

# 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." He tells her, "Unless a house is founded upon a rock, it will not survive." Leonora suspects the influence of her hair-brother, Ned, always jealous of the girl since the day his father brought her home from the dead-end of her mother, abandoned by her Italian baritone lover. Don arrives in the midst of the argument, and Lambert realizes the frank understanding between the two. Sitting up late into the night, Lambert reviews the whole story of Nora as a child, at boarding school, studying music abroad, meeting Don on the return trip. In the morning he delivers his ultimatum, to give Don a job with Ned for a year's show-down. When Nora suggests the possibility of running away with Don, Lambert threatens disinheritance. Don agrees to the job, but before a month is over, his nerves are jumpy, he cannot sleep at night, he is too tired to go out much with Nora. Nora soothes him with her music. Nora grows quieter, and broods over Don, complains to her father of Ned's spying on him, and decides that rather than see Don's spirit broken, she will run away. She urges her father to put an end to the futile experiment. James Lambert is obdurate and angry. Lambert tells her that if Don quits she will quit with him; that he will be through with her. He adds that she tires of her bargain; it will be useless to come to him for help. Later Don and Nora discuss the situation.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

"For you, Nora! For you, of course, sweetheart. For me—Well, without you there would be nothing left, nothing at all. Don't cry, Nora. I've never made you cry before. It hurts me. Things will go better after this. I promise to buck up—take life more calmly—try to remember that nothing really matters if you don't despise me. The biggest part of the year is over now. We'll stick it out, as I said before. We must, you know."

Nora looked up, winking away the tears as she said gently: "We must try, of course. It would be so terrible to hurt Father. But it's the last small straw that breaks the camel's back, Don. Don't forget that."

## CHAPTER IV

It seemed to Nora that things did go better for a time. Don appeared less tired. He even accompanied her to one or two informal parties with some show of enthusiasm; and was, according to their hostess, "a perfect life-saver" at a dinner given in honor of a renowned explorer, recently returned from the Arctic.

"The affair would have been a complete washout if your young man hadn't been here, Nora," she said with gratitude. "No one else present could talk intelligently with our lion on the subjects nearest his heart, you know."

That evening was something of a triumph to the girl. As she watched her lover conversing so easily and naturally with the guest of honor, comparing experiences, putting questions, answering others which the great man put to him, her eyes shone with happy pride. Even Ned, sitting across the table, was obviously impressed though he essayed to hide the fact. And Corinne, observing that others appeared to be listening with interest to "that queer boy Nora has taken up with," listened herself, and wondered if her ears deceived her when she heard the distinguished guest invite Don to dine with him next night.

"And can you tell me," she asked Ned, "what a man like that can have in common with Don Mason?" Indeed, she had to repeat the question before her husband, who was deep in thought, roused himself to reply:

"Possibly he wants to book him for his next expedition." Corinne brightened. "I wish to goodness he would! Don could never resist such an opportunity; and an absence of that sort would settle Nora! Did you see that Kemp Corless acted extremely struck with her tonight? They say he's worth ten million."

Ned shrugged. "I can't see our fastidious sister falling for a bald head and fifty years, my dear."

"She'd be a fool not to, with all that money into the bargain," Corinne retorted.

"Nora is a fool more ways than one," observed Ned with brotherly candor, "but she's perfectly aware that Dad'll never let her suffer from want of cash. And there's more to Don Mason than I supposed, Corinne. He's got uncommonly good manners, too. Did you notice?"

"Oh, yes, I noticed," broke in Corinne impatiently. "He simply monopolized the guest of honor, if you call that manners."

"It appeared to me," maintained her husband with honesty which would have astonished Leonora, "that the guest of honor was monopolizing Don!"

For a while there was silence, a thoughtful silence on the part of Corinne before she ventured: "I wonder if the man would dine with us if he understood that Don would be there."

Being not utterly blind to his wife's social ambitions, Ned threw her an ironic glance.

"Better not try, my dear," was

his advice, "and save yourself a disappointment. I've heard he turns down almost everyone."

