

The DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Jane sat huddled in her chair, panting a little, her eyes wide. "Silly," she said with a sob. The sound of her voice echoed and re-echoed, "Silly, silly, silly."

The noise without was deafening—the wind shook the walls. She stood up, her hands clenched, then ran swiftly into the hall.

A thundering crash and the lights went out. She heard Frederick calling, "Jane, Jane!"

She called back, "I'm here," and saw the quick spurt of a match as he lighted it, holding it up and peering into the dark.

"There you are, my dearest." He lighted another match and came towards her, as Waldron, with a brace of candles, appeared in one door and Baldy and Edith in another.

Frederick lifted Jane in his strong arms. "Why, you're crying," he said; "don't, my darling, don't."

Then Baldy came up and demanded, "What's the matter, Kitten? You've never been afraid of storms."

She tried to smile at him. "Well, I've gone through such a lot lately." But Baldy wasn't satisfied. A Jane who dissolved into tears was a disturbing and desolating object. He glowered at Frederick, holding him responsible.

At this moment Waldron reappeared to say that Briggs had pronounced the streets impassable. Branches had been blown down—and there was other wreckage.

"That settles it," Frederick said. "You two young things may as well stay here for the night. Jane's not fit to go out anyhow."

"Oh, I'm all right," she protested. Edith suggested bridge, so they played for a while. The big room was still lighted by the candles, so that the shadows pressed close. Jane was very pale, and now and then Frederick looked at her anxiously.

"You and Edith had better go up," he said at last. "And you must have Alice get you some hot milk—I'll send Waldron with a bit of cordial to set you up."

She shook her head. "I don't want it."

"But I want you to have it." There was a note of authority which almost brought her again to tears. She hated to have anyone tell her what she should do. She liked to do as she pleased. But later, when the glass of cordial came up to her, she drank it.

She did not go to sleep for a long time. Edith sat by the bed and talked to her. "I shouldn't," she apologized; "Uncle Fred told you to rest."

Jane curled up among her pillows, and said rebelliously, "Well, I don't have to obey, do I?"

"Don't ever obey," Edith, in her winged chair with her Viking braids and the classic draperies of her white dressing-gown, looked like a Norse goddess. "Don't ever obey, or you'll make a tyrant out of him."

"But I hate—fighting."

"You won't have to fight. I do it because it's my temperament. But you can manage him—by letting things go a bit—and coaxing will do the rest—"

"I don't want to manage—my husband," said Jane.

"All women do—"

"Would you want to manage—Baldy?"

Edith flushed. "That's different," she evaded.

"Not different. You know you wouldn't go through life with him, pulling wires, making a puppet of him—of yourself—you want comradeship—understanding. You'll flare up now and then. Baldy and I do. But—oh, we love each other." Jane's voice shook.

Edith looked at her thoughtfully. "Jane, are you happy?"

"I ought to be—"

"But are you?"

"I'm tired I think. I don't know. Ever since I came home I've been nervous. Perhaps it is the reaction."

course Edith could not know of her debt to Frederick. No one knew except Baldy.

In the morning Towne had gone when Jane came down. She and Edith had had breakfast in their rooms—and there had been a great rose on Jane's tray, with a note twisted about the stem—"To my golden girl." Her lover had called her up by the house telephone, and had told her he was leaving for New York at noon. "A telegram has just come. I'll see you the moment I get back."

Jane had a sense of relief. She would have three days to herself. Three days at Sherwood—with the blossoming trees, and the mating birds, and Merrymaid and the kitten, and old Sophy with her wise philosophy—and Baldy on the other side of the little table—and Philome singing . . .

Briggs took her out at noon, and Sophy came in to say, "Mr. Evans called you all up. He's back



"The day was so perfect."

furn New York. He says he'll come over tonight."

That was news indeed! Old Evans! Jane got into the frock of faded lilac gingham and went about the house singing. Three days! Of freedom!

It was after lunch that she told the old woman, "I'm going down to the Glen—there should be wild honeysuckle—Sophy."

There were bees in the Glen and butterflies, and a cool silence. On the other side of the creek were pasture, and cattle grazing. But no human creature was in sight. Jane, walking along the narrow path, had a sense of utter peace. Here was familiar ground. She felt the welcome of inanimate things—the old willows, the singing stream, the great gray rocks that stuck their heads above the edges of the bank.

