

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Baldy," Evans said, "I don't agree with you that it was—the money. That may have helped in her decision. But I think she cares—"

"For Towne—nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense. She knows nothing of love. She may have taken the shadow for the substance. And he can be very charming." It wrung his heart to say it. But almost with clairvoyance he saw the truth.

When they returned to the house Baldy found a message from Edith. He was to call her up.

"Uncle Frederick has just told me," she said, "that Jane is to be my aunt. Isn't it joyful?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Towne's all right. But not for Jane."

"I see. But he's really in love with her, poor old duck. Talked about it all through dinner. He's going to try awfully hard to make her happy."

"Then you approve?"

He heard her gay laugh over the wire. "It will be nice—to have you—in the family. I'll be your niece-in-law."

"You'll be nothing of the kind."

"You can't help being—Uncle Baldy. Isn't that—delicious? And now, will you come in tonight and sit by my fire? Uncle Frederick is out."

"I've sat too often by your fire."

"Too often for your own peace of mind? I know that. And I'm glad of it." Again he heard a ripple of laughter.

"It isn't a thing to laugh at."

She hesitated, then said in a different tone, "I am not laughing. But I want you by my fire tonight."

It was late when Evans went upstairs. He had spent the evening with his mother, discussing with her some matters where his legal knowledge helped. They did not speak of Jane. Their avoidance of the subject showed their preoccupation with it. But neither dared approach it.

On the bedside table in Evans' room lay the valentine he had bought for Jane. There it was, with its cupids and bleeding hearts—its forget-me-nots—and golden darts.



"I can't stand much excitement."

because I love him." Nothing could be plainer than that. Baldy might protest. But the words were there.

As Evans sat gazing into the fire, he saw her as she had so often been in this old room—as a child, sprawled on the hearth-rug over some entrancing book from his shelves, swinging her feet on the edge of a table while he bragged of his athletic prowess; leaning over her maps, while he pointed out the fields of fighting; curled up in a corner on the couch while he read to her—"Oh, silver shrine, here will I take my rest . . ."

He could stand his thoughts no longer. Without hat or heavy coat, he stepped through one of the long windows and into the night.

As he walked on in the darkness, he had no knowledge of his destination. He swept on and on, pursued by dreadful thoughts.

On and on through the blackness. . . . No moon. . . . a wet wind blowing . . . on and on . . .

He came to a bridge which crossed a culvert. No water flowed under it. But down the road which led through the Glen was another bridge, and beneath it a deep, still pool.

With the thought of that deep and quiet pool came momentary relief from the horrors which had hounded him. It would be easy. A second's struggle. Then everything over. Peace. No fears. No dread of the future.

It seemed a long time after, that, leaning against the buttress of the bridge, he heard, with increasing clearness, the sound of boys' voices in the dark.

He drew back among the shadows. It was Sandy and Arthur. Not three feet away from him—passing.

"Well, of course, Mr. Follette is just a man," Sandy was saying.

"Maybe he is," Arthur spoke earnestly, "but I don't know. There's something about him—"

"He passed."

"Go on," Sandy urged.

"Well, something"—Arthur was struggling to express himself, "splendid. It shines like a light—"

Their brisk footsteps left the bridge, and were dulled by the dirt road beyond. Sandy's response was inaudible. A last murmur, and then silence.

Evans was swept by a wave of emotion; his heart, warm and alive, began to beat in the place where there had been frozen emptiness.

"Something splen—" that shines like a light!"

Years afterward he spoke of this moment to Jane. "I can't describe it. It was a miracle—their coming. As much of a miracle as that light which shone on Paul as he rode to Damascus. The change within me was absolute. I was born again. All the old fears slipped from me like a garment. I was saved, Jane, by those boys' voices in the dark."

The next day was Sunday. Evans called up Sandy and Arthur and invited them to supper. "Old Mary said you were here last night, and didn't find me. I've a book or two for you. Can you come and get them? And stay to supper. Miss Towne will be here and her uncle."

The boys could not know that they were asked as a shield and buckler in the battle which Evans was fighting. It seemed to him that he could not meet Frederick Towne. Yet it had been, of course, the logical thing to ask him. Edith had invited herself, and Towne had, of course, much to tell about Jane.

