

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"I know," said Jane thoughtfully. "Bob, do they think that if that specialist comes it will save Judy's life?"

"It might. It—it's the last chance, Janey."

Janey hugged her knees. "Can't you borrow the money?"

"I have borrowed up to the limit of my securities, and how can I ever pay?"

Her voice was grim. "We will manage to pay; the thing now is to save Judy."

"Yes," he tried, pitifully, to meet her courage. "If they'll get the specialist, we'll pay."

She had risen. "I'll call up Mr. Towne, and tell him I can't dine with him."

"But, Janey, there's no reason why you shouldn't keep your engagement."

She had turned on him with a touch of indignation. "Do you think I could have one happy moment with my mind on Judy?"

Bob had looked at her, and then looked away. "Have you thought that you might get the money from Towne?"

Her startled gaze had questioned him. "Get money from Mr. Towne?"

"Yes. Oh, why not, Janey? He'll do anything for you."

"But how could I pay him?"

There had been dead silence, then Bob said, "Well, he's in love with you, isn't he?"

"You mean that I can—marry him?"

"Yes. Why not? Judy says he's crazy about you. And, Jane, it's foolish to throw away such a chance. Not every girl has it."

"But, Bob, I'm not—in love with him."

"You'll learn to care—He's a delightful chap, I'd say," Bob was eager. "Now look here, Janey, I'm talking to you like a Dutch uncle. It isn't as if I were advising you to do it for our sakes. It is for your own sake, too. Why, it would be great, old girl. Never another worry. Somebody always to look after you."

The wind outside was singing a wild song, a roaring, cynical song, it seemed to Jane. She wanted to say to Bob, "But I've always been happy in my little house with Baldy and Philomel, and the chickens and the cats." But of course Bob could say, "You're not happy now, and anyhow what are you going to do about Judy?"

Judy!

She had spoken at last with an effort. "I'll tell him to come over after dinner. We can ride for a bit."

"Why not stay here? I'll be at the hospital. And the storm is pretty bad."

She had looked out of the window. "There's no snow. Just the wind. And I feel—stified."

It was then that she had called up Towne. "I can't dine with you . . . Judy is desperately ill . . ."

The houseworker had prepared a delicious dinner, but Jane ate nothing. Bob's appetite, on the other hand, was good. He apologized for it. "I went without lunch, I was so worried."

The bell rang. Jane, going to the door, found herself shaking with excitement.

Frederick came in and took both of her hands in his. "I'm terribly sorry about the sister. Is there anything I can do?"

She shook her head. She could hardly speak. "I thought if you wouldn't mind, we'd go for a ride. And we can talk."

"Good. Get your wraps." He released her hands, and she went into the other room. As she looked into the mirror she saw that her cheeks were crimson.

She brought out her coat and he held it for her. "Is this warm enough? You ought to have a fur coat."

"Oh, I shall be warm," she said. As he preceded her down the stairs, Towne turned and looked up at her. "You are wearing my rose," he told her, ardently; "you are like a rose yourself."

She would not have been a woman if she had not liked his admiration. And he was strong and adoring and distinguished. She had a sense of almost happy excitement as he lifted her into the car.

"Where shall we drive?" he asked.

"Along the lake. I love it on a night like this."

The moon was sailing high in a rack of clouds. As they came to the lake the waves writhed like mad sea-monsters in gold and white and black.

"Jane," Frederick asked softly, "what made you wear—my rose?" She sat very still beside him. "Mr. Towne," she said at last, "tell me how much—you love me."

He gave a start of surprise. Then he turned towards her and took her hand in his. "Let me tell you this! There never was a dearer woman. Everything that I have, all that I am, is yours if you will have it."

There was a fine dignity in his avowal. She liked him more than ever.

"Do you love me enough?"—she hurried over the words, "to help me?"

"Yes." He drew her gently towards him. There was no struggle. She lay quietly against his arm, but he was aware that she trembled.

"Mr. Towne, Judy must have a great specialist right away. It's her only chance. If you will send for him tonight, make yourself responsible for everything—I'll marry you whenever you say."

He stared down at her, unbelieving. "Do you mean it, Jane?"

"Yes. Oh, do you think I am dreadful?"

