THE DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued
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Jane smiled at him with her chin tilted in her bird-like way. She was really having the time of her life. She was thrilled and fascinated by the beauty of her surroundings, and gradually Frederick began to take on something of the fascination.

After dinner they sat in the great drawing-room—a portentous place—with low-hung crystal chandeliers—pale rugs—pale walls—with one corner redeemed from the general chilliness by a fireplace of yellow Italian marble, and a huge screen of peacock feathers in a mahogany frame.

"I call this room the Ice Palace," Frederick told her. "Mother furnished it in the early eighties—and she would never change it. And now I rather hate to have it different. I warmed this corner with the fireplace and the screen. Edith always sits in the library on the other side of the hall, but Mother and I had our coffee here, and I prefer to continue the old custom."

Jane's eyes opened wide. "Don't you and your niece drink your coffee together?"

"Usually, but there have been times," he laughed as he said it, "when each of us has sat on opposite sides of the hall in lonely state."

Jane laughed too. "Baldy and I do things like that."

They finished their coffee and he smoked a cigar. Edith and Baldy telephoned that the thing was more serious than they had anticipated. That perhaps he had better send Briggs.

"So that means I'm going to have you to myself for an hour longer," Frederick told Jane. "I hope you are as happy in the prospect as I am."

"I am having a joyous time. I feel like Cinderella at the ball."

He laughed at that. "You're a refreshing child, Jane." He had never before called her by her first name.

"Am I? But I'm not a child. I'm as old as the hills."

"Not in years."

"In wisdom. I know how to make ends meet, and how to order meals, and how to plan my own dresses, and a lot of things that your Edith doesn't have to think about."

"And yet you are happy."

"I'll say I am."

He laughed but did not continue the subject. "I've a rather wonderful collection of earrings. Would you like to look at them? Queer fad, isn't it? But I've picked them up everywhere."

"Why earrings?"

"Other things are commonplace—brooches, necklaces, tiaras. But there's romance in the jewels that women have worn in their ears. You'll see."

He went into another room and brought back a tray. It was lined with velvet and the earrings were set up on tiny cushions. It was a unique display. Cameos from ancient Rome, acorns of human hair in the horrible taste of the sixties—gypsy hoops of gold—coral roses in delicate fretted wreaths—old French jewels—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and seed pearls, larger pearls set alone to show their beauty, and a sparkling array of modern things, diamonds in platinum—long pendants of jade and jet—opals dripping like liquid fire along slender chains.

She hung over them.

"Which do you like best?" he asked.

"The pearls?"

He was doubtful. "Not the white ones. These—" he picked up a pair of sapphires set in seed pearls—rather barbaric things that hung down for an inch or more. "They'll suit your style. Have you ever worn earrings?"

"No."

"Try them."

He helped her to adjust them—and his hand touched her smooth warm cheek. He was conscious of her closeness, but gave no sign.

There was a little mirror above the mantel. "Look at yourself," he said.

She tilted her head so that the jewels shook. The blue lights of the stones made her skin incandescent.

Frederick surveyed her critically. "You ought to have a more sophisticated gown. Silver brocade with a wisp of a train."

"It changes me, doesn't it? I am not sure that I like them."

What a joy she was after Adelaide.

As if the name had brought her, a voice spoke from the door. "I wouldn't let Waldron announce me, Ricky; may I come in?"

She stopped as she saw Jane. "Oh, you're not alone?"

"This is Miss Barnes, Adelaide. I think you met her brother today at luncheon. Edith telephoned that you and Eloise had found her."

"That's what I came about, to warn you. Eloise has the reporters on her trail. She'll be over in a minute. But the harm will be done, I am afraid, before you can stop her."

"Oh, I'm resigned. Edith's coming back tonight. Miss Barnes' brother is bringing her."

"Really?" Adelaide Laramore was appraising Jane. A shabby child. From the threshold she had had a moment of jealousy. But the moment was past. Frederick was extremely fastidious. He adored beauty and this Barnes child was not beautiful.