Evans, therefore, with an outward effect of tranquillity, played the host. After supper, however, he took the boys with him to the library.

On the table lay a gray volume. He opened it and showed the Cruikshank illustrations.

"I've been reading this. It's great stuff."

"Oh, Pilgrim's Progress," said Sandy; "do you like it?"

"Yes," Evans leaned above the book where it lay open under the light, and started to read to them.

That night Evans found out for the first time something about his mother. "You look tired, dearest," he had said, and she had come into the great hall together.

"I am tired." She sat down on an old hair sofa. "I can't stand much excitement. It makes me feel like an old lady."

"You'll never grow old." He felt a deep tenderness for her in this moment of confessed weakness. She had always been so strong. Had refused to lean. She had, in fact, taken from him his son's prerogative of protectiveness.

"You'd better see Hallam," Evans said.

"I've seen him."

"What did he say?"

"My heart—"

He looked at her in alarm. "Mother! Why didn't you tell me?"

"What was the use? There's nothing to be worried about. Only he says I must not push myself."

"I am worried. Let me look after the men in the morning early. That will give you an extra nap."

"Oh, I won't do it, Evans. You have your work."

"It won't hurt me. And I am going to boss you around a bit."

He stooped and kissed her. "You are too precious to lose, Mumsie."

She clung to him. "What would I do without you, my dear?"

He helped her up the stairs. And as she climbed slowly, his arm about her, he thought of that dark moment by the bridge.

If those young voices had not come to him in the night, this loving soul might have been stricken and made desolate; left alone in her time of greatest need.

CHAPTER XIII

Once more the Washington papers had headlines that spoke of Delafield Simms. He had married a stenographer in Frederick Towne's office. And it was Towne's niece that he had deserted at the altar.

And most remarkable of all, Edith Towne had been at the wedding. It

Great Lakes Shrink; Geologists Do Not Agree

That in the comparatively recent past our Great Lakes were much larger than they are today is no secret. And indications that the recession is continuing are easily discoverable. But just how rapidly the outlines and levels of the lakes change is another matter, and some reports made by two men from the University of Michigan invite attention to this somewhat important question, says Detroit Free Press.

Recently Dr. E. G. Greenman, archeologist, uncovered on Great Cloche island in the Georgian bay region the evidences of a great gathering of Indians at a spot which was then on the beach of the lake. But this same spot is 28 feet higher than the present beach.

Estimating that the water table has been falling for some thousands of years at the rate of a foot in from 38 to 50 years, Dr. George M. Stanley after studying the site believes the Red Men held their powwow and feast somewhere between 500 and 800 A. D.

However, all geologists are not in agreement regarding the rate at which the big lakes have been receding, and the estimate of one conservative savant would put the gathering back about 3,500 years, which would be in the neighborhood of 1600 B. C.

was Eloise Harper who told the reporters.

"They were married at the old Inn below Alexandria this morning, by the local Methodist clergyman. Miss Logan is a Methodist—fancy. And Edith was bridesmaid."

But Eloise did not know that Lucy had worn the wedding dress and veil that Edith had given her and looked lovely in them. And that after the ceremony, Delafield had wrung Edith's hand and had said, "I shall never know how to thank you for what you have been to Lucy."

"Gee, but you're superlative," Baldy told her as they walked in the garden.

"Am I?"

"Yes. And the way you carried it off."

"I didn't carry it off. It carried itself."

"Are you sure it didn't hurt?" She smiled at him from beneath her big hat. "Not a bit."

The moment was ripe for romance. But Baldy almost feverishly kept the conversation away from serious things. They had talked seriously enough, God knew, the other night by Edith's fire. He had seen her lonely in the thought of her future.

"When Uncle Fred marries I won't stay here."

He had yearned to take her in his arms, to tell her that against his heart she should never again know loneliness. But he had not dared. What had he to offer? A boy's love. Against her gold.

So he talked of Jane. "She doesn't want her engagement announced until she gets back. I think she's right."

"I don't," Edith said lazily. "If I loved a man I'd want to shout it to the world."

They were sitting on a rustic bench under the blossoming plum tree. Edith's hands were clasped behind her head, and the winged sleeves of her gown fell back and showed her bare arms. Baldy wanted to unclasp those hands, crush them to his lips—but instead he stood up, looking over the river.

