house, with the moon whitening the world, and the whippoorwill mourning far away in the swamp.

They had planned excitedly, and every word they had said had been warm with enthusiasm. They had been flushed, exultant. It would be a great thing for Sherwood.

That was the kind of thing to live for, to live with. Ideas. Effort. She had always known it. Yet for a moment, she had forgotten. Had thought of herself as—Curlylocks.

She flung up her hands in a sort of despair. There was no way out of it. She was bound to Frederick Towne by the favors she had accepted from him. And that settled it.

She went on feverishly with the packing of her shabby suitcase. She rather gloried in its shabbiness. At least it is mine own, was her attitude of mind.

As she leaned over it, the great ring that Frederick had given her

swung back and forth on its ribbon. She tucked it into the neck of her frock but it would not stay. At last she took it off and was aware of a sense of freedom as if she had shed her shackles. It winked and blinked at her on the dresser, so she shut it in a drawer and was still aware of it shining in the darkness, balefully!

Briggs was not to come for her until four in the afternoon. She decided to go over to Castle Manor and talk to Mrs. Follette. She would take some strawberries as an excuse. The strawberries in the Castle Manor garden were never as perfect as those which Jane had planted. Evans said it was because Jane coaxed things into rosiness and roundness. But Jane had worked hard over the beds, and she had her reward.

Carrying a basket, therefore, of red and luscious fruit, Jane went through the pine grove along the path that led to the Castle Manor. Under the trees was a green light which she breathed as one breathes the cool waters of the sea. Her breath came quickly. In a few short weeks she would be far away from this sweet and silent spot, with its sacred memories.

Leaving the grove, she passed the field where the scarecrow reigned. She leaned on the fence. With the coming of spring, the scarecrow had been decked in gay attire. He wore a pink shirt of Evans' and a pair of white trousers. His hat was of straw, and as he danced in the warm south breeze he had an air of care-free jauntness.

Jane found herself resenting his jaunty air. She felt that she had liked him better in his days of appealing loneliness. She had resented, in like manner, the change in Evans. He, too, had an air of making a world for himself. She had no part in it, apparently. She was, in effect, the Peri at the gate!

And she wanted to be in his world, Evans' world. She didn't want to be left out. Yet she had chosen. And Evans had accepted her decision. She had not thought it would be so hard to have him—accept.

His interests seemed now to include everything but Jane. He was doing many things for the boys of Sherwood, there was his work in town, the added responsibility he had assumed in the affairs of the farm.

"She's such an old darling, Jane. Doing it with her duchess air. But she's not strong. I'm trying to make her let things go a bit. But she's so proud of her success. I wish you could see her showing Edith Towne and her fashionable friends about the dairy. With tea on the lawn afterward. You must come over and join in the fun, Jane."

"I am coming," Jane had told him, "but my days have been so filled."

He had known who had filled them. But he had ignored that, and had gone on with his subject. "The idea I have now is to keep bees and sell honey. The boys and I have some books on bee culture. They are quite crazy about it."

It was always now the boys and himself. His mother and himself. And once it had been himself and Jane!

Leaning on the fence, Jane spoke to the scarecrow. "I ought to be glad but I am not."

The scarecrow bowed and danced in the breeze. He had no heart, of course. He was made of two crossed sticks . . .

Jane found Mrs. Follette on the wide porch. She was snowy and crisp in white linen. She wore a black enamel brooch, and a flat black hat which was so old-fashioned that it took on a mid-Victorian staidness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Racial Purity? No Such Thing, Says Scientist

Although European nations may go to war for the sake of racial purity, there is no such thing in Europe. Wilton M. Krogman, associate professor of physical anthropology at the University of Chicago, said recently.

"The Europeans are a people so hopelessly intermixed, so mongrelized that claims of uniqueness, of purity, of superiority are as 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbal,'" he declared.

Study of more than 1,100 skulls in Asia Minor, covering the last 6,000 years, has shown that Europe has been a network of paths of migration of many racial types so long that only in remote corners, such as northern Scandinavia, can any semblance of racial purity be found. Professor Krogman's study has summarized 10 years' work by the University of Chicago, the Oriental Institute of Chicago, and the University of Pennsylvania.

"The squareness of a head, the convexity of a nose, the color and texture of hair, the color of eyes and skin are factors of little moment to natural human economy," he said. "But seen beneath the glare of nationalistic fervor

and political ambition they become veritable earth-shaking differences."

Racially, Europe may be divided into five types, he continued. Western Europe includes long-headed Mediterranean and Nordic and round-headed Alpine. Eastern Europe contains round-headed Baltics and Danians.

"There are many anthropologists who would split further this five-fold division, but they would split hairs, too," said Professor Krogman.

