## The DIM LANTERN

## By TEMPLE BAILEY

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#### CHAPTER VIII-Continued -13-

"Nothing is too good for you, Jane I can't say it as I want to say it, but you'll never know what you seemed to me on Sunday as you came through the mist."

Evans' voice shook a little, but recovered himself in a moment. "Here come the Townes." He rose as Edith entered with young Bald-

After that Evans followed Baldy's lead as a dispenser of hospitality. cakes, passed lemon and cream and sugar, flung conversational balls as light as feathers into the air, were, turkey cock. as Baldy would have expressed it, "the life of the party."

Casabianca's head," Frederick the dangers of his mood. And she Towne remarked to Jane. "Have had her duties as hostess. you ever seen him like this?"

"Years ago. He was tremendously attractive." "Do you find him attractive now?"

with a touch of annoyance. "I find him-wonderful"-her tone | claimed her brother.

was defiant-"and I've known him all my life."

"If you had known me all your life would you call me wonderful?" She looked at him from behind

her battlements of silver. "How do I know? People have to prove themselves." Dr. Hallam had driven Mrs. Follette over. He rarely did social stunts, but he liked Jane. And he

had been interested enough in Evans to want to glimpse him in his new role. Strolling up to the tea-table, he was aware at once of a situation which might make for comedy, or indeed for tragedy. It was evident

little Jane Barnes. If Jane reciprocated, what of young Follette? "I saw Mrs. Laramore yesterday," he said, abruptly, "lovely as

that Towne was much attracted to

ever-" "Yes, of course." Towne wished that Hallam wouldn't talk about Adelaide. He wished that all of the others would go away and leave him alone with Jane.

"Mrs. Laramore," said Jane unexpectedly, "makes me think of the lady of Shallott. I don't know why. But I do. I have really never seen such a beautiful woman. But she doesn't seem real. I have a feeling that if anything hit her, she'd break like china."

They laughed at her, and Edith said, "Adelaide will never break. She'll melt. She's as soft as wax." Then pigeonholing Mrs. Laramore for more vital matters. "Uncle Fred, I am going out to Baldy's studio; he's painting Jane."

Frederick was at once interested. "Her portrait?"

"No. A sketch for a magazine competition," Baldy explained. "May I see it?"

Baldy, yearning for solitude and Edith, gave reluctant consent. "Come on, everybody."

So everybody, including Dr. Hallam and Mrs. Follette, made their way to the garage.

Edith and young Baldwin arrived first. "And this is where you work," she said, softly.

"Yes. Look here, will you sit here so that I can feast my eyes on you? I've dreamed of you in that chairin classic costume. Do you know that you were made for a goddess?"

"How old are you?" she asked him.

"I know that you are a romantic

"Twenty-five."

"I don't believe it. I'm twentytwo, and I feel a thousand years older than you.

"You will always be-ageless." She laughed. "How old is Jane?" "Twenty. Yet people take us for twins."

"She doesn't look it and neither do you.'

The others came in and Edith went back to her thoughts. He wasn't too young. She was glad of

that . . The sketch of Jane was on an easel. There she stood, a slender figure in her lilac frock-bobbed black hair, lighted-up eyes-the lifted basket with its burden of gold and pur-

ple and green! Towne stood back and looked at it. Jane at his side said, "That's week." some of the fruit you sent."

"Really?" Frederick had no eyes for anything but Jane, in her lilac frock. Jove, but the boy had caught

the spirit of her! He turned to Baldy. "It is most unusual. And I want it."

"Sorry," said Baldy, crisply. "] am sending it off tomorrow.'

"How much is the prize?" "Two thousand dollars."

"I will write a check for that amount if you will let me have this."

"I am afraid I can't, Mr. Towne."

"Why not?" "Well, I feel this way about it. It isn't worth two thousand dollars. But if I win the prize it may be worth that to the magazine-the advertising and all that."

"Inn't that splitting hairs?"

"Perhaps, but it's the way I feel." "But if you don't win the prize you won't have anything."

