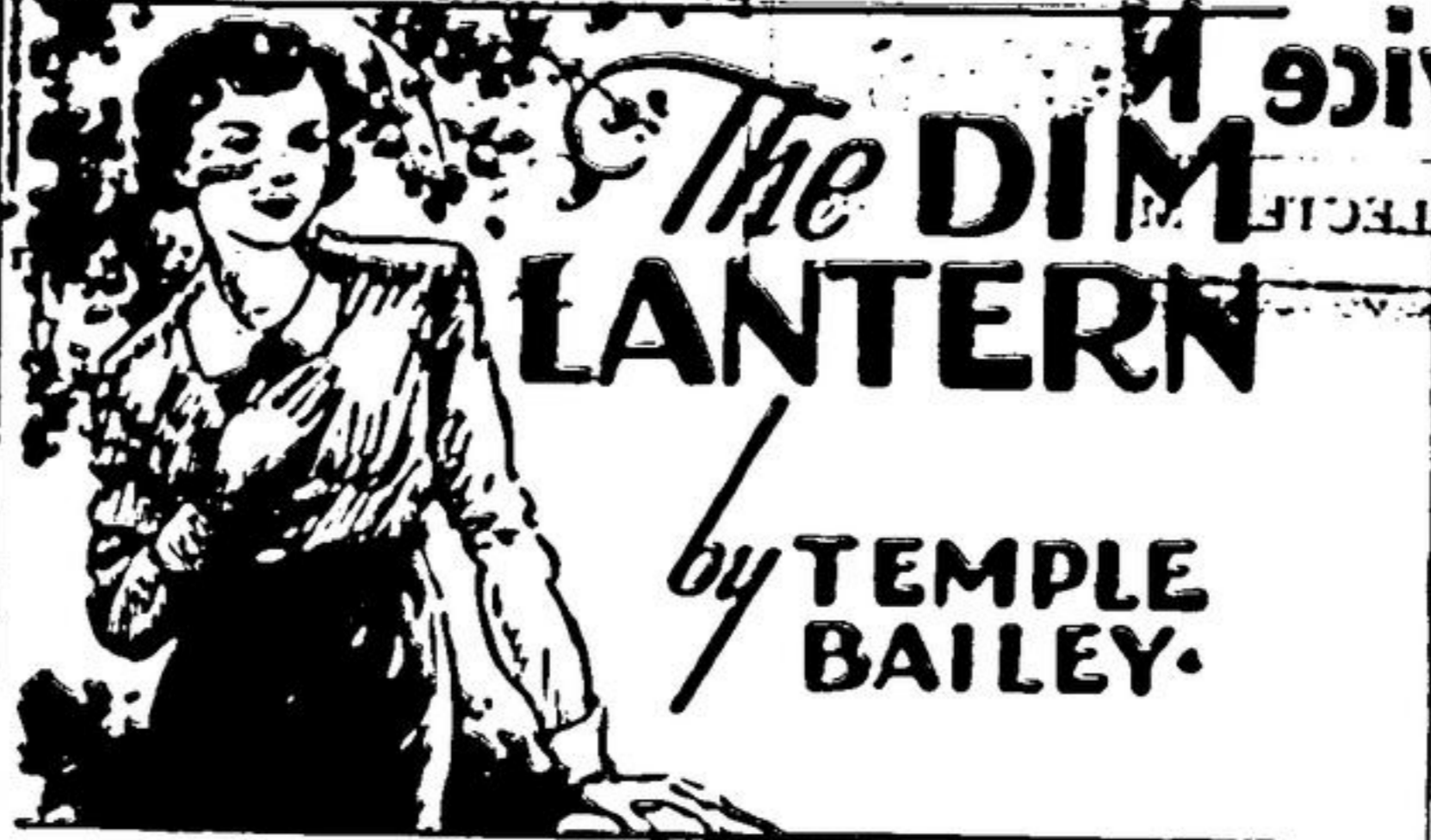




Recently Mrs. F. J. Crowe, Orangeville, received the above picture from her son, Captain (Dr.) Wilfrid Crowe, a prisoner of war in Germany. Dr. Crowe is standing second from the left in the picture. He joined the Imperial Army shortly after the war commenced as a medical officer and was taken prisoner during the battle of Crete. He did not give the name of his comrades. Dr. Crowe's wife, the former Ruth Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaw, of Orangeville, is a housewife at the Beaver Club, London, England. Dr. Crowe is a first cousin of Mr. Walter Gray, of Georgetown. —Photo courtesy Orangeville Banner



