THE DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

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"My dear child," Mrs. Follette said, "have lunch with me. Mary has baked fresh bread, and we'll have it with your berries, and some Dutch cheese and cream."

"I'd love it," Jane said; "I hoped you'd ask me. We are going at four to Delafield Simms for the week-end. I shall have to be fashionable for forty-eight hours, and I hate it."

Mrs. Follette smiled indulgently. "Of course, you don't mean it. And don't try to be fashionable. Just be yourself. It is only people who have never been anybody who try to make themselves like others."

"Well," said Jane, "I'm afraid I've never been anybody, Mrs. Follette. I'm just little Jane Barnes."

Her air was dejected.

"What's the matter with you, Jane?" Mrs. Follette demanded.

Jane clasped her hands together. "Oh, I want my mother. I want my mother." Her voice was low, but there was a poignant note in it.

Old Mary came out with the tray, and when she had gone, Mrs. Follette said, "Now tell me what's troubling you?"

"I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"Oh, of Mr. Towne's big house, and—I think I'm a little bit afraid of him, too, Mrs. Follette."

"Why should you be afraid?"

"Of the things he'll expect of me. The things I'll expect of myself. I can't explain it. I just—feel it."

Mrs. Follette, pouring ice-cold milk from a silver pitcher, said, "It is a case of nerves, my dear. You don't know how lucky you are."

"Am I lucky?" wistfully.

"Of course you are lucky. But all girls feel as you do, Jane, when the wedding day isn't far off. They wonder and wonder. It's the newness—the—"

"'Laying flesh and spirit . . . in his hands . . .'" Jane quoted, with quick-drawn breath.

"I shouldn't put it quite like that," Mrs. Follette said with some severity; "we didn't talk like that when I was a girl."

"Didn't you?" Jane asked. Well, I know you were a darling, Mrs. Follette. And you were pretty. There's that portrait of you in the library in pink."

"I looked well in pink," said Mrs. Follette, thoughtfully, "but the best picture that was ever done of me is a miniature that Evans has." She buttered another slice of bread. She had no fear of growing fat. She was fat, but she was also stately and one neutralized the other. To think of Mrs. Follette as thin would have been to rob her of her duchess role.

Jane had not seen the miniature. She asked if she might.

"I'll get it," said Mrs. Follette, and rose.

Jane protested, "Can't I do it?"

"No, my dear. I know right where to put my hand on it."

She went into the cool and shadowy hall and started up the stairs, and it was from the shadows that Jane heard her call.

There was something faint and agitated in the cry, and Jane flew on winged feet.

Mrs. Follette was holding on to the stair-rail, swaying a little. "I can't go any higher," she panted; "I'll sit here, my dear, while you get my medicine. It's in my room on the dresser."

Jane passed her on the stairs, and was back again in a moment with the medicine, a spoon, and a glass of water. With her arm around the elder woman she held her until the color returned to her cheeks.

"How foolish," said Mrs. Follette at last, sitting up. "I almost fainted. I was afraid of falling down the stairs."

"Let me help you to your room," Jane said, "and you can lie on the couch—and be quiet—"

"I don't want to be quiet, but I'll lie on the couch—if you'll sit there and talk to me."

So with Jane supporting her, Mrs. Follette went up the rest of the flight, and across the hall—and was made comfortable on a couch at the foot of her bed.

Jane loved the up-stairs rooms at Castle Manor. Especially in summer. Mrs. Follette followed the southern fashion of taking up winter rugs and winter curtains and substituting sheer muslins and leaving a delightful bareness of waxed floor.

"Perhaps I can tell you where to find the miniature," Mrs. Follette said, as Jane fanned her; "it is in Evans' desk set back under the row of pigeonholes. You can't miss it, and I want to see it."

Jane crossed the hall to Evans' room. It faced south and was big and square. It had the same studied bareness that made the rest of the house beautiful. There was a mahogany bed and dresser, many books, deep window-seats with faded velvet cushions.

