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 showdown. 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 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, insinuates to his father about Don's evenings away from Nora, but Lambert refuses to listen. Meanwhile, Don broods over the undermining of his morale. At the height of the heat wave, when Don is finding everything insupportable, Ned speaks of having the goods on him, having seen him give a girl money. When Ned scoffs at the true story of the episode, Don knocks him down, and is through. He calls Nora.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—7—

Would her father leave it just as it was, she wondered—just as they'd furnished it together for her sixteenth birthday? James was fastidious about such things. It was the one point on which they never clashed. What a time they had had over her rose-tiled bathroom! Her father had fussed. Each fixture must be the finest—the most perfect. The antique bed they had picked up at an auction in the country. How he had glowed over the satin-smooth mahogany—dear Dad! As for the rug—they had hunted the city over for that rug. It must be Oriental, James insisted, yet it must blend with the soft rose hangings at the windows. They had found it at last: an exquisite Persian that might have been woven for a queen's boudoir. Even Nora, thoughtless about money, had blinked at the price; and her father had laughed at her. . . .

Well, that was over! The girl took one long look and turned away. It was so dreadful to go without farewells. Even dear Martha Berry, James Lambert's housekeeper, who, Nora believed, loved her as devotedly as any mother, had left that morning to oversee the opening of the country house. How still everything seemed as she went downstairs! "As still," she murmured, "as if someone had just died here." Nora paused then, hand on the latch and said: "Good-by dear, darling home. Good-by. I will come back—some day . . ."

Her eyes were wet with tears when, a moment later, she told the chauffeur to drive her to James Lambert's office.

Don never heard the story of that interview, but, knowing his girl, he understood that she could not talk about it. For James in his anger had been unjust, the first time in all their years together. At the last Nora had said, her face curiously colorless as she stood with her back against the door:

"You are mistaken, Father. I am not ungrateful. I have been thoughtless sometimes, but I have never been ungrateful. Please believe that. I love you—terribly, perhaps more than I ever did before. It kills something in me to go like this—leaving you angry. But you have Ned, who is almost your whole world, Father; and Don has no one but me. Try after I'm gone, won't you, to see my side of it? Between us all we have done something to Don—hurt him unspeakably. He's lost faith in himself, and I've got to help him get it back. Without my help he might never get it back, Father. And I love him as you once loved my mother. Can't you remember that, Dad, and—and understand?"

Silence. A broad back turned to her.

"I—I am going now, Father . . . Won't—won't you say good-by?"

And still only that dreadful silence, a silence which seemed, somehow, alive with tears . . . A closing door . . .

It was ten years before James heard her voice again.

CHAPTER VI

They went to Maine.

"It's the first time I can remember," Don told his bride, "when I haven't been crazy to get aboard a boat and see things—new things—places I've dreamed of. I don't understand myself, Nora. Is it only because I'm so let down? All I want now is to escape from this heat and turmoil—to lie on my back in the cool woods and look up at the sky, or watch big waves roll in on a hard beach. I've got to do something like that, dear, until this fiendish alarm clock stops ringing in my ears. I'll admit it scares me. Let's go to Maine."

"But your hard-saved thousand will melt away so fast at a hotel, Don," objected Nora with new-born caution.

Don glanced at her, so sweet, so young, so infinitely precious, and for the first time in his twenty-seven care-free years, a sense of responsibility crept over him—responsibility for Nora's happiness.

"It's more than a thousand now," he answered gravely. "Have you forgotten that I've been holding down a steady job? And a hotel isn't necessary, is it—even on one's honeymoon? You see, there's a place I can take you—a studio belonging to a New York artist. You've heard me speak of Ven, Nora. He's abroad just now; but I'm always at liberty to go there. Besides—" (a smile sprang into his expressive eyes) "it happens to hold the 'worldly goods' with which I've recently endowed

"Oh! Nora, tell me I'm not dreaming."

my wife, and perhaps she'd like the chance to look 'em over!"

Nora laughed at the idea; but questioned, not without curiosity: "What sort of worldly goods, Don?"

