THE DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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SYNOPSIS

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.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—3—

When at last Baldy drew up at the little way station, and unfastened the curtain, he was aware that she had opened the suede bag and had a roll of bills in her hand. For a moment his heart failed him. Was she going to offer him money?

But what she said, with cheeks flaming, was: "I haven't anything less than ten dollars. Do you think they will take it?"

"It's doubtful. I have oodles of change." He held out a handful.

"Thank you so much, and—you must let me have your card—"

"Oh, please—"

Her voice had an edge of sharpness. "Of course it must be a loan."

He handed her his card in silence. She read the name. "Mr. Barnes, you have been very kind. I am tremendously grateful."

"It was not kindness—but now and then a princess passes."

For a breathless moment her amazed glance met his—then the clang of a bell heralded an approaching car.

As he helped her out hurriedly she stumbled over the rug. He caught her up, lifted her to the ground, and motioned to the motorman.

The car stopped and she mounted the steps. "Good-by, and thank you so much." He stood back and she waved to him while he watched her out of sight.

His work at the office that morning had dreams for an accompaniment. He went out at lunch-time but ate nothing. It was at lunch-time that he bought the violets—paying an unthinkable price for them, and not caring.

It was after office that Baldy carried the flowers to his car. He set the box on the back seat. In the hurry of the morning he had forgotten the rug which still lay where his fair passenger had stumbled over it. He picked it up and something dropped from its folds. It was the gray suede bag, half open, and showing the roll of bills. Beneath the roll of bills was a small sheer handkerchief, a vanity case with a pinch of powder and a wee puff, a new check-book—and, negligently at the very bottom, a ring—a ring of such enchantment that as it lay in Baldy's hand, he doubted its reality. The hoop was of platinum, slender, yet strong enough to bear up a carved moonstone in a circle of diamonds. The carving showed a delicate Psyche—with a butterfly on her shoulder. The diamonds blazed like small suns.

Inside the ring was an inscription—"Del to Edith—Forever."

Del to Edith? Where had he seen those names? With a sudden flash of illumination, he dropped the ring back into the bag, stuffed the bag in his pocket, and made his way to a newsboy at the corner.

There it was in startling headlines: Edith Towne Disappears. Delafield Simms' Yacht Said to Have Been Sighted Near Norfolk!

So his passenger had been the much-talked-about Edith Towne—deserted at the moment of her marriage!

He thought of her eyes of burning blue—the fairness of her skin and hair—the touch of haughtiness. Simms was a cur, of course! He should have knelt at her feet!

The thing to do was to get the bag back to her. He must advertise at once. On the wings of this decision, his car whirled down the Avenue. The lines which, after much deliberation, he pushed across the counter of the newspaper office, would be ambiguous to others, but clear to her. "Will passenger who left bag with valuable contents in the car call up Sherwood Park 49."

"Is she really as beautiful as that?" Jane demanded.

"As what?"

"Her picture in the paper."

"Haven't I said enough for you to know it?"

Jane nodded. "Yes. But it doesn't sound real to me. Are you sure you didn't dream it?"

"I'll say I didn't. Isn't that the proof?" The gray bag lay on the table in front of them, the ring was on Jane's finger.

She turned it to catch the light. "Baldy," she said, "it's beyond imagination."

"I told you—"

"Think of having a ring like this—"

"Think," fiercely, "of having a lover who ran away."

"Well," said Jane, "there are some advantages in being—unsought. I'm like the Miller-ess of Dee—

"I care for nobody—
No, not I,
Since nobody
Cares—
For me—!"

She sang it with a light boyish swing of her body. Her voice was girlish and sweet, with a touch of huskiness.

Baldy flung his scorn at her. "Jane, aren't you ever in earnest?"

"Intermittently," she smiled at him, came over and tucked her arm in his. "Baldy," she coaxed, "aren't you going to tell her uncle?"

He stared at her. "Her uncle? Tell him what?"

"That you've found the bag."

He flung off her arm. "Would you have me turn traitor?"

"Heavens, Baldy, this isn't melodrama. It's common sense. You can't keep that bag."

"I can keep it until she answers my advertisement."

"She may never see your advertisement, and the money isn't yours, and the ring isn't."

He was troubled. "But she trusted me. I can't do it."

Jane shrugged her shoulders, and began to clear away the dinner things. Baldy helped her. Old Merrymaid mewed to go out, and Jane opened the door.

"It's snowing hard," she said.

The wind drove the flakes across the threshold. Old Merrymaid danced back into the house, bright-eyed and round as a muff. The air was freezing.