He laughed exultantly, caught her up to him. "Dreadful? You're the dearest—ever, Jane."

Yet as he felt her fluttering heart, he released her gently. Her eyes were full of tears. He touched her wet cheek. "Don't let me frighten you, my dear. But I am very happy."

She believed herself happy. He was really—irresistible. A conqueror.

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"She and Baldy are mad about each other."

or. Yet always with that touch of deference.

"Do you love me, Jane?"

"Not—yet."

"But you will. I'll make you love me."

Then just before they reached home he asked for the rose. She gave it to him, all fading fragrance. He touched it to her lips then crushed it against his own.

"Must I be content with this?"

Her quick breath told her agitation. He drew her to him, gently. "Come, my sweet."

Oh, money, money. Jane learned that night the power of it!

Coming in with Frederick from that wild moonlight world, flushed with excitement, hardly knowing this new Jane, she saw Bob transformed in a moment from haggard hopelessness to wild elation.

Frederick Towne had made a simple statement. "Jane has told me how serious things are, Heming, I want to help." Then he had asked for the surgeon's name; spoken at once of a change of rooms for Judy; increased attendance. There was much telephoning and telegraphing. An atmosphere of efficiency. Jane, looking on, was filled with admiration. How well he did things. And some day he would be her husband!

CHAPTER XII

It was two days after Jane promised to marry Frederick Towne that Evans bought a Valentine for her.

The shops were full of valentines—many of them of paper lace—the fragile old-fashioned things that had become a new fashion. They had forget-me-nots on them and hearts with golden arrows, and fat pink cupid.

Evans found it hard to choose. He stood before them, smiling. And he could see Jane smile as she read the enchanting verse of the one he finally selected:

"Roses red, my dear,
And violets blue—
Honey's sweet, my dear,
And so are you."

As he walked up F Street to his office, his heart was light. It was one of the lovely days that hint of spring. Old Washingtonians know that such weather does not last—that March winds must blow, and storms must come. But they grasp the joy of the moment—masquerade in carnival spirit—buy flowers from the men at the street corners—sweep into their favorite confectioner's to order cold drinks, the women seek their milliner's and

forth bonneted in spring beauty—the men drive to the links—and look things over.

And clients came. Not many, but enough to point the way to success. He had sold more of the old books. His mother's milk farm was becoming a fashionable fad.

Edith Towne had helped to bring Mrs. Follette's wares before her friends. At all hours of the day they drove out, Edith with them. "It is such an adorable place," she told Evans, "and your—mother! Isn't she absolutely herself? Selling milk with that empress air of hers. I simply love her."

Edith had planned to have dinner with them tonight. Evans took an early train to Sherwood. When he reached home Edith and his mother were on the porch and the Towne car stood before the gate.

"I've got to go back," Edith explained. "Uncle Fred came in from Chicago an hour or two ago and telephoned that he must see me."

"Baldy will be broken-hearted," Evans told her, smiling.

"I couldn't get him up. I tried, but they said he had left the office. I thought I'd bring him out with me." She kissed Mrs. Follette. "I'll come again soon, dear lady. And you must tell me when you are tired of me."

Evans went to the car with her, and came back to find his mother in an exalted mood. "Now if you could marry a girl like Edith Towne."

"Edith," he laughed lightly. "Mother, are you blind? She and Baldy are mad about each other."

"Of course she isn't serious. A boy like that."

"Isn't she? I'll say she is," Evans went charging up the stairs to dress for dinner. "I'll be down presently."

"Baldy may be late; we won't wait for him," his mother called after him.

The dining-room at Castle Manor had a bare waxed floor, an old drop-leaf table of dark mahogany, deer's antlers over the mantel, and some candles in sconces.

Old Mary did her best to follow the rather formal service on which Mrs. Follette insisted. The food was simple, but well-cooked, and there was always a soup and a salad.

It was not until they reached the salad course that they heard the sound of Baldy's car. He burst in at the front door, as if he battered it down, stormed through the hall, and entered the dining-room like a whirlwind.

"Jane's going to be married," he cried, "and she's going to marry Frederick Towne!"

Evans half-rose from his chair. Everything turned black and he sat down. There was a loud roaring in his ears. It was like taking ether—with the darkness and the roaring.

