

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

It was on the way home that Jane had said to Baldy: "I feel like a selfish pig."

"Why, my dear?"

"To take your precious prize before it is cold. It doesn't seem right."

"It isn't a question of right or wrong. If things turn out with these new people as I hope, I'll be painting like mad for the next two months. And you'll have your work cut out for you as my model. They like you, Jane. They said so."

He had driven on steadily for a time, and had then said, "I never wanted you to marry him."

"Why not, Baldy?"

He turned his lighted-up eyes upon her. "Janey—I wanted you to have your dreams—"

She had laid her hand on his arm in a swift caress. "You're a darling—and after a while, 'Nothing can take us from each other, ever, Baldy.'"

Never had they drawn closer in spirit than at this moment. But they said very little about it. When they came to the house, Baldy went at once to the garage. "I'll answer that letter, and put in a good afternoon looking over my sketches." He did not tell her how gray the day stretched ahead of him—that golden day which had started with high hopes.

Jane changed to a loose straight frock of orange cotton, and without a hat, feeling actual physical freedom in the breaking of her bonds, she swung along the path to the little grove. It was aromatic with the warm scent of the pines, and there was a cool shade in the heart of it. Jane had brought a bag of stockings to mend, and sat down to her homely task, smiling a little as she thought of the contrast between this afternoon and yesterday, when she had sat on the rim of the fountain and watched Adelaide and the peacock. She had no feeling of rancor against Adelaide. She was aware only of a great thankfulness.

She was, indeed, at the moment, steeped in divine content. Here was the place where she belonged. She had a sense of blissful escape.

Merrymaid came down the path, her tail a plume. The kitten followed. A bronze butterfly floated across their vision, and they leaped for it—but it went above them—joyously towards the open blue of the sky. The two cats gazed after it, then composed themselves carefully like a pair of miniature lions—their paws in front of them, sleepy-eyed but alert for more butterflies, or for Jane's busy tread.

And it was thus that Towne found her. Convinced that the house was empty, he had started towards Baldy's studio. Then down the vista of the pine grove, his eye had been caught by a spot of golden color. He had followed it.

She laid down her work and looked up at him. "You shouldn't have come."

"My dear child, why not? Jane, you are making mountains of molehills."

"I'm not."

He sat down beside her. The little cats drew away, doubtful. "It was natural that you should have resented it. And a thing like that isn't easy for a man to explain. Without seeming a—cad—"

"There isn't anything to explain."

"But there is. I have made you unhappy, and I'm sorry."

She shook her head, and spoke thoughtfully. "I think I am—happy. Mr. Towne, your world isn't my world. I like simple things and pleasant things, and honest things. And I like a One-Woman man, Mr. Towne."

He tried to laugh. "You are jealous."

"No," she said, quietly. "It isn't that, although men like you think it is. A woman who has self-respect must know her husband has her respect. Her heart must rest in him."

He spoke slowly. "I'll admit that I've philandered a lot. But I've never wanted to marry anyone but you. I can promise you my future."

"I'm sorry. But even if last night had never been—I think I should have—given you up. I had begun to feel that I didn't love you. That out there in Chicago you swept me off my feet. Mr. Towne, I am sorry. And I am grateful. For all your kindness—" She flushed and went on, "You know, of course, that I shan't be happy until—I don't owe you anything . . ."

He laid his hand on hers. "I wish you wouldn't speak of it. It was nothing."

"It was a great deal."

He looked down at her, slender and young and infinitely desirable. "You needn't think I am going to let you go," he said.

"I'm afraid—you must—"

He flamed suddenly. "I'm more of a One-Woman man than you think. If you won't marry me, I won't have anyone else. I'll go on alone. As for Adelaide—A woman like that doesn't expect much more than I gave. That's all I can say

about her. She means nothing to me, seriously, and never will. She plays the game, and so do I, but it's only a game."

He looked tired and old. "I'll go abroad tomorrow. When I come back, perhaps you'll change your mind."

"I shall never change it," she said, "never."

He stood up. "Jane, I could make you happy." He held her hand as she stood beside him.

She looked at him and knew that she could not. Her dreams had come back to her—of Galahad—of Robin Hood . . . the world of romance had again flung wide its gates . . .

After Towne had gone she sat for a long time thinking it over. She blamed herself. She had broken her promise. Yet, he, too, had broken a promise.

She finished mending the stockings, and rolled them into compact balls. The little cats were asleep—the shadows were stretched out and the sun slanted through the pines. She had dinner to get, for her return had been unexpected, and Sophy had not been notified.