So things went better for a time. What Nora did not suspect was the heroic effort Don was making to conceal his unhappy state of mind. He was bitterly ashamed to have her know how let-down he really was—how intolerable the situation had become to him. Often he felt that could he talk freely—get the sense of rebellion at this way of living out of his system, it would ease the strain; but Nora was worried enough as it was, he argued. Why add to her troubles? Let her think, if she could, that he was at last becoming inured to this hectic existence which his fellow men regarded as the natural thing.

To Don, filled with spring wanderlust, the long days seemed interminable, and the office little better than a prison cell. There came an evening when he could not go to Nora for fear she would suspect the terrible unrest that had possession of him. Instead he tramped for miles into the country, trying to find peace from the stars—the cool of evening—the wild, sweet scent of growing things.

It was late when he turned his steps toward town. Peace had eluded him. He could not find it. Reaching a bridge he paused to rest a moment, gazing down into the infinite blackness of moving water. Peace must be there, he mused. Peace and coolness; release from this ghastly treadmill that men called life. After all, did the cowards have the best of it? Or in that somewhere beyond did they look back regretfully, sorrowfully, wishing they'd played the game—wishing . . .

"Thinkin' about ending it all?" came a voice close at his side.

Don started guiltily, having been too lost in thought to hear approaching footsteps. Now the bright starlight showed him that a girl had spoken, her small, thin, pointed face looking up at him without fear, yet without boldness.

"Not seriously," he answered, as if there were nothing unusual in her question. "Is that what you were considering, this time of night?"

The girl shrugged, the cynical shrug of a bored flapper; an imitation, possibly, of some cheap actress of the screen.

"I tried it once," she confessed quite simply. "Honest I did; but a cop got in the way."

Don turned to look at her more closely, his interest rising.

"So you find life as desperate as that?" he questioned.

"Sometimes I do. Some days I don't care nothin' about livin'. Say! she broke off suddenly, "have you got a girl—I mean a steady?"

He nodded, thinking how Nora would appreciate the appellation.

"But you ain't married. Anyone with half an eye could see it. You don't look tied."

"Don't I?" Don smiled at this description. "The truth is, I'm tied to a ledger—an immense and horrible black book chock full of figures that persist in dancing before my eyes when I want to sleep, and getting into the wrong columns day-times, just to be spiteful."

"You better be thankful they don't smell bad," the girl retorted. "I work in a dye house. Some days I can't hardly eat my lunch. How long you been goin' with your sweetie, anyhow?"

Don was beginning to enjoy himself. To be revealing his life history to an utter stranger, with no thought of the conventions, brought back the days of easy vagabondage that had once been his. Besides, this encounter would be something to tell Nora—something amusing. He answered, dropping with ease into the vernacular of his companion, a habit which endeared him to chance acquaintances: "We've been going together more'n a year now, sister."

"And you ain't tired of her?"

"Not so's you'd notice it!" grinned Don.

The girl drew in a breath which seemed, somehow, laden with discouragement.

"I bet she's got a lot o' swell clothes then, boy."

Not moving his head, Don turned his eyes a little. The moon had come from behind a bank of clouds, and he saw distinctly the much-washed, sleazy frock the girl was wearing. Even a patch under one arm was visible as she raised her elbows to the parapet, and, looking down into the dark water, repeated the statement she had just made: "I bet she's got a lot o' clothes."

Don said, a vision of Nora's silver slippers and gay chiffons rising before him: "I'll say she has! But believe me, girl, I'd think as much of her without 'em."

"A lot you would!"

She laughed, a dreary, yet somehow brave attempt at mirth that hurt Don strangely.

"Maybe you think you would. Maybe you never seen her till she was all dolled up. I bet she don't work in no dye house anyway. What's her job?"

"She—" Don paused, then finished

with sudden inspiration, "She plays the piano, and—"

"The piano! Say, are you tryin' to kid me? The piano went out when the talkies come in, boy. Didn't you know that? I had a chum that could pound the ivories to beat the band. Played in a movie theater and dressed like she was Gloria Swanson. Why that girl had her nails fixed up in a beauty parlor every Saturday. Honest, I ain't kiddin'." (Don saw with pity the dye-stained fingers clutching the rail.) "And then the talkies come in and she lost her job. Tough luck, wasn't it? She worked in a bakery for a while after, but I guess she hated it most as much as I hate the dye house. I never see no one so crazy about playin' the piano. Used to play to herself nights after she



The office was little better than a prison cell.

come from work. But she lost her job again and had to sell the piano to pay room rent; and after that I guess she thought there was no use tryin' and . . ."