When things cleared he found that neither his mother nor Baldy had noticed his agitation. His mother was asking quick questions. "Who told you? Does Edith know?"

Baldy threw himself in a chair. "Mr. Towne got back from Chicago this afternoon. Called me up and said he wanted me to come over at once to his office. I went, and he gave me a letter from Jane. Said he thought it was better for him to bring it, and then he could explain."

He threw the note across the table to Mrs. Follette. "Will you read it? I'm all in. Drove like the dickens coming out. Towne wanted me to go home with him to dinner. Wanted to begin the brother-in-law business right away before I got my breath. But I left. Oh, the damned peacock!" Jane would have known Baldy's mood. The tempest-gray eyes, the chalk-white face.

"But don't you like it, Baldy?"

"Like it? Oh, read that note. Does

it sound like Jane? I ask you, does it sound like Jane?"

It did not sound in the least like Jane. Not the Jane that Evans and Baldy knew.

"Baldy, dear. Mr. Towne will tell you all about it. I am going to marry him as soon as Judy is better. I know you will be surprised, but Mr. Towne is just wonderful, and it will be such a good thing for all of us. Mr. Towne will tell you how dreadfully ill Judy is. He wants to do everything for her, and that will be such a help to Bob."

"And so we will live happy ever after. Oh, you blessed boy, you know how I love you. Send a wire, and say that it is all right. Tell Evans and Mrs. Follette. They are my dearest friends and will always be."

She signed herself:

"Loving you more than ever,
"Jane."

Mrs. Follette looked up from the letter, took off her reading glasses, and said complacently, "I think it is very nice for her." The dear lady quite basked in the thought of her intimate friendship with the fiancée of Frederick Towne.

But the two men did not bask.

"Nice, for Jane?" they threw the sentences at her.

"Oh, can't you see why she has done it?" Baldy demanded. He caught up the note, pointing an accusing finger as he read certain phrases. "It will be such a good thing for all of us . . . he wants to do everything for her . . . it will be such a help to Bob . . ."

"Doesn't that show," Baldy demanded furiously, "she's doing it because Judy and Bob are hard up and Towne can help—I know Jane."

"I don't see why you should object," Mrs. Follette was saying; "it will be a fine thing for her. She will be Mrs. Frederick Towne!"

"I'd rather have her Jane Barnes for the rest of her life. Do you know Towne's reputation? Any woman can flatter him into a love affair. A fat Lothario," Baldy did not mince the words.

"But he hasn't married any of them," said Mrs. Follette triumphantly. She held to the ancient and honorable theory that the woman a man marries need not worry about past love affairs since she had been paid the compliment of at least legal permanency.

Evans' lips were dry. "What did you say to Towne?"

"Oh, what could I say? That I was surprised, and all that. Something about hoping they'd be happy. Then I beat it and got here as fast as I could. I had to talk it over with you people or—burst." His eyes met Evans' and found there the sympathy he sought. "It's a rotten trick."

"Yes," said Evans, "rotten."

"I think," said Mrs. Follette, "that you must both see it is best." Yet her voice was troubled. Though her complacency had penetrated the thought of what Jane's engagement might mean to Evans. Yet, it might, on the other hand, be a blessing in disguise. There were other women, richer—who would help him in his career. And in time he would forget Jane.

Old Mary gave them their coffee. "Shall we walk for a bit, Baldy?" Evans said, when at last they rose.

The two men made their way towards the pine grove. The twilight sky was a deep purple with a thin sickle of a moon and a breathless star.

And there in the little grove under the purple sky Evans said to Baldy, "I love her."

"I know. I wish to God you had her."

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Colorado Elk Herds Show Increase in Number

More than 20,000 elk, the greatest number since 1890, roam the slopes of the Rocky mountains in Colorado, despite the fact they have been the targets for hunters during 10 consecutive open seasons, the U. S. forest service reported.

The present elk population in 14 national forests in the state, which harbor approximately 95 per cent of the total number, has been estimated at 20,000 head by the regional office of the forest service here, writes a Denver United Press correspondent.

The figure represented an increase of 455 per cent since 1914. The computation was based on a study conducted by the division of wild life and range management of the federal service.