"Do you see the ducks out there? Wild ones at that. A sign of spring."

She rose and stood beside him. "And you can talk of—ducks—on a day like this?"

"Yes," he did not look at her, "ducks are safe."

He heard her low laugh. "Silly boy."

He turned, his gray eyes filled with limpid light. "Perhaps I am. But I should be a fool if I told you how I love you. Worship you. You know it, of course. But nothing can come of it, even if I were presumptuous enough to think that you—care."

She swept out her hands in an appealing gesture. "Say it. I want to hear."

She was adorable. But he drew back a little. "We've gone too far and too fast. It is my fault, of course, for being a romantic fool."

"I'm afraid we're a pair of romantic fools, Baldy."

He turned and put his hands on her shoulders. "Edith, I—mustn't."

"Why not?"

"Not until I have something to offer you—"

"Oh, I know what you mean. But I won't. Somehow this affair of Jane's with your uncle has made me see—"

"See what?"

"Oh, how the world would look at it. How he'd look at it."

"Uncle Frederick? He hasn't anything to do with it. I'm my own mistress."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Smart Hand-Crocheted Dress

Good Style the Year Round

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



OH, FOR a dress that is cool to wear on hot sultry days, warm and "comfy" to wear on cool days, a dress that somehow or other possesses the magic of fitting into the scheme of things, whether it be going places about town during the active hours of the day or doing more or less of a society stunt at informal bridge party or tea in the afternoon at the club.

The answer? Well, here it is right before your very eyes in the accompanying illustration—dresses that are hand-crocheted of mercerized cotton. Yes'm, a dress like either of the models pictured will prove a friend in need and indeed at any time of the year. As to solving the mid-season problem of something to wear that tides over the gap between fashions old and fashions new, you'll find a hand-crocheted dress gives the perfect answer. Such a gown is correct and likable to wear this very minute and for the girl who will be faring to school in the early autumn days.

The best way of putting to the test all we have been saying about the crochet theme is to make such a dress for yourself. Just a few leisure moments devoted here and there, that would otherwise be wasted, to the crocheting thereof and in an unbelievably short time you will be the exultant possessor of a dress that will prove a treasure in your wardrobe, the whole year round.

Want to try it? Well, here's how!—go to your nearest fancy work shop or department. There you will find odds and ends of mercerized cottons in adorable colors. How-

ever, that once done, together with the acquiring of exactly the right size crochet hook, not forgetting to ask for a pamphlet of instructions as how to make, which is always available where you buy yarns.

There's good news for crocheters this year in that the idea of styling is being played up for all it is worth. For the first time crochet has been treated like fabric. The result is a collection of crocheted dresses unmatched for smartness, wearability, fit and individuality.

Most important is the way in which the newer crocheted frocks fit and mold the figure. Dressmaker touches are also stressed. Padded shoulders are emphasized, zipper closings are used, skirts swing gracefully, with a view to achieving the young look so much exploited this season.

Typical of the new crochet fashions is the casual, neat-as-a-pin dress as shown to the left in the picture. A decorative zipper down the front, closing at the throat with two pompons, high-placed pockets and a wide contrasting belt give it the dressmaker touches. Even the belt is crocheted. Worked in lustrous mercerized crochet cotton, the entire outfit is simple to make.

The hand-crocheted dress to the right has the stylish look. Its lines are fluid and soft with the shoulders slightly exaggerated to slenderize the silhouette, making it graceful for the more mature figure as well as for the slim and svelte young woman. The stitch is open and lacy—delightfully cool to wear throughout the summer. Later on you will find this type gown an ideal starter for the fall wardrobe.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Designer Visions

Coming Fashions

Quoting Edith Head, top designer of clothes for Hollywood notables: "The reign of the popular simple frock or suit is over. Everything indicates that the fall and winter styles will be lavish in fabric and extremely romantic and flattering. Clothes will doubtless cause social functions to increase in formality and it will be, all and all, a dressy season."

"I am sure," predicted Miss Head, "that there will be no certain or definite skirt, sleeve, or coat lengths in the coming trend. Women will dress strictly to their own individuality, getting away from the 'sheep' fads and crazes which made all of us look alike for the past several years. At last feminine fashions will assume something else than 'all poured of the same mold.'"