On the slope of the bank she saw the rosiness of the flowers she sought. She climbed up, picked the fragrant sprays and sat down under a hickory tree to make a bouquet. From where she sat she could view the broad stream and a rustic bridge just at a turn of the path.

And now, around the turn of the path, came suddenly a man and two boys. They carried fishing-rods and stopped at a jutting rock to bait their hooks. One of the boys went out on the bridge and cast his line. His voice came to Jane clearly.

"Mr. Follette, there's a thing I hate to do, and that's to bait my hook with a worm. I'd much rather put on something that wasn't alive. Why is it that everything eats up something else?"

Jane peered down at the man poised on the rock. It was Evans! He was winding his reel against a taut line. "I've caught a snag," he said; "look out, Sandy, there's something on your hook."

As they landed the small catch with much excitement, Jane was aware of the strong swing of Evans' figure, the brown of his cheeks, the brightness of his glance as he spoke to the boys.

He gave the death stroke to the silver flapping fish with a jab of his knife-blade, and the boy on the bridge complained, "There you are, killing things. I don't like it, do you? Everything we eat? The woods are full of killing. It is dreadful when we think of it."

"It is dreadful," Evans sat down on the rock and looked across at the boy on the bridge. "But there are more dreadful things than death— injustice, and cruelty, and hate. And more than all—fear. And you must think of this, Arthur, that what we call a violent death is sometimes the easiest. An old animal with teeth gone, trying to exist. That's dreadful. Or an old person racked by pains. Much better if both could have been dead in the glory of youth."

He had always had that quick and vivid voice, but this certainty of phrase was a resurrection. He spoke without hesitation. Sure of himself. Sure of the things he was about to say.

"You boys needn't think that I don't know what I am talking about. I do. When I came back from France there was something wrong. I was afraid of everything. I lived for months in dread of my shadow. It was awful. Nothing can be worse. Then, one night I came to see that God's greatest gift to man is— strength to endure."

He flung it at them—and their wide eyes answered him. After a moment Arthur said, huskily, "Gee, that's great."

Sandy sighed heavily. "I saw a picture the other day of a boy who wanted to play baseball, and he had to hold the baby. I reckon that's what you mean. Most of us have to hold the baby when we want to play baseball."

The others laughed, then young Arthur said, "It looks to me as if life is just one darned thing after another."

"Not quite that," Evans stood up. "I'm afraid I'm an awful preacher," he apologized, "but you will ask questions."

"Most grown-ups don't answer them," said Arthur, earnestly; "they just say, 'Be good and let who will be clever.'"

"They'd better say 'Be strong,'" Evans was reeling in his line. "We must be getting towards home. Do you see those shadows? We'll be late—"

He stopped suddenly. There had been the crack of a twig and he had turned his eyes towards the sound. And there, poised above him, her hat off, the warm wind blowing, her bobbed black hair, blowing, too, the folds of the lilac frock back from her slender figure, stood Jane . . .

He went charging up the bank towards her.

"My dear," he said, "my dear." That was all. But he was there, holding her hands, devouring her with his eyes.

Then he dropped her hands. "I thought you were a ghost," he said, a little awkwardly. "I called you up this morning and Sophy said you were in town."

"I came out at noon. The day was so perfect. I had to see the Glen." "It is perfect. When I found you were out, I got the boys. I am taking a half-holiday after my trip."

He was talking naturally now, smiling at her as she stood beside him. She found herself trembling, almost afraid to speak again lest her voice betray her. She had been more shaken than he by the encounter. She wondered at his ease.

And so it happened that, womanlike, as they walked alone at last after the boys had left them in the little pine grove back of the house, that Jane said, "Evans, you haven't wished me happiness."

"No," he said, and his eyes met hers squarely. "I think you might spare me that, Jane."

She flushed. "Oh," she said, "I'm sorry."

He laid his hand for a moment on her shoulder. "Don't be sorry, little Jane. But we won't talk about it. That's the best way for both of us—not to talk."

He stayed to dinner, stayed for an hour or two afterwards—fitting himself pleasantly to former niches. Jane could hardly credit the change in him. It was, she decided, not so much a resurrection of the body as of the spirit. His hair was gray, and now and then his eyes showed tired, his shoulders sagged. But there was no trace of the old timidity, the old withdrawals. He was in-

terested, responsive, at times buoyant. The things she had loved in him years ago were again there. This man did not think dark thoughts!

