

# 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 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, 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 obstinate and angry. Lambert tells her that if Don quits she will quit with him; that he will be through with her. He adds that if she tires of her bargain it will be useless to come to him for help. Later Don and Nora discuss the situation. Don promises to buck up and take life more calmly. "We'll stick it out," he says. With the coming of spring, Don is full of unrest and wanderlust, and takes long walks at night. One evening a poor girl speaks to him, and in his pity for her, he gives her money. A car passes at that moment, flashes headlights and moves on. A terrific heat wave ushers in the summer, and Nora refuses to go to the country with her father.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

"I'm staying here, that's all," asserted Leonora. "Ned and his family will be only too glad to keep you company. It will save them money. That always appeals to Ned, you know; and Corinne will be spared the bother of opening her own big house, something she grumbles about for weeks beforehand. Or if this plan doesn't work out, Aunt Jean would stay with you. Perhaps you'd like that better anyway. Ned, Junior is getting to be a pest. That boy needs some good old-fashioned chores, if you ask me."

"What do you know about chores?" chuckled her father; then added, before the girl could answer: "You can't stay here, child."

"Why not? The house is always open."

"But you'd suffocate, Nora."

"And what about Don, with no place but a boarding house, no room or a park bench to spend his evenings? He's enduring a lot for me, Daddy. If I can't hang around and drive him out into the country after his work's done, I—I'm a slacker."

Her father considered this in silence, pondering on the miracle of what love does to one. He had sometimes thought Nora a bit heedless of other people, partly because most of her own desires had been gratified so easily; yet she was deliberately contemplating a summer in the city just to make life pleasant for that young man. It was, he reflected, immensely surprising. He said: "Will Don let you do it?"

"He's not to be consulted. Of course he'll protest when he finds out, Dad; but you know how stubborn I can be!"

"I do," smiled James. "Ring for a cold drink, Nora. You look apoplectic. I can't say I like this plan of yours, my dear; but I suppose you'll honor us for the week-ends."

"Does that invitation include Don?"

"It does if I can get you no other way," her father confessed with honesty. "Don't you realize, daughter, that I'm likely to miss you?"

Nora was touched. She said, gently: "That's nice of you, Dad, especially when I'm driving you almost crazy. I'd kiss you if it weren't so blazing hot."

"Don't!" James protested. "Human contact a day like this would be unbearable."

Yet the truth was, he would have welcomed her kiss with pleasure because he felt that they were friends again. The knowledge comforted him greatly. Despite the heat and Nora's decision about the summer, James felt more light-hearted than he had for weeks. Even some guarded questions put by Ned that night, questions as to where Don Mason spent the evenings he didn't spend with Nora, failed to disturb him.

several times with a world-famous Arctic explorer, had made an impression; and several people had spoken warmly about the fellow. Folks liked him, apparently. And he was doing well enough in the office, considering that the work was new to him—that he'd had no training. No doubt Don would see, after a while, that a man with a family must settle down. Yes, James went to bed in a peaceful frame of mind.

Not so Nora. To save Don the trip across town by trolley she had driven out and picked him up at his boarding place. He was waiting for her on the steps in white trousers and blue coat—the correct picture of a handsome young man appropriately attired for a hot evening; but one glance told the astute Nora that something was wrong. She said, returning his somewhat patient smile of greeting: "Hop in, Don; but slip your coat off first. No reason for being more uncomfortable than necessary."

"Oh, may I?"

At his tone, Nora threw a covert glance in Don's direction. On edge, she decided; and answered tactfully: "Of course you may. Toss it in back. You can take off your necktie too, for all of me."

His face softened. Save for that one wan smile it had been grim before.

"You're a good scout, Nora. I'll take advantage of that offer after it gets dark."

The girl smiled as they started, a smile of understanding blent with amusement.

"You were so formally correct! 'Oh, may I?' Did you by any



"Look here, have you heard something about Don?"

chance mistake me for Emily Post, dear?"

Don really smiled.

"I'm afraid I don't know what the lady looks like. My formality was the result of an ugly disposition, I suppose. You looked so cool and comfortable and sleeveless, darling, it made me resentful. I've been so damnably hot all day. Will you forgive me?"

One soft hand left the wheel, touching his a moment. Then she said briskly:

"Remove that tie and unfasten your collar too, Don. Now slump down comfortably and forget your manners. Who cares for appearances after a day like this? Once we get far enough from these hot pavements you'll revive. Don't try to talk if your head has gone on strike. Just rest. I'm sorry, dear."

Don obeyed, grateful for silence, the healing cool of evening, and Nora's nearness. The city was left behind after a while. The silence deepened. Dusk drifted into dark while somewhere high, high above them a star was born—another—and still more until at last myriads of tiny lights spangled the sky. Don thought: "If I could get the feeling that I'm only a part of this immensity—that my own small troubles don't really matter. . . Or if my head would stop this confounded throbbing. . ."

He said, after more miles had slipped away, speaking so suddenly that the girl started: "Nora, what makes me different from other people?"

