

# SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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**SYNOPSIS**

James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter, Leonora from marrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone," whom he likes but of whom he disapproves according to his conventional business-man standards. He tells her, "Unless a house is founded upon a rock, it will not survive." Leonora suspects the influence of her half-brother Ned, always jealous of the girl since the day his father brought her home from the deathbed of her mother, abandoned by her Italian baritone lover. Don arrives in the midst of the argument.

**CHAPTER I—Continued**

"I've a clean bill of health, sir. When I was a kid of nineteen and carried a message from a wonderful English girl who had stayed at home because she was going to have a baby, to her husband stationed in China (a man, by the way, whom you'd have been proud to introduce to Nora), and found the fellow living with—Well, I won't go into details; but it gave me a jolt which wasn't easy to forget. I've rubbed elbows with a lot of that sort of Mr. Lambert, but I've hurt no woman. Balance that, please, against my depleted bank account."

"Well, Daddy?" Nora prodded after a moment.

"This is all very well," responded James, "all very commendable; but it doesn't change the financial aspect of the case. Suppose," he said, turning to Don, "suppose you persuade this girl of mine to marry you. What assurance can you give me that, unless I continue to support her, she won't during the next ten years or so, know poverty and hardship?"

"Only this," said Don, and held up two strong, browned fists. It was an argument more eloquent than words, but the older man refused to see it.

For a moment there was a silence so profound that one was conscious of the crackling fire and rain beating against a window at the far end of the big room. Then James said quickly, as if to get it over: "I suppose you know that Nora is not my daughter—I should say, my legal daughter?"

"What he means, Don," explained Nora, throwing a perfectly amicable glance to James, "is that I'm not entitled to one penny of the Lambert fortune. So if you've that in mind, darling, Dad's giving you a tactful chance to vamoose gracefully."

"I'm still here," said Don, his eyes smiling at her.

Watching the young people, James stirred uneasily.

"Nora misunderstands me," he went on. "She often does, though I think she knows I wouldn't be unjust to her. If at my death her brother inherits more than she does, it's not because I adopted him legally when I married his mother, but because he's helped build up the business I started as a youngster. What I referred to was—See here, Nora, suppose you leave me alone with this young man."

A laugh of merriment bubbled from Leonora.

"Poor Father! You can't get used to this generation, can you? We're so outspoken! Don knows the whole story, darling: how when you went at the call of my poor, dying, deserted mother and found me, a gangling six-year-old whose birth record named you as my father, you took me home and treated me exactly as if I were your own, though you knew, with no shadow of a doubt that I was the child of—"

"Leonora!"

She raised her head, meeting his shocked eyes gravely.

"Well, Dad, it's true, isn't it? I had to tell him. Don knows what an angel you've been to me, and that I'd do anything on earth for you short of giving him up. You really shouldn't ask me to do that, you know."

"Not when I believe it's for your own happiness?" asked James. Then, as the girl shook her head, he added: "Well, clear out, both of you. I've got to think things over. Clear out."

**CHAPTER II**

It was long past midnight when James Lambert went upstairs. "Thinking things over" had been a devastating process that led him back to his first amazing glimpse of Leonora, her thin little legs dangling forlornly from a straight-backed, uncomfortable chair beside a bed on which lay the body of her mother.

He had come in answer to a frantic telegram, the first word Iris had vouchsafed him since the note he had found after she went away. But he was too late. She had been dead almost three hours; and ever since (the woman who ran the rooming house said afterwards), the child had sat there, refusing to move, to eat, to cry, holding tight in one small, clenched fist a scrap of paper which she had promised her mother to give to "the dear, kind father" who was coming for her, and to no one else.

James never forgot the shock of Nora's presence in that silent room.

While he stood below on a sagging, littered porch, the landlady had told him that his wife "was gone, poor soul," but because he was expected, "the body" had not been removed; and added, remembering the little girl: "She's in the fourth-floor-back, Mister, and if you don't mind I won't go up. My heart's not good and them stairs is something awful."

James did not want her to go up. He was about to look upon the face of his dead wife, the woman who had betrayed him, but whom he had never forgotten nor ceased to love. He was vastly stirred—stirred and horrified that she had been living in so sordid a place. He had pictured her sharing a life of luxury with her Italian lover—had even attended the man's concerts in the futile hope of catching a glimpse of his beloved amid the audience. It was plain now that the fellow had deserted her—damn him!—left her to die in poverty and among strangers.