"It is going to be a dreadful night," young Baldwin, heavy with gloom, prophesied. He thought of Edith in the storm in her buckled shoes. Had she found shelter? Was she frightened and alone somewhere in the dark?

He went into the living-room, whence Jane presently followed him. Jane was knitting a sweater and she worked while Baldy read to her. He read the full account of Edith Towne's flight. She had gone away early in the morning. The maid, taking her breakfast up to her, had found the room empty. She had left a note for her uncle.

Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation.

But he had not permitted its publication. He was, they said, wild with anxiety.

"I'll bet he's an old tyrant," was Baldy's comment.

Frederick Towne's picture was in the paper. "I like his face," said Jane, "and he doesn't seem so frightfully old."

"Why should she run away from him, if he wasn't a tyrant?" he demanded furiously.

"Well, don't scold me." Jane was as vivid as an oriole in the midst of her orange wools.

She loved color. The living-room was an expression of it. Its furniture was old-fashioned but not old-fashioned enough to be lovely. Jane had, however, modified its lack of grace and its dull monotonies by covers of chintz — tropical birds against black and white stripes—and there was a lamp of dull blue pottery with a Chinese shade. A fire in the coal grate, with the glow of the lamp, gave the room a look of burnished brightness. The kitten, curled up in Jane's lap, played cozily with the tawny threads.

"Don't scold me," said Jane, "it isn't my fault."

"I'm not scolding, but I'm worried to death. And you aren't any help, are you?"

She looked at him in astonishment. "I've tried to help. I told you to call up."

Young Baldwin walked the floor. "She trusted me."

"You won't get anywhere with that," said Jane with decision. "The thing to do is to tell Mr. Towne that you have news of her, and that you'll give it only under promise that he won't do anything until he has talked it over with you."

"That sounds better," said young Baldwin; "how did you happen to think of it?"

"Now and then," said Jane, "I have ideas."

Baldy went to the telephone. When he came back his eyes were like gray moons. "He promised everything, and he's coming out—"

"Here?"

"Yes, he wouldn't wait until tomorrow. He's wild about her—"

"Well, he would be." Jane mentally surveyed the situation. "Baldy, I'm going to make some coffee, and have some cheese and crackers."

"He may not want them."

"On a cold night like this, I'll say he will; anybody would."

Baldy helped Jane get out the round-bellied silver pot, the pitchers and tray. The young people had a sense of complacency as they handled the old silver. Frederick Towne could have nothing of more distinguished history. It had belonged to their great-grandmother, Dabney, who was really D'Aubigne, and it had graced an emperor's table. Each piece had a monogram set in an engraved wreath. The big tray was so heavy that Jane lifted it with difficulty, so Baldy set it for her on the little mahogany table which they drew up in front of the fire. There was no wealth now in the Barnes family, but the old silver spoke of a time when a young hostess as black-haired as Jane had dispensed lavish hospitality.

Frederick Towne had not expected what he found—the little house set high on its terraces seemed to give from its golden-lighted window squares a welcome in the dark. "I shan't be long, Briggs," he said to his chauffeur.

"Very good, sir," said Briggs, and led the way up the terrace.

Baldy ushered Towne into the living-room, and Frederick, standing on the threshold, surveyed a coziness which reminded him of nothing so much as a color illustration in some old English magazine. There was the coal grate, the table drawn up to the fire, the twinkling silver on its massive tray, violets in a low vase—and rising to meet him a slender, glowing child, with a banner of orange wool behind her.

"Jane," said young Barnes, "may I present Mr. Towne?" and Jane held out her hand and said, "This is very good of you."

He found himself unexpectedly gracious. He was not always gracious. He had felt that he couldn't be. A man with money and position had to shut himself up sometimes in a shell of reserve, lest he be imposed upon.

But in this warmth and fragrance he expanded. "What a charming room," he said, and smiled at her.

Jane felt perfectly at ease with him. He was, after all, she reflected, only a gentleman, and Baldy was that. The only difference lay in their divergent incomes. So, as the two men talked, she knitted on, with the outward effect of placidity.

"Do you want me to go?" she had asked them, and Towne had replied promptly, "Certainly not. There's nothing we have to say that you can't hear."

So Jane listened with all her ears, and modified the opinion she had formed of Frederick Towne from his picture and from her first glimpse of him. He was nice to talk to, but he might be hard to live with. He had obstinacy and egotism.

"Why Edith should have done it amazes me."

"She was hurt," she said, "and she wanted to hide."

"But people seem to think that in some way it is my fault. I don't like that. It isn't fair. We've always been the best of friends—more like brother and sister than niece and uncle."

