

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"My dear child," Mrs. Follette said, "have lunch with me. Mary has baked fresh bread, and we'll have it with your berries, and some Dutch cheese and cream."

"I'd love it," Jane said; "I hoped you'd ask me. We are going at four to Delafield Simms for the weekend. I shall have to be fashionable for forty-eight hours, and I hate it."

Mrs. Follette smiled indulgently. "Of course, you don't mean it. And don't try to be fashionable. Just be yourself. It is only people who have never been anybody who try to make themselves like others."

"Well," said Jane, "I'm afraid I've never been anybody, Mrs. Follette. I'm just little Jane Barnes."

Her air was dejected.

"What's the matter with you, Jane?" Mrs. Follette demanded.

Jane clasped her hands together. "Oh, I want my mother. I want my mother." Her voice was low, but there was a poignant note in it.

Old Mary came out with the tray, and when she had gone, Mrs. Follette said, "Now tell me what's troubling you?"

"I'm afraid," "Of what?"

"Oh, of Mr. Towne's big house, and—I think I'm a little bit afraid of him, too, Mrs. Follette."

"Why should you be afraid?" "Of the things he'll expect of me. The things I'll expect of myself. I can't explain it. I just—feel it."

Mrs. Follette, pouring ice-cold milk from a silver pitcher, said, "It is a case of nerves, my dear. You don't know how lucky you are."

"Am I lucky?" wistfully.

"Of course you are lucky. But all girls feel as you do, Jane, when the wedding day isn't far off. They wonder and wonder. It's the newness—the—"

"Laying flesh and spirit . . . in his hands . . ." Jane quoted, with quick-drawn breath.

"I shouldn't put it quite like that," Mrs. Follette said with some severity; "we didn't talk like that when I was a girl."

"Didn't you?" Jane asked. Well, I know you were a darling, Mrs. Follette. And you were pretty. There's that portrait of you in the library in pink."

"I looked well in pink," said Mrs. Follette, thoughtfully, "but the best picture that was ever done of me is a miniature that Evans has."

She buttered another slice of bread. She had no fear of growing fat. She was fat, but she was also stately and one neutralized the other. To think of Mrs. Follette as thin would have been to rob her of her duchess role.

Jane had not seen the miniature. She asked if she might.

"I'll get it," said Mrs. Follette, and rose.

Jane protested, "Can't I do it?" "No, my dear. I know right where to put my hand on it."

She went into the cool and shadowy hall and started up the stairs, and it was from the shadows that Jane heard her call.

There was something faint and agitated in the cry, and Jane flew on winged feet.

Mrs. Follette was holding on to the stair-rail, swaying a little. "I can't go any higher," she panted; "I'll sit here, my dear, while you get my medicine. It's in my room on the dresser."

Jane passed her on the stairs, and was back again in a moment with the medicine, a spoon, and a glass of water. With her arm around the elder woman she held her until the color returned to her cheeks.

"How foolish," said Mrs. Follette at last, sitting up. "I almost fainted. I was afraid of falling down the stairs."

"Let me help you to your room," Jane said, "and you can lie on the couch—and be quiet—"

"I don't want to be quiet, but I'll lie on the couch—if you'll sit there and talk to me."

So with Jane supporting her, Mrs. Follette went up the rest of the flight, and across the hall—and was made comfortable on a couch at the foot of her bed.

the east window which overlooked Sherwood. It was a mahogany desk of the secretary type, and there was nothing about it to drain the color from Jane's cheeks, to send her hand to her heart.

Above the desk, however, where his eyes could rest upon it whenever he raised them from his writing, was an old lantern! Jane knew it at once. It was an ancient ship's lantern that she and Baldy had used through all the years, a heritage from some sea-going ancestor. It was the lantern she had carried that night she had found him in the fog!

Since her return from Chicago she had not been able to find it. Baldy had complained, "Sophy must have taken it home with her." But Sophy had not taken it. It was here. And Jane knew, with a certainty that swept away all doubts, why.

"You are a lantern, Jane, held high . . ."

She found the miniature and carried it back to Mrs. Follette. "I told you you were pretty and you have never gotten over it."

She had regained her radiance. Mrs. Follette reflected complacently.

"I hope it won't rain," Edith said.

Oh, of Mr. Towne's big house, and—I think I'm a little bit afraid of him, too, Mrs. Follette."

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tered her weak husband beyond anything he had ever known in his drifting days of bachelorhood. "After dinner," she told Eloise, "I'll show you Del's roses. They are quite marvellous. I think his collection will be beyond anything in this part of the country."

Delafield, coming up, said, "They are Lucy's roses, but she says I am to do the work."

"But why not have a gardener?" Eloise demanded.

"Oh, we have. But I should hate to have our garden a mere matter of—mechanics. Del has some splendid ideas. We are going to work for the flower shows. Prizes and all that."

Delafield purred like a pussy-cat. "I shall name my first rose the 'Little Lucy Logan.'"

Edith, locking arms with Jane, a little later, as they strolled under a wisteria-hung trellis towards the fountain, said, "Lucy's making a man of him because she loves him. And I would have laughed at him. We would have bored each other to death."

"They will never be bored," Jane decided, "with their roses and their little pigs."

They had reached the fountain. It was an old-fashioned one, with thin streams of water spouting up from the bill of a bronzed crane. There were goldfish in the pool, and a big green frog leaped from a lily pad.

Beyond the fountain the wisteria roofed a path of pale light. A peacock walked slowly towards them, its long tail sweeping the ground in burnished beauty.

"Think of this," said Jane, "and Lucy's days at the office."

"And yet," Edith pondered, "she told me if he had not had a penny she would have been happy with him."

"I believe it. With a cottage, one pig and a rose-bush, that would find bliss. It is like that with them."

The two women sat down on the marble coping of the fountain. The peacock trailed by them, its jewels all ablaze under the sun.

Adelaide, in her burnished tulle, tall, slender, graceful as a willow, was swinging along beneath the trellis. The peacock had turned and walked beside her. "What a picture Baldy could make of that," Edith said. "The Proud Lady."

"Do you know," Jane's voice was also lowered, "when I look at her, I feel that it is she who should marry your uncle."

Edith was frank. "I should hate her. And so would he in a month. She's artificial, and you are so adorably natural, Jane."

Adelaide had reached the circle of light that surrounded the fountain. "The men have come and have gone up to dress," she said. "All except your uncle, Edith. He telephoned that he can't get here until after dinner. He has an important conference."

"He said he might be late. Benny came, of course?"

"Yes, and Eloise is happy. He had brought her all the town gossip. That's why I left. I hate gossip."

Edith knew that pose. No one could talk more devastatingly than Adelaide of her neighbor's affairs. But she did it, subtly, with an effect of charity. "I am very fond of her," was her way of prefacing a ruthless revelation.

"I thought your brother would be down," Adelaide looked at Jane, poised on the rim of the fountain, like a blue butterfly,—"but he wasn't with the rest."

"Baldy can't be here until tomorrow noon. He had to be in the office."

"What are you going to do with yourself in the meantime, Edith?" Adelaide was in a mood to make

people uncomfortable. She was uncomfortable herself. Jane, in billowing heavenly blue with rose ribbons floating at her girdle, was youth incarnate. And it was her youth that had attracted Towne.

The three women walked towards the house together. As they came out from under the arbor, they were aware of black clouds stretched across the horizon. "I hope it won't rain," Edith said, "Lucy is planning to serve dinner on the terrace."

Adelaide was irritable. "I wish she wouldn't. There'll be bugs and things."

Jane liked the idea of an out-of-door dinner. She thought that the maids in their pink linen were like rose-leaves blown across the lawn. There was a great umbrella over the table, rose-striped. "How gay it is," she said; "I hope the rain won't spoil it."

When they reached the wide-pillared piazza, no one was there. The wind was blowing steadily from the bank of clouds. Edith went in to get a scarf.

And so Jane and Adelaide were left alone.

Adelaide sat in a big chair with a back like a spreading fan; she was statuesque, and knew it, but she would have exchanged at the moment every classic line for the effect that Jane gave of unpremeditated grace and beauty. The child had flung a cushion on the marble step, and had dropped down upon it. The wind caught up her ruffles, so that she seemed to float in a cloud.

She laughed, and tucked her whirlwind draperies about her. "I love the wind, don't you?"

Adelaide did not love the wind. It ruffled her hair. She felt spitefully ready to hurt Jane.

"It is a pity," she said, after a pause, "that Ricky can't dine with us."

Jane agreed. "Mr. Towne always seems to be a very busy person."

Adelaide carried a little gauze fan with gold-lacquered sticks. When she spoke she kept her eyes upon the fan. "Do you always call him 'Mr. Towne'?"

"Of course."

"But not when you're alone." Jane flushed. "Yes, I do. Why not?"

"But, my dear, it is so very formal. And you are going to marry him."

"He said that he had told you." "Ricky tells me everything. We are very old friends, you know."

Jane said nothing. There was, indeed, nothing to say. She was not in the least jealous of Adelaide. She wondered, of course, why Towne should have overlooked this lovely lady to choose a shabby child. But he had chosen the child, and that settled it as far as Mrs. Laramore was concerned.