The girl's voice trailed off, her eyes seeking the water, and Don said: "What happened? What happened to her after that?"

"What would ha' happened to a girl like her?" Hopelessness deep as the water below them was in the answer. "She ain't respectable any more, that's all. My mother says she'll turn me out if ever she catches me talkin' to her again; but I ask you, honest, what could the girl do? Sometimes I dono as it pays to be respectable anyhow. I met Cora (she's the one I'm tellin' about) a day last winter when I was freezin', and I believe it or not, she was wearin' a fur coat!"

Don advised soberly: "I'd stay respectable just the same, sister, if I were you."

"And see my boy friend goin' with another girl because I ain't got a decent rag to wear when he takes me out?" she retorted furiously. "It ain't as if I could spend what I make on clothes, like some girls can. My old man don't work steady and I have to help my mother. Once last winter I saved ten dollars for a new dress. Thought it was safe under the newspaper in my bureau drawer; but—but my old man smelt it out and took it. Ain't that a dirty trick to play on yer own kid?"

"I'll say it was!"

Don felt a consuming desire to lay violent hands on the "old man." Stirred by a sudden, compelling impulse, he moved nearer, and

## Science Finds That Aches in Bones Are Not True Index to the Weather

Science has cast serious doubt on the old belief that persons can forecast the weather by the aches in their bones.

The popular theory that pains are associated with certain kinds of weather is disputed by Dr. W. F. Elhardt of the department of physiology at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Elhardt collected data for a six-month period and set it down on one long graph chart, chronologically arranged.

And across this long, correlated chart of meteorological conditions Dr. Elhardt plotted a record of pain.

The pain records, finally transferred to the chart, were kept by a veteran severely wounded in the World War, who, until he was shown the result of the experiment, believed he could feel bad weather coming by a recurrence of pain.

The soldier had suffered a gunshot wound in his hand; another in his shoulder. He had lost a little and a ring finger of one hand, and numerous other injuries.

His pain, after the war, struck him at all-too-frequent, irregular intervals. He blamed the weather. From

grasping the girl's thin shoulders turned her about so that the moonlight fell on her bitter, upturned face.

"Look at me, girl," he said. "Are you on the level? Not kidding me? No, don't get mad" (as she shook his hands off roughly). "I'm going to help. Honest-to-goodness, I'm going to help you, kid."

For he had read the answer to his question in those indignant, angry, tear-stained eyes, and knew that the girl had talked so freely only because she was lonely to the point of heartbreak. He reached in a pocket, thankful that his eccentric landlady (who was once the unfortunate recipient of a forged check) insisted on receiving her monthly stipend in cold cash. Don had intended paying her that night. A roll of bills met his expectant fingers. After all, he was thinking, it didn't matter whether the fickle Joe of the girl's story was worthy of her or not. She loved him, poor child! She wanted to be beautiful—for him; and—thank God!—he could make her dream come true. His hand slid from the pocket, and lifting those dye-stained, work-worn young fingers, he closed them gently round the roll of greenbacks.

"That's yours, sister."

"Mine?" The girl stared down in stupefaction at the money, her breath coming in quick gasps. She said, her voice breaking on a shaky laugh: "Say—who are you, anyhow John D., or—Santa Claus?"

Don grinned and answered: "I'm just a friend. You put that where your old man can't find it, and—"

"But—but you've savin' up to get married, ain't you?" she protested. "I can't take your whole roll this way—honest I can't. I ain't got a right to take any of it; but—but if you'd spare me five bucks maybe I'd get to save somethin' next week."

She extended the money as if to give it back to him, and Don, taking her hand in both of his, said gently: "No. It's yours, sister, every darn cent of it. My girl would want you to have it. See? She likes to look swell too, you know. She'll understand. Why, you poor kid! Don't cry. It's nothin'—nothin' at all to cry about."

Don ceased, ducking his head against the blinding glare of headlights as a big car moved slowly across the bridge. Not until later did he recall the fact that as those powerful lights picked him out of the darkness, the car had wavered for a moment, almost stopped, before it went on into the night.