Ascending those steep and narrow stairs, James Lambert's heart pounded with indignation. His whole form trembled as he stepped into the gloomy room. Out of deference to the dead a shade at its one small window had been partly lowered, and, closing the door, he stood for a long moment with his back against it, breathing heavily.

So this was where his adored Iris had lived—and died! The man's sad eyes dragged slowly around the place, avoiding instinctively the bed where lay all that was left of something he had cherished. God, what a room! The dim light could not hide what seemed to James its dreadful poverty: the broken window stuffed with an old skirt; the sagging bureau propped with a block of wood; the shabby rug, a small, mute pair of shoes beside a chair.

His stricken glance came to the bed at last, and seeing that rigid form beneath a sheet, hard tears that had been suppressed for seven years, suddenly blinded him. More shaken than seemed possible after so long a time, he took one dazed step forward, then, dashing the mist out of his eyes with an impatient hand, he saw—Nora!

Wholly unprepared for her presence, even for her existence, James was for the moment without speech; but something about the patient, drooping figure—the soft, gold hair like that of his lost Iris, gripped him strangely. He came still nearer, staring down at the child with pitying eyes.

"Whose—whose little girl are you?" he questioned, though he knew the answer.

"Mamma's," said Nora. She looked up wearily. "Are you my father—the dear, kind father who's going to take me—home?"

"She told you that?" he asked, and his voice trembled.

"Yes," said the child. Then, quite without warning, her mouth worked pitifully, dreadfully. Her small, cold hand extended the crumpled paper.

"She—she gave me this—for you. I—I'd like to go home now, please, if you don't mind. It's bedtime, isn't it? I'm pretty tired." And then, her strange calm breaking, she wailed suddenly: "I want Mamma! I—I want Mamma!"

Her tears were the best thing that could have happened, for both of them. In comforting Nora, James himself found comfort. For those painfully scrawled words on the scrap of paper tore his heart. Deserted only a month before her baby was born, too proud to appeal to the husband she had wronged so grievously yet giving the child his name because she had no other, Iris had at the last turned to him, asking protection for her little Nora.

Nora did she ask in vain. From the moment when James lifted the heartbroken, lonely child into his arms, Leonora had never lacked a father. Indeed, the knowledge that Iris had known he would not fail her, was the man's greatest comfort. Nora was barely six years old at the time. She grew into a happy, sweet-tempered little girl who accepted the good things which came to her without question, and often without thanks. They were a part of life. The bare, cold room where she had kept her unchildlike vigil, became at last only a vague memory, a memory dimly painful of something she must have dreamed. Not until a tragic day when she was thirteen did James Lambert realize that the child had accepted him literally as her own father. He returned from business late one afternoon to find her sitting alone in the twilight. This was unusual, for Nora loved gaiety and young companions. He asked, puzzled and a bit worried: "What's the matter, dear? Not sick, are you?"

"No," she answered. "I was trying to—remember."

Her voice was husky, and, still troubled, James came nearer.

"Remember what?"

"Things," said Nora. "Things about—about my—" She hesitated, looked up at him; and it seemed to her foster-father that the girl had left childhood far behind in the few hours since they had last met. "Tell me," she said, "was Mamma really

a—bad woman? Aren't you my father? Is that why Ned hates me? Don't I belong to anyone—anyone in the whole world?"

"My God!" cried James, profoundly shocked. "You belong to me! Where did you hear . . ."

Then, as upon that other day of tragedy, Nora's self-control gave way and the story was sobbed out in those loving, fatherly arms that had never failed her—the old, old story of hearing the tale from some spiteful playmate. Perhaps, James pondered as he held her close, perhaps Nora had been growing a trifle arrogant. Ned had complained on more than one occasion that his little sister "put on airs." His father had thought the comment mere jealousy on the boy's part; for despite the ten years' difference in their ages, Ned was jealous of Leonora.



"She gave me this for you."

The two had never understood each other nor got along. Well, he sighed, the time had come when his girl must learn the truth, though it would hurt them both; so, as tenderly as such truth can be told, James told her.

Nora had gone to boarding school after that; then to college, where she majored in music.