Evans' desk was in an alcove by the east window which overlooked Sherwood. It was a mahogany desk of the secretary type, and there was nothing about it to drain the color from Jane's cheeks, to send her hand to her heart.

Above the desk, however, where his eyes could rest upon it whenever he raised them from his writing, was an old lantern! Jane knew it at once. It was an ancient ship's lantern that she and Baldy had used through all the years, a heritage from some sea-going ancestor. It was the lantern she had carried that night she had found Evans in the fog!

Since her return from Chicago she had not been able to find it. Baldy had complained, "Sophy must have taken it home with her." But Sophy had not taken it. It was here. And Jane knew, with a certainty that swept away all doubts, why.

"You are a lantern, Jane, held high . . ."

She found the miniature and carried it back to Mrs. Follette. "I told you you were pretty and you have never gotten over it."

She had regained her radiance. Mrs. Follette reflected complacently that girls were like that. Moods of the moment. Even in her own day.

She spoke of it to Evans that night. "Jane had lunch with me. She was very tired and depressed. I told her not to worry. It's natural she should feel the responsibility of the future. Marriage is a serious obligation."

"Marriage is more than that, Mother."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's a great adventure. The greatest adventure. If a woman loved me, I'd want her to fly to me—on wings. There'd be no fear of the future if Jane loved Towne."

"But she does love him. She wouldn't marry him for his money."

"No, she wouldn't," with a touch of weariness. "It is one of the things I can't make clear to myself. And

"I hope it won't rain," Edith said.

I think I'd rather not talk about it, Mother."

They were in Mrs. Follette's room. She had told her son about her heart attack, and he had been anxious. But she had been quite herself after and had made light of it. "I shall have Hallam over in the morning," he had insisted, and she had acquiesced. "I don't need him, but if it will make you feel better."

CHAPTER XV

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Lucy was still to Eloise Harper the stenographer of Frederick Towne. Out of place, of course, in this fine country house, with its formal gardens, its great stables, its retinue of servants.

"What do you do with yourselves?" she asked her hostess, as she came down, ready for dinner, in revealing apricot draperies and found Lucy crisp in white organdie with a band of black velvet around her throat.

"Do?" Lucy's smile was ingenuous. "We are very busy, Del and I. We feed the pigs."

"Pigs?" Eloise stared. She had assumed that a girl of Lucy's type would affect an elaborate attitude of leisure. And here she was, instead, fashionably energetic.

They fed the pigs, it seemed, actually. "Of course not the big ones. But the little ones have their bottles. There are ten and their mother died. You should see Del and me. He carries the bottle in a metal holder—round,"—Lucy's hand described the shape,—"and when they see him coming they all squeal, and it's adorable."

Lucy's air was demure. She was very happy. She was a woman of strong spirit. Already she had interested her weak husband beyond anything he had ever known in his drifting days of bachelorhood. "After dinner," she told Eloise, "I'll show you Del's roses. They are quite marvellous. I think his collection will be beyond anything in this part of the country."

Delafield, coming up, said, "They are Lucy's roses, but she says I am to do the work."

"But why not have a gardener?" Eloise demanded.

"Oh, we have. But I should hate to have our garden a mere matter of—mechanics. Del has some splendid ideas. We are going to work for the flower shows. Prizes and all that."

Delafield purred like a pussy-cat. "I shall name my first rose the 'Little Lucy Logan.'"

Edith, locking arms with Jane, a little later, as they strolled under a wisteria-hung trellis towards the fountain, said, "Lucy's making a man of him because she loves him. And I would have laughed at him. We would have bored each other to death."

"They will never be bored," Jane decided, "with their roses and their little pigs."

They had reached the fountain. It was an old-fashioned one, with thin streams of water spouting up from the bill of a bronzed crane. There were goldfish in the pool, and a big green frog leaped from a lily pad. Beyond the fountain the wisteria roofed a path of pale light. A peacock walked slowly towards them, its long tail sweeping the ground in burnished beauty.

