

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

COPYRIGHT BY CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER - WNU SERVICE

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 to 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 obtuse 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. Ned, meanwhile, intimates to his father about Nora's evenings away from Nora, but Lambert refuses to listen. Meanwhile, Don broods over the undermining of his morale.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Don answered, a curious drowsiness in his throat: "Too hot to go out, not to mention eating."

"I'll say it! We had our sent in. But we're likely to get it hotter come July. Father says they're moving to the country on Monday. You can't work without food, Mason. Better skip out and get a bite. I . . ."

His voice trailed off as he came nearer. Now, pausing beside the desk he lifted the newspaper and stared down a while, utterly unconscious of Don's tense attitude. With maddening accuracy his lean white finger found the elusive error.

"You've made a mistake there, Mason. He might have been correcting some small boy. 'That six should have been a sixty. See?' He sauntered idly to the window, gazing down at the mass of sweltering humanity below while Don suppressed a murderous impulse to throw him out. But Ned had turned again—was speaking.

"See here, Don. There's something I feel I ought to say to you." The young man braced himself.

"If it's about my work, I can save you the trouble," he replied brusquely. "I know I'm a dumb-bell at this sort of thing—always will be. Suppose you keep those comments for a day when the mercury's somewhere below one hundred. There are limits, you know, to what even a cog in this machine can endure without exploding; and for your sister's sake I prefer to keep my temper."

Ned sat down slowly on the window ledge. He didn't speak for a moment, and regarding him closely Don wondered how many times that morning the man had changed his collar. The thought made him conscious of his own much wrinkled linen trousers, and he slid his long legs under the desk to hide them.

"You happen to be on the wrong track," Ned replied. "My comments have nothing whatever to do with your work here. You do as well as most beginners, I suppose. What I refer to is a different matter altogether. I've no desire to meddle with your private life, Mason. Get that straight. But Father tells me that Nora sends you home early; and twice I've caught you nodding by three o'clock. It stands to reason that a man who gets to bed before midnight, ought to be able to keep awake through the next day. I can only surmise . . ."

"Well?" Don prodded, ominous quiet in his voice.

"I can only surmise," repeated Ned, "that—well to speak plainly, that you don't go home after you leave Nora."

"I see," said Don. He was desperately angry, but making a brave attempt to hold his temper. "May I ask where your active imagination sees me passing the night hours?"

Ned flushed, looking hot, thought Don, for the first time that stifling day, though he answered calmly: "Sarcasm won't help, Mason, because as it happens, I've got the goods on you. Do you understand?"

"Most certainly I do not! Make yourself clear, please."

"I'll be only too glad to," Ned spoke briskly, as if concluding some successful business deal. "I don't like beating about the bush myself; and you can't deny that you were with another girl late Friday evening, because I saw you."

"The hell you did!"

Don's eyes were blazing, while seven thousand imps seemed to be pounding the top of his head with tiny hammers. Where, he was asking himself frantically, had he been on Friday? Of course there was no

girl; but he must produce an alibi and he couldn't seem to think. Nora's brother was accusing him of being untrue to her . . . It was beastly, horrible, and . . . Then he heard Ned say, a triumphant ring in his usually level voice: "You don't deny it? Then perhaps you'll admit what Corinne suspected at the time: You were giving her money?"

To the man's complete surprise, instant relief sprang into Don's harassed face. Money! That girl on the bridge, of course! The kid he had talked with! Those blinding headlights that had lingered on him. So Ned Lambert and his wife had been behind them. Gosh! what a situation! Perhaps under the circumstances it wasn't so strange—the thing they'd thought about him. He said, almost laughing in relief: "Yes, I gave her money. She set me back a whole month's board—poor kid! You see . . ."

He told the story, eagerly, excitedly. He told it well. It had seemed a colorful experience—a bit out of the heart of life, to Don. He did not realize how it would seem to Ned, until at its close the man said dryly: "And you really expect to put that over on me, Mason?"

Don stared at him, amazement in his eyes.