"And you'll be out two thousand dollars." The lion in the Zoo was snarling.

And above him, breathing an upbe glad to give the sketch to you if audacity, high resolves, flaming it comes back," said Baldy, coolly, dreams? "but I rather think it will stick."

It was, in a way, a dreadful moment for Towne. There was young Baldwin sitting on the edge of the The two of them passed cups, passed table, swinging a leg, debonair, dethin bread and butter, passed little fiant. And Edith laughing in her sleeve. Frederick knew that she was laughing. He was as red as a

It was Jane who saved him from apoplexy. She was really inordi-"Something must have gone to nately proud of Baldy, but she knew

"Baldy wants to see himself on the news stands," she said, soothingly; "don't deprive him of that pleasure, Mr. Towne."

"Nothing of the kind, Jane," ex-

"Baldy, I won't quarrel with you before people. We must reserve that pleasure until we are alone." "I'm not quarrelling."

Jane held up a protesting hand. "Oh, let's run away from him, Mr.



ing beside Baldy on the station

Towne. When he begins like that, there's no end to it."

She carried Frederick back to the house, and Evans, looking after them, said vindictively to Hallam, 'Old Midas got his that time."

Dr. Hallam chuckled. "You don't hate him, do you? Evans, don't let him have Jane. He isn't worth it." "Neither am I," said Evans. "But would know better how to make

her happy." Back once more in the bright little living-room, Towne said to Jane,

'May I have another cup of tea?' "It's cold." "I don't care. I like to see you

pour it with your lovely hands." She spread her hands out on the shining mahogany of the tea-table. "Are they lovely? Nobody ever told

His hand went over hers. "The loveliest in the world." She sat there in a moment's breathless silence. Then she drew

her hands away. Touched a little bell. "I'll have Sophy bring us some hot water." Sophy came and went. Jane

poured hot tea with flushed cheeks. He took the cup when she handed it to him. "Dear child, you're not offended?"

"I'm not a child, Mr. Towne." Her lashes were lowered, her cheeks flushed.

He put his cup down and leaned may have 17 litters of young, averagtowards her. "You are more than a child to me-a beloved woman. Jane, you needn't be afraid of me . . . I want you for my wife!" Her astonished eyes met his. "But we haven't known each other a

"I couldn't love you more if I had known you a thousand years." "Mr. Towne-please." He was

very close to her. "Kiss me, Jane." She held her slender figure away

from him. "You must not." "I must."

"No, really . . . Please," she was breathing quickly. "Please." She was on her feet, the tea-table between them.

He saw his mistake. "Forgive Her candid eyes met his. "Mr.

Towne, would you have acted like this . . . with Edith's friends?" Edith's friends! The child's inno-

cence! Adelaide's kisses went for a song. Eloise frankly offered hers. Edith was saved by only some inner grace.

On a pedestal. Honestly. And I want you to marry me."

"But I don't love you." "I'll make you. I have everything to give you."

Had he? What of Robin Hood and per air, was this young eagle. "I'll Galahad? What of youth and youth's

> She felt something of this subconsciously. But she would not have been a feminine creature had she not felt the flattery of his pursuit. "Jane, I'll make life a fairy tale. We'll travel everywhere. Sail

strange seas. Wouldn't you love it -all those countries you have never seen-and just the two of us? And all the places you have read about? And when we come home I'll build you a house-wherever you saywith a great garden.'

He was eloquent, and the things he promised were woven into the woof of all her girlish imaginings. "I ought not to listen," she said. tremulously.

But he knew that she had listened. He was wise enough to leave itthere. He rose as he heard the others

coming back. "Will you ride with me tomorrow afternoon? Don't be afraid of me. I'll promise to be

"Sorry. I'm to have tea in town with Evans." "Can't you break the engage-

"I don't break engagements." The

cock of her head was like Baldy's.