"The high note of the new trend," said the designer, "will be magnificence of material. Silks, brocades, velvets, and embroidered fabrics will be abundant and tailored, all-purpose models will wear a definite death knell."

Rich Silk Fabrics

For Coats, Suits

It is with an eye to the future that women are buying the smart new coats now showing in the midsummer collections, made of rich silk fabric. A costume of the hand-some bengalines and such will carry through until the "frost is on the pumpkin." The appeal of these handsome suits is not to be withstood by best dressed fashionables.

Red Dots White



Still the rage for polka dots goes on. In the picture it is white silk chiffon with red polka dots that fashions a most captivating evening dress. For country club with music in the air here is the gown ideal. The halo hat in tones of red matches the kid belt which is tied with a fabric bow. The bracelet is the new-type bubble lass that glitters in prismatic colors.

FARM TOPICS

BIRTH RATE DROP HURTS MILK PRICE

Need Seen for Increased Use by Adults.

By LELAND SPENCER

The decline in the number of young children is one reason for the reduced use of milk the past few years, according to the New York state college of agriculture.

The declining birth rate calls for special efforts by the milk industry to push the general use of milk as a drink by adults, and especially to break down the tendency of adolescents to switch from milk to other drinks.

Efforts should also be continued to find ways to get fluid milk at less cost to families of low incomes. This is the surest way to ward off the substitution of other forms of milk for fresh milk.

As for dealers' "spreads" on retail milk in nine important markets of the United States, the spreads were reduced during the depression, but are now larger than ever.

The inability of milk dealers to reduce their spread on retail milk is the main reason for the less friendly public attitude toward them the past few years. Those acquainted with the situation, however, know that the chief obstacle to reducing the spread is high wages and the difficulty of using less labor, especially for retail delivery.

As to the outlook for the milk industry during the next two years, the Cornell milk marketing specialists say much depends on the trend of commodity prices.

Green Vegetables Needed For Well-Balanced Diet

Even before the searchlight of food research was turned on leafy, green vegetables their value in human nutrition was pretty generally appreciated. Today they have an important place on the list of "protective foods"—a way nutritionists have of designating foods with a very high dietetic rating.

Leafy, green vegetables merit a place on this list chiefly because they are rich in both iron and vitamin A. Many of them are also very rich sources of calcium. These three nutrients, according to a recent nationwide survey, are food essentials in which American diets are often low.

Green leaves are also excellent sources of vitamin G. Thrown in for good measure are considerable amounts of vitamin C and Vitamin B1. Leafy vegetables, in addition, contribute bulk or roughage, some of which is usually desirable in the diets of persons in normal health.

Aerial Photos Offer Accurate Farm Record

With the advent of the Agricultural Adjustment act, and the need for accurate field measurement to check compliance with the soil conservation program, aerial photography came into its own as a cheap, quick, indisputable method of land mapping.

Accurate field measurement is important under the AAA because conservation payments are made at a specified rate per acre of land planted. Prior to the use of air photography, a number of methods, ranging from the old measuring wheel to surveying, were used.

Cost of checking performance from the air is about one-third less than the earlier methods of land measurement. Air photography costs about four cents per acre as compared with six cents per acre under older measuring methods. The cost is included as part of the administrative expense deducted from payments to farmers.

Farm Facts

Mushrooms have been cultivated commercially in the United States for less than a half century.

The importance of live stock in Ohio agriculture is shown by the figures for farm income in 1938. Sales of all farm crops brought \$63,831,000 but the sales of live stock and live stock products totaled \$218,685,000.

Success of artificial insemination in breeding of dairy cattle, tried for the past three months in six southern-tier counties, has led officials of New York state college of agriculture to sanction the method for use by dairymen throughout the state.

Farmers now pay approximately \$1,500,000,000 annually for power and power machinery but before the World war they sold power in the form of work animals for several hundred million dollars annually.

One cord of barnyard manure or other well-rotted organic material per 5,000 square feet of garden is recommended as the first fertilizer to apply to the garden. This may be supplemented with superphosphate or with a balance fertilizer as needed.