CHAPTER I

Esherwood Park is twelve miles from Washington. Starting as a somewhat pretentious suburb on the main line of a railroad, it was blessed with easy accessibility until encroaching trolleys swept the tide of settlement away from it, and left it high and dry—its train service, unable to compete with modern motor vehicles, increasingly inefficient. Property values, inevitably, decreased. The little suburb degenerated, grew less fashionable. People who might have added social lustre to its gatherings moved away. The frame houses, which at first had made such a brave showing, became a bit down at the heel.

The Barnes cottage was saved from the universal lack of loveliness by its simple lines, its white paint and green blinds. Yet the paint had peeled in places, and the concrete steps which followed the line of the two terraces were cracked and worn. Old Baldwin Barnes had bought his house on the instalment plan, and his children were still paying for it. Old Baldwin had succumbed to the deadly monotony of writing the same inscription on red slips through thirty years of faithful service in the Pension Office, and had left the world with his debts behind him.

He had the artistic temperament which his son inherited. Julia was like her mother who had died two years before her husband. Mrs. Barnes had been unimaginative and capable. It was because of her that Julia had married an architect, and was living in a snug apartment in Chicago, that Baldwin Junior had gone through college and had some months at an art school before the war came on, and that Jane, the youngest, had a sense of thrill, and an intensive experience in domestic economy.

As for the rest of her, Jane was twenty, slender as a Florentine page, and fairly pretty. She was in love with life and liked to talk about it. Young Baldwin said, indeed, with the frankness of a brother, that Jane ran on like a babbling brook. She was "running on" this November morning, as she and young Baldwin ate breakfast together. Jane always got the breakfast. Sophy, a capable Negro woman, came over later to help with the housework, and to put the six o'clock dinner on the table. But it was Jane who started the percolator, poached the eggs, and made the toast on the electric toaster, while young Baldwin read the Washington Post. He read bits out loud when he was in the mood. He was not always in the mood, and then Jane talked to him. He did not always listen, but that made no difference.

Jane had named the percolator "Phylomel," because of its purring harmonies. "Don't you love it, Baldy?" Her brother, with one eye on the paper, was eating his grapefruit. "Love what?" "Phylomel." "Silly stuff—"

"It isn't. I like to hear it sing." "In my present mood I prefer a hymn of hate." She buttered a slice of toast for him. "Well, of course, you'd feel like that." "Who wouldn't?" He took the toast from her, and buried himself in his paper, so Jane buttered another slice for herself and ate it in protesting silence—plus a poached egg, and a cup of coffee rich with yellow cream and much sugar. Jane's thinness made such indulgence possible.

"I simply love breakfast," she continued. "Is there anything you don't love, Janey?" with a touch of irritation. "Yes." "What?" "You." He stared at her over the top of the sheet. "I like that!" "Well, you won't talk to me, Baldy. It isn't my fault if you hate the world."

"No, it isn't." He laid down the paper. "But I'll tell you this, Janey, I'm about through." She caught her breath, then flung out, "Oh, you're not. Be a good sport, Baldy. Things are bound to come your way if you wait." He gave a short laugh and rose. "I wish I had your optimism." They faced each other, looking for the moment rather like two young cockerels. Jane's bobbed hair emphasized the boyish effect of her straight, slim figure. Baldy towered above her, his black hair matching hers, his eyes, too, matching—gray and lighted-up. Jane was the first to turn her eyes

away. She looked at the clock. "You'll be late." He got his hat and coat and came back to her. "I'm a blamed scoundrel. Give me a kiss, Jane." She gave it to him, and clung to him for a moment. "Don't forget to bring a steak home for dinner," was all she said, but he was aware of the curves of those clinging fingers.

It was one of his grievances that he had to do the marketing—one could not depend on Esherwood's single small store—so Baldy with dreams in his head drove twice a week to the butcher's stall in the old Center Market to bring back chops or a porterhouse, or a festive small roast.

He had no time for it in the mornings, however. His little car took him over the country roads and through the city streets and landed him at the Patent Office at a quarter of nine. There, with a half hour for lunch, he worked until five—it was a dog's life and he had other aspirations.