Jane was unfastening the earrings. "Aren't they heavenly, Mrs. Laramore?"

"The sapphires?" Mrs. Laramore sat down on the couch. Her evening wrap slipped back, showing her white neck. Her fair hair was swept up from her forehead. She had a long face, with pink cheeks and pencilled eyebrows. She was like a portrait on porcelain, and she knew it, and emphasized the effect. "The sapphires? Yes. They're the choice of the lot."

She went on to speak of Eloise. "She is simply hopeless. She has told the most hectic tales and all the papers have sent men out to the Inn."

"Well, they escaped. They started early and have been hung up at Alexandria."

"Eloise and Benny and the Captain dined with me. She was still telephoning when I left. I told her that I did not sanction it, and that I should come straight over and tell you. But she laughed and said she didn't care. That she thought it was great fun and that you were a good sport."

"I shan't see her," shortly; "she ought to know better. Setting reporters on Edith like a pack of wolves."

"I told her how you would feel," Adelaide reiterated.

"I should see her if I were you, Mr. Towne," said a crisp, young voice.

Adelaide turned with a gasp. With her slippered feet crossed in front of her, Jane looked like a child. For the first time Mrs. Laramore got a good view of those candid gray eyes. They had a queer effect on her. Eyes like that were most uncommon. Fearless. The girl was not afraid of Frederick. She was not afraid of anyone.

"Why should I see her?" Frederick demanded.

"Won't it just add to her sense of melodrama if you don't? And

Jane sat very still at her desk.

why should you care? Your niece is coming home. And that's the end of it."

"You mean," Frederick demanded, "that I am to carry it off with an air?"

Jane nodded. "Make comedy of it instead of tragedy."

Adelaide slipping out of her wrap was revealed as elegant and distinguished in silver and black.

"May I have a cigarette, Ricky, to settle my nerves? Eloise is tremendously upsetting." Adelaide was plaintive.

Jane watched her with lively curiosity. The women she knew did not smoke. Baldy's flappers did, but they were abnormal and of a new generation. Mrs. Laramore was old enough to be Jane's mother, and Jane had a feeling . . . that mothers . . . shouldn't smoke . . .

But none the less, Adelaide Laramore and her exotic ways were amusing. She had a brittle and artificial look, like the Manchu lady in the Museum, or something in wax.

Jane was brought back from her meditation by the riotous entrance of Eloise and the two men.

"I knew Adelaide was telling tales."

"I told you I was coming, Eloise."

Eloise stared at Jane when Frederick presented her. "You look like your brother. Twins?"

"No." Jane decided that she liked Miss Harper better than she did Mrs. Laramore—which wasn't saying—much . . .

"The reporters are on their way to Alexandria—full cry." Eloise all in emerald green, with her red hair in a classic coiffure, was like some radiant witch, exultant of evil. "You mustn't scold me, Frederick. It was terribly exciting to tell them, and I adore excitement."

"They aren't there."

"Where are they?"

Frederick chanted composedly, "We three know . . . but we will never tell . . ."

"Adelaide will, when I get her alone."

"I will not."

"Then Miss Barnes will. Do you know how young you look, Miss Barnes? I feel as if you'd tell me anything for a stick of candy."

They roared at that. And Jane said, "Nobody ever made me do anything I didn't want to do."

And now Benny and the Captain looked at her, and looked again. What a voice the child had, and eyes!

Eloise, on the couch, hugged her knees and surveyed her gold slippers. "They are putting my picture in the paper and Adelaide's. They saw one on my desk—"

Mrs. Laramore cried out, "Benny, why did you let her do it?" and there was a great uproar—in which Eloise could be heard saying:

"And they are going to have a picture of the Inn, and one of your brother if they can get it, Miss Barnes."

Jane began to feel uncomfortable. She was, she told herself, as much out of place as a pussy-cat in a Zoo. These women and these men reminded her somehow of the great sleek animals who snarled at each other in the Rock Creek cages.

Frederick did not snarl. But she had a feeling he might if Eloise kept at him much longer.