Ancestors of all present Europeans entered Europe by way of Asia Minor, the speaker asserted. "Modern cranial types were probably definitely established by the time the earliest tribes entered Europe."

**Wheels Known to Ancients**

It is not known exactly when and by whom wheels were first used. They were known to the very ancient peoples. Monuments show that the wheel as used by the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians, usually had six spokes, those of the Greeks and Romans had only four. They were generally constructed of wood and sometimes had bronze or iron tires.

## Smart Wool With Gold Accent Is Early Fall Style Formula

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF THERE is one theme more than another about which fashion interest centers this fall, that theme is the outstanding importance of fine, choice fabric. In assembling the autumn wardrobe the thought to keep uppermost in mind is that for the most part the style structure for the coming months is being built around the idea of handsome material made up with a studied simplicity that achieves classic lines which lead to well-balanced silhouettes bespeaking a new dignity in the mode.

The new wool weaves are adding a particularly exciting chapter to the current story of fabric elegance. In laying the foundation for the early fall wardrobe the idea of handsomely wool styled to a nicety with emphasis on dramatic simplicity, is making widespread appeal.

What to offset the amazing simplicity of the dress or suit of swank wool? The answer is gold jewelry accents. Which is one of the startling items of news in the new season's trends. There is a "gold rush" on in fashion's realm. Black with gold is especially a message that is being flashed throughout the style centers of the world.

Black wool jersey, a particularly smart indication for early fall, is used for the fashion-right semi-tailored dress centered to right above in the illustration. Note, with the bracelet-length sleeves the unusually wide gold bracelet. This matter of the wider bracelet is in accordance with fashion's latest decree.

To further dramatize this modish daytime frock of black wool jersey there are gold clips that highspot the lapel. Flattering, too, are the circle earrings.

To the lower right in the picture, a princess model of billiard green flannel, beautifully fitted at the

waist, breaks into pleats below the hips. The high round neck practically demands a necklace and a suitable one as here shown is of gold links with gold knobs. The wide link gold bracelet looks well with the necklace and a cunning gold clip climaxes this jewelry ensemble. The plaid hat crowns the entire with glory.

Gold jewelry as a smart accent to colorful tweeds has also become a hobby with fashion. To the left in the picture see a deep bright green tweed suit with a new collar treatment and stitched detail down the front of the jacket. The skirt is widely gored. Take particular notice of the gold and green tourmaline daisy pin with a diamond center worn on the jacket. The bracelets are of the new large gold link type. Gold stitched suede describes the hat.

A few notes in general in regard to the new wool weaves follow. The trend to smoother versions of the velvety duvety order is apparent. There are also many ribbed woollens. While black woollens are having a widespread initial call, there is also a big movement going on among richly colorful tweeds and other wool weaves gorgeously toned in new shades of blue green and flower reds with rust tones greatly in favor for sports and travel wear. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Gored Skirt



## Season of Luxury In Fabrics Seen

All signs point to a season of luxury especially in matter of fabric elegance. The tendency is toward dignified trends rather than the much-exploited "little girl" fashions that have been centering the stage during past months.

Suits of stiff faille, rich brocades for evening wear, imposing jewelry accents emphasizing wide bracelets, necklaces that have a broad collarlike spread and massive gold effects in belts, and in clips all indicate return to elegance.

The play being made on fur borderings that is being lavished on coat, suit and frock, the revival of old-fashioned passermenterie, the elaborate hand-embroidery and countless such trends are reminiscent of the Victorian age of pomp and glory. The fact of sleek fitted dresses with in many instances the long sleeve, the quaint back-fulness treatments that modernize bustle effects, fitted basques, laced-in corsets all portend the trend to greater dignity in fashions.

## Hats Show Wealth Of Ostrich Trims

A definite revival of ostrich is announced for this fall and winter. Many of the new hats show a wealth of ostrich trims. Evening wraps are trimmed with ostrich, little boleros are all of ostrich, and there are bags, and fans, and fanciful muffs to match.

**To Show Your Watch**

Gloves, designed so that the face of your wrist watch can be seen at a glance, are one of the newest presentations of a famous London designer.

**A Cool Color**

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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.

## Common Sense About Constipation

A doctor would tell you that the best thing to do with constipation is get at its cause. That way you don't have to endure it first and try to cure it afterward—you can avoid having it.

Chances are you won't have to look far for the cause if you eat the super-refined foods most people do. Most likely you don't get enough "bulk"! And "bulk" doesn't mean a lot of food. It means a kind of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines.

If this is what you lack, try crisp crunchy Kellogg's All- Bran for breakfast. It contains just the "bulk" you need.

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They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—Sheridan.

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