"Put it over on you! Do—do you mean to imply . . ."

Anger was surging through him, hot waves of anger. Never had Don felt anything just like them. He arose, slowly, his dazed head pounding. Did Nora's brother actually doubt his word? It was unthinkable—some hideous mistake. He gripped a chair, his nervous fingers tense, as Ned, who had also risen, answered: "I imply nothing. I have no use for implications in such a



Ned Lambert never finished that sentence.

matter. But for you to expect me to believe that any man in his senses sees a girl for the first time—the first time, mind you, and because she tells him a flimsy sob story, hands over his whole roll—well, it simply won't go down, young fellow. A yarn like that doesn't hold water. People don't meet by chance on bridges and confide their life histories to each other, not in this age. And decent girls don't accept money from complete strangers, anyhow. I hate to say this, Mason, but after all, Nora's my sister, and if you've been double-crossing her—running around till morning with some cheap jane who isn't fit to—

Ned Lambert never finished that sentence. Something as hard as it was unexpected came in contact with his jaw, and he went down. When, furiously, he regained his feet a moment later, a white-faced Don exploded:

"Will you take that back?"

"Damned if I will, you lazy—"

"Take care!" warned Don, "or you'll get the mate to it!" He reached for his hat—set it firmly upon his head. "Well, I'm through here now. I've that to thank you for." He turned toward the door, then moved, forcing himself to say: "Look here, Lambert. For Nora's sake I apologize for hitting you, though I'd probably do it again under the same provocation. But you'll do well to remember that I'm not a liar; and if you're unaware that your sister's the sort a fellow doesn't double-cross, I advise you to make her acquaintance."

"And I advise you," Ned thundered, his hand nursing an aching jaw, "to take the first train out of town!"

"Nothing," said Don, with a calm, ironic little bow that enraged his adversary, "would give me greater pleasure. Good afternoon."

A sense of joyous release possessed Don Mason as he closed the door of that hated office behind him. In fact, he stormed down three flights of stairs before realiz-

ing that he was six stories above ground, and paused to await an elevator. But as he stood there watching for a red signal, all his elation in the combat vanished suddenly, leaving an almost physical nausea in its wake.

For in those first ecstatic moments he had forgotten Nora.

Now, at thought of her, his own small triumph was completely lost in the knowledge that it would make things harder for her, make them, indeed, well nigh unbearable. What had he brought her anyway, he asked himself, save trouble and problems? Perhaps the kindest thing that he could do was to obey her brother's furious command and go away.

Half dazed, Don went out into the mid-day sunlight which beat down pitilessly on his throbbing head. Yes, he would go away—leave Nora to the life of ease and luxury that should be her portion. But (his fighting spirit rising) damned if he'd go before she'd heard his version of this morning's trouble. And there was no time to lose. Already Ned and his father might be on their way to her. But he could telephone—prepare the girl for what was coming; and wouldn't it hurt less to say good-by if he did not see her?

Hot and breathless though the small booth was, Don closed the door. No one save Nora must hear what he had to say. If she were out . . . But no, that was her own "hello" coming across the wire. He said, making the words as light as possible: "That you, Nora? I had to call to tell you some bad news. A half hour back I lost my temper—knocked down your estimable brother, so—so I'm on my way."

There was a silence. Then: "Your—your way where, Don?"

"Anywhere—out of this cursed city," he answered, his voice gruff because the consternation in her own had made him a little sick. "Your father's right, Nora. I'm no good. That's why I'm leaving; not because His Royal Highness ordered me out of town. Remember that."

"But—what possessed you to do such a thing, Don?"

Her voice was steadier now, which gave him courage.

"That's why I called you, Nora," he said quietly. "I wanted my side of the story to reach you first. I—dear, he saw me talking to her, the girl I told you of—the kid I gave the money to, you know. Soon as I realized what he was driving at I told him the whole story; but—well, he didn't believe it, Nora. That's all, I think."

Don's voice was crisp, hard, brittle. Recalling the insult, hot rage ran over him like little flames.