"But not like Baldy and me," said Jane to herself, "not in the least like Baldy and me."

"Of course Simms ought to be shot," Towne told them heatedly.

"He ought to be hanged," was Baldy's amendment.

Jane's needles clicked, but she said nothing. She was dying to tell these bloodthirsty males what she thought of them. What good would it do to shoot Delafield Simms? A woman's hurt pride isn't to be healed by the thought of a man's dead body.

Young Baldwin brought out the bag. "It is one that Delafield gave her," Frederick stated, "and I cashed a check for her at the bank the day before the wedding. I can't imagine why she took the ring with her."

"She probably forgot to take it off; her mind wasn't on rings." Jane's voice was warm with feeling.

He looked at her with some curiosity. "What was it on?"

"Oh, her heart was broken. Nothing else mattered. Can't you see?"

Jane swept them back to the matter of the bag. "We thought you ought to have it, Mr. Towne, but Baldy had scruples about revealing anything he knows about Miss Towne's hiding place. He feels that she trusted him."

"You said you had advertised, Mr. Barnes?"

"Yes."

"Well, the one thing is to get her home. Tell her that if she calls you up." Frederick looked suddenly tired and old.

Baldy, leaning against the mantel, gazed down at him. "It's hard to decide what I ought to do. But I feel that I'm right in giving her a chance first to answer the advertisement."

Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation. "Of course you'll have to act as you think best."

And now Jane took things in her own hands. "Mr. Towne, I'm going to make you a cup of coffee."

"I shall be very grateful," he smiled at her. What a charming child she was! He was soothed and refreshed by the atmosphere they created. This boy and girl were a friendly pair and he loved his ease. His own house, since Edith's departure, had been funereal, and his friends had been divided in their championship between himself and Edith. But the young Barneses were so pleasantly responsive with their lighted-up eyes and their little air of making him one with them. Edith had always seemed to put him quite definitely on the shelf. With little Jane and her brother he had a feeling of equality of age.

"Look here," he spoke impulsively "may I tell you all about it? It would relieve my mind immensely."

To Jane it was a thrilling moment. Having poured the coffee, she came out from behind her battlement of silver and sat in her chintz chair. She did not knit; she was enchanted by the tale that Towne was telling. She sat very still, her hands folded, the tropical birds about her. To Frederick she seemed like a bird herself—slim and lovely, and with a voice that sang!

Towne was not an impressionable man. His years of bachelorhood had hardened him to feminine arts. But here was no artfulness. Jane assumed nothing. She was herself. As he talked to her, he became aware of some stirred emotion. An almost youthful eagerness to shine as the hero of his tale. If he embroidered the theme, it was for her benefit. What he told her was as he saw it. But what he told her was not the truth, nor even half of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Smart Wool With Gold Accent Is Early Fall Style Formula

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

IF THERE is one theme more than another about which fashion interest centers this fall, that theme is the outstanding importance of fine, choice fabric. In assembling the autumn wardrobe the thought to keep uppermost in mind is that for the most part the style structure for the coming months is being built around the idea of handsome material made up with a studied simplicity that achieves classic lines which lead to well-balanced silhouettes bespeaking a new dignity in the mode.

The new wool weaves are adding a particularly exciting chapter to the current story of fabric elegance. In laying the foundation for the early fall wardrobe the idea of handsome wool styled to a nicety with emphasis on dramatic simplicity, is making widespread appeal.

What to offset the amazing simplicity of the dress or suit of swank wool? The answer is gold jewelry accents. Which is one of the startling items of news in the new season's trends. There is a "gold rush" on in fashion's realm. Black with gold is especially a message that is being flashed throughout the style centers of the world.

Black wool jersey, a particularly smart indication for early fall, is used for the fashion-right semi-tailored dress centered to right above in the illustration. Note, with the bracelet-length sleeves the unusually wide gold bracelet. This matter of the wider bracelet is in accordance with fashion's latest decree.

To further dramatize this modish daytime frock of black wool jersey there are gold clips that highspot the lapel. Flattering too, are the circle earrings.

To the lower right in the picture, a princess model of billiard green flannel, beautifully fitted at the waist, breaks into pleats below the hips. The high round neck practically demands a necklace and a suitable one as here shown is of gold links with gold knobs. The wide link gold bracelet looks well with the necklace and a cunning gold clip climaxes this jewelry ensemble. The plaid hat crowns the entire with glory.