Jane, left to herself, read the paper. One headline was sensational. The bride of a fashionable wedding had been deserted at the altar. The bridegroom had failed to appear at the church. The guests waiting impatiently in the pews had been informed, finally, that the ceremony would be postponed.

Newspaper men hunting for the bridegroom learned that he had left a note for his best man—and that he was on his way to southern waters. The bride could not be seen. Her uncle, who was also her guardian, and with whom she lived, had stated that there was nothing to be said. That was all. But society was on tiptoe. Delaford Simms was the son of a rich New Yorker. He and his bride were to have spent their honeymoon on his yacht. Edith Towne had a fortune to match his. Both of them belonged to old and aristocratic families. No wonder people were talking.

There was a picture of Miss Towne, a tall, fair girl, in real lace, orange blossoms, seed pearls—Pride was in every line of her. Jane's tender fancy carried her to that first breathless moment when the bride had donned that gracious gown and had surveyed herself in the mirror. "How happy she must have been." Then the final shuddering catastrophe.

Sophy arrived at this moment, and Jane told her about it. "She'll never dare trust anybody, will she?"

"Yo' kaint' ever tell what a woman will do. Miss Janey. Effen she a trustin' nature, she'll trust 'n' trust, and effen she ain't a trustin' nature, she won't trust nohow."

"But what do you suppose made him do it?" "Nobody knows what a man's wine do, w'en it comes to gittin' married."

"But to leave her like that, Sophy. I should think she'd die." "Effen the good Lord let women die w'en men 'ceived them," Sophy proclaimed with a chuckle, "dere wouldn't be a female left w'en the trump sounded." Her tray was piled high with dishes, as she stood in the dining-room door. "Does you-all want rice puddin' fo' dinnah, Miss Janey?"

And there the subject dropped. But Jane thought a great deal about it as she went on with her work. She told her sister, Julia, about it when, late that afternoon, she wrote her weekly letter.

"The worst of it must have been to lose her faith in things. I'd rather be Jane Barnes without any love affair than Edith Towne with a love affair like that. Baldy told me the other day that I am not unattractive. Can't you see him saying it? And he doesn't think me pretty. Perhaps I'm not. But there are moments, Judy, when I like myself—I bobbed my hair. But I did it and took the consequences, and it's no end comfortable. Baldy at the present moment is mid-Victorian. It is his reaction from the war. He says he is dead sick of fappers. That they are all alike—and make no appeal to the imagination! He came home the other night from a dance and read Tennyson—can you fancy that after the way he used to fling Amy Lowell at us and Carl Sandburg? He says he is so tired of short skirts and knees and proposals and cigarettes that he is going to hunt with a gun, if he ever decides to marry, for an Elaine or a Griselda! But the worst of it is, he takes it out on me! I wish you'd see the way he censors my clothes and my manners, and I sit here like a prisoner in a tower with not a man in sight but Evans Follette, and he is just a heartache, Judy.

"Baldy has had three proposals, he said that the first girl was a big talent, Judy, and he just slaved away at that old office. He says that after those years in France, it seems like a cage. I sometimes wonder what civilization is, anyhow, that we clip the wings of our young eagles. We take our boys and shut them up, and they pass for freedom. Is that all that his going to mean for Baldy—eight hours a day—behind bars?"

"Yet I am trying to keep him at it until the house is paid for. I don't know whether I am right—but it's all we have—and both of us love it. He hasn't been able lately to work much at night, he's dead tired. But there's a prize offer of a magazine cover design, and I want him to compete. He says there isn't any use of his trying to do anything unless he can give all of his time to it."

"Of course you've heard all this before, but I bear it every day. And I like to talk things out. I must not write another line, dearest. And don't worry, Baldy will work like mad if the mood strikes him."

"Did I tell you that Evans Follette and his mother are to dine with us on Thanksgiving Day? We ought to have six guests to make things gay. But nobody will fit in with the Follettes. You know why, so I needn't explain."

"Kiss both of the babies for me. Failing other young things, I am going to have a Christmas tree for the kitten. It's a gay life, darling."

"Ever your own," "Jane."

The darkness had come by the time she had finished her letter. She changed her frock for a thinner one, wrapped herself in an old



She felt poignantly the beauty of it.

cape of orange-hued cloth, and went out to lock up her chickens. She had fed them before she wrote her letter, but she always took this last look to be sure they were safe.

