

IT'S RUBBER SALVAGING TIME



IF you can't patch it... TURN IT IN

Those rubbers with the soles worn through... that old garden hose... that old inner tube... if they can't be patched, then turn them in. Every pound of scrap rubber is needed urgently—your government can make good use of it. Look around the house and turn in every bit of rubber that you can't use. Then, urge your neighbours to do the same. You'll get a lot of satisfaction in doing your bit.

THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA
878 OUR LIFE BUILDING MONTREAL



The DIM LANTERN

by TEMPLE BAILEY

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

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

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

Jane began to feel uncomfortable. She was, she told herself, as much out of place as a pearly-ear in a Zoo. These women and these men reminded her somehow of the great sleek animals who snarled at each other in the Rock Creek caggs. Frederick did not snarl. But she had a feeling he might if Eloise kept at him much longer.

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

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

"Where did they find you?"

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

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

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

And then Frederick snarled, "Stay here."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, of course." Towne wished that Hallam wouldn't talk about Adelaide. He wished that all of the others would go away and leave him alone with Jane.

"Mrs. Laramore," said Jane unexpectedly, "makes me think of the lady of Shalott. I don't know why. But I do. I have really never seen such a beautiful woman. But she doesn't seem real. I have a feeling that if anything hit her, she'd break like china."

They laughed at her, and Edith said, "Adelaide will never break. She'll melt. She's as soft as wax."

These gossaming Mrs. Laramore for more vital matters. "Uncle Fred, I am going out to Baldy's studio; he's painting Jane."

Frederick was at once interested. "His portrait?"

"No. A sketch for a magazine competition," Baldy explained.

"May I see it?"

Baldy, yearning for solitude and Edith, gave reluctant consent. "Come on, everybody."

So everybody, including Dr. Hallam and Mrs. Follette, made their way to the garage.

Edith and young Baldwin arrived first. "And this is where you work," she said, softly.

"Yes. Look here, will you sit here so that I can feast my eyes on you? I've dreamed of you in that chair—in classic costume. Do you know that you were made for a goddess?"

"I know that you are a romantic boy."

"How old are you?" she asked him.

"Twenty-five."

"I don't believe it. I'm twenty-two, and I feel a thousand years older than you."

"You will always be ageless," she laughed. "How old is Jane?"

"Twenty. Yet people take us for twins."

"She doesn't look it and neither do you."

The others came in and Edith went back to her thoughts. He wasn't too young. She was glad of that.

The sketch of Jane was on an easel. There she stood, a slender figure in her lilac frock—bobbed black hair, lighted-up eyes—the lifted basket with its burden of gold and purple and green.

Towne stood back and looked at it. Jane at his side said, "That's some of the fruit you sent."

"Really?" Frederick had no eyes for anything but Jane, in her lilac frock. Jane, but the boy had caught the spirit of her!

He turned to Baldy. "It is most unusual. And I want it."

"Sorry," said Baldy, crisply. "I am sending it off tomorrow."

"How much is the prize?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"I will write a check for that amount if you will let me have this."

"I am afraid I can't, Mr. Towne."

"Why not?"

"Well, I feel this way about it. It isn't worth two thousand dollars. But if I win the prize it may be worth that to the magazine—the advertising and all that."

"Isn't that splitting hairs?"

"Perhaps, but it's the way I feel."

"But if you don't win the prize you won't have anything."

"No."

"And you'll be out two thousand dollars." The lion in the Zoo was snarling.

And above him, breathing an upper air, was this young eagle. "I'll be glad to give the sketch to you if it comes back," said Baldy, coolly, "but I rather think it will stick."

It was, in a way, a dreadful moment for Towne. There was young Baldwin sitting on the edge of the table, swinging a leg, debonaire, defiant. And Edith laughing in her sleeve. Frederick knew that she was laughing. He was as red as a turkey cock.

It was Jane who saved him from apoplexy. She was really inordinately proud of Baldy, but she knew the dangers of his mood. And she had her duties as hostess.

"Baldy wants to see himself on the news stands," she said, soothingly; "don't deprive him of that pleasure, Mr. Towne."

"Nothing of the kind, Jane," exclaimed her brother.

"Baldy, I won't quarrel with you before people. We must reserve that pleasure until we are alone."

"I'm not quarrelling."

Jane held up a protesting hand. "Oh, let's run away from him, Mr. Towne. When he begins like that, there's no end to it."

She carried Frederick back to the house, and Evans, looking after them, said vindictively to Hallam, "Old Midas got his that time."

Dr. Hallam chuckled. "You don't hate him, do you? Evans, don't let him have Jane. He isn't worth it."

"Neither am I," said Evans. "But I would know better how to make her happy."

Back once more in the bright little living-room, Towne said to Jane, "May I have another cup of tea?"

"It's cold."

"I don't care. I like to see you pour it with your lovely hands."

She spread her hands out on the shining mahogany of the tea-table. "Are they lovely? Nobody ever told me."

His hand went over hers. "The loveliest in the world."

She sat there in a moment's breathless silence. Then she drew her hands away. Touched a little bell. "I'll have Sophy bring us some hot water."

Sophy came and went. Jane poured hot tea with flushed cheeks. He took the cup when she handed it to him. "Dear child, you're not offended?"

(continued on Page 8)

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On Active Service Giving Wings to Words



STEAM-LINE COOKS SPUDS

STEAM COOKING FEATURE OF CAFE CAR KITCHEN

Mother performs culinary marvels with the kitchen range but could she have one of the new steam cookers such as are installed in new Cafe Cars of the Canadian National Railways. There would be ample potatoes for all and sundry at meal time, no matter how many unexpected guests arrived. These cookers are a wartime development for the quick cooking of vegetables, meats and puddings.

Probably a majority of travellers think of steam merely as the propelling power in the locomotive, but it has other railway uses. In winter months it heats passenger equipment and now has been harnessed for the kitchen, particularly in these cafe cars and in the commissary kitchen cars which form an essential part of troop trains moving long distances over the National System. Large kettles for tea, coffee, oatmeal and soup use steam off the train line, more of it goes to the sink to sterilize dishes, and now large cookers utilize steam for a variety of purposes, providing properly cooked vegetables, and other foods, and leaving the top of the range clear for other cooking.

Feminine visitors privileged to see the secrets of the Cafe Car kitchen have expressed keen interest in the step and labor saving layout by which handily placed cupboard and bins bring supplies to within arm's length. If a towel is wanted, just reach and get it without moving a pace. The dish needed is at hand, too, while the refrigerators are close to bench and range. The convenient sinks—there are two, one for each end of the kitchen—gained praise for the plentiful supply of hot and rinsing water, steam for sterilizing and taps so placed as to greatly minimize risk of breakage. Another gadget greatly appreciated is the stainless steel boiler into which cups are placed awaiting call meanwhile warming the china-ware so that it goes to the table at temperature just right for morning coffee and the luncheon cup of tea.

In Jane's next letter to Judy she told her how the evening with the Townes had ended. And that she



Jane sat very still at her desk.

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