Gold jewelry as a smart accent to colorful tweeds has also become a hobby with fashion. To the left in the picture see a deep bright green tweed suit with a new collar treatment and stitched detail down the front of the jacket. The skirt is widely gored. Take particular notice of the gold and green tourmaline daisy pin with a diamond center worn on the jacket. The bracelets are of the new large gold link type. Gold stitched suede describes the hat.

A few notes in general in regard to the new wool weaves follow. The trend to smoother versions of the velvety duvetyn order is apparent. There are also many ribboned woolens. While black woolens are having a widespread initial call, there is also a big movement going on among richly colorful tweeds and other wool weaves gorgeously toned in new shades of blue green and flower reds with rust tones greatly in favor for sports and travel wear.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Gored Skirt

It's going to be a banner season for sweaters. From the practical angle the skirt-and-sweater idea has no peer. Essential to the joy of a junior or teen-age is the skirt that is muchly gored as is the one worn by the little girl in the picture. There is something very fashion-wise about this model. Sewn seam detail alternates with pressed crease to create added interest in the styling of this skirt which is fashioned of naphthalated wool gabardine. The soft angora sweater assembled with it may be in contrasting shade or matching shade of the skirt. Either way you will be right in style.

Season of Luxury In Fabrics Seen

All signs point to a season of luxury especially in matter of fabric elegance. The tendency is toward dignified trends rather than the much-exploited "little girl" fashions that have been centering the stage during past months.

Suits of stiff faille, rich brocades for evening wear, imposing jewelry accents emphasizing wide bracelets, necklaces that have a broad collarlike spread and massive gold effects in belts, and in clips all indicate return to elegance.

The play being made on fur borderings that is being lavished on coat, suit and frock, the revival of old-fashioned passementrie, the elaborate hand-embroidery and countless such trends are reminiscent of the Victorian age of pomp and glory. The fact of sleek fitted dresses with in many instances the long sleeve, the quaint back-fullness treatments that modernize bustle effects, fitted basques, laced-in corsets all portend the trend to greater dignity in fashions.

Hats Show Wealth Of Ostrich Trims

A definite revival of ostrich is announced for this fall and winter. Many of the new hats show a wealth of ostrich trims. Evening wraps are trimmed with ostrich, little boleros are all of ostrich, and there are bags, and fans, and fanciful muffs to match.

To Show Your Watch

Gloves, designed so that the face of your wrist watch can be seen at a glance, are one of the newest presentations of a famous London designer.

A Cool Color

For a summer suit of linen, Schiaparelli chooses a color the exact shade of orange ice.

Tips Picked Up in World Fashion Centers

Marabou is a trim increasingly favored by French hat designers.

The breton, that favorite hat fashion, has become almost an American classic.

Pictures on your toes, at least on toes of your shoes, are the newest novelties.

Don't overlook the little flower-covered turbans that are designed to be worn with spectator sports dresses.

Schiaparelli is making a point of trimmed berets.

Many young fashionables are choosing hats of faille silk in black or white.

A dual role is designated for some new shoe laces which are both decorative and useful.

For an important summer afternoon, try a filmy black chiffon dress with touches of white pique or organdy.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Adventure in a Pickle Factory"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Well sir, here's a yarn that's going to sound a sour note in our adventure saga. When I read it I thought of that old song, "Down by the Winegar Woiks," and I'd be willing to bet that place was right next door to the one where John Mains, of Long Island, had his life's big adventure. You see, the concern John works for is one of those outfits that catch juvenile cucumbers before they get a chance to grow up, soak them in vinegar and send them out into the world to decorate ham and cheese sandwiches. John has a job in a pickle factory.

The factory is in East Northport—John's home town—and I'm willing to admit they've turned out some pretty good pickles there. But if they keep on making pickles until pickles stop having warts, they'll never turn out a tougher one than the pickle John got in, just from trying to keep the machinery going and the pickles moving out in a steady, uninterrupted acidulous stream.

John is a machinist at that East Northport pickle foundry, and it was on January 18, 1935, that he ran into Old Lady Adventure. The machinery in the factory is run by a big 50-foot shaft suspended just below the ceiling. Belts running from this shaft furnish the power to the various machines, and on this day one of the belts had broken.

John was ordered to replace that broken belt, and he went to work at it. The machinery, of course, was stopped while he was doing the job. When he had finished he turned the power on again to see how it worked. Well, it wasn't working so well, at that. The new belt was slipping. Now one way to stop a belt from slipping is to wax it. So John got a can of wax and started up the ladder toward the shaft. But this time he neglected to shut off the power.

Ladder Slides Out From Under Him When He Reaches Top.