"Think of this," said Jane, "and Lucy's days at the office."

"And yet," Edith pondered, "she told me if he had not had a penny she would have been happy with him."

"I believe it. With a cottage, one pig, and a rose-bush, they would find bliss. It is like that with them."

The two women sat down on the marble coping of the fountain. The peacock trailed by them, its jewels all ablaze under the sun.

Adelaide, in her burnished tulle, tall, slender, graceful as a willow, was swinging along beneath the trellis. The peacock had turned and walked beside her. "What a picture Baldy could make of that," Edith said, "'The Proud Lady.'"

"Do you know," Jane's voice was also lowered, "when I look at her, I feel that it is she who should marry your uncle."

Edith was frank. "I should hate her. And so would he in a month. She's artificial, and you are so adorably natural, Jane."

Adelaide had reached the circle of light that surrounded the fountain. "The men have come and have gone up to dress," she said. "All except your uncle, Edith. He telephoned that he can't get here until after dinner. He has an important conference."

"He said he might be late. Benny came, of course?"

"Yes, and Eloise is happy. He had brought her all the town gossip. That's why I left. I hate gossip."

Edith knew that pose. No one could talk more devastatingly than Adelaide of her neighbor's affairs. But she did it, subtly, with an effect of charity. "I am very fond of her," was her way of prefacing a ruthless revelation.

"I thought your brother would be down," Adelaide looked at Jane, poised on the rim of the fountain, like a blue butterfly,—"but he wasn't with the rest."

"Baldy can't be here until tomorrow noon. He had to be in the office."

"What are you going to do with yourself in the meantime, Edith?" Adelaide was in a mood to make people uncomfortable. She was uncomfortable herself. Jane, in billowing heavenly blue with rose ribbons floating at her girdle, was youth incarnate. And it was her youth that had attracted Towne.

The three women walked towards the house together. As they came out from under the arbor, they were aware of black clouds stretched across the horizon. "I hope it won't rain," Edith said, "Lucy is planning to serve dinner on the terrace."

Adelaide was irritable. "I wish she wouldn't. There'll be bugs and things."

Jane liked the idea of an out-of-door dinner. She thought that the maids in their pink linen were like rose-leaves blown across the lawn. There was a great umbrella over the table, rose-striped. "How gay it is," she said: "I hope the rain won't spoil it."

When they reached the wide-pillared piazza, no one was there. The wind was blowing steadily from the bank of clouds. Edith went in to get a scarf.

And so Jane and Adelaide were left alone.

Adelaide sat in a big chair with a back like a spreading fan; she was statuesque, and knew it, but she would have exchanged at the moment every classic line for the effect that Jane gave of unpremeditated grace and beauty. The child had flung a cushion on the marble step, and had dropped down upon it. The wind caught up her ruffles, so that she seemed to float in a cloud.

She laughed, and tucked her whirling draperies about her. "I love the wind, don't you?"

Adelaide did not love the wind. It rumpled her hair. She felt spitefully ready to hurt Jane.

"It is a pity," she said, after a pause, "that Ricky can't dine with us."

Jane agreed. "Mr. Towne always seems to be a very busy person."

Adelaide carried a little gauze fan with gold-lacquered sticks. When she spoke she kept her eyes upon the fan. "Do you always call him 'Mr. Towne'?"

"Of course."

"But not when you're alone."

Jane flushed. "Yes, I do. Why not?"

"But, my dear, it is so very formal. And you are going to marry him."

"He said that he had told you."

"Ricky tells me everything. We are very old friends, you know."

Jane said nothing. There was, indeed, nothing to say. She was not in the least jealous of Adelaide. She wondered, of course, why Towne should have overlooked this lovely lady to choose a shabby child. But he had chosen the child, and that settled it as far as Mrs. Laramore was concerned.