"Just wait and see, young lady!" he responded. "Honestly, Nora, I couldn't get along without that shack. When I'm 'over the hills and far away' and happen to stumble on something too beautiful to resist, I simply ship it to Maine (provided I have sufficient cash to buy the thing!) and the—er—retired fisherman who looks after the place for Ven, stores it away."

"I never heard of a retired fisherman before, my dear. I thought those salty specimens kept right on fishing until they drowned! And this studio you mention sounds like a storage warehouse. Have you left a space where your friend the artist can set up his easel?"

Don smiled.

"He doesn't need it. Three years ago he bought an island farther up the coast, and has a bully place there. If I'd let him, Nora, Ven would give me the shack outright."

"Why should he, Don? Is the man indebted to you?"

"He seems to think so; though it's utter nonsense, of course. I had the luck to save his oldest girl from drowning; but it was all in the day's work and his gratitude was the only reward I wanted. You've seen Ven's work, Nora. He did those marvelous murals in—"

"Not Carl Venable?" gasped Leonora. "Don't tell me the Ven you've talked about so casually is he?"

"The very same, lady." Don grinned at her surprise. "I was coast guard down there one summer. Didn't you know it?"

Nora sighed helplessly.

"Some day, my dear, I'll ask for a list of the things you haven't been. It would be considerably shorter than one of those you have. And does this shack you mention contain the creature comforts? The subject interests me."

Don closed his eyes a moment trying to see things with Nora's vision. Then he said dubiously: "I've always thought it a wonderful place, dear; but you—Well, I can't quite see how it will look to you. There's an oil stove for cooking, and water piped to the back door, if you call that comfort. Ven used it only for a studio. Originally it was an old fish house, I believe."

Though the girl's heart sank at this description, one wouldn't have guessed it from her instant: "Why that sounds fine, Don! Is it close to the ocean?"

His eyes brightened at this carefully simulated enthusiasm.

"As near as it can be and not get washed away in winter; yet it's far enough from the beach where the summer people bathe to give us privacy. You'll love it, Nora, once you get the hang of things; and I'll do the cooking. Cooking is one of my real accomplishments, as you'll soon find out."

"Which sounds," she laughed, "as if you doubted that it's one of mine!"

Nora never forgot their arrival at "the shack" next afternoon.

It had been raining all day; and though rain was needed to cool the air, it added neither cheer nor comfort to the atmosphere of that one-time fish house, long unoccupied, covered with dust and cobwebs, stifling now with the accumulated heat of weeks.

If James Lambert's pampered daughter needed discipline, she got it in the moment when her new husband unlocked the door and thrust her hurriedly inside out of a driving rain; and it is to Nora's everlasting credit that Don did not suspect the consternation that surged through her loyal heart. The charm of the place which she was to know later, was wholly lost amid the gloom and darkness of that stormy day.

Don having seen the room with sunlight dancing across its worn old floor, never realized just how it looked to Leonora. In that first moment she wanted to cry out: "Oh, Don, we can't stay here! Not now anyway!" To one reared in the soft lap of luxury, such a proceeding seemed well nigh impossible. Indeed, the words of protest were on her lips, when, glancing up quickly in dismay, she saw her husband's face.

And it was a transfigured face. It was the face of a tired small boy who has reached home. It brought a lump into Nora's throat. It brought swift tears into her eyes.

Said Don, throwing open a casement window at the back: "Isn't this wonderful, Nora? The view on a clear day is simply marvelous. Isn't that fireplace a corker? It takes in a four-foot log—not that one wants to consider fires just now! But we'll cool off soon as the air blows through here. Lucky the rain's not coming from all directions as I've seen it do. We'll have things snug long before bedtime, and—"

He turned, caught her close, hungrily. "Oh, Nora, tell me I'm not dreaming! It's so heavenly to be away from all that clamor—to be where it's quiet—to be back here, dearest, with you—with you!"

And what could a loving woman say to that?

No hardships or inconveniences are ever so hard and inconvenient to man, as they are to woman. In that moment Nora grasped this first lesson she was to learn of marriage, and was forever thankful that no word of hers had cast a shadow on Don's happiness.