The most important factor in increasing the number of elk in the state, it was stated, was in closing the hunting season and providing protection for 10 years when it was apparent the herds were diminishing.

Even then, it was said, conservation of the animals was not started until four forests in the state were totally devoid of elk, and so few remained in three other forests that

rigid protection precautions were necessary.

Remnants of the remaining herds and animals obtained from northern Wyoming were introduced into the elkless forests, and all hunting was barred for several years. Feed was provided during the winters when deep snow covered the mountains and every precaution was taken to eliminate disease.

The first elk placement was made in 1912 when 23 head were released in the San Juan forest in southwestern Colorado. During the following year 16 were placed in the Holy Cross forest to supplement an almost equal remnant of native animals. Twenty-eight animals were released in Roosevelt forest to create the nucleus of the vast herd now found in the region of Estes park.

The action produced such successful results, forest officials reported, that it probably would be several years before a hunting ban again would be placed upon the Colorado elk herds.

Old-Time Chairmakers

As a chair maker Hepplewhite lacked the genius for symmetry which Chippendale possessed.

Pastels Vie With Prints in Midsummer Fashion Picture

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN it comes to the voguishness of prints versus pastels in the present mode the matter resolves itself into pretty much of a fifty-fifty proposition. Which is to say that the midsummer collections are made up of a goodly showing of each.

There is no doubt as to the importance of pastels especially for cleverly tailored daytime dresses that observe a nicety of detail which gives them "class" in the eyes of discriminating women who know their fashions. Favor for pastels is expressed not only in silk crepes and sheer woolsens but a hue and cry is resounding for smart linens in delectable muted pinks and blues, rose shades, cool-looking greens and grays, light yellows, lavenders and novelty shades as cyclamen, tulip shades and such. White linens and linens au naturel are also chic.

One reason for the big splurge that linens are making this season is that through the wonders of modern scientific processing newer linens carry a promise of non-wrinkling and non-shrinking.

At the top of the picture to the left see the attractive spectator sports dress of pastel blue crease-resistant imported linen. It has one of the very smart umbrella-tucked skirts. A belt braided in matching blue, fuchsia and yellow silk floss says color in unmistakable terms. The boutonniere is of self-linen and the cunning poke bonnet is of white straw.

The dress to the right in the background of this group is of a nubby sheer, pure linen in a delectable shell pink. Fitted waistline and sleeves cleverly applied with con-

trasting bands of periwinkle blue and strawberry linen are highspots in its styling. Sunburst tucks at the neckline, and unpressed pleats in the skirt, are also significant details. Every dress with a jacket is fashion's decree this season which accounts for a matching shell pink bolero which you carry or which you wear according to pomp and circumstances.

Before leaving the linen theme, just a word in regard to the smart looking redingotes tailored of white or natural linen which ladies of fashion are wearing over their lingerie frocks this summer. They are a modern version of the one-time honored "linen duster."

In regard to the silk prints that are everywhere present, and which are in friendly rivalry to smart linens, there is a decided flair among women who dress in the height of fashion for patternings that run to neat checks, and to plaids and stripes with nothing less than a stampede for dotted effects of every description. As the mid-season approaches suits of the new check silks will come into play in perfect fashion.

To the left in the foreground of the illustration a fashionable miss is wearing a smart frock for a day under the sun in the country. The dress is of blue silk with white pin dots. The collar piece is white, likewise belt and buttons.

A gay and colorful evening gown is shown to the right. It is of Scotch plaid trimmed with lace. The white organza blouse is also trimmed with lace. The full floor length skirt of gay print with dainty lingerie shirtwaist is a favorite evening fashion formula.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Star Dust

★ Film Folks on Stage
★ Ann Waited and Won
★ Kenny Signs Up to Talk

By Virginia Vale

HOLLYWOOD is planning for next summer, and you ought to do the same, if you're interested in seeing your favorite stars of the screen on the stage. It's all because of Charles Coburn, who has been an actor for the last thirty or forty years, and for the last two has been in Hollywood. During the last year he has appeared in "Idiot's Delight," "Made for Each Other," "Alexander Graham Bell," and the recently released "Bachelor Mother." And before long you will be able to see him with Carole Lombard and Cary Grant in "The Kind Men Marry."

