THE DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

© PENN PUBLISHING CO.—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XIV—Continued
—21—

Jane had been afraid that Frederick would say something about an immediate marriage, and now he was saying it.

"Oh," she told him, earnestly, "you promised I might wait until Judy could come on. In June."

"I know. But it will be very hot, and you'll have a whole lifetime in which to see Judy."

"But not at my wedding. She's my only sister."

"I see," but his voice showed his annoyance; "but it seems as if your family have demanded enough of you. Can't you think a bit about yourself—and me?"

She pressed her point. "Judy is like my mother. I can't be married without her and the babies."

"If the babies come, you'll be looking after them until the last moment, and it will be a great strain on you, sweetheart."

"Oh, it won't be. I adore babies."

His quick jealousy flared. "I don't," he said, with a touch of sulkiness. "I'm not fond of children."

She ate in silence. And presently he said repentantly, "You must think me a great boor, Jane. But you don't know how much I want you."

He was like a repentant boy. She made herself smile at him. "I think you are very patient, Mr. Towne."

"I am not patient. I am most impatient. And when are you going to stop calling me Mr. Towne?"

"When I can call you—husband."

"But I don't want to wait until then, dearest."

"But 'Frederick' is so long, and 'Fred' is so short, and 'Ricky' sounds like a highball." She had thrown off her depression and was sparkling.

"Nobody calls me 'Ricky' but Adelaide. I always hated it."

"Did you?" She was demure. "I might say 'my love,' like the ladies in the old-fashioned novels."

He laughed delightedly. "Say it."

She acquiesced unexpectedly. "My love, we are invited to a week-end with the Delafield Simms, at their new country place, Grass Hills."

"Are we?" Then in a sudden ardent rush of words, "Jane, I'd kiss you if the world wasn't looking on."

"The reporters would be ecstatic. Headlines."

"I am tired of headlines. And what do you mean about going to Delafield Simms?"

"They are asking a lot of his friends. It is his wife's introduction to his old crowd. Much will depend on whether you and Edith will accept. And it was Edith who asked me to—make you come—"

He leaned towards her across the table. "Ask me, prettily, and I'll do it."

"Really?" She laughed, blushed and did it. "Will you go—my love?"

"Could I say 'no' to that?" He radiated satisfaction. "Do you know how charming you are, Jane?"

"Am I? But it is nice of you to go. I know how you'll hate it."

"Not if you are there. And now, who else are asked?"

"Oh, Mrs. Laramore and Eloise Harper and a lot of others. Lucy says she'll be like a fish out of water, but Delafield has made up his mind that his friends shan't think that he's ashamed of her."

When their ices came and their coffee, Frederick said, "I've got to spend a half-hour in a committee room. Shall I take you up to the Senate Gallery?"

"No—there's nothing interesting, is there? I'll wait in Statuary Hall."

Jane loved the marble figures that circled the Hall. Years ago there had not been so many. They had been, then, perhaps, more distinctive. As a child, she had chosen as her favorites the picturesque Colonials, the frontiersmen in leather tunics and coonskin caps. She had never liked the statesmen in stiff shirts and frock coats, although she had admitted their virtues. Even the incongruous classic draperies were more in keeping with the glamour which the past flung over the men who had given their best to America.

But it was Fulton who had captured her imagination, with his little ship, and Pere Marquette with his cross, the peace-loving Quaker who had conquered; adventurer, pioneer, priest and prophet—builders all of the structure of the new world.

She wondered what future generations would add to this glorious company. Would the Anglo-Saxon give way to the Semite? Would the Huguenot yield to the Slav? And would these newcomers hold high the banner of national idealism? What would they give? And what would they take away?

There were groups of sightseers gathered about the great room—a guide placing them here and there on the marble blocks. The trick was to put someone behind a mottled pillar far away, and let him speak. Owing to some strange acoustical quality the sound would be telephoned to the person who stood on the whispering stone.

