

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER I

Sherwood Park is twelve miles from Washington. Starting as a somewhat pretentious suburb on the main line of a railroad, it was blessed with easy accessibility until encroaching trolleys swept the tide of settlement away from it, and left high and dry—its train service, unable to compete with modern motor vehicles, increasingly inefficient.

Property values, inevitably, decreased. The little suburb degenerated, grew less fashionable. People who might have added social luster to its gatherings moved away. The frame houses, which at first had made such a brave showing, became a bit down at the heel.

The Barnes cottage was saved from the universal lack of loveliness by its simple lines, its white paint and green blinds. Yet the paint had peeled in places, and the concrete steps which followed the line of the two terraces were cracked and worn.

Old Baldwin Barnes had bought this house on the instalment plan, and his children were still paying for it. Old Baldwin had succumbed to the deadly monotony of writing the same inscription on red slips through thirty years of faithful service in the Pension Office, and had left the world with his debts behind him.

He had the artistic temperament which his son inherited. Julia was like her mother who had died two years before her husband. Mrs. Barnes had been unimaginative and capable. It was because of her that Julia had married an architect, and was living in a snug apartment in Chicago, that Baldwin Junior had gone through college and had some months at an art school before the war came on, and that Jane, the youngest, had a sense of thrift, and an intensive experience in domestic economy.

As for the rest of her, Jane was twenty, slender as a Florentine page, and fairly pretty. She was in love with life and liked to talk about it. Young Baldwin said, indeed, with the frankness of a brother, that Jane ran on like a babbling brook.

She was "running on" this November morning, as she and young Baldwin ate breakfast together. Jane always got the breakfast. Sophy, a capable Negro woman, came over later to help with the housework, and to put the six o'clock dinner on the table. But it was Jane who started the percolator, poached the eggs, and made the toast on the electric toaster, while young Baldwin read the Washington Post. He read bits out loud when he was in the mood. He was not always in the mood, and then Jane talked to him. He did not always listen, but that made no difference.

Jane had named the percolator "Phylomel," because of its purring harmonies.

"Don't you love it, Baldy?"

Her brother, with one eye on the paper, was eating his grapefruit.

"Love what?"

"Phylomel."

"Silly stuff—"

"It isn't. I like to hear it sing."

"In my present mood I prefer a hymn of hate."

She buttered a slice of toast for him. "Well, of course, you'd feel like that."

"Who wouldn't?" He took the toast from her, and buried himself in his paper, so Jane buttered another slice for herself and ate it in protesting silence—plus a poached egg, and a cup of coffee rich with yellow cream and much sugar. Jane's thinness made such indulgence possible.

"I simply love breakfast," she continued.

"Is there anything you don't love, Jane?" with a touch of irritation.

"Yes."

"What?"

"You."

He stared at her over the top of the sheet. "I like that!"

"Well, you won't talk to me, Baldy. It isn't my fault if you hate the world."

"No, it isn't." He laid down the paper. "But I'll tell you this, Jane, I'm about through."

She caught her breath, then flung out, "Oh, you're not. Be a good sport, Baldy. Things are bound to come your way if you wait."

He gave a short laugh and rose. "I wish I had your optimism."

"I wish you had."

They faced each other, looking for the moment rather like two young cockerels. Jane's bobbed hair emphasized the boyish effect of her straight, slim figure. Baldy towered above her, his black hair matching hers, his eyes, too, matching—gray and lighted-up.

Jane was the first to turn her eyes away. She looked at the clock. "You'll be late."

He got his hat and coat and came back to her. "I'm a blamed sore-head. Give me a kiss, Jane."

She gave it to him, and clung to him for a moment. "Don't forget to bring a steak home for dinner,"

was all she said, but he was aware of the caress of those clinging fingers.

It was one of his grievances that he had to do the marketing—one could not depend on Sherwood's single small store—so Baldy with dreams in his head drove twice a week to the butcher's stall in the old Center Market to bring back chops, or a porterhouse, or a festive small roast.

He had no time for it in the mornings, however. His little car took him over the country roads and through the city streets and landed him at the Patent Office at a quarter of nine. There, with a half hour for lunch, he worked until five—it



She felt poignantly the beauty of it.

was a dog's life and he had other aspirations.