But it did not settle it for Adelaide. "I think it is distinctly amusing for you to call him 'Mr. Towne.' Poor Ricky! You mustn't hold him at arms' length."

"Why not?"

"Well, none of the rest of us have," said Adelaide, deliberately.

Jane looked up at her. "The rest of you? What do you mean, Mrs. Laramore?"

"Oh, the women that Ricky has loved," lightly.

The winds fluttered the ribbons of Jane's frock, fluttered her ruffles. The peacock on the lawn uttered a discordant note. Jane was subconsciously aware of a kinship between Adelaide and the burnished bird. She spoke of the peacock.

"What a disagreeable voice he has."

Adelaide stared. "Who?"

"The peacock," said Jane.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Coat and Dress Styled With Youthful 'Swing' Silhouette

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THE "swing" technique persists in costume styling throughout the later showings of winter coat and dress collections. The fact that fullness has become an important factor in the new silhouette is no barrier to a slenderizing outcome. Thanks to the cunning craft and consummate art of modern designers the problem has been so victoriously met that whether you be sylphlike or more or less rotund in figure you will find that the smart, new fashions that are saying it with a "swing" are actually very flattering.

In the illustration three highly successful modes are shown each of which makes "swing" its theme. The long coat and dress ensemble of gray wool to the right in the group is typical of the trend to fitted silhouettes that take on fullness about the hemline. It is just such wool classics as this that are finding acceptance with best dressed women. The flair for daytime dresses made of pastel wools (just the type to wear under your fur coat) done in the simplest possible fashion with fitted waists and flaring skirts is a pleasing gesture which fashion is making.

Centered in the picture is a frock of sage green wool featuring fitted slenderizing princess lines that adopt an interesting tuck technique. Here again a generously full hemline swings into sprightly grace. A chubby mouton bolero complemented with a green feather-trimmed pill-box hat made of matching mouton sounds an ultra chic note.

The exceedingly goodlooking tunic dress to the left in the picture demonstrates what happens when a distinguished designer such as Molyneaux of Paris takes the swing idea and multiplies it by two. This very pleasing dress with its double swing silhouette is of stiff black faille (a high fashion fabric this season). Its tunic and skirt zip up the front. A gold clip finishes its heart shaped neckline. Here is a grand example of a basic black dress that invites stunning jewelry ensembles or dashes of color which this season's accessories exploit.

Speaking of the new fullness in skirts, a topic of utmost significance in current styles, the question has often been brought up as to its positioning, whether it should be at the back or sides or brought to the front. The answer is no matter where the fullness, just so there is fullness somewhere. So far as the sports swagger coat is concerned the news is definitely that of back flares contrived via pleats or gores or circular cut.

Dress coats are made with fitted waists and skirts that often flare all-around. So widespread is the favor for flares even the newest fur coats are made with fitted waists and full skirts.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Flattery of Lace

Fashion is placing increasing emphasis on the flattery of lace for the mature woman. The exquisite black laces that seem this season more beautiful than ever before have a gracious dignity about them that tunes perfectly to womanly charm. With the low neckline of the dress pictured a string of pearls is most enhancing. Long velvet gloves repeat the color accent of the velvet flowers worn by this lovely lady. The dress is a rayon Chantilly. The dress comes in black, royal blue, wine and grape.

Silver Nailheads

Rows of tiny silver nailheads sewn to collar, cuffs and hemline are the effective trim suggested by one designer for a plain black dress.

Fur Ensemble Now Is Important News

You have seen a fur-clad trapper with his bushy fur hat, fur gloves and fur jacket. Add a big muff to these items and you have somewhat of a picture of the first impressions ladies of fashion make in their dramatic fur ensembles.

The importance of fur millinery cannot be overemphasized. Whatever you do, be sure that you keep in mind that your fur coat or jacket or cape must be matched with a spectacular hat of the same fur.

As to muffs this season, they are huge or of novel design. You can even get fur trimmed gloves.

