

# The DIM LANTERN

## By TEMPLE BAILEY

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### THE STORY THUS FAR

Young, pretty Jane Barnes, who lived with her brother, Baldwin, in Sherwood Park, near Washington, was not particularly impressed when she read that rich, attractive Edith Towne had been left at the altar by Delafield Simms, wealthy New Yorker. However, she still mused over it when she met Evans Follette, a young neighbor, whom the war had left completely discouraged and despondent. Evans had always loved Jane. That morning Baldwin Barnes, on his way to work in Washington, offered assistance to a tall, lovely girl in distress. Later he found a bag she had left in the car, containing a diamond ring on which was inscribed "Del to Edith—Forever." He knew then that his passenger had been Edith Towne. Already he was half in love with her. That night he discussed the matter with Jane, and they called her uncle, worldly, sophisticated Frederick Towne. He visited them at their home, delighted with Jane's simplicity. He told them Edith's story. Because her uncle desired it, Edith Towne had accepted Delafield Simms, whom she liked but did not love. She disappeared immediately after the wedding was to have taken place. The next day Jane received a basket of fruit from Towne, and a note asking if he might call again. Mrs. Follette, widowed mother of Evans, was a woman of indomitable courage. Impoverished, she nevertheless managed to keep Evans and herself in comparative comfort by running a dairy farm. Evans, mentally depressed and disillusioned, had little self reliance and looked to his mother and Jane for guidance. Edith Towne phones Baldy in answer to an ad. She asked him to bring her pocketbook. Jane calls on Frederick Towne in his elaborate office. He gives Lucy, his stenographer, a letter to Delafield Simms, in which he severely criticizes him. Unknown to him, Lucy and Simms are in love with each other. Towne takes Jane home in his limousine. She introduces him to Evans, who is jealous of Towne. Baldy goes to meet Edith Towne at her hiding place. He convinces her that she should return home and face her friends. She is interested in Baldy. Later they eat in a restaurant, where Edith sees several friends. She knows they will see to it that the news is spread.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued

On this same afternoon little Lucy Logan was writing to Delafield Simms.

"It seems like a dream, lover, that you are to come for me in February, and that then we'll be married. And that all the rest of my life I am to belong to you."

"Del, it isn't because you are rich. Of course I shall adore the things you can do for me. I am not going to pretend that I shan't. But if you were poor, I'd work for you—live for you. Oh, Del, I do hope that you will believe it."

"The other day, Mr. Towne said in one of his letters that you had always been fickle, that there had been lots of girls, Eloise Harper before Edith. And I wanted to scream right out and say, 'It isn't true. He hasn't ever really cared before this.' But of course I couldn't. But I broke a pencil point, and as for Mr. Towne, who is he to say such things about you? I haven't taken his letters for the last three years for nothing. There's always somebody—the last one was Mrs. Laramore, and now he has his eye on a little Jane Barnes, whose brother found Miss Towne's bag and the ring. She's rather a darling, but I hope she won't think he is in earnest."

"And now, my dear and my darling, good-night. I wonder how I dare call you that. But I am always saying it to myself, and at night I ask God to keep you—safe."

### CHAPTER VII

Jane, in Baldy's absence, dined on Sunday with the Follettes, in the middle of the day. In the afternoon she and Evans went for a walk, and came home to tea in the library.

Stretched in a long leather chair, Evans read to Jane and his mother "The Eve of St. Agnes."

At the moment, Mrs. Follette was weighing seriously the fact of Jane as a wife for Evans. She was pretty as well as cheerful. Had good manners. Of course, in the old days, Evans would, inevitably, have looked higher. There had been plenty of rich girls eager to attract him. He had had unlimited invitations. Women had, in fact, quite run after him. Florence Preston had rather made a fool of herself. And Florence's father had millions.

But now—Mrs. Follette knew how little Evans had at the moment to offer. She hated to admit it, but the truth was evident. Watching the two young people, she decided that should Evans care for Jane, she would erect no barriers. As for Jane, marriage with Evans would be, in a way, a rise in the world. She would live at Castle Manor instead of at Sherwood Park.

It was after five when Baldy telephoned triumphantly: "Jane, Edith Towne has agreed to go home to-night. And I'm to take her. I called up Mr. Towne and told him and he wants you to be there when we come. He'll send Briggs for you and we are all to have dinner together."

"But, Baldy, I don't know Edith Towne. Why doesn't he ask some of her own friends?"