Jane, left to herself, read the paper. One headline was sensational. The bride of a fashionable wedding had been deserted at the altar. The bridegroom had failed to appear at the church. The guests waiting impatiently in the pews had been informed, finally, that the ceremony would be postponed.

Newspaper men hunting for the bridegroom learned that he had left a note for his best man—and that he was on his way to southern waters. The bride could not be seen. Her uncle, who was also her guardian, and with whom she lived, had stated that there was nothing to be said. That was all. But society was on tiptoe. Delafield Simms was the son of a rich New Yorker. He and his bride were to have spent their honeymoon on his yacht. Edith Towne had a fortune to match his. Both of them belonged to old and aristocratic families. No wonder people were talking.

There was a picture of Miss Towne, a tall, fair girl, in real lace, orange blossoms, seed pearls—

Pride was in every line of her. Jane's tender fancy carried her to that first breathless moment when the bride had donned that gracious gown and had surveyed herself in the mirror. "How happy she must have been." Then the final shuddering catastrophe.

Sophy arrived at this moment, and Jane told her about it. "She'll never dare trust anybody, will she?"

"Yo' kain't ever tell whut a woman will do, Miss Janey. Effen she a trustin' nature, she'll trus' and trus', and effen she ain't a trustin' nature, she won't trus' nobow."

"But what do you suppose made him do it?"

"Nobody knows whut a man's gwine do, w'en it comes to gittin' married."

"But to leave her like that, Sophy. I should think she'd die."

"Effen the good Lord let women die w'ep men 'ceived them." Sophy proclaimed with a chuckle, "dere wouldn't be a female lef' w'en the trump sounded." Her tray was piled high with dishes, as she stood in the dining-room door. "Does you-all want rice puddin' fo' dinna, Miss Janey?"

And there the subject dropped. But Jane thought a great deal about it as she went on with her work.

She told her sister, Julia, about it when, late that afternoon, she wrote her weekly letter.

"The worst of it must have been to lose her faith in things. I'd rather be Jane Barnes without any love affair than Edith Towne with a love affair like that. Baldy told me the other day that I am not unattractive! Can't you see him saying it? And he doesn't think me pretty. Perhaps I'm not. But there are moments, Judy, when I like myself—! "Baldy nearly had a fit when I bobbed my hair. But I did it and took the consequences, and it's no end comfortable. Baldy at the present moment is mid-Victorian. It is his reaction from the war. He says he is dead sick of flappers. That they are all alike—and make no appeal to the imagination! He came home the other night from a dance and read Tennyson—can you fancy that after the way he used to fling Amy Lowell at us and Carl Sandburg? He says he is so tired of short skirts and knees and proposals and cigarettes that he is going to hunt with a gun, if he ever decides to marry, for an Elaine or a Griselda! But the worst of it is, he takes it out on me! I wish you'd see the way he censors my clothes and my manners, and I sit here like a prisoner in a tower with not a man in sight but Evans Follette, and he is just a headache, Judy."

"Baldy has had three proposals; he said that the first was stimulating, but repetition 'staled the interest! Of course he didn't tell me the names of the girls. Baldy's not a cad."

"But he is discouraged and desperately depressed. He has such a big talent, Judy, and he just slaves away at that old office. He says that after those years in France, it seems like a cage. I sometimes wonder what civilization is, anyhow, that we clip the wings of our young eagles. We take our boys and shut them up, and they pant for freedom. Is that all that life is going to mean for Baldy—eight hours a day—behind bars?"

"She felt poignantly the beauty of it—the dark pines and the little moon above them—the tug of the wind at her cloak like a riotous playmate."

Baldy was not the only poet in the family, but Jane's love of beauty was inarticulate. She would never be able to write it on paper or draw it with a pencil.

"Yet I am trying to keep him at it until the house is paid for. I don't know whether I am right—but it's all we have—and both of us love it. He hasn't been able lately to work much at night, he's dead tired. But there's a prize offer of a magazine cover design, and I want him to compete. He says there isn't any use of his trying to do anything unless he can give all of his time to it."

"Of course you've heard all this before, but I hear it every day. And I like to talk things out. I must not write another line, dearest. And don't worry, Baldy will work like mad if the mood strikes him."

"Did I tell you that Evans Follette and his mother are to dine with us on Thanksgiving Day? We ought to have six guests to make things go. But nobody will fit in with the Follettes. You know why, so I needn't explain."