Said Nora, breathlessly: "You don't mean—you can't mean, Don, that Ned called you a liar?"

"Not in so many words, perhaps, but what he said amounted to the same thing. Oh, he had it coming to him, Nora! I'm not even sorry, except for your sake. He's got the idea firmly planted in his head that after I say good-night to you, I—Well, fill in the story for yourself. It's not pretty, but it doesn't require a great deal of imagination."

"Oh, Don! He—he couldn't have meant that!"

"He did, my dear. I want you to know that I had provocation. I apologized afterwards, if that matters; but of course this puts an end to—everything."

There followed a pause, a noticeable pause before he heard her say: "Meaning—me, Don?"

He answered, forcing his voice to steadiness: "I'm afraid so. I can't let you quarrel with your father for my sake, Nora."

"Doesn't it take two to make a quarrel, Don?"

"Not with a man like him. Besides . . ."

"Besides what, dear?"

"Only what I've said before. I guess he's right—about me, Nora. He's shown me up in my true colors. I'll never be that important member of society—a good provider. I'm just a wash-out; and in the end you'll be better off if you let me go."

The girl said, after a moment in which something told her lover that she was fighting tears: "Is that what you want, Don? Are you so—so weary of everything that I seem a burden?"

This was too much. Don simply couldn't bear it.

"Oh, Nora!" he said gently. "Nora—my dear!"

It was the heartbreak in his voice that decided Leonora. She said, drawing a quick breath: "Listen Don. (It's all right, Central. I know we're talking over time.) Listen, dear. Have you had lunch yet?"

It's practical question brought him a little smile, as one smiles sometimes in the face of tragedy.

"Not yet. Forgot completely. It's not every day I knock a fellow down, Nora! And it's so hot. My head—"

"Is it still bad?"

"It's fierce, Nora."

"Well, get some bread and milk, Don. You need it. (This call will set you back a whole week's pay, darling!) Then go to your room and pack. I'll be outside there in a taxi as soon as possible. If I'm late, wait for me. I've got to see you. Promise you'll wait, Don?"

What else could he do?

As for Nora, she hung up the receiver and sat quiet still for a time, thinking. It seemed incredible that after all Don's patience and forbearance, this was the end! Another tragedy for her father. (How could she bear it?) Happiness tarnished by regrets for herself and Don. Yet there was no other way—could be no other way for them now. James would believe Ned's version of the encounter. He would be angry past all forgiving. Nora knew. Anything she might say to him would be quite futile—useless. A scene would only hurt them both; but could she do the easy thing—leave him as her mother had done so many years ago with merely a letter of farewell? Being Nora, remembering the refuge his arms had been to a frightened child who had watched with death, she could not. Her father deserved better than that, though he would be unyielding. Nora knew how unyielding he would be . . .

She arose at last, going up the wide staircase slowly, almost reluctantly. Somehow this home had never seemed so dear to her, nor so desirable. Passing her father's room she paused a moment, recalling in many times a little girl, waking to bad dreams, had scampered into his big bed for comfort. And now she must leave him—hurt him cruelly. Would he understand some day—forgive her?

Nora packed, slipped into the cool, dark dress that would be her wedding gown; forgot her father's picture (the one taken specially for her when she went to college); opened her suitcase and placed the photograph where it would not be broken. A queer, hard lump rose in her throat. It hurt her. She worked fast—fast, so that she would not weep; and when all was done, stood at the door a while, letting her eyes dwell lovingly on every detail of the room—her own first room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Colorful Pansy Afghan



Pattern 6021.

Here's something different in crochet—an afghan with a pansy design that's full of old-time charm. Make it of 4 fold german-town, entirely in single crochet—a medallion at a time, with each flower a different color if you wish (it's larger for left-over wool). Put the finishing touches on these sweet pansy "faces" with a few cross-stitches. An easy-to-follow

chart makes this a very simple pattern! In pattern 6021 you will find directions for making the afghan and a pillow; an illustration of it and of the stitches used; material requirements; and color suggestions.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an effective laxative. Sugar coated. Children like them. Buy now!—Adv.

Truth as a Sunbeam
Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

Constipation indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills restore regularity without griping. Reliable remedy for nearly a century. 25c a box at druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., N. Y. City.



Three Generations
Grandfather had a farm. Father had a garden. Son has a can opener.

\$3.50 Per 100 Postpaid
Why not Turn Pennies into Dollars? **FAST GROWING DAY-OLD COCKERELS**
Nothing better for profits in quick-growing flocks and broilers. No cheaper meat for your own table. **LARGE-TYPE Leghorns EXCLUSIVELY** Hatches weekly. Over 100,000 have been sold. Order from this advertisement, or write for literature. No C. O. D. shipments at this low price. Quality and Safe Arrival Guaranteed to Your Post Office. **Special Prices on Day-old CHICKS and PULLETS** W. B. HANNA, Farm Manager 400 Walnut Road - Centre Hall, Pa.

When Rossini Sneered at Wagner's Opera

Recalling an occasion when Arnold Schonberg, "impressionistic" composer, came to London to conduct a Schonberg program with "explosive" results, Sir John Squire is reminded of Rossini being taken by friends to hear an opera by the new marvel, Richard Wagner. The dialogue, after the show, ran like this:

Disciples—What did you think of it, Master?
Rossini—I don't think it would be fair to express an opinion without hearing it a second time.
Disciples (eagerly)—And when are you going to hear it a second time, Master?
Rossini (emphatically)—Never!


ETIQUETTE

It's bad etiquette to cough in public places. Take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop for pleasant relief. (Black or Menthol-5¢)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.


The Useful Chicken
One person has said that the chicken is the most useful of all farm animals because "you can eat it before it is born and eat it after it is dead."

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG



Pure as a Mountain Stream

Oil purity . . . an objective achieved by Quaker State's laboratories. In four great, modern refineries . . . operating under the most exacting control . . . the finest Pennsylvania crude oil is freed of all trace of impurities, resulting in an oil so pure that you need have no fear of motor troubles from sludge, carbon or corrosion. **Acid-Free Quaker State** makes your car run better, last longer. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.



Retail price 35c a quart

Glass Made to Protect Documents From the Sun; an Aid to the Museum Curators

The production of "document glass," which is designed to protect valuable manuscripts from the deterioration caused by harmful light rays, is announced, says Scientific American. Developed to meet a growing demand by museum directors and curators of collections of rare manuscripts, document glass filters out the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum, exposure to which causes discoloration or paper and fading of ink, at the same time giving complete visibility by transmitting the visible light rays.

Development of document glass was based on the fact that the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum is most destructive to paper stocks and inks of various kinds, as established in research activities carried out at the Swedish National Testing institute in Stockholm. The most active light rays are those beyond the range of the visible spectrum in the short-wave region of ultra-violet (shorter than the 400 millimicrons).

After considerable experimentation with chemical ingredients designed to transmit the visible light rays and filter out the ultra-violet, document glass was perfected.

Comprehensive tests reveal that it transmits only 3 per cent of the invisible radiation just out of the visible range, yet has a relatively very high transmission within the visible portion of the spectrum. The chemical elements which give the glass its non-actinic quality impart to it a very faint pink tinge, which is no way interferes with visibility.

With the extremely low ultra-violet transmission effected by document glass—by far the lowest obtainable with any glass of comparable visible transmission—the fading of even the most delicately colored ink and the deterioration of the paper should be almost wholly prevented.

Ill Luck Followed Ship
The Great Eastern or Leviathan, as she was originally called, the English steamer, built in 1857, at the time the largest steamship afloat, encountered nothing but ill luck from the time she was launched, commercially a great failure. When broken up in 1888, the cause of her bad luck, according to sailor superstition, came to light in the discovery of a human skeleton wedged between her inner and outer skins.

Only
Good Merchandise
Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS