

# The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XV—Continued

Then Eloise and Edith came in, and presently the men, and Lucy and Del from a trip to the small porkers, and Adelaide going out with Del to dinner was uncomfortably aware that Jane had either artlessly or artfully refused to discuss with her the women who had been loved by Frederick Towne!

The dinner was delicious. "Our farm products," Delafield boasted. Even the fish, it seemed, he had caught that morning, motoring over to the river and bringing them back to be split and broiled and served with little new potatoes. There was chicken and asparagus, small cream cheeses with the salad, heaped-up berries in a Royal Worcester bowl, roses from the garden. "All home-grown," said the proud new husband.

Jane ate with little appetite. She had refused to discuss with Adelaide the former heart affairs of her betrothed, but the words rang in her ears, "The women that Ricky has loved."

Jane was young. And to youth, love is for the eternities. The thought of herself as one of a succession of Dulcineas was degrading. She was restless and unhappy. It was useless to assure herself that Towne had chosen her above all the rest. She was not sophisticated enough to assume that it is, perhaps, better to be a man's last love than his first. That Towne had made it possible for any woman to speak of him as Adelaide spoke, seemed to Jane to drag her own relation to him in the dust.

The strength of the wind increased. The table was sheltered by the house, but at last Delafield decided, "We'd better go in. The rain is coming. We can have our coffee in the hall."

Their leaving had the effect of a stampede. Big drops splashed into the plates. The men servants and maids scurried to the rescue of china and linen.

The draperies of the women streamed in the wind. Adelaide's tulle was a banner of green and blue. The peacock came swiftly up the walk, crying raucously, and found a sheltered spot beneath the steps.

From the wide hall, they saw the rain in silver sheets. Then the doors were shut against the beating wind.

They drank their coffee, and bridge tables were brought in. There were enough without Jane to form two tables. And she was glad. She wandered into the living-room and curled herself up in a window-seat. The window opened on the porch. Beyond the white pillars she could see the road, and the rain-drenched garden.

After a time the rain stopped, and the world showed clear as crystal against the opal brightness of the western sky. The peacock came out of his hiding-place, and dragged a long, heavy tail over the sodden lawn.

It was cool and the air was sweet. Jane lay with her head against a cushion, looking out. She was lonely and wished that Towne would come. Perhaps in his presence her doubts would vanish. It grew dark and darker. Jane shut her eyes and at last she fell asleep.

She was waked by Towne's voice. He was on the porch. "Where is everybody?"

It was Adelaide who answered him. "They have motored into Alexandria to the movies. Eloise would have it. But I stayed—waiting for you, Ricky."

"Where's Jane?"

"She went up-stairs early. Like a sleepy child."

Jane heard his laugh. "She is a child—a darling child."

Then in the darkness Adelaide said, "Don't, Ricky."

"Why not?"

"Do you remember that once upon a time you called me—a darling child?"

"Did I? Well, perhaps you were. You are certainly a very charming woman."

Jane, listening breathlessly, assured herself that of course he was polite. He had to be.

Adelaide was speaking. "So you are going to make the announcement tomorrow?"

"Who told you?"

"Edith."

"Well, it seemed best, Adelaide. The wedding day isn't far off—and the world will have to know it."

A hushed moment, then, "Oh, Ricky, Ricky!"

"Adelaide! Don't take it like that."

"I can't help it. You are going out of my life. And you've always been so strong, and big, and brave. No other man will ever match you."

When he spoke, his voice had a new and softer note. "I didn't dream it would hurt you."

"You might have known."

The lightning flickering along the horizon showed Adelaide standing beside Towne's chair.

"Ricky"—the whispered words reached Jane—"kiss me once—to say 'good-by.'"

CHAPTER XVI

Young Baldwin Barnes, on Saturday morning, ate breakfast alone in the little house. He read his paper and drank his coffee. But the savor of things was gone. He missed Jane. Her engaging chatter, the spirited challenge, even the small irritations. "She is such a darling dear," was his homesick meditation.

Oh, a man needed a woman on the other side of the table. And when Jane was married, what then? Edith!

Oh, if he might! If Philomel might sing for her! Toast and poached eggs! Nectar and ambrosia! His little house a castle!

"But it isn't mine own," the young poet reminded himself; "there is still the mortgage." He came down to earth, cleared the table, fed the pussy-cats. Then he went down to the post-box to get the mail.

The Barnes' mail was rarely voluminous, rarely interesting. A bill or two, a letter from Judy—some futile advertising stuff.

This morning, however, there was a long envelope. In one corner was the name of the magazine to which, nearly six months before, Baldy had sent his prize cover design. The

thing had almost gone out of his thoughts. He had long ceased to hope. Money did not miraculously fall into one's lap.

He tore open the envelope. Within was a closely typed letter and a pale pink check.

The check was for two thousand dollars. He had won the prize!

Breathless with the thought of it, deprived of strength, he sat down on the terrace steps. Merrymaid and the kitten came down and angled for attention, but Baldy overlooked them utterly. The letter was astounding. The magazine had not only given him the prize but they wanted more of his work. They would pay well for it—and if he would come to New York at their expense, the art editor would like to talk it over!

Baldy, looking up from the pregnant phrases and catching Merrymaid's eye upon him, demanded, "Now, what do you think of that? Shall I resign from the office? I'll tell the world, I will."

Oh, the thing might even make it possible for him to marry Edith. He could at least pay for the honeymoon—preserve some sense of personal independence while he worked towards fame. If she would only see it. That he must ask her to live for a time—in the little house. He'd make things easy for her—oh, well, the thing could be done—it could be done.

He flew up the steps on the wings of his delight. He would ride like the wind to Virginia—find Edith in a rose-garden, fling himself at her feet. Declare his good fortune! And he would see her eyes!

Packing his bag, he decided to stop in Washington, and perpetrate a few extravagances. Something for Edith. Something for Jane. Something for himself. There would be no harm in looking his best . . .

He arrived at Grass Hills in time for lunch. His little flivver came up the drive as proudly as a limousine. And Baldy descending was a gay and gallant figure. There was no one in sight but the servants who took his bag, and drove his car around to the garage. A maid in rose linen said that Mr. and Mrs. Simms were on the links with the other guests, and would return from the Country Club in time for lunch at two o'clock. Miss Barnes was up-stairs. Her head had ached, and she had had her breakfast in bed.

"Will you let her know that I am here?"

The maid went up and came down to say that Miss Barnes was in the

second gallery—and would he go right up.

The second gallery looked out over the river. Jane lay in a long chair. She was pale, and there were shadows under her eyes.

"Oh, look here, Janey," Baldy blurted out, "is it as bad as this?"

"I'm just—lazy." She sat up and kissed him. Then buried her face in his coat and wept silently.

"For heaven's sake, Jane," he patted her shoulder, "what's the matter?"

"I want to go home."

He looked blank. "Home?"

"Yes." She stopped crying. "Baldy, something has happened—and I've got to tell you." Tensely, with her hands clasped about her knees, she rehearsed for him the scene between Adelaide and Frederick Towne. And when she finished she said, "I can't marry him."

"Of course not. A girl like you. You'd be miserable. And that's the end of it."

"Utterly miserable." She stared before her. Then presently she went on. "I stayed up-stairs all the morning. Lucy and Edith have been perfect dears. I think Edith lays it to the announcement of my engagement tonight. That I was dreading it. Of course it mustn't be announced, Baldy."

He stood up, sternly renouncing his dreams. "Get your things on, Jane, and I'll take you home. You can't stay here, of course. We can decide later what it is best to do."

"I don't see how I can break it off. He's done so much for us. I can't ever—pay him—"

In Baldy's pocket was the pink slip. He took it out and handed it to his sister. "Jane, I got the prize. Two thousand dollars."

"Baldy!" Her tone was incredulous.

He had no joy in the announcement. The thing had ceased to mean freedom—it had ceased to mean—Edith. It meant only one thing at the moment, to free Jane from bondage.

He gave Jane the letter and she read it. "It is your great opportunity."

"Yes." He refused to discuss that aspect of it. "And it comes in the nick of time for you, old dear."

Their flight was a hurried one. A note for Lucy and one for Towne. A note for Edith!

Jane was not well was the reason given their hosts. The note to Towne said more than that. And the note left for Edith was—renunciation.

Edith coming home to luncheon found the note in her room. All the morning she had been filled with glorious anticipation. Baldy would arrive in a few hours. Together they would walk down that trellised path to the fountain, they would sit on the marble coping. She would trail her hand through the water. Further than that she would not let her imagination carry her. It was enough that she would see him in that magic place with his air of golden youth.

But she was not to see him, for the note said:

"Beloved—I make no excuse for calling you that because I say it always in my heart—Jane has made up her mind that she cannot marry your uncle. So we are leaving at once."

"I can't tell you what the thought of these two days with you meant to me. And now I must give them up. Perhaps I must give you up. I don't know. I came with high hopes. I go away without any hope at all. But I love you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Towne, riding like mad along the Virginia roads.