But the project to give film stars stage experience is largely due to his experience as the guiding genius of the Mohawk Dramatic festival, which takes place each summer at Union college, Schenectady. There, experienced stars perform in well-known plays.

After his first year in Hollywood Charles Coburn discussed various facets of the motion picture industry with some of the directors and producers. He was asked to do something to remedy those faults—to start something like the Mohawk Drama festival, in fact. But he saw trouble ahead, with each big company demanding the leading roles in his theatrical productions for its stars. He felt that the best way out was for him to line up plays if some college would take over the festival.

The University of California came forward, and now it seems to be all set. Stars, featured players, bit players and extras will have a chance to get theatrical experience.

Ann Sothern deserves congratulations for knowing what she wanted and going after it, although sometimes the going was hard. It's more



ANN SOTHERN

than a year since she refused to play any more of those ga-ga heroines and declared that she'd do nothing but character roles. She had a long wait—and in Hollywood it's scary to wait too long for big pictures, because the public forgets you so soon.

Then came her chance in "Trade Winds," just what she wanted. Another wait, and she was signed up for "Maisie." She was so good in that one that Metro wanted her to sign a contract, but she'd have none of it unless she could be assured of getting the kind of parts that she wanted. She'd rather be off the screen altogether than be on it with no chance to do anything but look beautiful.

So—Metro gave her the contract that she wanted, and her first picture under the new deal will be "Busman's Holiday," made in England with Robert Montgomery.

New York had its picture taken from the air the other day, more extensively than ever before. A complete crew of cameramen and sound technicians spent several days shooting the harbor, the skyline, the World's fair, and everything else that they thought might be of interest to you when you see the forthcoming Walter Wanger production, "Eternally Yours." Mr. Wanger is doing everything possible for that picture; look at the names in the cast—Loretta Young and David Niven, Hugh Herbert, Billie Burke, Dr. Aubrey Smith, Zasu Pitts. If you pass this one up it won't be his fault.

Kenny Baker has a nice contract for next year, and Jack Benny will have to find a new singer to replace him. One of the big oil companies has lured Baker away, giving him a handsome salary, and a contract that will permit him to talk as well as sing, which Benny's sponsors didn't want him to do.

ODDS AND ENDS—Paramount is in favor of making Martha Raye a blonde for her next picture, and she doesn't like the idea. . . . Maybe Sally Eilers was no lady when she dumped her ice cream soda into the lap of the woman who insisted on taking the seat Sally was reserving for a friend—but she was doing what thousands of ladies have yearned to do. . . . When Dorothy Lamour went to Waukegan for the opening of "Man About Town" she was assigned to the hotel suite where she stayed when she eloped with Herbie Kay.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Play Suits Adopt 'Little Girl' Air

Some of the new play suits have a little-girl air. A 1939 variation of the popular shirt, shorts, skirt combination is made of gay floral striped cotton, and links a one-piece, puff-sleeved play suit and a detachable skirt hemmed with a frill.

Another, of ticking, is made up of a square-necked puff sleeved frock and shorts of the same material.

Tennis fans are choosing more dresses than shorts for play this year, one of New York's smartest shops reports. The smartest are white pique rayon or linen, designed with brief gored or plaited skirts ending above the knee.

Enthusiasm Grows For White Jersey

The practicality of white jersey, the smart appearance, the adaptability to sculptural draping and exquisite tailoring has so impressed designers they are expressing an enthusiasm for it that knows no bounds. Try out a costume of jersey and see what it does for you. It will slenderize you, it will be the touch the sort you "love to wear." The white rayon jerseys especially come out after a tubbing "white as snow" which is exactly what every woman hopes for, even longer for in her white costumes.

Diamond Earrings

Earrings, particularly diamond and pearl ones, are becoming increasingly important as accents for every costume.

New Hobby



Looms a new hobby on the horizon. It's handkerchief collecting. Not just ordinary handkerchiefs, but handkerchiefs that depict memorable events in American history. There is an interesting group of four, just out, created by Burnel, designer of note. They include Mark Twain's Mississippi, Covered Wagon, Mount Vernon and the Landing of the Pilgrims, printed in vivid tableaux against fetching floral borders. Landing of the Pilgrims is the theme of the handkerchief design carried by the charming collector pictured.