Years ago Jane had listened while a voice had come echoing across the hollow spaces of the great Hall, "My country—right or wrong—my country—"

Another ghost! The ghost of a boy, patriotic, passionately devoted to the great old gods. "Of course they were only men, Jane. Human. Faulty. But they blazed a path of freedom for those who followed . . ."

When Frederick came, he found her standing before the prim statue of Frances Willard.

"Tired, sweetheart?"

"No."

"I stayed longer than I expected."

"It didn't seem long. I have had plenty of company."

He was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"All these." Her hand indicated the marble men and women.

He laughed. "Great old freaks, aren't they?"

Freaks!

Gods!

Well, of course, it all depended absolutely on the point of view.

"I like them all," she said, sturdily, "even the ones in the hideous frock coats."

"Surely not, my dear."

"Yes, I do. They may be bad art, but they're good Americans."

His laugh was indulgent. "After you've been abroad a few times, you won't be so provincial."

"If being provincial means loving my own, I'll stay provincial."

"Travel broadens the mind, changes the point of view."

"But why should I love my country less? I know her faults. And I know Baldy's. But I love him just the same."

As they walked on, he fell into step with her. "We won't argue. You are probably right, and if not, you're too pretty for me to contradict."

His gallantry was faultless, but she wanted more than gallantry. There had been the vivid give and

That was the kind of thing to live for.

take of her arguments with Evans. They had had royal battles, youth had crossed swords with youth. And from their disagreements had come convictions.

She had once more the illusion of Frederick as a feather cushion! He would perhaps agree with her always!

And her soul would be—smothered!

It was the morning of the day that she was going to the Delafield Simms, and Jane was packing her bag. She felt unaccountably depressed. During this week-end her engagement would be announced. And when Judy came they would be married in the Sherwood church.

And that would be the end of it!

Her lover had planned the honeymoon with enthusiasm, "Dieppe, Jane, Avignon—the North Sea. Such sunsets."

Jane felt that she didn't care in the least for sunsets or trips abroad. She was almost frightened at her indifference to the wonders of a world of which Frederick talked continually. Oh, what were mountains and sea at a time like this? Her heart should beat high—the dawns should be rosy, the nights full of stars. But they were not. Her heart was like a stone in her breast. The mornings broke gray and blank. The nights were dark. Her dreams were troubled.

She knew now what had happened to her. She had let herself be blinded by a light which she had thought was the sun. And it was not even the moon! It was a big round artificial brilliance which warmed no one!

Life with Frederick Towne would be just going up and down great stairs, eating under the eye of a stately butler, riding on puffy cushions behind a stately chauffeur, sitting beside a man who was everlastingly and punctiliously polite.

Oh, half the fun in the world was in the tussle with hard things. She knew that now. Life in the little house had been at times desperately difficult. But it had been like facing a stiff breeze, and coming out of it thrilled with the battle against the elements.

Yet how could she tell these things to Frederick? He was complacent, comfortable. She was young and he liked that. He never dreamed that he might seem to her somewhat staid and stodgy. For a moment, in Chicago, he had been lighted by almost youthful fires. But in these days of daily meetings, she had become aware of his fixed habits, his fixed opinions, the fixed programs which must be carried out at any cost.

She had found, indeed, that she had little voice in any plans that Frederick made for her. When he consulted her on matters of redecorating the big house he brought to the subject a wealth of technical knowledge that appalled her. Jane knew what she liked, but she did not know why she liked it. But Frederick knew. He had the lore of period furniture at his fingers' ends. Rugs and tapestries—paintings and porcelains! He had drawings made and water-color sketches, and brought them out to Jane. She had a feeling that when the house was finished it would be like some exquisitely ordered mausoleum. There would be no chintzes, no pussy-cats purring, no Philomel singing!