She stopped the car, and turning, faced him in the starlight.

"Are the rest of us all cut from the same pattern, Don?"

"Not you," he answered. "God never made you double; yet even you can accept a way of living that suffocates me. Tell me the truth. Am I a sort of savage?"

She answered soberly: "You're just yourself, darling. I don't want you different. Oh, Don, don't fret about it any more! Do you imagine there aren't others who possess the craving to break away—escape—do something that no one else has done before? How far would science advance without your kind, my dear? If you'd take things more calmly—

not let yourself get tense—relax a little . . ."

Quick anger sprang into his blue eyes.

"Relax! Can a man relax when ten thousand imps are pounding on his brain? If I could sleep for a week—Look here," he broke off, contrite all of a sudden, "I've no business talking to you like this. I'm ashamed of myself. Sometimes I think that's half the trouble these days—being ashamed. I used to believe that I amounted to something, Nora; but now I feel so inefficient. Perhaps I can't judge things in their true proportion, for even a trifling error in my work appears a crime! I actually wonder if my morale is slipping. I can't help seeing myself as I look to your brother, Nora, and—and that hurts. A fellow can't go on scorning himself like that and get anywhere, can he?"

She answered, her low voice very gentle: "I think you exaggerate your failures, Don. Only today Father told me that you were doing well. He's not discouraged with your progress, dear; but Ned makes you nervous. And why shouldn't he? I've felt his scorn, too, Don. I know how it hurts. For a long time I've suspected that he despises me a little because of my birth. Ned's so conventional. He can't help feeling a bit uncomfortable, I suppose, that anybody born as I was should be his sister."

There was a silence before Don said grimly: "If I believed that, Nora, I—I think I'd kill him with my bare hands!"

"Thanks, dear; but that wouldn't help matters," Nora spoke lightly, and the tension of the moment broke, as she wished it to. "Besides, Ned has his own good points, you know. He's devoted to Dad, unselfishly devoted, I am sure; and his morals are—impeccable! There are even moments when he's lovable—when I could love him myself, if he'd let me. But you mustn't look for understanding in a man of Ned's type, darling. It may not be his fault that he sees only one side of life. He was probably born that way, and nothing has happened since to change him. Gee! isn't that breeze delicious? Perhaps tomorrow will be more bearable. I'm going to take you home this minute, Don. You need sleep more than conversation. How's the head now?"

"Better, beloved, thanks to your ministrations."

This was a lie told cheerfully in her behalf; but Nora, her eyes on a spasmodically twitching eyebrow, was not deceived.

## CHAPTER V

Despite a refreshing coolness in the air as they rode toward home, the mercury soared next day. Promising though the breeze had seemed, it came to a discouraged end before Don got to sleep, and after a few short hours of restless slumber he awakened to a sense of suffocation. The only window of his small room faced east, and already the sun, streaming across his bed, felt scorching.

The day before on seeing a woman walking the hot pavement with a "summer fur" thrown over her shoulders, Ned had judged her "an imbecile." Now, with a glance at his own dark suit hanging neatly across a chair, he called himself something even stronger, and rising, delved into his trunk in search of some long-packed linen trousers, the work of a native tailor in Jamaica. The fact that they needed pressing was immaterial. At least, they would be more bearable than serge. A glance into the hall showed

## Science Hunts Yardstick for Energy Displayed by Both Man and Animals

The first known clinical museum in the world for the study of comparative glandular effects on body energy has been established in Cleveland.

A year's research by three expeditions, two within the United States and the third to Africa, led by Cleveland's Dr. George W. Crile, renowned brain surgeon and gland specialist, are the basis for its foundation.

The exhibit, containing thirty-eight specimens, is composed of everything from a guinea hen to an elephant. Each is mounted and accompanied by life-size models, taken from actual organs, of its thyroid gland, adrenal glands, brain and heart.

Dr. Crile believes the research will result in a definite step toward mathematical measurement of the relationship between gland size and animal energy.

Of most interest to the surgeon is the fact that man is the only animal in whom the thyroid gland is prevalently larger than the adrenal.

Dr. Crile disclosed that he has discovered a specific relationship existing between the size of energy-producing glands and the speed with

him that miracle of boarding houses: an empty bathroom; and after indulging in a shower and donning the minimum of garments, he left the house, unable to contemplate the inevitable dish of sloppy oatmeal that awaited him in the dining room below.

A roll and glass of milk at the nearest restaurant made life look brighter for a moment; and out of sympathy for the waitress (wilted, even at this early hour) Don's tip was twice the cost of his simple meal. Her surprised question: "Isn't this a mistake, Mister?" brought a glimpse of the engaging grin that had been absent from his countenance for many days.

"It's a feeble attempt to counteract the weather," he responded, rising. "Blow it in on ice cream sodas if you survive," and the girl's spontaneous smile of amazed gratitude stayed with him a while, the one bright spot in the hectic subway jam.