## Black or Print Jersey Frock Is Ideal for Immediate Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ABOUT the grandest thing that has happened in the land of fashion is the dress of either silk, rayon or wool jersey. In the rayon jerseys that are printed in discreet patternings the career girl who must live a studio or office life has met her ideal. These new dot-patterned or striped suave sleek jersey frocks have a way of laying siege to your heart the moment you see them. And what's the best of all they "improve on acquaintance," when you discover how slenderizing they are to the figure and how they give you the well-dressed appearance all through the active hours of the day.

Note the three jersey frocks in the picture. Choose the one you like best and then confide in your dealer that you feel the urge for a jersey frock stirring within and forthwith you will be shown a collection of jersey dresses, each and every one of which will impress you with its charm and chic.

The frock centered in the picture is a refined and fetching model, the kind that will grace office, school-room and studio to perfection. This dress is made of black crush-proof (emphasis on crush-proof) black rayon jersey printed in white pin dots. This model is charming in wine or dark green with white dot print. The trimming is white pique and the smart hat is of black satin. Wear this frock and you will be graciously gowned for any daytime occasion.

Very popular this season is polka dots overprinted on checks. Can you conceive of a more intriguing dot-on-check print than a black smooth lustrous rayon jersey patterned in black and white check, splashed with huge dubonnet red polka dots as

pictured to the left in the illustration? Just such eye-appealing effects can be had in a long list of color combinations. The dress buttons from neckline to hem. A crushed black patent waistbinder adds the touch supreme from the sartorial standpoint.

Something new in a fall afternoon frock is pictured to the right. The skirt is a 1939 fashion favorite. It is of soot-black silk jersey fashioned according to the latest, which calls for lots and lots of flare about the hemline with snuffed-girth hips. In sleek jersey such as this designers have discovered a fabric of matchless draping qualities that performs miracles in the way of slenderizing the figure. Striped white jersey is used for the top given a diagonal treatment.

The emphasis placed on the all-black frock as a fashion "first," for fall leave no alternative to the woman who would be well dressed. A classic black this season becomes an essential. Why not a black silk or rayon jersey? The gown of draped or shirred black silk jersey will prove "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" all through the fall months and on into the winter to wear under your fur coat.

With it you wear, if you are fashion-wise, massive gold jewelry preferably one of the gorgeous gold bib necklaces some of which are resplendent with colored stone settings. These necklaces are so wide they remind of deep yokes. And keep in mind there must always be added a matching gold bracelet. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Modish Black



The new blacks impress with their striking smartness. The chic of a black costume such as centers the dress style stage at present depends upon the sophisticated simplicity of its styling. Spongy black wool crepe has been used for the jacket dress pictured. The skirt which flares in latest approved manner is topped with a pert youthful double-breasted jacket which accents the new brief waistline length. The vestee of white crepe shows a tucked front and Peter Pan collar.

### Unrelieved Black Fashion's Latest

Black unrelieved, save for a dash of bizarre jewelry, is being carried out by those who go in for extremes in striking ways. For instance, with a dull black crepe dress a noted Paris couturier partners a lustrous black satin blouse, adding a tall hat with drape-manipulated towering crown of matching satin. The handbag is also of satin. The effect is stunning.

Reversing the order of things with a lusterful silk jersey frock, smart accessories worn include hat, bag, shoes and gloves of soot black antelope, gorgeous gold jewelry highlighting the ensemble.

Many of the new sheer black wools are being trimmed with black velvet for collar and other details. Of course, the logical hat to wear must also be of black velvet.

Black sequins glitter on evening gowns of dull blacks in a blaze of glory. French designers are using quantities of black passementerie and braiding on black fabric giving an air of elegance that bespeaks a new dignity in fashions for the coming months.

### Massive Jewelry Is Current Style

Jewelry is playing a tremendous part in current fashion. The trend is toward massive gold and jeweled necklaces and bracelets, which, worn with the new black gowns that make simplicity their theme, is startlingly effective.

Size is all-important in necklaces. The deep collar types are in the lead. In other items of jewelry the idea of size also is stressed. Brooches are very large as also are earrings and clips.

## New Fall Patterns Are So Flattering

A TINY basque waistline, reminiscent of the 1890s, flirtatious little bows down the front and a wide, circular skirt, put No. 1800 in the forefront of fall fashions, and flatter you outrageously! Be among the first to wear this enchanting frock, in faille, flat crepe or thin wool.

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No. 1800 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material with short sleeves; 5 yards with long sleeves. 2 1/4 yards ribbon for bows.

No. 1716 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 39 inch material with short sleeves; 5 1/2 yards with long sleeves; 7/8 yards of trimming.

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