As for clothes! Frederick's mind dwelt much on the subject. Jane was told that she must have an ermine wrap, and one of Persian lamb. Most of her things would be made in Paris—there was a man over there who did things in just the right style for her—picturesque but not sophisticated. Frederick was already having certain jewels set appropriately. Gray pearls and emeralds—he had even gone to the point of getting samples of silk and chiffon that she might see the smoke-gray and jade color-scheme he had in mind for her.

Samples!

A man's mind shouldn't be on clothes. He should have other things to think of.

There was Evans, for example. He had described the other night the boys' club he was starting in Sherwood. "In the old pavilion, Jane. It will do as it is in summer, and in winter we'll enclose it. And we are to have a baseball team, and play against the surrounding towns. You should see my little lads."

She and Baldy had been much interested. The three of them had put their heads together as they sat on the porch of the little house, with the moon whitening the world, and the whippoorwill mourning far away in the swamp.

They had planned excitedly, and every word they had said had been warm with enthusiasm. They had been flushed, exultant. It would be a great thing for Sherwood.

That was the kind of thing to live for, to live with. Ideas. Effort. She had always known it. Yet for a moment, she had forgotten. Had thought of herself as—Curlylocks.

She flung up her hands in a sort of despair. There was no way out of it. She was bound to Frederick Towne by the favors she had accepted from him. And that settled it.

She went on feverishly with the packing of her shabby suitcase. She rather glorified in its shabbiness. At least it is mine own, was her attitude of mind.

As she leaned over it, the great ring that Frederick had given her swung back and forth on its ribbon. She tucked it into the neck of her frock but it would not stay. At last she took it off and was aware of a sense of freedom as if she had shed her shackles. It winked and blinked at her on the dresser, so she shut it in a drawer and was still aware of it shining in the darkness, balefully!

Briggs was not to come for her until four in the afternoon. She decided to go over to Castle Manor and talk to Mrs. Follette. She would take some strawberries as an excuse. The strawberries in the Castle Manor garden were never as perfect as those which Jane had planted. Evans said it was because Jane coaxed things into rosiness and roundness. But Jane had worked hard over the beds, and she had her reward.

Carrying a basket, therefore, of red and luscious fruit, Jane went through the pine grove along the path that led to the Castle Manor. Under the trees was a green light which she breasted as one breasts the cool waters of the sea. Her breath came quickly. In a few short weeks she would be far away from this sweet and silent spot, with its sacred memories.

Leaving the grove, she passed the field where the scarecrow reigned.

She leaned on the fence. With the coming of spring, the scarecrow had been decked in gay attire. He wore a pink shirt of Evans' and a pair of white trousers. His hat was of straw, and as he danced in the warm south breeze he had an air of care-free jauntiness.

Jane found herself resenting his jaunty air. She felt that she had liked him better in his days of appealing loneliness. She had resented, in like manner, the change in Evans. He, too, had an air of making a world for himself. She had no part in it, apparently. She was, in effect, the Peri at the gate!

And she wanted to be in his world. Evans' world. She didn't want to be left out. Yet she had chosen. And Evans had accepted her decision. She had not thought it would be so hard to have him—accept.

His interests seemed now to include everything but Jane. He was doing many things for the boys of Sherwood, there was his work in town, the added responsibility he had assumed in the affairs of the farm.

"She's such an old darling, Jane. Doing it with her duchess air. But she's not strong. I'm trying to make her let things go a bit. But she's so proud of her success. I wish you could see her showing Edith Towne and her fashionable friends about the dairy. With tea on the lawn afterward. You must come over and join in the fun, Jane."

"I am coming," Jane had told him, "but my days have been so filled."

He had known who had filled them. But he had ignored that, and had gone on with his subject. "The idea I have now is to keep bees and sell honey. The boys and I have some books on bee culture. They are quite crazy about it."

It was always now the boys and himself. His mother and himself. And once it had been himself and Jane!

Leaning on the fence, Jane spoke to the scarecrow. "I ought to be glad but I am not."