The machinery was still running, but John thought he could keep out of the way of those spinning wheels and pulleys. Besides, waxing a belt is a lot easier when the motor is turning it for you. John reached

He was dazed—bewildered—gasping—when suddenly his clothes started to rip.

the top of the ladder and went to work. But he had hardly started when he lost his balance. And the ladder went sliding out from under him!

Instinctively, John threw his body to one side—and he landed right up against the whirling shaft. The ladder went tumbling to the floor, but John didn't follow. In the few seconds while he was jammed up against that shaft it had caught his clothing—began twisting it around and around!

In two turns the shaft had taken up all the slack in those duds of John's. Then it began putting on the pressure. John felt his body being squeezed until he thought his ribs would break. His chest was flattened until he couldn't breathe. He was hammered and pounded against the ceiling until he was bruised and covered with blood. And still that shaft twisted, and still it tightened the clothing around his body. There was no one in the room at the time, and John couldn't get enough breath in his lungs to call for help. For a minute he thought he was going to die there, alone, 15 feet from the floor and dangling in mid air. He was dazed—bewildered—gasping—when suddenly his clothes started to rip.

Again the shaft began turning, taking up the slack. It tore every stitch of clothing from his back and arm, and didn't stop until it reached his wrist. There the machinery began twisting the end of his sleeve—twisting it so tightly that John thought sure it was going to take his hand off.

His chest was free now of that terrible tension. He could breathe—he could even have called for help. But by that time John was too far gone to cry out. He hung dangling from the shaft, the blood streaming down his body—conscious enough to know what was happening to him, but not conscious enough to do anything about it.

It was a thought that finally saved the day. All of a sudden John thought of his wife and child. What would they say when they learned what had happened to him. How would they get along when John couldn't bring home the weekly pay envelope any more? "That thought roused me," John says. "And then I must have let out a scream. I don't remember crying out, but my brother, who also worked at the factory, and who was in the next room, heard a yell and came running in to see what was the matter."

After Last Scream, John Loses Consciousness.

John's brother didn't come a minute too soon, either. For after that fast thought and that last scream he had lost consciousness. His brother ran and shut off the power and then ran back and picked up the fallen ladder. He climbed to the top, cut John loose with a pocket knife, and carried him down that ladder on his back.

John's brother rounded up a couple of other fellows in the factory and they took John to a doctor. John was there quite a while before he came to again. When the doctor heard what had happened he just simply couldn't see how John had managed to live through his experience.

And that's a thing John doesn't quite understand either. "I thought that I'd at least lose my arm," he says, "but the doctor fixed it up and now it's in good shape again. When it was all over I thought I was the luckiest man on earth. And I STILL think so."

They're still making pickles out in that factory at East Northport. But it will be many a long day before they produce another one like that one John got into. At least, I hope it will.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

New Process Produces Soft Coal From Sugar Cane

NEW YORK.—In an emergency, American farmers may grow the country's soft coal in their fields.

The fact that fairly good soft coal is now being made from sugars, the carbohydrates of farm crops, was reported to the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers by E. Berl, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The sugar coal is too expensive to be practical, but was made to settle an old controversy about the origin of coal and oil.

In the Carnegie laboratories, whose experts include some of the leading scientists of the coal fields, the artificial coal is made in two ways. Sugar heated in water at high temperature produces a sandy form of coal.

When weak alkali is added to the water, Berl said, "excellent coking coals" are the result. Adding pressure to the hot sugar water increases the amount of carbon in the man-made coal.

These farm-product coals, Berl said, can be treated with hydrogen to make the same products which the Germans and English obtain from "hydrogenated" coal. These products include gasoline and oil for motor cars.

The old idea, said Berl, that coal came from the woody, or lignin, part of plants is as dead as the idea that petroleum is from dead fish. He said that the Carnegie experiments show that coal, oil and bitumen all come from carbohydrates in plants.

Calcium Experiments

Experiments made on young men at an eastern university indicated that a drop in calcium brought on "moodiness, depression and pessimism." If there is high calcium content in the blood serum, one is in a "happy, cheerful, optimistic, emotional state."

Largest Hotel

The Stevens hotel, Chicago, with its 3,000 rooms and 3,000 baths, is the largest hotel in the world.

Car Taxes

The average motor vehicle operator in the United States last year paid special automobile taxes aggregating $49.06, or 24½ per cent on the value of his $200 car, figures compiled by the American Petroleum Industries committee from official sources show. The total figure looks like the war debt—$1,286,156,907.

Not All Alcohol

Commercial alcohol contains from 5 to 10 per cent water.