"Kiss both of the babies for me. Failing other young things, I am going to have a Christmas tree for the kitten. It's a gay life, darling."

"Ever your own,"

"Jane."

The darkness had come by the time she had finished her letter. She changed her frock for a thinner one, wrapped herself in an old cape of orange-hued cloth, and went out to lock up her chickens. She had fed them before she wrote her letter; but she always took this last look to be sure they were safe.

The shed where the chickens were kept was back of the garage. When Jane opened the door, her old Persian cat, Merrymaid, came out to her, and a puff-ball of a kitten. Jane snapped on the lights in the chicken-house and the biddies stirred. When she snapped them off again, she heard them settle back to sheltered slumber.

The kitten danced ahead of her, and the old cat danced too, as the wind whirled her great tail about. "We won't go in the house—we won't go in the house," said Jane, in a sort of conversational chant, as the pussies followed her down a path which led through the pines. She often walked at this hour—and she loved it best on nights like this.

She felt poignantly the beauty of it—the dark pines and the little moon above them—the tug of the wind at her cloak like a riotous playmate.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sheer Fabrics, Lace, Color, Varied Headdress for Bride

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FORTUNATE indeed is the bride-to-be who is planning a lovely spring wedding, in that fashion is not setting down arbitrary rules in the matter of bridal array but rather is encouraging fancy-free individual choices.

This departure from stereotyped traditional dress is particularly evidenced in the matter of color. The prospective bride who has secretly cherished the idea of an eye-catching subtle tint for her nuptial gown and veil instead of traditional white, will have the joy of finding that dreams do come true.

A very successful color technique on the part of designers robes the bride and her maids in the same color or, as the case may be, in different intensity of the same color. A suggestion along this line is pale pink satin for the wedding gown with bridesmaids' bouffant dresses of sheerest net in a trifle deeper tone. The bride either wears white orchids or carries roses in the pink of her gown, while the attendants' flowers are of deeper hue.

As to the styling of the gowns, sentiment runs high in favor of full-skirted types with quaint, fitted bodices or hiplength basque effects. There is a pronounced flair this spring for exquisitely sheer weaves for both bride and maids, such as marquisette, mousseline de soie, or nets of sheerest type.

As to lace for the wedding gown it is ever a favorite the more so this spring in that enthusiasm for lace is so general throughout all fashiondom. The gown pictured fits into the springtime wedding scene with queenly grace. Its artful soft styling brings skirt fullness to the front in latest approved manner. Its form-fitting midriff accents a slender waistline as is required of fashions today. The heart-shaped neckline and the high shouldered full-at-top long fitted sleeves are significant styling details.

No matter how entrancing her gown, a bride fails at looking her prettiest if her headdress and veil do not flatter. Here again is fashion indulgent to the spring bride, in that the new fantasies of tulle and flowers and lace include every possible type, suited to every individuality. Best of all, in the modern way of doing things there is no fuss or flurry at the last moment to get the veil pinned into shape by nervous unskilled fingers, for that has been taken care of in advance by specialists. All that is required of the bride-to-be is to take her milliner into confidence long before the happy day or the consulting adviser in the wedding bureau where you are supposed to come and ask questions, as established nowadays in all high-class establishments. If it is a period type, or a youthful ingenue headdress, or a stately coronet, if it be a simple inexpensive piece or a most elaborate one let your needs be known and by some magic, it's there before your very eyes.

The various types of headdress shown in the little inset pictures are typical new trends such as are available in shops and specialty departments that cater to seekers of bridal array.

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Gypsy Dress Late Caprice of Fashion

Stripes and plaids in taffeta, in silk crepe, in printed linens, in thin wools, in glamorous cottons are selling as fast as the yards and yards it requires for a full-at-the-hem skirt can be measured off. These skirts are usually gathered in peasant-wise at the waistline. To be sure a blouse is inevitable and what a blouse of charm and romance the new blouses do tell! Together skirt and blouse are providing the big sensation in the spring pageantry of fashion.

Beige Suits Spiked With Vivid Shades

Paris dressmaker strategy with beige suits is to dose them a-plenty with vivid color, such as red, splashy printed stuff, or gaudy pink and such pastels. The color comes in the blouse, hat, gloves, and other details.

Or they put a beige jacket with a brown or black skirt, and throw in a brilliant blouse and accessories in a third color.

Effective Trim

To trim an evening dress, nothing could be more effective than insertions of appliques of white lace that is studded with rhinestones at sparing intervals.