The scarecrow bowed and danced in the breeze. He had no heart, of course. He was made of two crossed sticks . . .

Jane found Mrs. Follette on the wide porch. She was snowy and crisp in white linen. She wore a black enamel brooch, and a flat black hat which was so old-fashioned that it took on a mid-Victorian stateliness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bolero and Princess Types Compete for Style Prestige

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

NO MATTER the elegance of fabric, no matter the color glory of the material, no matter the perfection of detail, no matter whether it cost a plenty or less if your dress or your coat or your suit be not figure flattering then all is lost insofar as allure or smart appearance is concerned. Yes, indeed, we are hearing a lot these days about "lines" and "hips," wasp waistlines and the new corseted silhouettes.

From the figure-flattering standpoint there are two types that stand out definitely in the mode this season, namely the bolero costume and the form-fitting dresses and coats that are cut a la princess. The difference between the two is that the dress or suit with a bolero possesses the magic to make figures that are not a hundred per cent perfect look up to par, while to wear a princess successfully one really must have a good figure.

If in doubt, there is no safer, saner choice than a bolero ensemble. To define the bolero theme is a big order, for it expresses itself in infinite moods ranging from tailored types made of utilitarian wools to afternoon types starred with sequins or more or less embroidered even unto whimsical affairs that are all aglitter with jeweled embroidery, ostrich trim, filmy lace that tones to formal evening wear.

Most practical is the tailored bolero dress or suit made of a sheer wool weave or of a silk-and-rayon crepe, or of the now-so-smart faille or bengaline. Such a dress-with-bolero or skirt and bolero will prove the better part of a wardrobe within itself. You can wear different blouses and change the entire appearance of your costume from day to day. The suit may be simply tailored or the bolero can be handsomely all-over braided.

At the smartest places you see bolero costumes similar to the model pictured to the left in the group. Sheer wool or silk crepe in a chosen pastel tone, a skirt rippling to a wide swirling hemline, a blouse that looks like a froth of tinted lace, a bolero that bespeaks youth in its every line thus the story of this charming costume is told. The lace blouse worn with this bolero twosome reminds us that the foreword coming from fashion headquarters is that the dainty lace-trimmed or all-of-lace blouse is scheduled to reach a new high in fashion next spring.

Princess coats and dresses are all the style this winter. In coats the classic double-breasted form-fitting princess type of wool coating or richly colorful tweed is an acknowledged favorite. As to the princess dress, style-alert debutantes and girls of high school age have fallen in love with the simple classic such as is centered in the illustration. Describing this model, it is a black bengaline coat dress, suitable to wear from morn to night. The form-fitting princess lines are cut with purpose to achieve the chic skirt fullness that develops a wide flaring hemline. The dress is further styled with sailor collar and a row of gold buttons at the front closing.

If you are young, slim, svelte and alertly fashion-conscious, tie a ribbon in your hair and wear a form-fitting princess dress like the one pictured to the right in the group. Buttons down the front make this model do the most for the typical junior figure. The gored, hemmed skirt flares gaily. And the four little embroidered and edged in val-type cotton lace pockets!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Sequin-Trimmed

Sequins flash at you from the most unexpected places this season, the latest idea being to trim the black jersey frock in glittering bands done in white and gold sequins as you see pictured. The gown has the new long sleeves, a high neck and open back that buttons only at neckline and waistline. These new "coverup" fashions are the smartest of the season. Note that the fullness is brought to the front in the skirt.

Call for Glitter Brings Up Metals

In harmony with the call for glitter in fashions this winter is the return to favor of metal weaves for dinner gowns for cocktail frocks, and especially smart is the blouse of rich lame to be worn with the velvet afternoon suit or with the long formal skirt at evening functions.

Milliners report a big demand for exotic looking turbans of metal cloth draped in oriental fashion, these to match the gowns or blouses or jackets with which they are worn. These flattering turbans look stunning with winter furs and women who like to dress for occasion are playing up the idea of the metal-draped turban for all it is worth.

Metal jackets that button with jeweled buttons are definitely good style for evening worn with the black velvet or crepe formal skirt.

Bright Red Leads The Color Parade

Bright red triumphs in the color realm. Bright red for your hat, your scarf, and a spectacular turn of affairs is bright red gloves worn with your dark furs.

Bright red jackets top dark skirts day and evening, the more formal ones scintillating with glittering embroidery. Young girls love the new long red capes or coats if you prefer, that are so swank for evening wear. Sometimes brass buttons add to their glory.

Corduroy and Wool

Bright corduroy and printed wool are combined in a comfortable ankle-length dinner dress for informal dining at home.

Mantlet

Mantlet is the newest name for the waist length evening jackets of fur with attached hoods.

Picked Up in Studios of Style Designers

Everybody is favoring simplified epaulette effects on wide shoulders.

Domino-like are the dresses half in one color and the other half in sharp contrast.

A dainty accent to a dark dinner costume is a trio of evening accessories done in white and gold.

The hour-glass or champagne glass silhouette is the one concrete trend that emerges from the welter of fashion news.

Coiffures are again being much discussed.

Black costumes call for gray-toned or medium-green gloves.

Have plenty of blouses if you want a well-rounded wardrobe.

Royal purple wool, jewel trimmed like a bishop's robe, is used for an ankle-length dancing frock.

Of Far Eastern origin are the tinkling Hindu elephant bells which form the trim of a black suede belt

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Behind the Curtain"

YOU know, boys and girls, Old Lady Adventure has some funny ways of sneaking up on a guy. Sometimes she just comes up behind your back, and sometimes she drops on you from above. And there are times, too, when she comes walking right up to you from the front, and you don't try to get out of her way because she is in disguise and you don't recognize her.

That's the way it was with John Hoven, New York city. You know, John started his adventuring career as a sailor before the mast, and every sailor has half a dozen or more adventures he can tell you about. But the one John remembers best is his first one—a thrill he got in 1894, and still remembers.

It happened when John's ship called at the port of San Lucar, Spain, to take on a cargo of lead. It was the 18th of November when they arrived there, but the weather was still warm and balmy. In the evening, most of the crew went ashore to see the sights of the town, John went too—and that's when Old Lady Adventure walked up and grabbed him.

You know, I said that the old girl with the thrill bag sneaked up on John in disguise. She did. She came in the clothes customarily worn by another lady known to the world as Little Rosie Romance. And John never knew the difference until it was too late.

On their way into town, the sailors from the ship stopped to watch a group of Spanish senoritas and senors dancing their native dances. John says he thinks the dance they were doing was the fandango. Anyway, it was the sort of dance in which a senorita who wants a new partner, just throws her shawl around the neck of some bird on the sidelines who looks good to her. John was standing pretty close to the platform where the dancing was going on, and the first thing you know a shawl was looped around his neck.

John Adds Fandango to His Accomplishments.

Now John says he never was much of a dancer, and fandangos were way out of his class. But this girl was a beauty, and one look from her big round eyes had John feeling that he'd dance in a barrel of red hot nails if it would please her any. "I got away with the dance

On that bed lay a dead man, his throat slashed, and blood dripping all over the floor.

somehow," he says, "and then she left the platform and motioned me to come along. She led me to a little cafe—a two-story building with a lot of tables and chairs out in the open and a big canopy sloping down the side of the wall. There was a big bay window above this canopy and a small side entrance led to the room above."

The girl led John into that side entrance. He followed her up the stairs and into a big room on the second floor. "She spoke to me in Spanish," John says, "but I couldn't understand a word. However, I said, 'Si, Si,' to everything she said. She smiled, and so did I. Then she opened a cupboard, brought out some wine glasses and an empty bottle and made a motion meaning that she was going to take the bottle and have it filled. Then she left the room."