It was in the midst of the hubbub that Edith entered. She walked in among them as composedly as she had faced them at the Inn.

"Hello," she said, "you sound like a jazz band." She went straight up to Frederick and kissed him. "I suppose Eloise is shouting the news to the world." She tucked her hand in his arm. "There are more than a million reporters outside. Mr. Barnes is keeping them at bay."

"Where did they find you?"

"Heard of us, I suppose, at the Alexandria hotel. We didn't realize it until we reached here, and then they piled out and began to ask questions."

Frederick lifted her hand from his arm. "I'll go and send them away."

Eloise jumped up. "I'll go with you."

And then Frederick snarled, "Stay here."

But neither of them went, for Baldy entered, head cocked, eyes alight—Jane knew the signs.

"They've gone," he said. "I told you I'd get rid of them, Miss Towne."

He nodded to them all. Absolutely at his ease, lifted above them all by the exaltation of his mood. Finer, Jane told herself, than any of them—his beautiful youth against their world-weariness.

Edith was smiling at Jane. "I knew you at once. You are like your brother."

They were alike. A striking pair as they stood together. "It is because of Mr. Barnes and his sister that we got in touch with Edith," Frederick explained. He had regained his genial manner.

"Oh, really." Adelaide knew that she and her friends ought to go at once. Edith looked tired, and Eloise at moments like this was impossible. But she hated to leave anyone else in the field. "Can't I give you a lift?" she asked Jane, sweetly, "you and your brother."

But it was Frederick who answered. "Miss Barnes lives at Sherwood Park. Briggs will take her out."

So Adelaide went away, and Eloise and the two men, and Edith turned to her uncle and said, "I'm sorry."

Her face was white and her eyes were shining, and all of a sudden she reached up her arms and put them about his neck and sobbed as if her heart would break.

And then, and not until then, little Jane knew that Edith was not like one of the animals at the Zoo.

In Jane's next letter to Judy she told her how the evening with the Townes had ended. And that she had invited the Townes and Follettes for tea the next afternoon.

When she had written the last line, Jane sat very still at her desk. She was thinking of Evans. She hadn't seen him for three days. Not since the Sunday night she had gone to the Townes. That night in the fog had impressed her strangely. She had felt for Evans something that had nothing to do with admiration for him nor respect nor charm. His weakness had drawn her to him, as a mother might be drawn to a child. His struggle was, she felt, something which she must share. Not as his wife! No . . . That kind of love was different. If only he would let her be his little sister, Jane.

He had not even called her up. When she had invited him and his mother to tea with the Townes, Mrs. Follette had answered, and had accepted for both of them. Evans, she said, was in Washington, and would be out on the late train.

When he arrived ahead of the others on the afternoon of her tea, Jane said, "Where have you been? Do you know it has been four days since we've seen each other?"

"Weren't you glad to get rid of me? I've thought of you every minute." He dropped into a seat beside her.

She was gazing at him with lively curiosity. "How nice you look."

"New suit. Like it?"

"Yes. And you act as if somebody had left you a million dollars."

"Wish he had. I bought this outfit with a first edition 'Alice in Wonderland,'" he laughed and explained. "I've been getting rid of some of our rare books. I feel plutocratic in consequence. Five hundred dollars, if you please, for that old Hogarth, with the scathing Ruskin inscription. And I'm going to open an office, Jane."

"In Washington?"

"On Connecticut Avenue. Same building, same room, where I started."

"Evans, how splendid!"

"Yes. You did it, Jane."

"I? How?"

"The night of the fog. I never realized before what a walking-stick I've been—leaning on you. Henceforth you're the Lady of the Lantern. It won't be so fatiguing."

He was smiling at her, and she smiled back. Yet quite strangely and inconsistently, she felt as if in changing his attitude towards her, he had robbed her of some privilege. "I didn't mind being a walking-stick."

"Well, I minded. After this I'll walk alone. And I'm going to work hard, and play around a bit. Will you have tea with me tomorrow, Jane? At the Willard? To celebrate my first tottering steps."

She agreed, eagerly. "It will be like old times."