But it did not settle it for Adelaide. "I think it is distinctly amusing for you to call him 'Mr. Towne.' Poor Ricky! You mustn't hold him at arms' length."

"Why not?"

"Well, none of the rest of us have," said Adelaide, deliberately. Jane looked up at her. "The rest of you? What do you mean, Mrs. Laramore?"

"Oh, the women that Ricky has loved," lightly.

The winds fluttered the ribbons of Jane's frock, fluttered her ruffles. The peacock on the lawn uttered a discordant note. Jane was subconsciously aware of a kinship between Adelaide and the burnished bird. She spoke of the peacock.

"What a disagreeable voice he has."

Adelaide stared. "Who?" "The peacock," said Jane.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cottons Take on Importance In 'Back-to-School' Wardrobe

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



PLANNING a back-to-school wardrobe for young 1939 sophisticates? Here's news of smart cottons for cottons are gaining in style prestige.

They are the more persuasive in that they are such grand and glorious washable successes, added to which they are durable as well as smart.

True aristocrats among the newer fabrics are the fine shantung cottons and the highly mercerized poplins, both of which actually seem to improve with repeated launderings, for the iron brings out the native luster of the cotton.

Fall prints are more subdued. The backgrounds are darker. No wise mother chooses any print these days that is less than perfectly washable, completely color-fast and sanforized shrunk.

For dress-up, little girls will wear stunning cloque piques, fine linens, washable spun rayons and new crases that resemble linens but are actually serviceable cotton.

Another outstanding favorite is washable gabardine for school and for all autumn activities. Blouses, shorts, skirts, culottes in fact every conceivable type of garment for youthful wearers of both sexes who lead a strenuous outdoor life are showing in cotton gabardines that are processed so they cannot shrink out of fit.

Destined to be a schoolgirl favorite is the cunning dress pictured to the left at the top in the group. As much like mother's bolero jacket outfit as possible is this modish frock designed so cleverly for little daughter with whom it is most certain to prove first choice to wear "first day of school." Made of fine quality shantung broadcloth guaranteed pre-shrunk of course, this model is most attractive. The bolero comes off and leaves a smart little short-sleeved frock. Worn with a new fall felt, the outfit makes a chic

junior ensemble to snuggle under a good warm coat when cool weather sets in.

An ideal tubster is the cunning dress worn by the youngster seated in the foreground. It is made of a modern safe-for-washing print, the excellent shantung cotton print that mothers know and approve for back-to-school wardrobes. Note the dainty hand-fagoting in the collar and please observe that a generous shirring gives plenty of front and back fullness. The pockets are clever and new.

The smiling young bicyclist on the right wears a very intriguing frock styled of a striped cotton print that is almost as sturdy a weave as could be found in any collection of materials, added to which is its attractiveness. The skirt is pleated and a gypsy sash of the material ties at the waist.

The teen-age who possess almost an uncanny style sense are having great fun ensembling gabardine outfits that make color their theme. A marine blue gabardine skirt, a yellow blouse, a magenta kid belt, a yellow jacket, a bright headkerchief square that has peasant figurines dancing around the wide border goes to the color limit and yet how effective it is and best of all dependably washable.

In choosing the new bright cottons we can't urge mothers too strongly to stop, look and be cautious before they buy. Look at the label whether it be an all-ready-to-wear garment you are selecting for Junior or little sister or a washable fabric by the yard. Look for service guarantees of non-shrinkage and no-fade on the fabrics.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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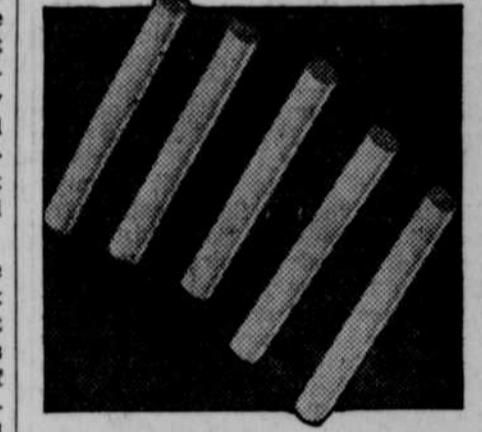
Former Senator Fess was condemning in Atlantic City the war talk that is troubling the world.

"How unreasonable war is," he ended. "It is more unreasonable than the prize fight seemed to the old lady. An old lady said on her return from the big city:

"One evening my son-in-law took me to a prize fight. I never saw such a thing. The two men came out on the stage and shook hands like the best of friends, then they began to punch each other all for nothing. They kept on punching till a man in the corner yelled 'Time' and nobody answered, so I pulled out my watch and shouted, 'Ten o'clock!'"