Then came Europe, a gorgeous, colorful six months to Nora—a lonely, dragging time to James. And on the way home, because her companion insisted on taking a one-class boat, she met Don Mason who ever since, James Lambert told himself, had been "eternally hanging around the house," that is, when he wasn't trailing off to some outlandish place where no one in his senses would consider going. Even during his absences the fellow had written every day; and Leonora, who took a Pullman chair for an hour's journey, was thrilled by his adventures in towns where there wasn't even a clean hotel!

"It is," James had confessed to Ned the day before, "an infatuation beyond my understanding."

"And if she marries him," Ned predicted, "you'll be supporting 'em all their lives, Dad. Don Mason is no good. He's a rolling stone."

It would have been some satisfaction to the girl in question had she known that James told her brother brusquely to "mind his own business"—that he would look after Leonora. It was seldom indeed that his much-loved son caused this somewhat fiery man to lose his temper; but now he was worried, and Ned's well-aimed criticism touched a tender spot. So the younger man had gone home rather disgruntled to tell

## Cold Flames, Discovery of a Russian Scientist, Is Step Toward Cold Light

Cold flames, perhaps a step toward the long-sought goal of cold light, have been discovered by soviet physicist, Dr. N. N. Semenov, of the Institute of Chemical Physics at Leningrad, who has won international fame though still under forty, observes a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

The existence of ordinary hot flames depends on the fact that many chemical reactions which ought to take place do not so because of a mysterious reluctance of atoms to combine. The oxygen of the air, for example, should react instantly with the carbon of fuels or with the iron of bridges or buildings. It is fortunate for mankind that these reactions happen reluctantly. If they did not most things in the world would vanish instantly in flame or ashes.

For several years Dr. Semenov has been studying what chemists call chain reactions, in which a preliminary chemical reaction acts to assist another one. The rusting of iron in air is not unlike this. A first reaction of the iron with the

elements of water acts to cause a slow combustion or burning of the iron into rust, in much the same way that iron will burn rapidly and explosively if highly heated. Ordinary coal gas also refuses to burn unless the reaction is started by heat but by adding a very small amount of a chemical called phosphine Dr. Semenov is able to make the coal gas "burn" at a temperature only about half as high as ordinarily is necessary.

Some light is produced even by this chilly gas flame, but not yet enough to be of practical importance for illumination.

**Caterpillars Can Hear**

This statement has been made because experiments have shown that these insects have the ability to hear; for certain sounds result in sudden movements of the body. Hairs that absorb sound are provided in place of ears. In experiments, when these hairs were coated with shellac and noises were made, the caterpillar did not respond.

Corinne that Nora was "pulling the wool over Dad's eyes."

Well, James pondered, perhaps he had spoiled Leonora. He closed his eyes as from the room beyond drifted the tender, haunting strains of a Chopin Nocturne. Nora was playing, and, much as James loved to listen, this gift of her musician father subtly disturbed him.

It was late when he went to bed; and in the morning he gave Nora his ultimatum.

"If I'm to consider your happiness, my dear, there's but one way out. I'll give that boy a job. I don't say that he must keep it for a lifetime; but he must prove that he's got the stability to stick at something that will support you. A year ought to show that, Nora; and you're both young. If at the end of that time he has saved money and shown himself even fairly efficient, I'll say no more."

"Even if he throws up the job next day?" asked Leonora.

Her father looked at her, his eyes a trifle hard.

"You think he would?"

"I think," she answered, speaking thoughtfully, "that a year in an office—especially in Ned's office, will finish Don, Father."

"You feel then, that my proposal is unfair?"

Nora glanced up, a wistful smile lighting her face as she responded: "Not as you view things, Daddy. But to Don it will be—well—a year out of life. What would you do, I wonder, if I ran away with him?"

"I should disinherit you," said James, and meant it. Then, as she remained silent: "Is that what you're considering, my dear?"

Don accepted James Lambert's offer.

"I fear I won't make a successful office worker, sir; but I can try," he said. And James responded with unfeigned heartiness:

"That's all I ask."

To Nora the young man was more explicit.

"Remove that worried frown at once," he told her sternly. "Your father's right, of course—that is, right from his own viewpoint. If I must serve a year for you, Nora, I'm no good. We'll make a game of it, beloved—mark off each day on a calendar, and when the time is up we'll forge our chains and sail away together."

"Into the sunset's turquoise marge, . . . To fairyland Hesperides, Over the hills and far away . . .!"