With cloth suits and coats the smartest thing is an "as costly as thy purse can buy" neckpiece the long fur stole being especially chic, and don't forget that matching fur muff is inevitable this season.

Style and Comfort In New Stockings

The long-hoped-for has happened, in that silk stockings that are wool-lined are announced for winter wear. They might properly be classed as a necessary luxury in that being up to date, they are selling only in the higher-class shops. In appearance they look as if they might be a fine silk service type but the wearer knows of the warmth and glow that the wool lining imparts.

Velvet Trimmed Fedora

A black felt fedora with an underbrim faced with velvet and a black velvet snood is a new creation shown by Reboux to accompany dressy street costumes.

Snakeskin Accessories

Snakeskin, dyed a brilliant electric blue, is used to make an unusual bolero and beret worn as accessories to a rich chocolate-colored crepe frock.

Tips Picked Up in World Fashion Centers

The new bronze greens look well with sable brown furs.

Glittering rhinestones are used to trim all sorts of accessories.

Alix is featuring very smooth fine incrustations of colored jersey on black dresses.

Single big faceted stones in jewel colors, edged in rhinestones, form the petals of an enormous flower pin meant to be worn as an elaborate lapel ornament.

Sleek black sealskin makes a smart pillbox.

Eyelets are covering the fashion picture from petticoat to head.

Purse-belts still play an important role in Lanvin's war-time collection.

Newest of the evening bags are those made of fur to match your evening wrap.

A smart rival to black is brown as presented by Molyneux in a velveteen afternoon dress.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Forest Death Trap"

YOU know, when you go hunting, you more or less expect to meet up with adventures of a certain sort. You might reasonably expect to be treed by a bear, or hopped on by a wildcat, or maybe bogged down in a mess of quicksand or socked on the coco by a falling tree. You might expect almost anything BUT the sort of mystifying experience that fell to the lot of George S. Quartin of Brooklyn, N. Y., on a hunting trip near Kingston, N. Y., in the middle of January, 1929. The best adventures are like that. It isn't what you expect, but what you DON'T expect, that gives you the big thrill you remember all down through the years.

George Quartin and his friend Martin Ross went hunting. They might have expected to run across bears, wildcats, quicksand or falling trees, but here's what actually did happen.

They started out from the little village of Accord, N. Y.—started out into the woods, and along about evening, after trying for two or three hours to find their way back, decided that they must be lost. That's something else a hunter might easily expect, and certainly it did happen. But they don't count that as an adventure. It was only the beginning of a train of circumstances that led to a strange, terrifying night when everything was against them and nothing seemed to make sense.

Night had come on, and still they were walking in circles trying to find their way out of the woods. They were looking for a place to sleep when Martin Ross saw a light in the distance.

Hunters Discover Weatherbeaten House.

It seemed to be a flare of some sort. The two men started walking toward it. The flare died out before they had gone two steps, but moving in its direction, they came to an old, weather-beaten frame house standing in the middle of a clearing.

There was no light in the house, but they approached and knocked on the door. There was no answer, but George tried the latch and the door opened. They went inside—into a big, empty room. There was a fireplace in the corner, and some wood beside it. They started to build a fire, but they never got it lighted. From that moment on,

Terrified now, the two lads picked up their rifles and began shooting at the door.

events crowded on the heels of events so rapidly that they had no time to think of anything else.

First came a crash outside. It sounded near the door. George and Martin ran to it—and found it locked. Someone had fastened it from the outside!

Then it was they noticed that the big, dim room had no windows. What kind of a house was that? They noticed, too, that the door was a heavy one, made of solid oak—two or three times as thick and strong as any mere dwelling door had any business to be. There was something mighty strange about that windowless dwelling. A disquieting fear crept into the hearts of both of them. What sort of place had they stumbled into?

Peculiar Odor Permeates the Building.