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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK



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Leading Vogue



Here is a charming interpretation of the "little dinner" suit. It contrasts a formal floor-length skirt with a wee jacket blouse. The fabric that fashions this attractive dinner dress is teal twill, a crimped spun acetate rayon weave that looks like sheer suedelike wool and feels like duvetyen. The modish jacket that buttons around the waist accenting a deep V-neckline is in dusty pink. The skirt, in an Indian wine shade, is styled with a front fullness that lends it sculptural grace.

Flare for Suede Knows No Bounds

It's going to prove a record season for suede. Paris cables say "suede" with emphasis, citing accessory ensembles of hat, bag, belt and gloves done in richly colorful suede. Some suede enthusiasts are dressing in suede from head to foot. The new suede processing is so amazing, the results are a lightness and softness that yields perfectly to fabric treatments. In consequence high-fashion women are taking to wearing stunning dresses of suede or perhaps a suede topper completes a tweed suit. It's a complete conquest that suede has made in the fashionable world.

Sweaters in for Big Run for Fall

It's going to be a tremendous sweater season. You can get any type of sweater in any color, keyed to any occasion from the most formal to the most sporty.

Sweaters, ever the schoolgirls' delight, resort to all sorts of tricky devices, such as the names of leading colleges scribbled in gay print all over. Bars of music embroidered across the front of your sweater is something to attract the eye. Latest college girl whim is to wear the long cardigan sweater back-wards—instead of buttoning it up at front—buton it at the back.

From the Wings of a Bird Mainbocher's "aviary" pinks are like exotic birds—the ibis, flamingo, cockatoo—and are as bright as spilled red ink.

Town Dependent on Glacier for Water Supply

Boulder, Colorado town, claims it is the "only city in America—and perhaps in the world—that owns a glacier for its water supply."

Boulder, home of the University of Colorado, 30 miles northwest of Denver, and one of the "gateways" to the northern Colorado Rockies, holds the unique position of having an unmeasurable and unlimited supply of water for public use, stored up in one of nature's best refrigerators—the Arapahoe glacier and five smaller companions.

By an act of congress in 1919, the City of Boulder was given full title to the glacier, and since that time has built up one of the most elaborate and productive water systems of any city its size in the United States.

Thirty miles west of Boulder, nestled in the valley between the North and South Arapahoe peaks, lies the Boulder watershed—a strip of land taken from the Roosevelt National forest, and guarded by heavy fences—comprising an area of 6,020 acres of virgin land. Within this section lies the Arapahoe Glacier and five smaller bodies of ice, draining into nine large mountain lakes, at an altitude of from 11,000 to 13,000 feet. The lakes have a

capacity of more than a billion gallons of nearly pure drinking water in storage for use in the future by Boulder residents.

Four 12-inch pipes carry water to the two reservoirs overlooking the city, passing through settling stations at several points on the 18-mile journey, so that the terrific gravity pressure of the water may be reduced.

Fire hydrants in the city normally have a pressure at the nozzle of nearly 100 pounds to the square inch. The drop of 6,000 feet in 18 miles exerts enough pressure to shoot a stream of water over some of the larger buildings of the city without the use of fire-fighting force pumps.

Coming as it does from high altitude lakes, the water is virtually germ free and needs little treatment.

Arapahoe glacier is said by geologists to be moving at a rate of from 12 to 27 feet a year.

Greenwich Village
The settlement of Greenwich Village was first named Bossen Boverie. After the English took over the rule of the city, the name was changed in 1721 to Greenwich, which means green village.

CHAPTER XV

Lucy was still to Eloise Harper the stenographer of Frederick Towne. Out of place, of course, in this fine country house, with its formal gardens, its great stables, its retinue of servants.

"What do you do with yourselves?" she asked her hostess, as she came down, ready for dinner, in revealing apricot draperies and found Lucy crisp in white organdie with a band of black velvet around her throat.

"Do?" Lucy's smile was ingenuous. "We are very busy, Del and I. We feed the pigs."

"Pigs?" Eloise stared. She had assumed that a girl of Lucy's type would affect an elaborate attitude of leisure. And here she was, instead, fashionably energetic.

They fed the pigs, it seemed, actually. "Of course not the big ones. But the little ones have their bottles. There are ten and their mother died. You should see Del and me. He carries the bottle in a metal holder—round."—Lucy's hand described the shape,—"and when they see him coming they all squeal, and it's adorable."

Lucy's air was demure. She was very happy. She was a woman of strong spirit. Already she had in-

Evans' desk was in an alcove by