"She doesn't want 'em. Hates them all, and anyhow he has asked you. Why worry?"

"I'll have to go home and dress."

"Well, you're to let him know at once where Briggs can get you. I told him you were at the Follettes."

Jane went back and repeated the conversation to Evans and his mother. Mrs. Follette was much interested. The Townes were most important people. "How nice for you, Jane."

But Evans disagreed with her. "What makes you say that, Mother? It isn't nice. It will simply be upsetting."

"I don't see why you say that, Evans," Jane argued. "I am not easily upset."

"But with all that money. You can't keep up with them."

"Don't put ideas into Jane's head," his mother remonstrated; "a lady is always a lady."

But Jane sided now with Evans. "I see what he means, Mrs. Follette. I haven't the clothes. I haven't a thing to wear tonight."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of your looks," Evans got up and stood on the hearth-rug. "But people like that! Jane, I wish you wouldn't go."

She looked up at him with her chin tilted. "I don't see how I can refuse."

"Of course she can't," Evans, don't be so unreasonable," Mrs. Follette interposed; "it will be a wonderful thing for Jane to know Edith."

"Will it be such a wonderful thing for her to know Frederick Towne?"

He flung it at them.

Jane demanded, "Don't you want me to have any good times?"

He stared at her for a moment, and when he spoke it was in a different tone.

"Yes, of course. I beg your pardon, Jane."

Mrs. Follette, having effaced herself for the moment from the conversation, decided that things between her son and little Jane Barnes might reach a climax at any moment. "I believe he's half in love with her," she told herself in some bewilderment.

As for Frederick Towne, she didn't consider him for a moment. Jane was a pretty child. But Frederick Towne could have his pick of women. There would be nothing serious in this friendship with Jane.

Jane called up Towne. "It was good of you to ask me," she said. "I am at the Follettes, but I'll go home and dress and Briggs can come for me there."

"Come as you are."

"You wouldn't say that if you could see me. I took a walk with Evans this afternoon and I show the effects of it."

"Evans? Oh, Casablanca?"

"What makes you call him that?"

"I thought of it when I saw him waiting for you at the top of the terrace. The boy stood on the burning deck—" he laughed.

"I don't think that's funny at all," said Jane, frankly.

"Don't you? Well, I beg your pardon. I'll beg it again when I get you here. Briggs will reach Sherwood at about seven. I would drive out myself, but I've an awful cold, and the doctor tells me I must stay in. And Cousin Annabel is sick in bed with a cold, so you must take pity on me and keep me company."

Jane hung up the receiver. It would, she decided, be an exciting adventure. But she was not sure that she liked Frederick Towne.

Evans walked home with her. The air was warmer than it had been for days, and faint mists had risen. The mist thickened finally to a fog which rolled over them as if blown from the high seas. Yet the sea was miles away, and the fog was born in the rivers and streams, and in the melting snows.

They found it somewhat difficult

to keep to the road. They were almost smothered in the thick gray masses. Their voices had a muffled sound. Evans' hand was on Jane's arm so that they might keep together.

"Jane," he said, "I made a fool of myself about Towne. But honestly—I was afraid—"

"Of what?"

"That he might fall in love with you—"

"He's not thinking of me, Evans, and besides he's too old—"

"Do you really feel that way about it, Jane?"

"Of course—silly."

He could not see her face—but the words in her laughing lovely voice gave him a sense of reassurance.

"Jane," he said, "if I could only have you like this always. Shut away from the world."

"But I don't want to be shut away. I should feel—caged—"

"Not if you cared."

There was in his tone the huskiness of intense feeling. She was moved by it. "Oh, I know what you mean. But love won't come to me like that—shut in. I shall want freedom and sunshine. I'll be a gull over the sea—a ship in full sail—a gypsy on the road—but I'll never be a ghost in a fog."

His hand dropped from her arm. "Perhaps you'll be a princess in a castle. Towne can make you that."

"Why do you keep harping on Mr. Towne? I don't like it."

"Because—oh, I think everybody wants you—"

And now it was she who caught at his arm in the mist, and leaned on it. "I'm not the least in love with Frederick Towne. And I shall never marry a man I don't love, Evans."

When they came to the little house they found old Sophy nodding in the kitchen. She always stayed with Jane when Baldy was away. So Evans said "Good-night" and started back.

He found the path between the pines, walked a few steps and stumbled. He sat down on the log that had tripped him. He had no wish to go on. His depression was intense. Night was before him and darkness. Loneliness. And Jane would be with Frederick Towne.

