SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

COPYRIGHT BY CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER — WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VII—Continued

—10—

And now the nostalgia of the afternoon was back again. Strange, Nora pondered, that Don, sleeping so peacefully beside her—Don, who understood people so well, so quickly, shouldn't have known by instinct that to go so far away while the black cloud of her father's anger lay between them, would hurt his wife. Yet she was glad, too, that he hadn't guessed, thought Nora, with all the inconsistency of woman. Why mar his happiness in the adventure? If she could keep a stiff upper lip till they were once away . . .

"Nora—are—are you awake, dear?"

Don's voice was cautious, as if he feared to rouse her, and Nora turned.

"I thought you were asleep yourself, Don."

"I wasn't! I've been lying here thinking—trying to see the thing we ought to do. I know what's troubling you, dearest. I knew this afternoon, only I wanted time to think a little before I spoke. It's your father, isn't it? You hate to leave him?"

"Oh, Don!" breathed Nora, turning her face into the shadows. She must not cry. He mustn't know how much she wanted to.

He said, gently: "I understand, dear. It's only because he is still angry. You're afraid something might happen to him—that he might need you when you couldn't come. Isn't that it? If you were friends the parting would be so different. It's the terrible misunderstanding that makes it hard. I was a dumbbell not to see it sooner, Nora. Why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I?"

Don managed a little laugh which broke the tension.

"You couldn't—you being yourself—and I being I! But you should have, Nora. As I see it, marriage is a sort of compromise. We can't, either of us, expect to have our own way eternally. But until this afternoon I didn't imagine for one minute that you weren't crazy for an Italian winter. You're a better actress than I thought, my dear; and in the future I'll have to watch my step! But it's never too late to change our plans, you know. That's one of the reasons life's so thrilling. And I've been thinking about the West. There are places—"

Nora sat up suddenly, drawing his head down against her breast.

"If you think that I'll let you change . . .

She was crying now. Somehow Don raised his head and got his arms about her. He said, with more unselfishness than truth: "But I won't mind changing—not a little bit! There's a lot to interest us in the Southwest, and you've never been there. If those tears will help you, Nora, why keep right on, but they're almost killing me! As I was saying—"

Then Nora laughed. It was an hysterical laugh, perhaps, but it cleared the atmosphere.

"You can keep on saying things all night," she told him, "but we're sailing tomorrow. Once we really get away I shall feel better. Have you forgotten those articles you're going to write for that London editor? Have you forgotten you've a family to support? Of course we're going to Capri!" With every word she was getting back her courage. "And besides, I wrote Dad we were sailing. I thought perhaps he'd come to the boat, Don. Don't—don't you think he might come to the boat?"

"He might," Don echoed; and to himself: "How can he stay away? How can he hurt her so? How can he?" Yet somehow, he knew instinctively that Nora's father was not yet ready to forgive.

They sailed next afternoon, a bright, clear, sparkling day that cheered Nora immeasurably, despite James Lambert's absence from the scene. Standing beside the rail, her eyes searching the thronged pier hungrily, hoping until the final whistle sounded that she would catch a glimpse of his familiar face, the girl's mind went back to her last sailing. She saw again the crowd of youthful friends waving farewell—Ned, moved by one of his rare impulses (those impulses which made him almost lovable) arriving breathless with a box of roses—kissing her like a real brother . . . And her father—dear Dad! trying so hard to put a cheerful face upon this parting she knew he hated—saying: "Don't stint yourself, Nora." (As if she ever had!) . . . "Remember my London bankers if you need money." (As if she wouldn't!) . . . "Be careful about the drinking water in those filthy places." (To Dad all Europe was unsanitary) . . . "Be sure to cable as soon as the boat docks."

It all came back; and suddenly Nora was conscious of a great loneliness. Her carefree girlhood seemed left far, far behind. Ahead lay motherhood—mystery—that ultimate struggle which she must face alone. The thought frightened her, as one is sometimes frightened at a stark glimpse of the inevitable. She turned, seeking the reassurance of Don's presence; but he had discovered a friend among the passengers: a little woman who, Nora thought, looked like a missionary.

And then, almost weirdly in that last confusing moment—breaking through shouts of "All ashore" and shrieking sirens, the certainty that though she could not see him her father was somewhere amid that throng—too proud to speak, yet loving her too greatly to stay away, fell on the girl's bruised heart like balm.