She might have brought to the thought of her tasks some faint feeling of regret. But she had none. She was glad to go in—to make an omelette—and cream the potatoes—and have hot biscuits and berries—and honey.

Planning thus, competently, she raised her eyes—to see coming along the path the two boys who had of late been Evans' close companions. She spoke to them as they reached her. "Can't you stay a minute? I'll make you some lemonade."

They stopped and looked at her in a way that startled her. "We can't," Arthur said; "we're going over to the Follettes. We thought we might help."

She stared at them. "Help? What do you mean?"

Sandy gasped. "Oh, didn't you know? Mrs. Follette died this morning . . ."

Evans had found his mother at noon, lying on the couch at the foot of her bed. He had stayed at home in the morning to help her, and at ten o'clock she had gone up-stairs to rest a bit before lunch. Old Mary had called her, and she had not answered. So Evans had entered her room to find that she had slipped away peacefully from the world in which she exaggerated her own importance. It would go on without her. She had not been neighborly but the neighbors would all come and sympathize with her son. And they would miss her, because she had added to the community some measure of stateliness, which they admired even as they resented it.

Evans had tried to get Baldy on the telephone, but could not. Jane was at Grass Hills. He would call up at long distance later. There was no reason why he should spoil for them this day of days.

So he had done the things that had to be done in the shadowed house. Dr. Hallam came, and the others. Evans saw them and they went away. He moved in a dream. He had no one to share intimately his sorrow—no sister, no brother, no one, except his little dog, who trailed after him, wistful-eyed, and with limping steps.

The full force of the thing that had happened did not come to him at once. He had a feeling that at any moment his mother might sweep in from the out-of-doors, in her white linen and flat black hat, and sit at the head of the table, and tell him the news of the morning.

He had had no lunch, so old Mary fixed a tray for him. He did not eat, but drank some milk. Then he and Rusty took up their restless wandering through the silent rooms. Old Mary, true to tradition, had drawn all the blinds and shut many of the windows, so that the house was filled with a sort of golden gloom. Evans went into his mother's little office on the first floor, and sat down at her desk. It was in perfect order, and laid out on the blotter was the writing paper with the golden crest, and the box of golden seals. And he had laughed at her! He remembered with a pang that they would never again laugh together. He was alone.

He wondered why such things happened. Was all of life as sinister as this? Must one always find tragedy at every turn of the road? He had lost his youth, had lost Jane and now his mother. Was everything to be taken away? Would there be nothing left but strength to endure?

Well, God helping him, he would endure to the end . . .

He closed the desk gently and went out into the darkened hall. As he followed its length, a door opened at the end. Black against the brightness beyond, he saw the two lads. They came forward with some hesitation, but when they saw his tired face, they forgot self-consciousness.

"We just heard. And we want to

help." Sandy was spokesman. Arthur was speechless. But he caught hold of Evans' sleeve and looked up at him. His eyes said what his voice refused.

Evans, with his arms across their shoulders, drew the boys to him. "It was good of you to come."

"Miss Barnes said," again it was Sandy who spoke, "that perhaps we might get some pine from the little grove. That your mother liked it."

"Miss Barnes? Is she back? Does she know?"

"We told her. She is coming right over."

Baldy drove Jane in his little car. As she entered she seemed to bring the light in with her. She illuminated the house like a torch.

She walked swiftly towards Evans, and held out her hand. "My dear, I am so sorry."

"I thought you were at Grass Hills."

"We came back unexpectedly."

"I am so glad—you came."

He was having a bad time with his voice. He could not go on . . .

Jane spoke to the boys. "Did you ask him about the pine branches? Just those, and roses from the garden, Evans."

"You always think of things—"

"Baldy will take the boys to the grove, and do any errands you may have for him." She was her calm and competent self—letting him get control of his emotion while she directed others.

Baldy, coming in, wrung Evans' hand. "The boys and I will get the pine, and Edith Towne is coming out to help. I called her up to tell her—"

Baldy stopped at that. He could not speak here of the glory that encompassed him. He had said, "If death should come to us, Edith? Does anything else count?" And she had said, "Nothing." And now she was coming and they would pick roses together in the garden. And love and life would minister to a greater mystery . . .

THE END.

When Baldy and the boys had gone, Jane and Evans opened the windows and pulled up the shades. The house was filled with clear light, and was cool in the breeze.

When they had finished, Jane said, "That's all, I think. We can rest a bit. And presently it will be time for dinner."

"I don't want any dinner."

They were in the library. Outside was an amethyst twilight, with a young moon low in the sky. Evans and Jane stood by the window, looking out, and Jane asked in a hushed voice, "You don't want any dinner because she won't be at the other end of the table?"