The shed where the chickens were kept was back of the garage. When Jane opened the door, her old Persian cat, Merrymaid, came out to her, and a puff-ball of a kitten. Jane snapped on the lights in the chicken-house and the biddies stirred. When she snapped them off again, she heard them settle back to sheltered slumber.

The kitten danced ahead of her, and the old cat danced too, as the wind whirled her great tail about. "We won't go in the house—we won't go in the house," said Jane, in a sort of conversational chant, as the pussies followed her down a path which led through the pines. She often walked at this hour—and she loved it best on nights like this.

She felt poignantly the beauty of it—the dark pines and the little moon above them—the tug of the wind at her cloak like a riotous playmate.

Baldy was not the only poet in the family, but Jane's love of beauty was inarticulate. She would never be able to write it on paper or draw it with a pencil.

Down the path she went, the two pussy-cats like small shadows in her wake, until suddenly a voice came out of the dark.

"I believe it is little Jane Barnes."

She stopped. "Oh, is that you, Evans? Isn't it a heavenly night?" "I'm not sure."

"Don't talk that way." "Why not?" "Because an evening like this is like wine—it goes to my head."

"You are like wine," he told her. "Jane, how do you do it?" "Do what?" "Hold the pose of youth and joy and happiness?"

"You know it isn't a pose. I just feel that way, Evans."

"My dear, I believe you do." He limped a little as he walked beside her. He was tall and gaunt. Almost grotesquely tall. Yet when he had gone to war he had not seemed in the least grotesque. He had been tall but not thin, and he had gone in all the glory of his splendid youth.

There was no glory left. He was twenty-seven. He had fought and he would fight again for the same cause. But his youth was dead, ex-

(Continued on Page 4)

A slender girl, carrying a dim lantern symbolic of eternal hope, was his only guide to happiness

The love of Jane Barnes is Evans Follette's only opportunity to rehabilitate himself. A melancholy dreamer, he was left completely discouraged by the war, and looked to her for guidance and for love. Though she returned his affection, she was encouraged by unforeseen circumstances to marry wealthy, rakish Frederick Towne. Her decision, which remains in doubt until the final chapter, is one you'll applaud.

"The Dim Lantern" is a completely human, all-absorbing story by Temple Bailey, one of America's most widely read authors. You'll enjoy every fascinating installment.

SONGS OF SPRING

The sweet toned sounds of spring I hear, The first, the robin's song so clear, Then from the gray bird on the rail, And next the "Bob White" of the quail. The twittering, blustering sparrows, too, While nesting chirp the whole day through; The little wren's sweet song-notes fall, While building in the old stone wall. In currant bush, the chipper bird Lifts its trill chirping to be heard, The whir of wild fowls flying past, Migrating north to nesting place. The beat of mother sheep that calms The baby cry of new born lambs; The rippling notes of meadow stream, A pastoral song of Nature's theme. And childhood's laughter all the day, As happy children run in play; And snow drops, bell-shaped flowers, too, Born tinkling as they burst in view. Down to the ground I place my ear, By faith the flowers song to hear, And all these notes that merrily sing, To me are sweet toned sounds of spring.

—RALPH GORDON  
623 Crawford St., Toronto.

Don't be a CUPBOARD QUISLING!

"Cupboard Quislings"! Is that too hard a name for people who selfishly lay in unnecessary stocks of clothes or food, or other goods for fear of shortages?

No! The name is not too hard, even though it may be earned through thoughtlessness. For in reality they are doing, in a petty, mean way, what the Quisling does in the open.

Anyone who buys more than is necessary for current needs—

- Is breaking his country's law for personal advantage.
- Is betraying his loyal neighbours and those who are not so well off as he.
- Is, in effect, depriving our fighting men of the munitions and supplies they must have to defend us.
- Is hindering our war effort and helping our enemies.

Loyal citizens avoid putting unnecessary and abnormal strains on our factories. In time of war, loyal citizens do not spend one dollar more on civilian goods than is absolutely necessary for current needs.

The law provides for fines up to \$5,000 and imprisonment up to two years for hoarding; and hoarding is just another word for unnecessary, selfish buying.

In cases where it is advisable for you to buy in advance of your immediate requirements—such as your next season's coal supply—you will be encouraged to do so by direct statement from responsible officials.

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