He kissed her, and lifting her chin to look into her eyes, saw with satisfaction that the smiles which had vanished from them were back again. His girl wasn't to know, Don vowed, the full sentence that year ahead appeared to him. She wasn't to realize that his only reason for submitting was to save her the sorrow that any trouble with James Lambert would have meant. For in his wildest imagination this young man could not see himself a part of the hustling through which jammed the subway every morning. The thought of joining it turned him a little sick.

And there was Ned!

If anyone had accused Ned Lambert of being inconsiderate of his sister's lover, he would have scoffed at the idea. Not until years later when life had somewhat tempered Ned's cocksureness, did he suspect that his habit of pausing beside Don's desk to observe his work, much as a teacher keeps an eye on the progress of a stupid pupil, was gall and wormwood to the younger man. He did not guess that his meticulous suggestions drove Don mad—that when an occasional error did occur, it seemed to the harassed youth that Nora's brother took ironic pleasure in detecting it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Can Spring Be Far Away?



WITH Winter almost over, March blizzards to the contrary notwithstanding, you find yourself eyeing the fashion sheets a little more than casually. Indeed you probably already have your needle threaded, just waiting for some nice Spring patterns to make your acquaintance. And here they are, three quick tricks, each pleasantly awaiting your choice, each designed to make some wardrobe happy. Which do you prefer?

**Fitted Bodice.** Look your Sunday best in this graceful afternoon frock with its snug and softly shirred waistline. The skirt flares slightly to the front and emphasizes the slimness of the silhouette. Note the saddle shoulder and short, puffed sleeves—details that are unusually becoming and make for distinction. One of the new widely spaced flower patterns in rayon or silk will make your informal afternoons and evening a double delight, and the pattern is a particular joy to work with. So simple, and so pleasing.

**Trim Morning Frock.** Don't be caught around the house without your best foot forward. You needn't be, with this crisp and flattering morning frock at your beck and call. Simple as pie, yet charmingly fresh and youthful, this model dispenses with all fussy details yet achieves an appearance which will see you through the busiest day. The skirt flares a bit from a neatly fitted waistline, and the ric-rac trim, in contrast, adds a note of brightness. Just nine pieces including the belt and pockets. Try dotted swiss or a printed percale.

**For the Full Figure.** This charming frock is really more than a house frock—you'll find it flattering enough and dressy enough to wear throughout the day. The slim, straight lines make every provision for comfort. The skirt has a kick pleat at front, the sleeves are full and pleated, and the neck line is just right to be very flattering. Furthermore you can make this dress, of a rayon print or gay percale, in a brief afternoon or

evening, resulting in a pretty, runaround model at far less than you usually spend.

**The Patterns.** Pattern 1450 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 38 bust). Size 14 (32) requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material with short sleeves. Fourteen inch zipper required for front closing.

Pattern 1312 is designed for sizes 14 to 44 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 (34) requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch fabric; 1 3/4 yards braid required for trimming.

Pattern 1444 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35 or 39 inch material; 1/2 yard required for revers facing in contrast. Bow requires 1/2 yard ribbon.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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## WORKS IN 2 WAYS ON DISCOMFORT OF COLDS

# COLDS



1. Take 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore from the cold, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

All it usually costs to relieve the misery of a cold today—is 3¢ to 5¢ relief for the period of your cold 15¢ to 25¢. Hence no family need neglect even minor head colds.

Here is what to do: Take two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on—with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package. Relief comes rapidly.

The Bayer method of relieving colds is the way many doctors approve. You take Bayer Aspirin for relief—then if you are not improved promptly, you call the family doctor.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS  
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

Virtually 1 cent a tablet

## Sentinels of Health

**Don't Neglect Them!** Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

# DOAN'S PILLS

## THIS FUNNY WORLD



**Post Graduate**  
Joan—Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence?  
Jim—Yes, I don't write to girls any more.

**Terms to Suit**  
Gent—Is it true that my son has owed you for a suit for three years?  
Tailor—Yes. Do you wish to pay the bill?  
Gent—No—I would like a suit on the same terms.

**They Don't**  
Customer—I want a writing pad. How much are they?  
Storekeeper—Run? Why they are stationery.

**Likely**  
Daughter—Daddy, what is your birthstone?  
Dad—A grindstone, I think.

**By Labor**  
He who would eat the kernel must crack the shell.—Plautus.