"Yes." His face was turned from her. His hands were clenched. His throat was dry. For a moment he wished he were alone that he might weep for his mother.

And then Jane said, "Let me sit at the other end of your table."

He turned back to her, and saw her eyes, and what he saw made him reach out blindly for her hand—sympathy, tenderness—a womanly brooding tenderness.

"Oh, Evans, Evans," she said, "I am not going to marry Frederick Towne."

"Why not?" thickly.

"I don't love him."

"Do you love me, Jane?"

She nodded and could not speak. They clung together. He wept and was not ashamed of it.

And standing there, with his head against her breast, Jane knew that she had found the best. Marriage was not a thing of luxury and soft living, of flaming moments of wild emotion. It was a thing of hardness shared, of spirit meeting spirit, of dream matching dream. Jane, that afternoon, had caught her breath as she had come into the darkened hall, and had seen Evans standing between those slender lads. So some day, perhaps, in this old house—his sons!

THE END.

Miss College Girl Is Engaging Attention of Fashion Designers

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT'S no secret as to who has been chosen to play the part of leading lady on the stage of fashion during the early fall days—College Girl is her name. To this important personage all fashiondom is paying homage at the present moment. On every side you are reminded that the idea is motivating to cater to the whims and wardrobe needs of the girl who is going away to school.

The style program arranged for Miss College Girl and her younger schoolgirl sister fairly teems with excitement. For instance, there is the new bustle dress. The idea has taken the collegiate set by storm. The quaint bustle dresses that grandmothers galvanized in as girls in the '80s are actually proving inspiration for frocks that the modern girl will wear this fall.

The highpoints of these oldtime silhouettes are being revived such as waistslines of vanishing inches, slim corseted midriffs and wide back-swirling skirts interpreted in novel bustle treatments but modified so cleverly they are made thoroughly practical and wearable for this day and age. Then there is the new vogue that calls for a velvet or velveteen jacket worn with a gay plaided wool skirt or a contrasting or matched solid color as fancy dictates. The decided military air that the new fashions take on is also a big factor in the new mode and most outstanding of all is the importance attached to fine materials.

These and other significant style trends were revealed at their glamorous best in an advance fall fashion revue staged by the Style Creators of Chicago. The three models pictured were especially applauded by the audience of visiting merchants as fashions that are representative of what the up-to-date fashion-alert girl will be selecting for her going-away-to-school wardrobe.

The clever little date frock of shepherd check velveteen shown to the left in the group is sure to enjoy

a gay campus career. Its cunning tunic bustleback and its full circular-cut skirt gives it swank and distinction such as collegiate fashionables demand. Its red suede belt supplies a fetching dash of color. Approval for the new bustle-back dresses is assured for being interpreted in simple words, bustleback is merely a way of saying "back fullness" achieved in ingenious ways that are conservative and wearable without being overdone.

The suit to the right is very style-revealing, stressing as it does the continued triumph in the mode of richly colorful striped woolsens. The stripes, the plaids and the marvelous artistry with which designers combine them with monotones in related tone simply hold one spellbound. The gorgeous striped wool that fashions the costume suit keys to the smartest fall colors, harmonizing vibrant greens with luscious blackberry tones. The skirt is all-around pleated. The boxy jacket tops an emerald green velvet blouse closing with novel key-and-keyhole ornaments. An oversize quill tops the moss green sailor hat.

You may expect to see gay little velvet jackets dotted all over the college campus. The girl centered in the picture wears a snug black velveteen jacket quite military looking as so many of the newer fashions are, with a plaid pleated skirt that introduces an artful blend of grape, pink and yellow tones, climaxed with a sweater in warm yellow hues. Juniors, likewise college sophisticates, simply dote on the new plaids and stripes. A Scotch cap of black velvet with satin ribbon streamer, together with the plaid carries the message that fashions for young folks have gone very Scotch this season.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

These Smart Patterns Look Ahead to Fall

DO YOU take a woman's size? Then here is a lovely dress for you, (1799) youthful yet sophisticated, with clever bodice detailing, to create a round-bosomed effect, and a paneled skirt that makes your hips look narrow. It's a perfect style for luncheons and



club affairs, yet not too dressy for street and shopping wear, too. Flat crepe, thin wool and rayon jersey are smart materials for this.

Princess Lines and Shirring. Business and college girls will like the slim lines and simplicity of this very attractive dress (1780), with princess skirt cut high in the front, shirred shoulders, and flaring revers that frame your face becomingly. For this, choose flat crepe, taffeta or thin wool, with revers in white or a pastel tint.