A week dragged by, one of those first hot weeks that sap the energy. Even Nora wilted, and wilting, thought compassionately of Don, sentenced to spend those enervating days in the correct attire of a business man. How, she asked herself, could he ever stick it out until October? And if he didn't . . .

She came in early one afternoon to find her father at home, minus his collar and seated by an electric fan. He said, smiling an apology: "It's so blamed hot down town I couldn't stand it. Don't think I've ever known it so warm this time of year. What do you say to getting into the country earlier than usual, my dear? You look—"

"Don't say how I look!" begged Nora, slumping down limply beside the fan. "I was hoping there was something wrong with the hall mirror! Such early heat is downright wicked, isn't it? I—I'm not going to the country, Father."

"What do you mean?"

In his amazement James was oblivious of a bead of perspiration that trickled persistently down his nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## For Your Spring Wardrobe



DRESSES that not only satisfy your present craving for something new and spring-like, but also look ahead to a later season, too. Make them yourself at home, for very much less than you usually spend on clothes. You'll find it very easy to do, with the sew chart that accompanies each pattern.

**Corsette Waistline.** If you have a slim figure, this is the afternoon dress for you! The fullness over the bust, the sleeves cut in one with the shoulders, and the lifted waistline, are just as flattering as they can be! It's the kind of dress you can wear to bridges, luncheons, meetings, and for every afternoon occasion, with the assurance that it is not only smart but becoming.

**Slenderizing House Frock.** Especially designed for full figures, this house frock follows straight, tailored lines, and fits beautifully. You can get into it in nothing flat, and it doesn't take long to make either, thanks to the complete and detailed sew chart that comes with your pattern. Make it up in a pretty, small-figured printed percale, and trim it with rows of old-fashioned rick-rack.

**A Frilly Home Cotton.** This is perfectly charming, made up in dotted Swiss, voile of dimity, in some flower-like color like delicate blue or pink or sunny, clear yellow, with sheer white collar and cuffs. It's ideal for slim figures. Nice to wear around the house now, and perfect to wear anywhere, later on, during summer afternoons.

**The Patterns.** 1442 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20, 40 and 42. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.

1389 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38

requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.

1453 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 5/8 yard contrasting, 2 3/4 yards edging.

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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**Favorite Recipe of the Week**

**PIMIENTO BISQUE**

The soup described below is delicious. It has a delectable flavor and the rich color of the pimientos gives just the desired red touch to the finished product.

1 can cream of celery soup  
1 cup milk  
3 pimientos  
1 tsp. salt  
2 slices of onion  
1/2 tsp. paprika

If canned condensed soup is used, prepare according to directions on the label and then add 1 cup of milk. If canned ready-to-serve cream of celery soup is used, pour the contents into a pan and add the cup of milk. Rub the pimientos through a sieve and add to the soup. Add salt, onion and paprika and heat until the soup is hot. Stir frequently. Remove the onion. Serves 6.

The food with red color in the main course might be a ring mold made with canned beets.

The red color for the dessert might be supplied by a raspberry gelatin made with a can of red raspberries.

MARJORIE H. BLACK.

**Just Jest**

**Nick Name**  
Guest—What a pretty name your maid has!  
Hostess—Oh, that isn't her real name. We just call her "Dawn" because she's always breaking.

**The man who cooks up excuses usually has to eat his words.**

**Flood Stage**  
Bunchuck—What is the greatest water power known to man?  
Dzudi—Woman's tears.

**Nowadays a girl has to work like a horse to get a groom.**

**Yes, That's It**  
Prospective Governess—I'm not interested in the position. I didn't realize you had thirteen children.  
Mistress—Don't tell me you're superstitious.

**Big Portion of World Sales**

**A**merican business spends more money for advertising than is spent for the same purpose in all the remainder of the world. The result is that, while American people represent only one-seventh of the world's population, their purchases represent forty-seven per cent of the world sales.

requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material 3 1/2 yards of braid. 1453 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 5/8 yard contrasting, 2 3/4 yards edging. 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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**NERVOUS?**

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITH-OUT FAIL, from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

**As You Can**  
Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the places you can, to all the people you can, as long as you can.—John Wesley.

**FOR COLDS**

get LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

The man who cooks up excuses usually has to eat his words.

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**Advertising**

is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.