THE DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But how could I pay him?"

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

"You mean that I can—marry him?"

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

"But, Bob, I'm not—in love with him."

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

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

Judy!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, I shall be warm," she said.

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

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

"Where shall we drive?" he asked.

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

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

"Jane," Frederick asked softly, "what made you wear—my rose?"

She sat very still beside him. "Mr. Towne," she said at last, "tell me how much—you love me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She believed herself happy. He was really—irresistible. A conqueror. Yet always with that touch of deference.

"Do you love me, Jane?"

"Not—yet."

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

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

"Must I be content with this?"

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

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

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

Frederick Towne had made a simple statement. "Jane has told me how serious things are, Heming. I want to help." Then he had asked

"She and Baldy are mad about each other."

for the surgeon's name; spoken at once of a change of rooms for Judy; increased attendance. There was much telephoning and telegraphing. An atmosphere of efficiency. Jane, looking on, was filled with admiration. How well he did things. And some day he would be her husband!

CHAPTER XII

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Like it? Oh, read that note. Does it sound like Jane? I ask you, does it sound like Jane?"

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

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

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

She signed herself:

"Loving you more than ever,
"Jane."

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

But the two men did not bask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," said Evans, "rotten."

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

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

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

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lavish Embroidery Bespeaks Fashion Trend to Elegance

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THIS is a season of elegancies and niceties such as bespeak gracious-lady fashions. One of the surest signs that the luxury note is being sounded is the lavish use designers are making of rich embroidery and other fastidious surface decorations, such as intricate applique design, exquisite beadwork and resplendent sequin embellishment, also (very important is the news) latest costume collections declare the revival of handsome old-fashioned, now new-fashioned, passementerie.

Been treasuring for years a bit of precious passementerie that adorned grandmother's wedding gown, or perhaps her best Sunday-go-to-meeting dress? Now's the big moment to bring it out. If it is just a single ornament, applique it near your heart on your smartest blouse or frock and it will serve as effectively as a jewelry gadget. If it's two motifs of a kind you've hoarded, one atop each sleeve will bring infinite style prestige to your best gown.

Embroidery is wielding its magic in every direction, enhancing with gaily decorated sleeves afternoon gowns of silk crepe, sheer wool or velvet, electrifying the formal evening gown with resplendent glittering note, adding intrigue to sports sweaters with yarn-worked posies, stressing the sumptuous trend in formal evening sweaters (now so stylish) with all sorts of dazzling gadgetry.

Speaking from the accessory standpoint, ornate with embroidery will your gloves and your handbag be this year, your mittens and your scarf, your wide corset-like girdle and even your chapeau will not be immune from the epidemic of embroidery.

The charming gold tissue lame evening gown to the left in the picture will, no doubt, prove one of the loveliest that goes to parties during the winter social season. It subscribes to the embroidery vogue in that the cunning little gray lida cloth jacket that is worn with it is embroidered with sequins and gold cord.

It's a gay and very formal sweater that you see portrayed in the oval inset. The sweater is of sheer-knit fuchsia wool, tuned to evening formality with embroidery worked with sparkling gold sequins in a leaf pattern.

A foremost topic in fashion circles is the floor-length evening coats made of handsome wool material. See centered in the group a gorgeous affair styled of red broadcloth enhanced with massive gold applique done in gold kid with embroidered accents.

And now comes the climax of our story—the allover embroidered daytime coat! When Jane Alden, Chicago stylist, flew back from Paris following a week-end to week-end flight she arrived just as you see her pictured to the right in the illustration. Her hurried trip was made to work out special styles with Madame Bruyere of the Maison Bruyere, for use in her talks before the Four-H clubs throughout the United States. She stepped out of the plane wearing a dark green kid hat, in a snail design, with matching kid gaiters, a black dress of the new one-side fringed apron type and an allover-embroidered gray coat by Bruyere. You sense the exquisite detail of the coat at first glance, and you are at once impressed with its quiet elegance. The embroidery reflects consummate art in its refined handling and although it is done in an allover patterning the effect is smartly conservative and practical because of the soft gray coloring of the embroidery that blends into the background in perfect symphony.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Breakfast Jacket

The knitter who is thinking in terms of Christmas presents for her friends will do well to take note of this winsome breakfast jacket. You can make it in no time, for it is knitted in an easy effective drop stitch.