When he went away, she and Baldy stood together on the terrace in the warm darkness and watched him.

"He still limps a little," Jane said.

"Yes. Shall we go in now, Jane?" "No. Let's sit on the steps and see the moon rise."

They sat side by side. "When is Towne coming back?" Baldy asked. "In three days."

Tree-toads were shrilling in monotonous cadence—from far away came the plaintive note of a whip-poorwill. But there was another plaintive note close at hand.

"Jane, you're crying," Baldy said, sharply. "What's the matter, dear?"

He put his arm about her. "What's the matter?" "Baldy, I don't want to get—married. I want to stay with you—forever—"

"You shall stay with me." She sobbed and sobbed, and he soothed her. "Little sister, little sister," he said, "you are crying too much in these days."

At last Jane spoke. "Dearest, I must marry him. There's no way out. He's done so much for me—and some day, perhaps, I'll love him."

CHAPTER XIV

It was after the day when she had met Evans in the Glen that Jane began to be haunted by ghosts.

There was a ghost who wandered through Sherwood on moonlights, a limping, hesitating ghost who said, "You're wine, Jane. I must have my daily sip of you."

And there was a ghost who came in a fog and said, "You are a lantern, Jane—held high."

And that ghost in the glow of the hearth-fire—"You are food and drink to me, Jane. Do you know it?"

Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts; holding out appealing hands to her. And always she had turned away. But now she did not turn. Over and over again she lent her ears to those whispering words, "Jane, you are wine . . . Jane, you are a lantern. . . . You are food and drink, Jane . . ."

Well, she was having her punishment. She had not loved him when he needed her. And now that she needed him, she must not love him. She hardly knew herself. All the years of her life she had seen things straight, and she had tried to live up to that vision. She saw them straight now. She did not love Frederick Towne. She had no right to marry him. Yet she must. There was no way out.

Towne was aware of a difference in her when he returned from New York. She was more remote. A little less responsive. Yet these things caused him no disquiet. Her crisp coolness had always constituted one of her great charms. "You are tired, dearest," he told her. "I wish you would marry me right away, and let me make you happy."

They were lunching at the Capitol in the Senate restaurant. Frederick was an imposing figure and Jane was aware of his importance. People glanced at him and glanced again, and then told others who he was. Some day she would be his wife, and everybody would be telling everybody else that she was the wife of the great Frederick Towne.

The attentive waiter at her elbow laid toast on her plate, and served Maryland crab from a silver chafing-dish. Frederick knew what she liked and had ordered without asking her. But the delicious food was tasteless.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Chic Fur Ingeniously Trims Gorgeous Woolens for Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AN INGENUOUS and out-of-the-ordinary use of fur trimmings is in prospect for fall. As a matter of fact, the vogue has not really been held back until the arrival of cool days, for during the summer, suits and ensembles of daintiest, sheerest wools in rapturous pastels, highlighted with touches of delicately toned fox have held high favor with women who pride themselves on keeping pace with the mode.

Then, too, "coming events cast their shadows before" in advance midseason collections which include many fascinating ensembles done in alluring wools that are enhanced with lovely, lightsome fur after the manner of the stunning costume illustrated. Gaston of Paris designed this handsome beige wool crepe ensemble trimming it with exquisite color-matched fox.

From beginnings such as evidenced in this fascinating ensemble the vogue for fur trimmings is rapidly developing into a passion for unique and highly decorative treatments that will manifest itself in full force as the autumn and winter style program unfolds.

Preparatory to the coming call for fur trims that are distinctively new and out of the ordinary, designers have put on their thinking caps in order to play up the idea in ingenious ways for it is said that emphasis will be placed on unique touches of fur that have dramatic appeal. For instance, such intriguing effects will be worked as bow-knot appliques of fur, bands of fur that outline the fronts of jackets forming pockets in cunningly eccentric ways. The cuff-muff idea is a cute trick that cuffs bishop sleeves in fur flared from a tight wrist. The cuffs form a muff when the hands are clasped together. Then again the fur yoke, front or back, is worked in varied ways.

Cloth sleeves that are patterned all over with applied huge polka dots of fur present an attractive new note. Then there are bindings and borderings galore together with swatches here and there in unexpected places that make for decorative and amusing fur fantasies.