For things were not so bad as she had feared. Slipping into a paint-stained smock discovered in a closet, Don declared cheerfully that when all else failed he could always earn their living as a houseman. It was amazing how rapidly he did away with all that dust. And what seemed stranger still to the bewildered bride, he appeared to derive pleasure from the performance! The revolting cobwebs vanished as if by magic while Nora was hunting through her luggage for some costume suited to the task in hand.

"But I didn't realize the crying need of aprons in the life of a married woman," she admitted with chagrin. "Where are the towels, Don? Perhaps I can do my share if I pin one 'round me. I mustn't spoil my wedding gown, you know."

"I'll say you mustn't!" Don swung down from a step-ladder to embrace his Nora with all the ardor of a brand new husband. "When you say 'wedding gown,' woman, it sends a delicious shiver up my spine. And don't you worry about the lack of aprons. Jim Perkins' general store up at the Port supplies every need in the life of a modern housewife from bathing suits to vanity cases. The towels are, or were anyhow, in a bureau drawer; but this filthy job is mine!"

The sun broke through the clouds at last, and with its cheerful rays streaming in at the open casement, the oil stove seemed less dismaying—the lack of running water something that could be endured—for a time, at least! After all, nothing mattered except this chance to help Don back to his normal, sunny self, thought Nora — nothing, perhaps, save the parting with her father.

The sadness of that parting still hovered near, when after a supper of bread and milk ("The first bread and milk supper I've had since I was six years old!" admitted Nora) they tramped a half mile up the beach, and from a sand dune saw a full moon rise out of the sea. Sitting there quietly, watching that ever widening path of gold, hearing the soft, low murmur of breaking waves, Don felt that his cup of joy was running over. He said, drawing the girl closer: "Happy, beloved?"

"Happy," said Nora.

He turned to search her face in the growing brightness, conscious of a reservation in the answer; and, loving her greatly, Don understood.

"Try to forget your father for a little while," he told her. "For you to worry won't help him now, Nora; and—and it hurts you."

The fingers clasping his own tightened a little.

"But he's suffering, Don. It would be cruel if I forgot that altogether. I wonder—"

"Yes?" he urged after a silence.

"Would you mind if—if I wrote to him once in a while, dear?"

"Why should I mind, Nora?"

"But he's unjust to you, Don. Terribly, terribly unjust. I couldn't have you feel that I wasn't loyal."

"Oh, my dear! Haven't you given me proof of your loyalty? Write to your father of course, if it will make you happier. Who am I to deny him the comfort of your letters? He's got only the shadow—poor man!—while I have the substance! Yes, write, even if you receive no answers. He's angry now; but he'll treasure those letters just the same."

Not for years was Don to know how true a prophecy that was.

Nora wrote next day, wrote as she might have a year before, ignoring utterly their tragic parting.

"Dad dear, we're here on the coast of Maine, occupying a studio (it goes by the classy name of 'shack'!) that belongs to a friend of Don's, Carl Venable, whose work you think so wonderful. It's a darling place, right on the dunes with the broad Atlantic for a front yard, and a glimpse of pine covered hills behind us. I'm out on the tiny porch (just big enough to hold a bridal couple, Dad!) breathing in huge lungfuls of cool, salt air, and hoping you're not suffocating in the city. And from the delicious odor issuing from within, I judge that the fish chowder my husband (!) has promised me for dinner, is in the making. It's a relief to find him a good cook, Father. Otherwise we might suffer from starvation or indigestion or something. Why in the world didn't you send me to cooking school instead of college?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Strange Pueblo Homes Found on Buttes of Utah May Have Been 1,000 Years Old

Discovery of old Indian dwellings of a type hitherto unreported has cast new light on the history of early inhabitants of Utah, according to Prof. John P. Gillin, University of Utah archeologist and anthropologist. The dwellings found in Nine Mile canyon, fifty miles east of Price, Utah, were reported by a university archeological expedition headed by Gillin. The houses were located on low buttes from three to four hundred feet above the canyon floor. They were constructed with adobe brick foundations, slanting log beams and a flat log roof thatched with willows.

Rock-lined fireplaces found inside the houses were another previously unreported feature of dwellings of that age. The houses were built by Pueblo people about a thousand years ago, Gillin estimated, and the type of house indicates the builders were well advanced.

Simple rock "lookout" houses were found on almost inaccessible pinnacles 2,000 feet above the canyon floor.

Gillin advanced the theory that nomadic tribes, possibly Utes from Uintah Basin, forced the Pueblos from the canyon floor up to their butte homes and that the "lookout" houses on the pinnacles were built for sentries and as impregnable fortresses in case of attacks.

All the houses found had been burned, indicating, in Gillin's opinion, that the Pueblos had grown weary of the pressure exerted by their nomadic enemies and withdrew, burning their dwellings as they left. It is also possible that they were fired by attackers or destroyed by lightning, they said.

One of the unsolved mysteries in the archeological study of Utah is why the Pueblos disappeared after developing a fairly high state of civilization.

The Cottonmouth Moccasin

The cottonmouth moccasin is one of the most venomous of United States snakes. It gets its name from the cotton-white inner lining of its mouth. Found in southeastern states, it is a cannibal, eats other snakes. In captivity, it outlives all other snakes. Though its poison kills when injected by the snake, that same venom is used to combat a blood disease of humans called "haemophilia," which is uncontrolled bleeding.

New Slenderizing Dresses

IF YOU'RE in the size-34-and-up class, here are three brand new fashions designed especially for you! Everyone of them is extremely smart and everyone is designed to give added charm and dignity to full figures. They are easy to make. The patterns are carefully planned to help beginners, and each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart. So start in tomorrow, and have at least two of them ready for Easter.

Princess House Dress.

It's a sure way to start the day right, having a dress as becoming and pretty as this one to put on first thing in the morning. It takes a woman with some plumpness to do justice to that fitted, long line. Made up in printed percale, gingham or chambray, with rows of ricrac braid, this dress will be so successful that you'll use the pattern time and again.

Graceful Afternoon Frock.

An especially charming style for luncheons, bridge parties and club meetings. The full sleeves make your arms look small, and are very graceful in themselves. Gathers at the shoulders create necessary bust fullness. Make this dress for now in silk print or chiffon. Later on, in voile or summer sheer it will be your coolest dress.

Dress With Lengthening Panels.

The plain neckline, the slim waist, snugged in by gathers, the long panel, front and back, are all beautifully slimming in effect. All in all, this dress is so smart that it's certain to be one of your favorites. This design adapts itself to so many materials—silk crepe, small-figured silk print and, later on, linen.

The Patterns.

1485 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards of 39-inch material, with 3½ yards of braid for trimming.

1233 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards of 39-inch material.

1482 is designed for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 4⅜ 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.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

TIPS to Gardeners

Plant With Care

EXERCISE care in planting and also in preparing to plant.

Though soil may be rich, it will not produce as it should unless it is prepared thoroughly.

A primary consideration in planting is to have the soil favorably moist; damp, but not wet. If circumstances demand that you plant when the ground is dry, moisten trenches or drills before dropping the seed.

To retain moisture after planting, cover seeds immediately with fine earth and press down firmly.

Harold Coulter, vegetable expert of the Ferry Seed Institute, advises that temperature be considered at the time of planting. Too high a temperature is often as detrimental to seed germination as one too low. A temperature between 65 and 75 degrees is most favorable.

Soil must be loose so seedling sprouts can push through, and roots develop. Where the soil forms a heavy crust, it may sometimes be broken sufficiently to let seedlings through by gently pricking the soil with a rake.

Uncle Phil Says:

Makes 'Em Say: "How True"

People do not like to be preached to, but they like the frailties that all men have in common to be pointed out.

You can stand a man who has lost all his enthusiasm if he doesn't become a grouch.

Do doctors realize how they upset the whole family program when they put Father on a diet?

So in Any Field

If an actor doesn't think he is good, he can't do good acting.

The fault of all long and loud talks meant to be persuasive is that people weary of ballyhoo.

Life is worth much less without day dreams.

We should feel pretty sordid and flat if we had to sue somebody for persuading anyone to stop loving us. No wonder some states have abolished "heart-balm" suits.

Bob White's
SUPERIOR CHICKS
NEW LOW PRICES
on our money-making spring chicks.
Blood-tested, leading breeds. All chicks unconditionally guaranteed.
Bob White's Hatcheries
4001 Eastern Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

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.