Shouting brought them no answer. Then they began to hear voices outside. Whoever it was out there was ignoring their cries. They heard sounds of a heavy object being drawn somewhere. A peculiar odor, faint at first, began to permeate the whole building. The two lads lay down in a corner, but not to sleep. They lay huddled together, trapped like rats, wondering what their mysterious captors would finally do with them.

They lay there silent while the hours went by. Then, suddenly they were aroused by the sound of an explosion and the thud-thud of running feet. The smell of smoke began to fill the room—and in another few minutes the room was thick with the smoke itself.

Black, acrid, choking smoke! It billowed up from somewhere below them—filled their lungs and set them to coughing. Terrified now, the two lads picked up their rifles and began shooting at the door. But the door was too thick to yield even to rifle bullets, and if the men outside heard the shots they gave no sign of it.

The room was getting hot. Now they could hear flames crackling beneath them. The smoke was so thick that they could hardly breathe. They were running around in panic, aimlessly dashing from one side of that strange room to another. Flame was creeping through the cracks in the floorboards—licking the sides of the wall with its myriad red tongues. Time was passing, but they weren't conscious of it. All they knew was the terrible fear of being burned alive in the mysterious trap they had fallen into.

Seek a Place to Escape Intense Heat.

Then they were beginning to drop from exhaustion and lack of air. First George, then Martin. They were on their knees, groping for a spot where the intense heat would not sear their skin when they heard a hammering on the door.

They were too weak then to care much what was happening. Through a daze they watched the door splinter and fall to pieces. They saw it broken down, felt a merciful breath of fresh air roll in through the smoke—saw dim, foggy figures come dashing in through the doorway. Then hands were lifting them—dragging them out into the gray dawn of a January morning, and George saw that he was in the arms of a state trooper and being lifted into the front seat of a squad car.

In another moment, Martin was in the car with him, and they were rolling along a backwoods road toward Kingston—still wondering at the meaning of the terrifying ordeal they had been put through. The whole answer didn't come until other troopers brought in two men they had captured in the neighborhood of the house of mystery. The truth was that Martin and George had stumbled on a backwoods moonshine plant. The moonshiners, taking them for revenue agents, had locked them in, and left them to die when, a few hours later, their still exploded and set the house afire. But someone who saw the blaze phoned the troopers. Otherwise two lads who had gone a hunting might have ended their day of sport in a night of tragedy.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Iron Sports Equipment Widely Used in Ancient Times

Steel or iron have been favored for sports equipment since ancient times, when Greek athletes hurled the javelin in their games, and then down through the Middle ages, when armored knights tested their skill in tournaments. Today steel is more prominent than ever in sports and games, and every year millions of pounds of steel are bought in the form of sports and recreation equipment. When many modern sports were developed wood and leather were used widely, but the trend is now toward steel where speed, strength and safety are important.

Horse Prices in War

During the first three years of the Boer war, 1900-1902, inclusive, prices for horses in the United States advanced to $93.76 a head. During the three-year period 1896-1898 the average price had been $74.56.

Tree Builds Church

Sufficient lumber was produced from a single giant redwood tree to erect a complete church in Santa Rosa, Calif.—in the Redwood Empire.

Golf, a game in which little steel was once used, in 1938 absorbed about 1,069,000 pounds in the manufacture of new clubs, exclusive of other uses on the courses.

Of the total for golf clubs 175,000 pounds of steel were used for the shafts of wood-headed clubs, while 894,000 pounds were used for the shafts and heads of irons. On the courses indeterminate amounts of steel were used for pins to mark the steel cups and for watering equipment, pails, mowers and other machinery for upkeep.

Giant Redwoods

Located in the Redwood Empire of northern California, are giant redwood trees which if cut and converted into commercial lumber would yield sufficient material to build complete—20 modern homes.

Largest Whale Species

The largest species of whale is the sulphur-bottom or blue whale. The largest specimen recorded is one taken in the Antarctic which measured 106 feet in length and weighed more than 100 tons.