The gangplank was up now—the boat moving. Nora pressed closer to the rail—raised her arm high—waved a white wisp of handkerchief and shouted with a hundred others: "Good-by . . . Good-by . . ."

"Who was it, dear?" The voice was Don's. His hand closed over her possessively. Such a strong hand! "Who was it, Nora? I saw you waving. Find someone you knew in all that jam?"

His wife looked up. Her eyes were wet, but with a deep sense of thankfulness Don saw that they were happy eyes.

"I—I was just—waving," said Nora simply.

CHAPTER VIII

—

On the evening of the day when Don and Leonora sailed for Italy, Ned Lambert looked up from a leisurely perusal of the evening paper, and exclaimed: "Of all things! Mr.

"The house is so still without Miss Nora."

and Mrs. Donald Mason on the passenger list of the Larino! They sailed today. Do you suppose Dad knew it?"

Corinne, painstakingly wading through the most talked of novel of the month and bored to death by it, laid down the book with a sense of momentary release.

"He must know. I dare say he's paying for the trip. How else could they manage it? Your father may pretend he doesn't help them, Ned; but can you see him denying Nora anything she may have set her heart on? Of course he knows."

"I'm not so sure." Ned arose, walked uneasily across the room and back again, pausing beside her chair. "I'm not so sure," he repeated. "Dad never speaks of Nora; and once, when I ventured to ask a question about Don, he shut me up in a way he hasn't done since I was twelve years old! That's straight, Corinne. I don't know that he ever hears from her; but if he happens to see this passenger list and discovers that she's left the country, it may upset him. Want to go 'round and see how the land lies?"

Corinne glanced at the novel.

"I really can't, Ned. This book is to be reviewed at the club tomorrow, and unless I'm willing to appear a—a moron, I've got to finish it. And it's the dullest thing I ever tackled. Long, solid pages without a word of conversation. Run along by yourself. I'll try to get through it before bedtime."

Ned laughed. Though he kept it well throttled, he was not without a mild sense of humor, and his wife's struggle to do the proper thing sometimes amused him.

"I'd rather be considered almost anything than to read a book which bored me to that extent," he told her frankly. "Sure you won't go? I sha'n't stay long; and we both need exercise. Mustn't get tubby as we get old, Corinne."

"Tubby!" Corinne, who was proud of her expensively corsetted figure, bristled with indignation. "You'd better compare me with other women of my age, not with those slinky stenographers in your office. But I can't go anyhow, even if I do need exercise. I must write to Junior. He may be homesick these first days at school."

"That's right," said Ned. "Give the kid my love, dear; but please don't send him any money. His allowance is ample; and it isn't good for a boy of his age to have too much."

Corinne smiled pleasantly; nodded good-by; and said to herself as the front door closed: "Well, I didn't promise, and it won't do a bit of harm to slip in something. A boy likes to make a good impression on his schoolmates; and considering our position in society Junior's allowance isn't what it should be. That's Father Lambert's doings. He's forever harping on the notion that too much spending money spoils a boy; yet when it came to Nora nothing was too much for her to throw away. I'll write the letter now, before Ned gets back."

Ned Lambert reached his father's house and, inserting a latch key, opened the door quietly, dropped his hat onto a chair, and went toward the living room. Nobody here! Perhaps his father was in the library. Ned moved down the hall. A fire blazed cheerily on the hearth in this smaller room, but the davenport with its gorgeous Bokhara covering on which James sometimes threw himself for an after-dinner nap, was now unoccupied.

Dad must be away, thought Ned. It was stupid not to have called up before walking over; but his father hadn't mentioned an engagement, and he seldom went out evenings these days. Perhaps one of the maids would know. Ah! here was Martha. Good old Martha, ever on the alert for burglars! She'd heard his prowling and . . .

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ned! I thought it might be someone who didn't belong here."

Ned smiled.

"You're a good watchman, Martha. Is Father out?"

"He's upstairs, Mr. Ned."

"Upstairs! Isn't he feeling well?"

"He had John light the fire in Miss Nora's room. He's taken to sitting there quite often."

"He has?"