"Minus a lot, old lady."

That was the way he had talked to her years ago. The plaintive note was gone.

"Take the three-thirty train and I'll meet you. I'll pay for the taxi with what's left of 'Alice.'"

"Don't be too extravagant."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Separate Fur Pieces Go Well With Bright Wool Costumes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THIS is the season of gracious-lady fashions. To be sure, casual, sportsy dress has its rightful place in the picture, but the clothes that center the present fall and winter costume pageantry proclaim the dawn of a new era of elegance that calls for painstaking planning and individualized styling, reflecting dignity, high tone and the exquisitely feminine throughout costume design.

First and foremost the accent is on fabric elegance. To the handsome materials that fashion demands this season add color enchantment rife with autumnal beauty. Embellish the entire with lavish and luxuriant fur and you will have envisioned the picture as heralded on the style program for the coming months.

Never has there been a more entrancing display of woolens. Not only are the various weaves, especially tweeds, superbly colorful within themselves but the ingenious and intriguing ways in which designers are working out contrasts and blends is adding infinite color fascination to current modes.

Then, too, fur treatments are so varied and so unusual as to be almost spectacular from the standpoint of originality and versatility. If you have been treasuring a bit of handsome fur now is the time to bring it out.

Especially smart this season are separate fur pieces such as the detachable plastron of soft gray squirrel that gives flattering effect to the dark coat shown to the left in the picture. Plastrons of fur, such as here pictured, are definitely new. Most of them reach only to the waistline, but in some instances they extend all the way down the front.

The fur hat has become an outstanding theme among milliners. With it you are supposed to carry a matching muff as you see below to the left in the group. This stunning twosome is fashioned of handsome fox. Wear it with the new suit or your best long cloth coat for your dressiest moments.

A luxurious stole of light colored lynx dresses up the beige wool coat to the right. Rich brown accessories are worn. The halo brim of a cinnamon colored felt hat is graced with a long brown veil. The fact that fur stoles have been revived this season is of untold style significance.

Pictured to the right below is a delightful example of fur and fabric alliance. The action-free long jacket is of beaver-dyed coney with bright wool plaid lining to match the dress and hat. With the football season in full swing a costume of this type comes into its own with a flourish. This type of jacket suit is ideal for autumn wear and the beauty of it is the fur coat can be worn with any dress or suit.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Black Is Stylish

A simple black foundation frock is a fashion "must" this fall. Fashion has made almost an arbitrary rule that the initial "buy" for fall be a black frock styled with utmost simplicity. The model pictured is typical. This chic dress of chiffon-weight black jersey has the new Balenciaga neckline, filled in with a chalk white necklace strung on gold metal. A dress of this sort is exactly the type that will show off the new massive gold jewelry to perfection, when you feel the urge of a change from the unfailing chic of black with white. Note the ribbon trim on the black hat. Ribbons are enjoying a tremendous vogue.

Lace for Evening Meets With Favor

No matter what silhouette he follows, whether pencil slim or very full, Molyneaux's newest collection of evening dresses shows a decided favor for lace. Lace is combined with velvet, satin or wool, or it is used simply and severely alone. One gown has a black lace bodice with pink ribbon shoulder straps and a satin skirt made full with godets applied with narrow lace insertions. For a coat and dress costume he reverses the usual combination of a heavy coat over a light dress and makes a long loose coat of violet lace to be worn over a dress of violet wool.

Tone-on-Tone Tints Favored for Fall

Very new and as yet exclusive, but bound to develop into an important vogue is the effective tone-on-tone-on-tone effects which are to be seen this fall. The idea is to carry out the entire costume in several tones of the same color. The new grape of blackberry color works out beautifully, and brown that goes dark for the jacket, lighter for the skirt, still lighter for the tie girdle and lightest of all, even unto a pale beige tint, is the blouse. Greens, wines and any of the dark colors yield effectively to the tone-on-tone theory.

Red and Black Is New Hat Fashion

A bright red bird with outspread wings atop a black felt hat spells "style" in capital letters. A huge red velvet bow on a black draped turban offers another approach to high style, this season.