#### CHAPTER IX

"Janey-!" "Yes, Baldy." Jane sat up in bed, dreams still in her eyes. She had been late in getting to sleep. There had been so much to think of-Frederick Towne's proposal-the startling change in Evans-

"It's a telegram. Open the door, She caught up her dressing-gown and wrapped it around her. "A telegram?" She was with him now in the hall. "Baldy, is it Judy?"

"Yes. She's ill. Asks if you can come on and look after the kiddies." "Of course." She swayed a little. "Hold on to me a minute, Baldy. It takes my breath away."

"I'll be all right in . . . a min-

His arms were tight about her. 'It seems as if I should go, too, "But you can't. I'll get things me to have you here."

ready and ride in with you in the morning. I'll pack my trunk if you'll bring it down from the attic. I can need of her, "things are going to sleep on the train tomorrow." The next morning Baldy went to bring his car around, and Evans

stood with his hand on the back of Jane's chair, looking down at her. "You'll write to me, Jane?"

"Oh, of course." He shifted his hand from the chair back to her shoulder. "Dear-little girl, if my blundering prayers will help you any-you'll have them."

She turned in her chair and looked up at him. She could not speak. Their eyes met, and once more Jane had that breathless sense of fluttering wings within her that lifted to the sun.

Then Baldy was back, and the just that last hand-clasp. "God bless you, Jane . . ."

Frederick Towne was at the train. He had been dismayed at the news of Jane's departure. "Do you mean that you are going to stay indefinitely?" he had asked over the wire. "I shall stay as long as Judy needs me.'

Frederick had flowers for her books and a big box of sweets. Peo- look at her. ple in the Pullman stared at Jane

"Jane, they are not worth your in the midst of all her magnificence. little finger. I put you above all. They stared too, at Towne, and at Briggs, who rushed in at the last moment with more books from Brentano.

> Edith and Baldy were on the platform. Edith had come down with Towne. So Frederick, alone with Jane, said, "I want you to think of the things we talked about yesterday-"

"Please, not now. Oh, I'm afraid-" "Of me? You mustn't be."

"Not of you-of everything-Life." He took her hand and held it.

'Is there anything else I can do for you? Everything I have is-yours. you know-if you want it." He had to leave her then, with a final close clasp of the hand. She saw him presently standing beside

Baldy on the station platform-the

center of the eyes of everybody-

the great Frederick Towne! As the city slipped away and she leaned her head against the cushions and looked out at the flying fields-it seemed a stupendous thing that a man like Towne should have laid his fortune at her feet. Yet she had no sense of exhilaration. She liked the things he had to offer -yearned for them-but she did not

want him at her side. In her sorrow her heart turned to the boy who had stumbled over the words, "If my blundering prayers will help you-

She found herself sobbing-the first tears she had shed since the arrival of the telegram.

When she reached Chicago, her brother-in-law, Bob Heming, met her. "Judy's holding her own," he said, as he kissed her. "It was no end good of you to come, Janey."

"Have you a nurse?" "Two. Day nurse and night nurse. And a maid. Judy is nearly frantic about the expense. It isn't good for her, either, to worry. That's half the trouble. I tried to make her get help, but she wouldn't. But I

blame myself that I didn't insist." "Don't blame yourself, Bob. Judy wouldn't. She told me she could get along. And when Judy decides a thing, no one can change her."

"Well, times have been hard. And business bad. And Judy knew it.

They were in a taxi, so when tears came into Heming's eyes, he made no effort to conceal them. "I'm just about all in. You can't

understand how much it means to "And now that I am here," said Jane, with a gallantry born of his

be better." The apartment was simply furnished and bore the stamp of Judy's good taste. A friend had taken the children out to ride, so the rooms were very quiet as Jane went

through them. good taste. Judy in bed was white and thin and Jane wanted to weep over her. but she didn't. "You blessed old girl," she said, "you're going to get

well right away.' "The doctor thinks I may have to have an operation. That's why I felt I must wire you." Judy was anxious. "I couldn't leave the babies with strangers. And it was so bags were ready, and there was important that Bob should be at his work."

"Of course," said Jane; "do you think anything would have made me stay away?"