Ned's eyes looked puzzled, and with a cautious glance toward the wide stairway, Martha closed the door. Corinne once said that Martha Berry was as much a part of James Lambert's fine old house as the front door was. She had lived there for half of her more than fifty years, keeping his house beautifully, a faithful servant of the old order, and a friend to all who bore the name of Lambert. She said, reading the question in Ned's eyes:

"It's this way, Mr. Ned: The house is so—so still, you see, without Miss Nora. It's like a tomb. Even my cook notices the difference." (To Martha Berry James Lambert's servants were her own.) "She would have given warning weeks ago if I hadn't scolded her. I said: 'Don't be a fool, Sally. There's no one else can make a black bean soup that sets well on Mr. Lambert's stomach, and he's very fond of it,' so she stayed on. But she says the stillness makes her nervous, Mr. Ned, and I think she's right.

"The coffee wasn't clear this morning. Your father likes old-fashioned coffee, made with an egg. There's none better, but it has to be made with care or the grounds won't settle. Sally's as good a cook as I ever had. She knows your father's ways, and she's good tempered; but she misses Miss Nora. Your father likes her cooking but he doesn't tell her so. Why should he? But Miss Nora was always running into the kitchen. She'd say: 'Oh, Sally, that cream pie was simply wonderful!' or, 'Don't you ever dare get married and leave us, Sally. I could die happy eating your potato puff. —You know her way, Mr. Ned—not dignified maybe, but my girls loved her and it kept them happy. My housemaid cries now when she dusts the piano. She always left the door ajar when Miss Nora was playing, and many's the time Miss Nora asked her in to listen.

"You can see for yourself that it's not the same place without your sister; and Mr. Lambert feels it. That's why he sits there in her room so much. It makes her seem nearer. I know as well as if he'd told me, which he'd die rather than do, or my name's not Martha Berry. He's stubborn, your father, if you'll excuse my saying so. Not that he isn't the finest man that ever lived, as I've reason to know if ever anybody had.

"You were a boy at the time, but in my mother's long illness he paid all her bills. If she had been his own mother he couldn't have done more; and he sent my nieces to business college, too. But for all that he can be stubborn when he gets a notion into his head; and there've been times during the last 30 years when if I hadn't known my place, Mr. Ned, I would have thrown things at him."

Martha spoke so seriously, and looked so like the ideal servant she really was, that it was impossible for Ned Lambert to suppress entirely a laugh at the idea of her throwing teacups at his father. And being herself not utterly devoid of humor, the woman surmised his thought and smiled, a respectful little smile as she continued:

"Maybe you're thinking I don't know my place, after all. Maybe you think I'm an old meddler; but you were a little boy when I came here, Mr. Ned, and it was I opened the door for your poor father the day he came home carrying Miss Nora, and she looking like nobody at all—poor lamb!—in her outgrown coat. Never will I forget her thin little wrists coming out o' those coat sleeves; and her big, sad eyes, and the trustful way she looked up at Mr. Lambert when he set her down.

"You see, you're my family, all of you, Mr. Ned; and I can't bear that your father's stubbornness should break his own heart and Miss Nora's too.

"He should remember that this is the United States, not one of those foreign countries he hates to travel in where folks pick out husbands for their daughters and hands 'em over like they was bags of meal. And it's a good boy she's married. He gave me his seat in the subway one o' my days off when I was going out to my niece Clara's to have supper. It takes a gentleman to give up his seat to a woman he's seen wearing her cap and apron—an old woman too, and not good looking!

"Now go up to your father, Mr. Ned; and if you can make him see that it's only a mule that'll bite off its nose to spite its face, it'll save him a heartache."

She opened the door, then as Ned remained silent, added stiffly, remembering "her place": "I beg pardon if I've offended, Mr. Ned."

It was then that Ned Lambert gave way to one of the impulses his wife deplored ("Oh, Ned! she's only a servant!") — an impulse that would have made Nora cheer. Perhaps he was remembering the times when in some childhood illness Martha had sat by his bed through the long, dark hours of night, "keeping him company." Or that it was Martha he went to for comfort on that terrible day when, a heartbroken lad of nine, he learned that his mother was never coming home. Whatever it was, Ned crossed the space between them and put his arm around those faithful shoulders in a boyish hug.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Squash, Pumpkin, Cucumber, Melon, Gourd Found in Distinctive Class of Its Own

"All the pumpkin tribes are among the marvels of the vegetable world," writes Dr. H. L. Bailey, famous horticulturist. The point that he makes is the result of years of experiment with the various members of the pumpkin, squash, cucumber, melon and gourd family.