So the day began, a day that was to be of vast importance to Don, to Nora, and to her father also. By ten o'clock the sidewalks swarmed with shirt-sleeved figures. By noon the ambulance gong was sounding with alarming frequency. When one of the stenographers collapsed and was sent home in a taxicab, Don envied the girl. He found it well nigh impossible to get down to work—to concentrate. Yet there was an error somewhere, which, he thought nervously, must be located before Ned Lambert happened in. And to make things worse his head had begun its infernal hammering. Perhaps when the others were out at lunch and things were quieter, it would clear up.

They were gone at last. The noisy typewriters were silent; and save for the rumble of traffic far below, the room was still. Don stood at a window in an effort to fill his lungs with better air; but it was too hot to be refreshing, and back at his desk again discouragement engulfed him, thick and impenetrable as a London fog.

Four months more! He could never stick it—even for Nora. He was no good—absolutely. That wise old man had certainly shown him up. Nora once said that she wasn't worth all that these months had cost him. Well, he mused bitterly, was she? Was anything worth this terrible inertia? Was anything worth taking the joy from life?

Joy? Don started, raised his head as if awakened rudely from a bad dream. He was a fool—a damn fool not to see things clearer. What joy would he find anywhere—with-out Nora? What sacrifice was too great—for her? He had been right last evening when he said that his morale was slipping. Why else should he have such thoughts? He must buck up.

It came to him then with a sense of healing, that the opinions of others didn't matter, if Nora understood. And she did—bless her loyal heart! His girl knew that he wasn't a weakling. She didn't scorn him because his nerves were jumpy and he couldn't sleep. She realized the truth, if no one else did: that nothing in life had fitted him for a job of this sort, and that when the damnable year was over and he got away from everything . . .

Don turned, nerves quivering again; and with a gesture meant to appear casual, covered his open ledger with the morning paper. Ned Lambert, apparently cool, obviously untruffled, stood on the threshold. Something about his smug, immaculate appearance maddened Don, though the older man said pleasantly enough: "Have you been to lunch?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Fashions Bloom in Spring



**EXCEPTIONALLY** smart new things for yourself and your daughter, that you'll enjoy making right now, and wearing on into the summer. Yes, even if you've never done much sewing, you'll enjoy working from our simple, easy-to-follow patterns, each accompanied by a complete and detailed sew chart. Hundreds of beginners are saving money, and creating really individual clothes, by making their own this season.

**The Charming Basque.** Here's a perfect design for slim, youthful figures. The snug basque top, above a full, rippling skirt, is dramatized by little puff sleeves. Think how delightful it will look, made up in a plain or printed material, either one, but choose something colorful, because it's such a gay, young little dress.

**Little Girl's Dress, With Doll.** Yes, this pattern brings you directions for making the little girl's dress, the doll, and a dress for the doll just like her small mama's. Just think how all that newness will make your little daughter dance with joy. The child's dress is a darling, with its full skirt, pockets, puff sleeves and round collar. Make it up in printed percale or gingham. Old-fashioned rickrack braid would be pretty to trim it.

**The Classic Shirtwaist.** This is distinctly a woman's version of the indispensable shirtwaist dress, gracious, slenderizing and dignified. The shoulders are beautifully smooth and the skirt has exactly the correctly tailored,

## TIPS to Gardeners

### Miscellaneous Tips

**BEFORE** planting, work soil deeply, making the top three or four inches as fine and loose as possible.

For better germination, pour water into the drill or furrow just before sowing. Use enough water to moisten the soil, but not enough to cause caking.

If you have had little experience and wish to try the vegetables easiest to grow, select radishes, carrots, beets, Swiss chard, and turnips. With a good-sized garden you might add spinach, peas, beans and corn.

If your garden is small and you wish to increase the total yield, try the following quick-growing vegetables:

Radish, leaf lettuce, beets, carrots, peas and beans. You can replant most of these after space has been made for them by early harvest.

Do not plant seeds deeper than directed. After planting cover seeds immediately, pressing the soil down firmly.

straight effect. It's so easy to make, and looks so smart, that you'll want it now in sheer wool or light-weight flannel, and later in tub silk or linen.

**The Patterns.** 1471 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 (32) requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, with 3/4 yard of contrast for collar. Belt not included.

1411 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/4 yards of 39-inch material, with 1/4 yard of contrast for collar, and 1 1/4 yards of edging to trim. Doll's body is included in the pattern. Sixteen-inch doll requires 1/2 yard of 35-inch material, with 3/8 yard for doll's dress, and 3/4 yard of edging.

1207 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material, with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 4 3/4 yards.

**Spring-Summer Pattern Book.** Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes. 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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## MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will love you to dance and parties. BUT, if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Finkham'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 Finkham'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. FINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

**Buoyant Youth** Youth, with buoyant hopes, turns, like marigolds, toward the sunny side.—Jean Ingelow.



**INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL**

Without Horrors War is delightful to those who have had no experience of it.—Erasmus.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

## "FIVE Minus TWO Leaves FOUR"

WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that "If Mary had five dollars and spent two . . . three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping! In managing a home . . . guarding a limited family income . . . we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits . . . ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk . . . take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent. Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertised merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.