John could hardly believe his luck. When the girl was gone he began to look around the room. There was an alcove at one end, with portiers drawn across it. He walked over and peeped through those curtains—and right there John got the shock of his life. In the alcove was a bed, and on that bed lay a dead man, his throat slashed, and blood dripping all over the floor!

"I felt a chill run up my spine," he says, "and for a minute I was so stiff I couldn't move. I turned away from the grisly sight in the alcove and ran toward the door. I turned the knob, but the door didn't give. It was locked!"

John ran to the window—and what he saw there made the hair stand straight up on his head. Down below in the street was the girl, coming back—and with her were two big husky Spanish policemen. John says that thousands of thoughts ran through his head then, but the principal one was the realization that he was the victim of a frame-up. That girl had killed a man and was going to put the blame on him!

Says he: "I knew my only chance lay in getting out of that room. The girl and the policemen were almost to the door now. I waited until they were all in the hallway, and then I threw open the window. They would be opening the door of the room at any moment, and I had to hurry. Swiftly climbing through the window, I slid down the canopy below it.

John Finds Dagger in Coat Pocket.

"It was only a drop of about ten feet to the ground, and the minute I felt earth under my feet I ran like a deer for the waterfront. I reached it all out of breath, for I had never stopped running the entire distance of almost a mile. I went aboard ship and sneaked below. Once in the forecastle I stopped to catch my breath again. I was still shaking like a leaf. I started to remove my coat and felt something in the pocket. I took it out. It was a double-edged dagger, about eight inches long, with a hollow groove in the middle."

Just another link in the chain of evidence against John. The girl had planted that knife in his pocket to make the case against him all the stronger. He hid the thing under his mattress and tried to calm his jumpy nerves. And just then one of John's shipmates came into the forecastle. "Say, what's the matter with you?" he wanted to know. "You look pale as a ghost, and I saw you running."

Well sir, John says he knew he could trust this pal of his so he blurted out the whole story. And his shipmate laughed. "Why," he said, "you just fell for an old swindle. I thought it had been played out long ago in these parts. That was only a dummy you saw in the room, and the blood was probably catsup or something. The police were fakers, and all they wanted to do was make you give them all your money to keep them quiet. Don't play around with any of those Spanish senoritas. You're playing with fire if you do."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Ricksha, Oriental Gadget, Invented by American Sailor

The marines have staked out one more claim to fame by establishing the fact that the ricksha that furnishes a living for thousands of coolies in China, Japan and Singapore was the invention of a member of the corps.

It came about in this fashion, the corp official bulletin states:

Private Jonathan Goble, of the marine detachment on the U. S. S. Susquehanna, one of the ships in Commodore Perry's fleet which visited Japan in 1854, conceived the idea.

Goble had been a farmer in New York before he entered the marine corps in 1851 at the age of 24. He remained in the service four years.

Just when Goble conceived his idea of the ginrikisha is not known, but after leaving the marine corps, and returning to Japan as a missionary, he suggested to the Japanese the idea of making these enlarged go-carts a means of conveyance.

The first ricksha, contructed as a result of his suggestion, made its appearance in Japan in 1867, and subsequently its use spread to nearly all the countries of the Far East.

Blind Journalism Student

Robert A. Ross, 21-year-old blind youth of Altoona, Pa., is enrolled in Pennsylvania State college's journalism school and depends on Rita, his Seeing-eye dog, to guide him about the campus. "Rita" still gets mixed up on some of the buildings," Ross said.

Alaskan Oil Fields

Alaska contains a number of known oil fields, under government control.

Mispronounced Words

A list of ordinary words that are frequently mispronounced would include again, toward, interesting, accept, address, automobile, forehead, research, column, leisure, mischievous and stomach.

Washington Souvenir

One of the souvenir hatchets distributed when George Washington was elected President is in possession of George Tosh, Beardstown, Ill., grocer and gasoline station owner.