For many years students of horticulture have attempted the crossing of pumpkins and squashes to produce hybrids only to prove that each of the species falls into a distinct class of its own. They have evolved into individual groups, just as man has evolved into the human being and cannot be crossed successfully with another species in the animal world.

The "marvel" to which Bailey refers is the vast variety of pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, melons and gourds, all going back to an original form, called by botanists Cucurbitacae, but no longer reverting to the prehistoric type. Although the pumpkin and the squash are thought of as two of our most common garden vegetables, they should be regarded as amazing because of the countless number of forms.

Take the gourd for example, a popular member of the Cucurbitacae family. There are all sizes and shapes of gourds. Not only does their form vary, but their color differs also. They may be striped or spotted, squatty or tapering, yellow or purple. Some have bumps and others are smooth. But all of them are gourds — not pumpkins or squashes. Although they are members of the same family, they are definite species and cannot be crossed with other species, such as the pumpkin and the squash, to produce fertile hybrids.

Only Dickens Statue

A statue of Charles Dickens and little Nell, one of his famous characters, is in Clark park, at Forty-third street and Baltimore avenue, in West Philadelphia. It is the only one ever made of the novelist, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, because his son discovered a clause in his will asking "never on any account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever." The work is by F. Edwin Elwell. It was exhibited at the World's Columbian exposition, where it received a gold medal.

Dresses That Flatter Figure

THERE'S no spring tonic in the world like having a pretty new dress that makes you look slim and smart. And these are so easy to make, that you'll enjoy fixing them for yourself. The patterns

are carefully planned so that even beginners will have no trouble following them, and each is accompanied by a detailed sew chart explaining just what to do. In addition to having something individual and very much your own, you'll save, decidedly.

Comfortable House Dress.

It's wonderful how much more one feels like working in a brand new, fresh house dress that's becoming as well as comfortable. This design is distinctly slenderizing because it's so straight and simple. You can make it in a few hours. Cheerful percale print, seersucker or chambray are nice fabrics for this dress, which will certainly be your favorite if you want to look slimmer than you are.

Dress For Afternoon.

If you wear any size between 36 and 52 this dress is designed to make you look your best. Shirring on the shoulders creates the fullness that you need in the blouse. The long, unbroken line from shoulder to hem takes inches off the figure. Sleeves ending just below the elbow are flattering to plump arms, and the long, softly rippling jabot trims are lengthening in effect. Make this lovely dress of silk crepe, small-figured or polka dot prints, or georgette. Later, in voile, it will be your coolest summer frock.

The Patterns.

1382 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material without nap. With short sleeves.

1456 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material, plus 1⅜ contrasting.

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.

George Changed Line—But Not the Results

"The boys" had made a habit of meeting one evening a week for a chat over their doings, but recently many of the old faces had disappeared as their owners got work in different parts of the country.

One evening, Bill and Bob found themselves alone and began to talk over old times.

"That reminds me!" said Bill. "What happened to George after he failed as an architect?"

"Oh," replied Bob, "he went on the stage!"

"How's he doing there?"

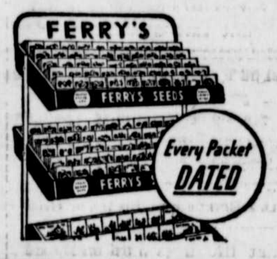
"Still drawing poor houses," was Bob's unkind reply.

SEEDS, SOIL and CLIMATE!

THE soil and climate of this part of the country are an open book to the seed experts who breed and select pedigreed Ferry's Seeds. In their experimental gardens, they have perfected seed varieties that are at their best under these conditions.

You'll find these seed varieties in the familiar red-and-silver Ferry's Seeds store display. The unique Ferry-Morse Seed-Breeding Institute has spent years to bring them to perfection.

Select your seeds from the Ferry's Seeds display—all have been tested this year for *germination* — and further tested for *trueness to type*. 5c a packet and up. 1938 NOVELTIES too. Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit, San Francisco.



FERRY'S SEEDS

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

Pure as an Ocean Breeze

Half a century of scientific research has made possible a motor oil that's really pure . . . Quaker State. In four great, modern refineries the finest Pennsylvania crude oil is freed of all trace of impurities . . . scientifically purified to overcome the common ailments of sludge, carbon and corrosion. *Acid-Free Quaker State* makes your car run better, last longer. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Penna.