However, not by any means does all the glory go to the furs that trim. They tell but half the story of the enchanting fashions under way for the new season. It's the perfect teamwork that carries on 50-50 between luxurious wool weaves plus dramatic fur trimmings.

That the forthcoming is going to be a season of luxurious fabric there is no doubt and the new vintage of woollen materials gives emphasis to this forecast. It is said that plaids will be more conspicuously in the mode than ever, and when we say plaids as now are it means as resplendent an array as eye has seen. For the girl going away to school the cape costume pictured in the inset panel is enough to excite the envy of every sorority sister on the campus. The cape is fashioned of a strikingly handsome wool plaid. It tops a two-piece navy wool suit. The suit can be worn alone and the cape with other costumes. The fur that collars it adds chic and charm to a high degree.

In regard to the grand and glorious woollens that will feature for fall and winter it is said that vertical stripes in raised effects or contrasts of yarn are scheduled among weaves that will prove foremost in fashion. There are many mossy worsted crepes too that are highly attractive in the new wool fabric showings. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Warm Honey Beige Smart Tan Shade

The "look pretty" edict this season extends to headgear, footwear and makeup. Though some well-tanned skins are seen (treated this year with a new shiny finish and no other makeup except vivid rouge), the most talked-of tan tint is a warm honey beige, made up with a little rouge, mat powder and colorful lipstick.

Heads are topped with peaked hoods attached to suits, wide hats and fishnet turbans caught with two big colored hairpins. Cork clogs and raffia sandals are seen on smart feet. Beach bags are bigger than ever, and can be liberally equipped with makeup to insure that pretty look.

Fetching Costume In White and Blue

White and deep blue linen are combined for a natty costume from Bruyere, the blue making the deep sailor on the jacket and the bodice of the dress. On the shoulder of the dress is a white anchor, embroidered, and the anchor on the jacket sleeve is blue outlined in red. The buttons are flat, of mother-of-pearl.

Gray Woolens High Style

Gray wool weaves that blend to gray furs will be featured this fall. The incoming coats and suits stress the gray vogue.

Hatful of Stars

Small fabric stars captured between layers of maline are the imaginative creation of a French hat designer.

Lace Top Dress



One of the most attractive fashions on the current style program is that of the lace-top dress. The model pictured shown at a revue held by the Style Creators of Chicago is proving to be one of the big successes of the season. It is liked particularly, for worn with a jacket, it will carry on through midseason into fall. It is navy for the corselet skirt with white for the lace top. The idea of the lace top admits versatile interpretations.

Showing the Latest Button-Front Styles

NO WONDER button-front dresses are so popular for midsummer! They go on without mussing your hair or getting mussed themselves. They look so smart, crisp and tailored, and they are easiest of all to press! No. 1787 is an unusually pretty version, so easy to make that even beginners can do it. Inside pleats make your waistline small. Gathers give a nice round bustline. Make this of



gingham, linen, pique or shark skin, and trim it with lace or braid.

Buttons to the Waistline. A new and delightfully different version of the button-front is No. 1790. It has buttons to the waistline only. The skirt is cut with a wide lap-over, and a pretty, circular swing. For this, choose gingham, percale, linen or pique, with snowy frills to make it the more cool-looking and becoming.

The Patterns. No. 1787 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with short sleeves; 1 3/4 yards of lace or braid.

No. 1790 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material without nap; 2 1/4 yards of trimming.

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.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

AROUND THE HOUSE

When Bureau Drawers Stick.—If doors or bureau drawers stick in hot weather, a little wax rubbed on the surface where friction occurs will end the trouble.

Lemon Juice in Dressing.—Use lemon juice instead of vinegar in dressing for lettuce, and so increase your vitamins.

Keeping Mayonnaise.—Mayonnaise should be stored in covered jars on the upper shelf of the refrigerator, since it is likely to separate if it is kept in the coldest section.

Lasting Paper Dolls.—Children like to play with paper dolls. Try pasting them on coarse muslin and they will last much longer.

Centerpiece for Child's Party Table.—A bouquet of lollipops in many colors makes an attractive centerpiece for the children's party table. The lollipops may be fitted into a flower holder that is placed in a bowl or low basket.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE. Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER. JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS.

WNU-U 32-39

Learn From History Examine history, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."—Carlyle.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS