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 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 complains to her father of Ned's spying on Don, and decides that rather than see his 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. "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, who insists on running away with him to get married, realizing it is her job to restore Don's faith in himself. Her goodby to her father is met with complete silence. Don and Nora go to Maine and settle down in the studio of Carl Venable, a famous artist friend of Don's, whose daughter he saved from drowning. Nora writes her father.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—8—

Nora covered six pages with cheerful nothings, and ended as she had ended all her letters to him since childhood: "I love you heaps, Daddy, your Nora." Nor did she omit the three black crosses below her name. They signified kisses. She had never forgotten them, even in the busy days at college or when touring Europe. The girl knew, though he had never told her in so many words, that her father would feel cheated if those crosses (first appearing in her letters when she was only seven and James away on business) were omitted.

Nora mailed the letter that afternoon when they went to the Port in search of a kitchen apron.

"Do you think he'll answer it?" she questioned, hope in her voice; and Don, who had been wondering the same thing, thought savagely: "He's a beast if he doesn't!" though all he said was: "I wouldn't expect too much of him—at first, Nora."

James Lambert did not answer that letter; but one afternoon some ten days later when they turned away from the post office, empty handed as usual, Jim Perkins, who ran not only the general store but the express office, hailed them jovially:

"Hi there, Mr. Mason! Your wife's baggage come in on the mornin' train. Want I should carry it down to the shack right now?"

Puzzled, they crossed the street and entered the small frame building which served the American Express. What, Nora was thinking, could that man mean? Then her eyes fell on the familiar steamer trunks that had accompanied her all over Europe. Beside them, neatly tagged with her new name, stood a wardrobe trunk that she had never seen before—a handsome one. Her heart quickened when she saw that the tags were addressed in the neat, clear script of a generation that knew no typewriters—her father's penmanship.

"He—he has sent my things," she said to Don, her voice unsteady.

"I see," Don murmured; then to the expressman: "We're on our way home now, Jim. Send 'em along."

"You can ride on the truck, both o' you, just as well as not," offered the man cheerfully. "That is," he added with a twinkle, "if the lady's not too proud!"

"She's not." Nora assured him, and managed a light laugh, while the man shouted to some invisible person in the rear: "Back the truck right up to the platform, Iry, and cart these trunks down to Mr. Venable's old shack. And get a move on!"

The trunks were locked.

"Which means," said Don, when they made the discovery, "that the keys are coming along by mail. I really didn't expect your father'd write, Nora, but perhaps he will."

"Oh, if he only would!" she answered; but her hope was vain. The next mail brought a registered package containing trunk keys. Nothing more. Nora, who had been opening the small box with eager fingers, flushed hotly in disappointment; and Don laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"Buck up, dear. Some day he'll understand."

"I think," she said a moment later as she fitted a small brass key into its lock, "I think he just wanted to get rid of everything—everything that reminded him of—of me, Don."

"And it's quite as likely," observed her husband with characteristic fairness, "that he knew these things would help if we were hard up. He loves you, Nora. Never forget that."

Nora arose and put her arms around him.

"Oh, Don!" she cried. "If I could only be sure!"

James Lambert had sent his daughter's entire wardrobe.

"Everything from my beautiful seal coat to the gold mesh bag he gave me Christmas."

Nora spoke from the floor while she extricated this costly trinket from the toe of a smart tan overshoe. She smiled a little.

"Dad must have packed this stuff himself, Don. Martha would never have put that gold mesh bag in such a place. Why, how queer this is! I . . ."

Her voice faded curiously into silence, and Don turned from preparing lunch to join her.

"What's queer?" he questioned.

Nora looked up, a puzzled expression clouding her eyes.

"There's money here—here in this bag, I mean. I never carried money in it, Don—that is, not more than a dollar or so for an emergency. But this looks . . ."

"But she won't always be beautiful."

Don knelt beside her, taking a roll of bills from its golden hiding place.

"It—it's a thousand dollars!" he said after a moment, awe in his voice. "It's ten one-hundred-dollar bills, Nora! Are you sure, absolutely, that you didn't leave it here?"

She laughed unsteadily.

"Of course I'm sure! Do you imagine that I went 'round carrying a thousand dollars—especially in a mesh bag for anyone to see? Even I wasn't as careless of money as all that! Dad must have put it there when he packed these things, Don. Oh, it was dear of him! How—how can anybody be so dear, and yet so hard? He bothered to pack my clothes himself. I know he did. And he sent everything—everything except my silver slippers. I wonder—" (she glanced up wistfully) "I wonder why he kept the slippers, Don."

"Is it so hard to guess, darling?" Don answered; and then, perhaps because she had been fighting them courageously for days, Nora's tears came.

CHAPTER VII

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Looking back on that summer over a span of years, it seemed to Leonora Mason the most tranquil of her entire life. For Don, the adventurer, was too spent to be restless. He wanted only the healing peace of woods and rocks and white-capped water, these and—Nora! Slowly, steadily, his lost weight came back. His skin darkened to its accustomed tan. His buoyant step which the girl had missed so sorely, returned also, though, strangely perhaps, this was the last thing to mend.

It was Don who instructed his wife in the art of cooking.

"Not that I mind being chef to the Queen of Hearts," he told her, "but you've got to learn, Madam. Come times when your man gets home after a hard day's work he'll want his dinner. But I wouldn't begin with soups, if I were you," he added cautiously. "That tomato bisque—"

Laughter sprang into his eyes as they met hers; and Nora said: "You were a hero to swallow it! My father would have thrown the whole mess out the door. Do you suppose I'll ever, ever learn, Don?"

She looked so like a troubled little girl, this usually sophisticated bride of his, that Don pulled himself out of the big chair to secure a kiss.

"Of course you'll learn! The fried potatoes this noon were marvelous; and those last biscuits melted in my mouth."

"Fried potatoes!" Nora echoed scornfully. "A new-born infant could fry potatoes, Don!"

It was a happy time; and the rainy morning when Don opened the crates and boxes which threatened to crowd all firewood from the shed—things he had found in far, far corners of the world, was a red-letter occasion, never forgotten by Leonora. It was these treasures (though her unsuspecting husband didn't guess it till long after) which gave the girl her first sharp longing for a home. Hitherto she had thought only of possessing Don; but as she dropped to her knees in rapture before an arm chair of red lacquer exquisitely decorated with mother-of-pearl inlay, something within her that is a part of every normal woman, stirred to life. Don smiled, watching the dreams he did not understand, dawn in her eyes.

"Like it, my dear? I've a nest of small red tables, too. Beautiful, all of them. And somewhere 'round is a piece of flawless cloisonne that'll make your eyes shine. I found it in Tokyo—pure rose du Barry, with a flight of butterflies spanning the entire bowl. Got it for almost nothing, too; though I'll admit that chair you're worshiping left me without a single yen!

"And see here, girl!" (He was prying up a box cover.) "When I first saw this candelabra it was the property of a Russian nobleman, a post-war exile. It's said to have belonged to a Czar of all the Russias, though you may season that story with a grain of salt. I bought it partly because it's such a beautiful example of Russian brass; but principally because the Grand Duke (or whatever the poor guy was) looked hungry. There!" He held aloft an eight-branch candlestick. "A stunner, isn't it?"

"Oh, Don!" breathed Nora. "I—I am almost glad the Grand Duke needed nourishment!"

Don laughed, dived into a corner for another box and stared at it, puzzled.

"Wonder what's here. I seem to remember some Venetian glass, and—By George! I've completely forgotten the jade pendant! We simply must dig up that pendant, Nora, for you can wear it now, not wait, as you'll have to for these other things until we're old, and wrinkled, and settled down. Somehow I can't just see us settled down, darling."

"It wouldn't be so bad to settle down with possessions as beautiful as these to keep us company. What on earth are you producing now, Don? Don't try to tell me it's a jade teapot! It is? Well, you must have been in funds when you purchased that!"

Her husband smiled, seated himself upon a packing case and answered, eyes dreamy with reminiscence: "You're quite mistaken. I bought this teapot of a most gentlemanly bandit, during that Chinese rebellion in which I had the luck to figure; and paid him what amounted to about six-fifty of our money. It was loot, of course; but I argued that since someone was destined to get a bargain, it might as well be I. Isn't it a marvelous piece of carving? The thing belongs in some museum, I suppose; but it's yours, lady, if you care to keep it."

Nora reached out, lifting the piece of jade with reverence.

"What I can't understand," she said after a moment, "is why a man like you, with no home and no desire for a home, should spend his money collecting things of this sort. What makes him, Don?"

"Love of beauty," replied the young man promptly. "If strong enough, my dear, the love of beauty will account for almost any crime. Didn't I steal my very wife from her adoring if unreasonable father, simply because she was so beautiful I couldn't endure the thought of a long life without her?"

"But she won't always be beautiful," the girl reminded him.

"She will to me," Don countered. "Beauty is more, so much more than skin deep, Nora. I wasn't referring to that patrician nose which you're so proud of, or your level brows, or those starry eyes that transform you into a sort of dream come true; but to something intangible—something deep down within, dearest: the thing that made you relinquish a fortune for a tramp like me. There!" he exclaimed, slipping lightly from the packing case, "that's off my chest. I've wanted to say it for a long time and was too shy."

"You shy?" scoffed Nora; but the eyes she lifted to him were indeed stars.

"And now," said Don, "I'm going to find that pendant. Jade is a symbol of virtue to the Chinese, you know; and unless my eyes deceived me when I bought the thing from an impoverished coolie (more loot, I fear!), it's lovely enough for that most virtuous of wives—my own."

He made her a formal little bow, and Nora retaliated, laughing: "You talk like a book! And you must have learned that bow in dancing school. But you've aroused my curiosity regarding the pendant, Don. Where shall we look?"

They found the pendant: a thing of such rare beauty that the girl declared she should regard it as her wedding gift. They found an ivory elephant from Belgium; and a vase from Dresden so feminine and dainty that Nora laughed at the thought of a mere man's buying it.

"But I bought it for my wife," explained Don soberly. "She must have been in kindergarten at the time."

"While her husband, a kiddie of eleven, toured Germany alone?" asked Nora, rising to put the teapot back in its case. "This jade is too valuable to be left here indefinitely, Don. What shall we do with it?"

"Ship it to Ven's studio in New York. A friend of his looks after things while they're abroad. He's got my rugs. I couldn't leave 'em here for fear of moths, you know."

"Rugs!" gasped Nora, sinking limply into the priceless chair. "On top of all these treasures do you possess rugs?"

"Only three, lady." Don spoke as if confessing a grave fault. "But rugs, if you must know the bitter truth, are my pet weakness; and the three in question—well, wait till you see 'em!"

His wife drew in a deep breath of astonishment.

"Is—is there anything more?"

Don had to laugh as he responded: "Books, my dear. Too many of 'em to unpack here. I lose my mind when I go into a bookstore; and unless you want your children to go barefoot, Nora, you must lead me gently but firmly away from such temptation."

She smiled; then after a moment observed thoughtfully:

"I seem to have married a most surprising individual. But why, may I inquire, when Father was probing your deplorable lack of bank balance, didn't you mention these treasures you've collected?"

The young man stared at her, eyes widening.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Orchids and Other Plants Are Help to Prospectors in Finding Deposits of Ore

Prospectors for iron ore, though they may be hard-boiled and weather-beaten, may have to know their orchids and have some knowledge of botany, says Steel Facts.

In many regions in this country and others distinctivie vegetation definitely indicates a soil condition associated with deposits of iron ore, and knowledge of this fact helps the prospector.

In Brazil and Venezuela iron is found where a certain type of rare and beautiful orchid blooms. In the latter country, moreover, the presence of a little tree called the "copey" invariably indicates iron ore deposits.

The ore deposits of Cuba support a heavy growth pine, and partly because of this Columbus is said to have discovered iron on his first voyage to the New World. One of his ships was forced to put in to the north coast of the island to refit a broken mast, and beneath the pine tree which was cut down for a new mast ore was found.

In the Lake Superior and in the New York state iron regions of this country the botanically minded prospector is less fortunate. In prehistoric times a huge ice sheet swept away accumulations of distinctly iron-bearing soil.

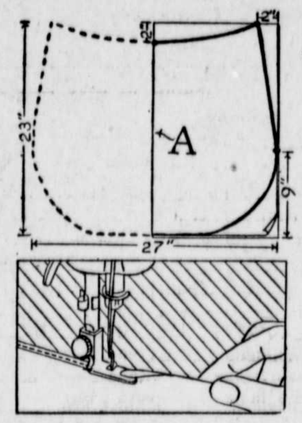
However, in the southern part of the United States, which was not overridden by glaciers, the outcrop of iron-bearing formations can be traced through distinctive vegetation. In the Southeast, for instance, the iron-ore deposits are commonly overgrown with cedar in much thicker growths than are found in non-iron bearing soil. In the east Texas "brown ore" field outcrops of the ore-bearing green sand support relatively heavy growths of hardwood, almost the only hardwood in the locality.

Captain Kidd Parson's Son

One of the most celebrated pirates of all time was the son of a Scotch minister, according to the Standard American Encyclopedia. He was William Kidd. Kidd took to sea and established himself in New York City as a landowner and shipper. Commissioned by William III in 1697 to suppress pirating, he met with mutiny and misfortune on his way to Madagascar and turned pirate himself, to prey on commercial ships. He was tried, found guilty and hanged in London in 1701.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



THIS pink and white chintz apron with pink gingham frills should inspire anyone to make long strides towards the kitchen. It is easy to cut. The material required is 1½ yards of 36-inch-wide chintz or cotton print and one yard of plain material.

For the skirt of the apron, cut a piece of paper or cloth 27 inches wide and 23 inches deep. Fold this lengthwise through the center, as at A, then measure down from the top of the fold and in from the corners the distances indicated in the diagram and mark the dots. Using the dots as a guide, mark the outline of the apron skirt as you see it in the diagram. The dimensions for shaping the bib are given in the diagram at B. The pocket is a 5-inch square with lower corners rounded as shown here at C. The apron ties are cut 6 inches wide and 36 inches long. The strip for the belt should be cut 2½ inches wide and a facing strip the same width should be cut for it. The shoulder straps are cut 4 inches wide and then creased lengthwise through the center.

The strips of the plain material for the ruffles are cut 6 inches wide. The ruffle material before it is gathered should be 2½ times the length of the space it is to fill after gathering. Use the machine hemmer foot shown here at the lower left for hemming the ruffles and the machine ruffler for gathering them.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' latest book—Gifts and Embroidery number—is now ready. Ninety embroidery stitches are illustrated; also table settings; crochet; embroidery designing; fabric repairing; novelty gifts and dress accessories. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions. Available to readers who will send name and address and enclose 25 cents (coin preferred). Just address Mrs. Spears, 210 So. Desplaines St., Chicago.

TIPS to Gardeners

Young Garden Care

THE value of a garden plant, vegetable or flower, depends greatly upon the start it gets; so give the seedlings ample care.

Begin cultivation as soon as rows are visible, if the soil is not wet. Work close to the small plants, cultivating shallower as they grow to avoid injury to root growth.

Cultivate at least once a week.

Watering should not be necessary the first week or ten days after seeds have sprouted. Later, young plants may be watered one of two ways: Mark a shallow trench about four inches from the row and run it full of water. Or, using a fine spray, apply water from directly above plants. Watering is most effective when it closely follows cultivation.

Small plants should be thinned, as directed on packets, to allow proper development. Certain vegetables may be used as thinned. For instance, onions thinned may be used as green onions, and lettuce may be picked for immediate use, leaving smaller leaves to develop.

Uncle Phil Says:

Inventors Deserve Credit

Civilization advances as if on stepping stones, stepping from one inventive brain to another.

If you talked to your enemy instead of about him, you might grow to tolerate him—even see his good points.

Can young men be taught HOW to think? Well, it seems Socrates made a pretty good stagger at it.

If every event is a sequence, there can be no such thing as an accident.

That's Conservatism

Age cannot always make you wise, but it can make you cautious.

It is a happy land where the people can find something to celebrate every few weeks.

In the old days whole families traveled together in a covered wagon; and did not make such a to-do about it as those who now go in trailers.

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By Joe Bowers

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