With your black daytime frock wear a stunning red suede belt. A red suede blouse with your knitted black suit will prove equally as style assuring.

In Good Style

Costume suits, the jackets of which are allover-braided, are exceedingly good style.

Tips Picked Up in World Fashion Centers

Ideal to wear to football games are the new wool-topped bootees.

Handbags of beautiful antelope, sizable and squared, are shown with the afternoon fashions.

A Scotch plaid pattern is the theme for one of Patou's most interesting new evening frocks.

With evening clothes of great distinction, this season will find you wearing equally elegant flower headdresses.

Suede gloves are trimmed with snake or alligator.

Misty colors in tweeds are Schiaparelli's pets for sports clothes.

The simplest little head covering in the world, the tiny round calot, is to be dressed up and worn for evening.

A sheath-like evening wrap, designed by Schiaparelli, is of white ermine with square shoulders and a simple neckline.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Death in the Foreign Legion"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Here's a yarn from North Africa and the Sahara country—a land that's always been full of adventure and glamor for us folks here at home. I got the bug once, and went there looking for thrills. I—well—I've got to confess that I found more fleas there than glamor, but I've also got to admit that there's plenty of adventure there too. So you can bet your last nickel that today's yarn, from Lieutenant Pierre Varges of Queens, N. Y., late of the French Foreign Legion, will be one of those tales that makes your heart pound and your hair stand up on end.

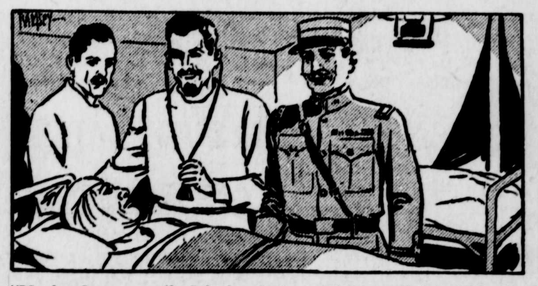
It happened on April 16, 1923, during the uprising of the Riff Kabilas under the leadership of Abd El Krim. Pierre Varges was then a sergeant in the 2nd Co., 1st Battalion of the Legion, stationed at El Harib, Morocco.

April found the 1st battalion on a punitive expedition at the borders of the Sahara. They had been chasing the Riffs for some time and finally, on the 16th, they came upon them entrenched in the hills just at daybreak. They were sniping at the legionnaires, and doing quite a bit of damage. Several times the legionnaires tried to drive them from their position—but to no avail. Finally, the captain of the second company received orders from the commanding officer to dislodge them at all cost.

Second Company Gets Orders to Advance.

The second company started to advance. Orders to charge were passed down the line to the section officers. The legionnaires spread out fanwise and waited for the captain's whistle. The Arabs, sensing what was coming, redoubled their fire. The whistle sounded. The charge was on!

"I have a hazy memory of what followed," says Pierre. "The screams of the wounded and the sickening noises of the bullets make you forget you are human. The world ceases to be, and you become an automaton intent on one purpose—to kill. My section was one of the first—way out in front—and, sacred pig, that charge was fast. A scream-



"My head was swathed in bandages, and I was tied to the cot, still unable to move."

ing, thundering surf of legionnaires swarmed up from all sides. One of my men fell writhing at my feet. No time to stop to help. Then, suddenly, the world seemed to explode in my head. Darkness! The end!"

Pierre says he will never be sure what happened between then and two a. m. of the following day, but at that hour he started to regain consciousness. "I tried to open my eyes," he says, "but they felt as if they were glued shut. I just couldn't move them. Panic seized me. I didn't know if I was dead or alive. There seemed to be a terrible weight on top of me—all over me. I tried to move my arms and my legs, but I could not. I tried to call for help, but no sounds came from my throat. No doubt I was dead."

Seconds passed. Pierre's brain began to clear. He noticed he was breathing—and dead men didn't breathe. Then, slowly, the horror of the situation began to dawn on him. He wasn't dead. HE WAS BURIED ALIVE!