Dame Fashion Now Goes Star Gazing

It's star gazing we will be enjoying this winter, for the latest is star-shaped nailheads and sequins, scattered over bags, snoods, gloves, dresses and wherever spangled effects adorn. Silk prints with star patternings are also shown.

Jewelry Vogue Is For Diamonds Now

Diamonds have entered a new era of popularity, both as jewelry and as personal possessions of marketable value. In several style shows recently staged many of the manikins wore this sparkling type of jewelry in preference to the spectacular gold effects.

New ear-rings from a noted Paris house are called "opposites," in that one earring is a diamond flower set with sapphires, the other a sapphire surrounded by diamonds. Which do you wear in which ear? Well, that makes no difference, but to have a touch of sapphire blue repeated in your dress somewhere scores high in allure.

Diamonds can be worn for day or evening. One fine piece such as a brooch or a clip can be used on the coat lapel, at the neckline of a dress, at the center of the velvet neckband or even in the coiffure.

Leather Important In Style Picture

It has come to the point that suede is regarded as important a medium for wearing apparel and fetching accessories as any fabric might be. The loveliest suede items imaginable are being turned out—hats, bags, dresses, coats, bolero jackets, tailored classic jackets, and so on. Seeing that suede brings into the fashion picture a wealth of color unsurpassed, small wonder is it that it has come to be considered "tops" in fashion. Leather trappings on wool sports togs include smart leather buttons, stitched applique of leather, leather bindings, belts and an endless list of the uses of leather too numerous to mention.

Picked Up in Studios of Style Designers

Molyneux's hats fit the head comfortably without snoods.

Tiny golden bells, like those on a court jester's shoe, are the trim for a pair of lounging slippers.

Tiny feathered birds perched on a brim or a crown, give a jaunty look to many daytime hats.

Horizontal rows of tiny black ermine tails are the contrasting trim on a knee-length cape of white ermine.

Military influence mounts to the head, in a new hat created by Suzy.

A tall turban, pointed like a little gnome's cap, is one of Agnes' newest creations.

Aprons, bustles and hoods provide numerous ideas for changing the aspect of a dress.

An all-black dressmaker suit highlighted with accessories of red and green appear in the collection of one American designer.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Color of Death"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, if Death can be said to have a color, most people would say that color was black. Maybe a few of us would pick red as the most appropriate hue for some of the more violent forms of the thing. But to Elizabeth Murphy of Queens, N. Y., the color associated with death and danger—and adventure—is khaki. And khaki it will always remain to Elizabeth.

There's a doggone good reason behind Elizabeth's way of thinking, and that reason goes back to the days when she was a girl in Ireland, living with her mother and dad. Back to July 6, 1921, when, if you'll remember, the Black and Tan revolution was going on in the Emerald Isle!

Maybe you'll remember, too, that that was a pretty tough revolution. The Irish fought a guerrilla warfare, and the English sent some pretty tough customers over to keep order. All through that mix-up, Elizabeth's family ran a pub, or bar, in the little town of Dingle, County Kerry, and on that fateful July day two "Tans," as the British troopers were called, walked in and called for drinks.

"Tans" Start Drinking in Murphy Barroom.

"We lived in the rooms upstairs over the bar," says Elizabeth, "and each member of the family, from mother and father on down, did his or her bit behind the bar. On this particular day mother and I were on duty, mother behind the bar and I on the outside handing trays of drinks around. The 'Tans' sat down and drank steadily, and after several 'small paddies' one of them began to get obstreperous and nasty, and poor mother tried to quiet him down by being extra nice to him."

But mother didn't have much success with the fellow. She had barely started talking to him when he began to get abusive, and then threatening. And mother thought it would be best to change the subject. The

"He grabbed me with his right hand and kept choking and choking."

surly fellow was wearing a pair of brand new khaki pants and in order to get his mind on something beside threats and violence she said, "You've got on a fine new pair of pants. That material would make a lovely skirt."

The fellow turned suddenly to Elizabeth. "Would you like a skirt made out of this stuff?" he demanded. And without thinking, Elizabeth said, "No, I wouldn't care for it." And the next minute she knew she had said the wrong thing!

"At the time I said it," she says, "I had no idea of casting any aspersion on the king's khaki, but this brave bucko flew into a rage. 'So you don't like the color, eh?' he shouted. 'Well, I'll make you like it!'"

And the next thing Elizabeth knew, he had her by the throat!