He had for Jane a feeling of hopeless adoration. She would never be his. For how could he try to keep her? "I'll be a gull over the sea—a ship in full sail—a gypsy on the road—never a ghost in a fog."

And he was just a ghost in a fog! Oh, what was the use of ever "climbing up the climbing wave"? One must have something of hope to live on. A dream or two—

How long he sat there he did not know. And all at once he was aware of a pale blur against the prevailing gloom. And then he heard Jane's voice calling, "Evans? Evans?"

He answered and she came up to him. "Your mother telephoned—that you had not come home—and she was worried."

She was holding the lantern up to the length of her arm. In her orange cloak she shone through the veil of mist, luminous.

"My dear," she said, gently, "why are you sitting here?"

"Because there isn't any use in going on."

She lowered the lantern so that it shone on his face. What she saw there frightened her. "Are you feeling this way because of me?" she asked in a shaking voice.

"Because of everything."

"Evans, I won't go to the Townes if you want me to stay."

He looked up at her as she bent above him with the lantern. She

seemed to shine within and without, like some celestial visitor.

"Would you stay, Jane, if I wanted it?"

"Yes."

He stood up. "I don't want it. Not really. I'm not quite such a selfish pig," his smile was ghastly.

She was silent for a moment, then she said, "I'm going home with you, Evans. Wait until I tell Sophy to send Briggs after me."

He tried to protest, but she was firm. "I'll be back in a minute."

She returned presently, the lantern in one hand and her slipper bag in the other. "I put on heavier shoes. I should ruin my slippers."

As they trod the path together, the light of the lantern shone in round spots of gold, now in front of them, now behind them. The fog pressed close, but the path was clear.

"Evans," said Jane, "I want you to promise me something."

"Anything, except—not to love you."

"It has nothing to do with love of me, but it has something to do with love of God."

He knew how hard it was for her to say that. Jane did not speak easily of such things.

She went on with some hesitation. Her voice, muffled by the fog, had a muted note of music.

"Evans, you mustn't let what I do make you or break you. Whether I love you or not, you must go on. You—you couldn't hold me if you weren't strong enough, even if I was your wife. And there is strength in you, if you'll only believe it. Oh, you must believe it, Evans. And you mustn't make me feel responsible. I can't stand it. To feel all the time that I am hurting—you."

She was sobbing. A little incoherently.

"And you are captain of your soul, Evans. You. Not anyone else. I can't be. I can be a help, and oh, I will help all I can. You know that. But—I love you like a big brother—not in any other way. If anything should happen to you, it would be dreadful for me, just as it would be dreadful if anything happened to Baldy."

"Jane, my dear, don't," for she was clinging to his arm, crying as if her heart would break.

"But I do care for you so much, Evans. I was frantic when your mother telephoned. I wasn't quite dressed and I made Sophy get the lantern, and then I ran down the path, and looked for you."

He stopped and laid his hand on her shoulder. Her weakness, her broken words had roused in him a sudden protective tenderness.

"My little girl," he said, "don't. God helping me, I'm going to get back. And you are going to light my way. Jane, do you know when I saw you coming towards me with that dim lantern it seemed symbolic. Hope held out to me—seen through a fog, faintly. But a light, nevertheless."

"Oh, Evans, if I could love you, I would, you know that."

"I know. You'd tie up the broken wings of every bird. You'd give crutches to the lame, and food to the hungry. And that's the way you feel about me."

He had let her go now, and they stood apart, shrouded in ghostly white.

"God helping me," he said again, "I'll get back. That's a promise, Jane, and here's my hand upon it."

She gave him her hand. "God helping us both," she said.

He lifted her hand and kissed it. Then, in silence, they walked on, until they reached the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Ever-Beloved Dotted Swiss Is Stylish for Little Girls

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



simple and absolutely safe procedure.

Just to get a foretaste of how irresistible lovely little girls will look in their dotted Swisses and dotted voiles this summer, take a good look at the three models illustrated. Imported dotted Swiss in rose pink makes the charming and practical frock for the winsome little miss to the left. Pin-tucked net and ruffled lace edging trim the collar, the vestee panel and the puff pockets. A self fabric sash ties in a bow at the back.

The ever-popular imported dotted Swiss voile that works up so beautifully in little girl's frocks, is used for the choice little dress which the member of the young generation centered in the picture is wearing. Fine smocking in bright rose-red decorates the attractively gathered waist. This clever needlework, so gay and so chic, imparts a French air to the simple styling of the frock. Short puffed sleeves and a young round collar are flattering details and in excellent taste.