The Patterns. No. 1799 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. Size 34 requires 5 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. 1/4 yard of lace for vestee. No. 1780 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 40. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 39 inch material; 1/2 yard contrasting.

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.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

INDIGESTION

Sensational Relief from Indigestion and One Dose Proves It

If the first dose of this pleasant-tasting little black tablet doesn't bring you the fastest and most complete relief you have experienced and boot back to you and DOUBLES MONEY BACK. This Bell's-ans tablet helps the stomach digest food, makes the entire stomach healthy and lets you eat the nourishing foods you need. For heartburn, sick headaches and spells so often caused by excess stomach acid, this little black pill and stick all relief—JUST ONE DOSE of Bell's-ans proves speedily relief. THE OVERDOSE.

Self-Confident Doubt whom you will, but never doubt yourself.—Bovee.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 62), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

WNU-U 36-39

Scrawls Reveal Ancient Man Real 'Doodler'

Ancient man was a "doodler" de luxe—and his idle scribbles on cliff walls still perplex many laymen and scientists, according to the Smithsonian Institution.

Dr. Julian H. Steward of the institution's bureau of American ethnology reported that the bureau receives a steady stream of inquiries about carvings and paintings on cliffs and boulders.

Various lay and scientific theories contend the drawings are part of a lost Indian language, fragments of the European alphabet brought to America by pre-Columbian Northmen, or cryptograms giving directions to buried treasure.

Steward, after extensive study of petroglyphs, reported that many of the crude pictures and geometric designs were fraudulent.

He said an even larger portion of the genuine ancient drawings, however, represent "idle scratching," an early form of "doodling."

Supporting his "idle scribbling," theory, Steward said: "In view of the great trouble which white men frequently take to deface rocks and trees with names and initials, especially where other persons have done so before them, it would be foolish to suppose that

the motives of the prehistoric Indians were not sometimes equally trivial.

"It is a safe guess that a large number of petroglyphs were produced by persons amusing themselves during dull hours."

He said other drawings represent religious objects, portray events, or give directions, not to buried treasure, however, because "North American aboriginals attached no value whatsoever to our conception of 'treasure.'"

"It is easy enough with a little imagination," Steward said, "to detect forms of European letters in petroglyphs. It would be remarkable if there were not such coincidences."

"On the whole, however, the subject is worthy of comprehensive study. I urge persons running across such rock drawings to photograph them, if possible. What is without meaning now may fit into a comprehensive pattern later."

More Women as Mediums Women constitute 80 per cent of all the spiritualistic mediums, fortune tellers and crystal gazers in the United States, says Collier's Weekly.

BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE

Prologue TO LOVE BY MARTHA OSTENSO

AUTUMN DEAN, daughter of Jarvis Dean, British Columbia rancher, returns home from England only to find her father greatly changed. He welcomes her, but gives her to understand that she must not expect to stay.

● The flame of old friendship is kindled into love when Autumn meets Bruce Landor, a childhood companion and protector. Then happiness seems lost when Jarvis Dean warns Autumn that she cannot marry Bruce. She is stunned when he tells her the reason. One thing seems destined to keep her from the man she loves.

"PROLOGUE TO LOVE" is the story of two young people kept apart by family hatred and a resurrected past. It is one of the truly great love stories of modern times—one you'll enjoy thoroughly.

IT IS MARTHA OSTENSO AT HER BEST! READ EVERY INSTALLMENT!

High Color Tweed Offers Solution



For One Problem

For many women, the most trying coat length of recent inspiration is the rather popular just-below-the-waist length that nips in at the midriff and hugs the hips.

It is a good style for a slender woman with a streamlined figure and is being shown in any number of varieties, of which one of the most popular is a monotone wool jacket worn over a gay print dress. But the problem is not so simple for those who border on plumpness.

One suggestion is that the slightly swallow-tail version deals more kindly with the heavy woman.

Two-Skirt Outfit Real Money-Saver

A money-saver for the bride consists of a two-skirt suit of very sheer wool or crepe, designed with a suave fitted jacket. The street-length skirt can be worn with the jacket and printed crepe or organdy blouses to make a smart runabout costume by day.

A floor-length skirt of the same material, combined with the jacket and a sheer chiffon blouse make a chic dinner costume for boat and hotel wear in the evening.

New Coat Silhouettes Coats are no longer a simple matter of straight boxy lines or fitted and flared effects, for Parisian designers are showing intricate details of cut and design in their most recent collections.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fall to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

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