Crazed Soldier Terrorizes Daughter of Inn Keeper.

"He grabbed me with his right hand," she says, "and he kept choking and choking, and at the same time shouting over and over again, 'Do you like it?—Do you like it?' without even giving me a chance to answer. It would have done him no good if he had, for by that time my Irish temper was up and I'd prefer to choke rather than make a sign that I had given in to him."

But all of a sudden Elizabeth heard something that cooled off that temper of hers. A revolver shot! At the same moment, the second "Tan" leaped up from the table where he had been sitting quietly all the time, caught hold of his partner and made him let go of Elizabeth's throat. And then Elizabeth saw the revolver. It was in the hand of her attacker. While he had choked her with his right hand he had fired that shot with his left. He had missed. The bullet had flattened against the hinge of the door. But now Elizabeth knew she was dealing with a man in a mood to commit actual murder—and she was scared to death.

The second "Tan" was remonstrating with the first. "Would you shoot the girl?" he was saying. The first "Tan" roared, "Yes, I'll shoot her. I don't care who she is!" Another argument was starting, and Elizabeth, thoroughly frightened by this time, tried to smooth it over. "It's all right," she said. "He wasn't aiming at me."

And again the wrong thing had been said. For the surly "Tan" whirled on her suddenly, whipped up his revolver again and cried, "You think so? Well, this time I won't miss!"

Then the battle started in earnest. The second "Tan" grabbed his arm and tried to wrest the gun from him, and at the same time he shouted to Elizabeth to run. "And boy," says Elizabeth, "I did run."

Elizabeth Escapes Clutches of Tormentor.

She dashed out of the bar and into the house next door. The neighbors there had heard the shot and wanted to know what was the matter. Elizabeth didn't even stop to explain. She dashed through that house to the back door and out into the yard. And the neighbors, knowing what sort of thing can happen in a country that is fighting a revolution, ran along behind her.

There were three of them in that neighbor family. Elizabeth climbed the fence into the next yard, and they followed. That next yard led to a carpenter's workshop, and the carpenter, and his workmen, when they saw four people dash through his place without even a word of explanation, decided they'd better run, too. Out in the street more people joined in the panic.

"There was quite a little bunch of us, all on the run together," says Elizabeth, "by the time things quieted down and somebody shouted to us that the 'Tans' had left the locality and we would have no more to fear from them."

Elizabeth says that now she looks back on it, she can see a certain amount of humor in the situation of half a town running because one drunken 'Tan' had fired a revolver, but doggone if she could see it then. "I have always believed," she says, "that I owe my life to that 'Tan' who interfered with the other one. And wouldn't it have been awful to have died all because of a pair of khaki pants?"

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Old Viking Funeral Ship Is Found on the English Coast

At Sutton Hoe on a gentle hillside overlooking the Orwell river near Ipswich, on the east coast of England, a farmer thrusts a spade into the green turf. He thrusts again and strikes something hard. He uncovers what looks like the ribs of an old ship.

Soon excavators arrive from museums and go delicately to work, using only their fingers for tools. After many months they produce a perfect and priceless treasure of antiquity that takes their breath away, writes M. H. Halton in the Toronto Daily Star. They make one of the most remarkable archeological discoveries the country has ever known. They find the funeral ship of an Anglo-Saxon king who died 1,322 years ago.

Other excavators at other times have discovered fragments of buried towns and buried civilizations and have had to piece their stories together from one stone here and another there. But at Sutton Hoe they have found everything absolutely complete, exactly as it was left on that day of mourning 14 centuries ago.

When ancient Norse kings died they were set afloat in great Viking caravels and when the wind was favorable the funeral ship was set alight and sent flaming out to sea.

Another Midnight Sun

Visitors to Europe have discovered another land with the midnight sun—Estonia. There is just a little dusk from eleven-thirty to half past midnight in June, then light enough to read a newspaper in the streets.

Yellowstone's Bears

The 1939 bear census in Yellowstone National park disclosed more bears than for any year since 1935. The estimated number of black bears was 483 and of grizzlies 277.

On Eve of Waterloo

In the Rue des Cendres, Brussels, the convent at No. 7 represents the house in which "there was a sound of revelry by night" at the duchess of Richmond's famous ball on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. An adjacent building was used as the ball room.

Fathometer

A fathometer is a device to measure the depth of water by means of a series of electrical sounds and light signals.