The important member of the youngest generation seated to the right in the picture, is wearing a cunningly styled frock made of choice pink Swiss organdy with large white embroidered dots. The wide collar, the short puffed sleeves and the front buttoned closing are edged with white Val lace. This diminutive society queen wears a pink satin hair ribbon to match the little bow at her throat.

And here's a final choice bit of news in regard to what fashionable little girls will be wearing this summer. It is all about the adorable sheer little shirtrwaists styled in the "baby" type such as are sponsored for grown-ups of sheerest batistes and organdies or swisses or voiles. They are lace-trimmed and hand-tucked to the queen's taste.

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## Pretty Patterns That Are Oh So Practical!



SOMEWHAT formal, so that you can wear it smartly for shopping and runabout, is the wide-shouldered dress with buttons down the scalloped bodice and braid used to give the effect of a bolero. The circular skirt has a charming, animated swing to it. In batiste, linen or flat crepe, it's a dress you'll thoroughly enjoy all summer long.

**Indispensable Slacks Suit.**  
If you're planning to have a lot of outdoor fun this summer (and of course you are) then a slacks suit is an indispensable part of your vacation wardrobe. This one includes a topper with front gathers that flatter your figure, well-cut, slim-hipped slacks, and a bolero with wide revers that you can wear with daytime frocks, too. Denim, gingham, flannel or gabardine are practical materials for this.

**The Patterns.**  
No. 1741 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material with nap. Three yards of broad.

No. 1750 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material for slacks and bolero; 3/4 yard for topper.

**Spring and Summer Pattern Book.**  
Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book, which is now ready. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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.

### Our Education

**GOD** educates men by casting them upon their own resources. Man learns to swim by being tossed into life's maelstrom and left to make his way ashore. No youth can learn to sail his life-raft in a lake sequestered and sheltered from all storms, where other vessels never come.

Skill comes through sailing one's craft amidst rocks and bars and opposing fleets, amidst storms and whirls and counter-currents. Responsibility alone drives man to toil and brings out his best gifts.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

### New Fabrics Are Heartily Greeted

Even the sober-sides and plain Janes among us have a way of relegating the darker colors and more serviceable fabrics to temporary oblivion, while we revel in the airiness and intoxicating brightness of the cottons and sheers of the merry, mad spring and summer.

We caper into our dimity blouses and chambray frocks, and plant the gayest of inverted straw flower pots, with cambric blossoms budding at the wrong end, on our unoffending heads. Then, with a disdainful sniff at the exotic musks and slumbrous sandalwoods of our last winter's delight, we turn again to the floral scents.

### Tweed the Thing For Travel Coat

If you are going to the New York fair or the San Francisco fair a coat of tweed's the thing for travel. Or it comes to choosing the plaid or the stripe woolen fashion bids you "make it snappy." Choose just as big and as bold stripes or plaids as you please. You will find a coat of handsome tweed your best friend that will prove indispensable on your trip.

### Old-Fashioned Prints

Quaintness, that quality which is being so decisively revived this year, is finding its way into silk prints, for which patterns suggestive of old-fashioned dimities and calicoes are being introduced.

### For Happy Packing

Traveling necessitates fabrics that take well to packing. Jersey was seemingly ordained for this special function.

### New Border Print

There is a definite trend in favor of border prints. The patternings brought out this season are fascinating. The dress pictured shows how effectively designers work up these stunning new border prints. Here yellow, rose and light blue flowers are placed on a background of navy blue crepe with flattering results.



Skirt, Blouse Still Good  
In evening wear the blouse and skirt also is as good as ever.

### OLD FOLKS

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels  
**Nature's Remedy**  
If you think all laxatives are alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. No milk, thorough re-trobing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation.  
**Without Risk** Get a 25c box of N.R. from your local druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair.  
Get N.R. Tablets today.  
**N-T-O-NIGHT**  
ALWAYS CARRY  
**Q-TUMS**  
QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Love in Common  
Those who love the arts are all fellow-citizens.—Voltaire.

**"Black Leaf 40"**  
KILLS  
MANY INSECTS  
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS  
VEGETABLES & SHRUBS  
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer.

**Bargains YES!**  
You find them announced in the columns of this paper by merchants of our community who do not feel they must keep the quality of their merchandise or their prices under cover. It is safe to buy of the merchant who ADVERTISES.