Judy gave a quick sigh of relief. How heavenly to have Janey! And what a dear she was with her air of conquering the world. Jane had always been like that-with that conquering air. It cheered one just to

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Hawks Destroy Field Mice: Aid to Farmers

Nature is wise. She provided that | without these, farming would be imwhere the mortality in a species is possible. high, the species is prolific. Such a In winter field mice eat seed, seed that is needed for game birds and prolific species is the field mouse. In a single year one female mouse other wildlife. When the seed is gone they eat the bark of trees, and it is ing 5 to the litter. Thus in one year not uncommon for them to ruin a female mouse may multiply hermany young fruit trees. When in self 85 times. More than that, asthe field, hawks by day and owls by serts a writer in the Missouri Farmnight prey upon them wholesale. One of these hawks, commonly known to er, each of her female offspring begins to reproduce at about one month farmers as the little sparrow hawk, of age, and it is estimated that if may be seen atop a nearby tree every descendant of a single female watching for mice when corn is bemouse lived there could result the ing shucked out of the shock, and he is very busy particularly if there unbelievable total of more than a million mice in a year's time. It is snow on the ground and he is is also claimed that each mouse hungry and the mice are easy to uses 23 pounds of green feed in one see. Nearly all hawks may kill an year to support it, and that if there occasional bird and some of them was an average of 10 field mice per catch chickens. A few, a very few acre on the farms of the United of them, are almost wholly bad, just States the loss on our 65,000,000 acres | as there are bad actors among men. of hay fields would amount to more But the good that hawks do more than 3,000,000 tons per year. If althan counterbalances their bad lowed to propagate unmolested, scitraits and farmers should think entists estimate that rodents would twice before shooting them down as run man off the face of the earth in seven years. What keeps mice down? Many enemies are at work, enemies like cats, weasels, disease germs, etc., but one of the most im-

No Mahogany Forests

No mahogany forests exist since mahogany trees grow scattered portant of its enemies is the hawk. throughout the jungle with an aver-Hawks have been called nature's age, usually, of one or two trees to policemen, and it believed that the acre in virgin forests.

# Ruth Wyeth Spears



BETSY was all agog to have a bed with no foot piece and a padded head to match her spread. Ingenuity would have to substitute for money, and she was seriously considering this and that when the plumber was called to fix a leaky

The plumber took a fine saw and sawed a pipe in two just as if it were wood. Right then something | clothes and a black eye. clicked for Betsy. That old iron bed in the attic! It could be cut down. It was cut down, as shown in the sketch.

The top of this bed is padded with cotton basted to muslin. Betsy used an old comforter for padding.

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## Tommy Also Discovered Appeasement Is Difficult

Tommy Jones came home from school with touseled hair, rumpled toms officer, removing the cork

"What have you been up to?" his mother demanded. "I've been fighting Johnny Briggs," Tommy confessed.

make friends." Tommy did so, but in the after-

black eye. "Good gracious!" his mother ex- he thought of him. claimed. "What on earth has hap-

"He did it again," Tommy said, then he leaned out and said, very who have not secured their copies sadly. "And he wants more cake gently, "I thought you'd be of these two books should send in tomorrow—or else!"

"Ethel, I'm ashamed of you. saw that Frenchman in the hall kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't "I can't speak French."

Her Virtue

"Another new outfit?" said Mr. Hobson. "Where on earth do you imagine I'll get the money from?" "Whatever my faults may be, darling, I'm not inquisitive," re-

There are still people who think the earth is flat. They've never tried to make a lawn in a new garden.

Surprise!

"What's in this bottle?" asked the customs officer.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the passenger.

plied his wife sweetly.

"Oh-is it!" sneered the cusand taking a long sniff. It was!

Fairy Tale

The bus had to pull up very sud-"Well, take him this cake and denly; a taxi behind could not

stop and gently bumped into it. The taxi-driver jumped out and, noon he came home with another running to the front of the bus, proceeded to tell the driver what

The bus-driver remained silent until the taxi-man had finished;



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