Call for Plaids



Among the definite impressions conveyed by apparel collections in leading couturier salons is that of the importance of handsome plaid wools made up into stunning topcoats or jackets. Paris designers especially favor nuge plaids. Per example, Creed designs a multi-color plaid coat with very unusual pockets to replace the handbag as you see here pictured. The tailored sailor by Rose Valois tunes smartly to the chic of this handsome coat. If it is a jacket suit that claims your interest consider it in terms of a handsome plaid wool as pictured at the top. This costume, also a Creed model, achieves perfect ensembling by a multi-colored jacket, a blue pleated skirt and a dark red silk blouse.

Trend of Big Game Population On Increase

Startling comparisons between human and animal populations are revealed in an analysis by the American Wildlife Institute of a big game inventory by the United States Biological survey.

"There are 874,000 deer in Michigan alone," points out Stanley T. Boggess, who made the analysis for the institute. "There are 15 states in the Union which have fewer than this number of human beings."

In general it is noted the entire trend of the big population is on the upswing. It would be difficult to say just how many years it has been since the big game population of any given state exceeded the number of human beings in the same area.

The state which comes nearest this is Nevada. Nevada's 91,000 people outnumber the big game reported in that state only by about 3 to 2. The five species of big game animals resident in Nevada totals 60,875.

The state which comes nearest the proportions indicated by these figures is Wyoming. In that state nine big game species total more than 125,923. This figure represents a sum equal to more than half of

Wyoming's reported population. Only two of the 48 states are without deer, according to this report.

A revelation which will be astonishing to some, outside of Pennsylvania, is that the Keystone state, the second most populous in the union, also ranks second in deer population with 700,093 reported. California leads the western states with 435,555 deer. The deer comprise more than four-fifths of the big game of America, outambering in population the great city of Chicago.

In all, there are 5,160,605 big game animals in America, or less than one to every 25 persons recorded in the last census.

When one harks back to the millions of head of big game which roamed the country 100 years ago, these figures are but an insignificant remnant. It is possible the antelope and bison alone reached a figure over 100,000,000.

Of the 15 species enumerated in the census only the deer seemed to have recovered to a figure appreciably near their original abundance. Some of the species, notably the big horn sheep, are still on the decline.

THE DIM LANTERN



Little Jane Barnes held the key to happiness for four young people. Loved by two men, idealistic Evans Follette, to whom she is a guiding light in the glow of despondency, and Frederick Towne, wealthy, domineering man-about-town, she is forced to make her decision. Through her choice four love stories unwind to happiness.

"The Dim Lantern" is one of Temple Bailey's greatest stories—one that will claim your interest from the first chapter to the end.

BEGINS TODAY . . . SERIALLY IN THIS PAPER

TIPS to Gardeners

Plant Seeds Carefully
WHEN vegetable and flower seeds purchased from reputable firms do not germinate as they should, it is safe to assume that conditions are not favorable for growth, or that seeds were not planted properly.

Therefore, it is of greatest importance to plant seeds according to directions on the packets. Extremely small seeds must be covered only lightly with soil, according to Harold N. Coulter, vegetable expert.

The will to grow is strong in seeds, but they have their limitations. To plant a tiny seed, like the petunia, under an inch of soil is like burying a man under a 20-story building and asking him to push it away.

Heavier, larger seeds, of course, may be planted deeper. Beans and cucumbers may be covered with three-quarters of an inch to a full inch of soil. Peas and corn sprout vigorously and may be planted from an inch to an inch and one-half deep.

Many successful home gardeners actually cover peas and corn with an extra half-inch of soil after they begin to push through. This protects them from birds, and also helps keep weeds down.

Ancients Used Steam

Long before the birth of Christ, the Egyptians recognized and made use of steam power. Egyptian priests frequently made use of steam or of hot air currents generated from heated water, to perform "miracles." Egyptologists investigating the miracle of the famous Colossi of Memnon at Luxor recently discovered a small pipe organ which emitted a peculiar whistle on sunny days. This was hidden in the monument and was operated by the hot air currents generated from a secret pool of water, when heated by the sun.

This climate is an OLD STORY to

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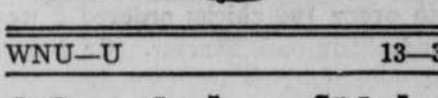
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