Right then and there, Pierre went insane. "I yelled and screamed like a thousand furies," he says. "I heard a shot—a series of muffled sounds—then silence again. Once more I lost consciousness. For how long, I don't know, but when I again awoke I was on a cot in the field hospital of our post. My head was swathed in bandages, and I was tied to the cot—still unable to move."

Doctor Explains Terrible Ride to Pierre.

What had happened? Had he been having a nightmare? Pierre turned his head, though it pained him to do it, and looked about the tent. In the next cot lay a private, tied to his cot in the same fashion as Pierre was. Pierre spoke to him, but he didn't answer. Then he called louder—just to hear his own voice. After all he had been through he wasn't even sure he had one. At the sound, the doctor, the captain, and a male attendant entered. The doctor spoke a few words with the captain, then both of them approached Pierre's bed. "Well, old fellow," said the captain, "how is the living dead man?"

Those words came so close to confirming Pierre's own suspicions that they frightened him. "The captain saw that I was upset—saw that I didn't grasp the meaning of his words," says Pierre. "so he proceeded to explain. A ricochette bullet had struck me in the right temple producing a ghastly looking wound which knocked me unconscious. The stretcher bearers, thinking me dead, put me on the dead wagon that is used to cart all corpses to the legion post.

"As the casualties that day were extraordinarily heavy, they placed the bodies on top of one another. The reason I could not move when I regained consciousness was that I was buried beneath a dozen or more of my dead companions."

About the time the captain got to that part of his story, Pierre put in a question.

"But, mom capitaine," he interrupted, "what of my eyes? I was unable to open them."

"Naturally," the captain answered. "Your face was covered with the blood of your dead comrades which seeped down from above. The blood coagulated over your face and completely sealed your eyes and even your nostrils. It is a miracle that you did not suffocate entirely."

At that moment, the legionnaire, tied to the cot beside Pierre's, let out an unearthly scream. The doctor went to him and gave him an opiate. The captain nodded toward him and said to Pierre. "You had a most horrible experience, my friend, but that one is even more upset than you over it. That is the sentry who was on duty near the dead wagon when you let out those so terrifying screams."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Rose Has Long Figured in History of England's Empire

The rose, in all probability, has figured more prominently in the history of England than in that of any other country.

The War of Roses, which lasted from 1455 to 1485, was between the House of York and Lancaster. A red rose was the badge of Edmund, earl of Lancaster, brother of King Edward I. The white rose was the badge of the Black Prince.

According to tradition Somerset plucked a red rose in the Temple garden, saying, "Let all the friends of Lancaster follow in my example." Likewise, Warwick, the friend of York, plucked a white rose, saying, "Let all the friends of York wear a white rose for their badge." Ribbons and rosettes of red and white were worn by the partisans of Lancaster and York after this act.

Another conflict in which the rose was worn was the Seven Years war. During the Battle of Minden in 1759, several British regiments gathered and wore roses which flourished on the countryside, it is related in Garden Digest. It is a custom for remaining British regiments to celebrate the battle in which their predecessors fought, by wearing yellow roses and bedecking their drums and colors.

The Lancashire Fusiliers make even more of a ceremony of it, by giving a "silent toast" to those who fell. Most peculiar of all is the ritual which follows the toast. The most recently joined subalterns must stand upon their chairs and eat a rose.

Towers of Glass

The prophecy that tall towers of glass would be built to glorify modern civilization, made centuries ago by visionaries, seems about to become a reality. Glass technicians recently announced the development of a structural material called glastone which is made by integrating colorful flat glass with lightweight concrete, forming a masonry unit for load-bearing walls which can be utilized to any desired height.

Royal Visit Gift

Mayor D. L. MacLaren has presented to the city of St. John, N. B., an autographed photograph of the king and queen, given him when their majesties were in St. John. It will hang permanently in city hall.

New Tree Pruner

A new tree pruner, operating on hydraulic pressure, easily cuts limbs up to two inches thick. Extension poles enable the operator to remove a limb 20 feet from the ground.