SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

COPYRIGHT BY CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER — WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—11—

"Offended! How could you possibly offend a Lambert, Martha, after all you've done for us? But there's more to this business than you understand." The man's face darkened. He was recalling a hot June day—a blow that had left his jaw lame for a week. "There are things one can't forgive, or . . ."

He paused, not knowing just how to proceed; and the woman said, in the gentle way she had told him many truths in the years gone by: "Excuse me, Mr. Ned, but there's nothing we can't forgive—if we care enough. Run along up now. Run up and see your father."

"And when I got there," Ned told his wife later that evening, "Dad was sitting in the big wing-chair in Nora's bedroom. There was a fire on the hearth, and the place did look more—well, more cheerful, perhaps, than the rooms downstairs. He was reading a letter, but when he glanced up and saw me he stuffed it into a pocket, which made me wonder if it was from Leonora. I thought—honestly, Corinne, I sort of felt that he didn't like my finding him there. He got right up and said: "Why didn't you telephone? If I'd known you were coming over I'd have been downstairs."

"Did you go down then?"

"No. It was plain he wanted to; but I said: 'Sit still, Dad. I'm only going to stay a minute. Did you know that Nora sailed for Italy this afternoon?' You see, Corinne, I thought it was better to speak right out. I felt, after what Martha'd said, that it might do him good to talk, if he once got started."

"What'd he say?"

"Nothing, for just a minute. I think my question took him a bit off guard. But you know Dad! He can always pull himself together. And after a minute he said quietly: 'Yes, I know.' That's all, Corinne. It made me feel almost uncomfortable—as if he'd said: 'It's none of your business, Ned. Get along home.' You know what I mean."

"Oh, yes, I know!" Corinne's eyes narrowed unpleasantly. "He made me feel that way just after Nora left, when I was trying to tell him that he'd done exactly right. I'm fond of your father, Ned, but there are times when he irritates me to distraction."

A vision of the faithful Martha slinging teacups, caused Ned Lambert to smile a little. Then his wife asked: "Did you speak of Nora any more?"

"We did because I rather forced the subject—not because I was curious, you know, but I wanted to help him if I could. Dad's had such a lot of trouble through his family, Corinne. I've always—ever since I was old enough to think about it—wanted to feel that I, who've never gone against his wishes, had made it up to him. But tonight, sitting there in Nora's bedroom, it came over me that I was accountable for this last break that's hurt him more than anything since the trouble with my—my mother."

"You accountable!" Corinne closed the most talked of novel of the month, forgot its 50 unread pages, and gave him her entire attention. "Of all the absurd statements! What would your father have had you do when that fellow hit you? Turn the other cheek?"

"It was a jaw, dear," Ned reminded her in a feeble attempt at humor. He hated his wife to get "worked up."

"If that's supposed to be funny," she retorted, "I don't see the joke. Why, you were black and blue! If your father hadn't stood by you he'd have been a beast, Ned. Well, what else did you say?"

"Not much. I ventured the remark that I wondered how their trip was financed; and Father answered with that uncanny way he has of understanding something you haven't said: 'Well, I didn't finance it, if that's troubling you.' That riled me a little, I'll admit, but I kept my temper. I felt so sorry for him, Corinne. I've never thought of my father as being an old man; but he looked old tonight, old and unhappy. I decided not to say anything further about Nora; and then with the best intention in the world, I put my foot in it!"

"How?"

Ned smiled, regretfully.

"It was this way: As the atmosphere seemed a little strained I got up and began moving about the room. That's such a beautiful room, Corinne."

"Beautiful? That shows your ignorance of such things, Ned." Corinne spoke as one with authority. "I'll admit it has a sort of charm; but it's no special period, so in an artistic way it's not correct. Why, that wing-chair you spoke of is covered with flowered chintz — and there are silk hangings at the windows! Imagine making such an error. And the bed and bureau are early American, while the rug (which must have cost your father a small fortune, too) is Oriental. Besides, so many books are out of place in a bedroom. Any good decorator would tell you that. But Nora refused any advice, you know; and that room's just like her. Awfully pretty if you admire that sort of thing, but—well it's really a hodge-podge."

"A damn fine hodge-podge," retorted Ned. "And it was that early American bed that made the trouble. I've always thought it the handsomest bed I ever saw. I stopped beside it to admire one of the posts. I never expected to stir Dad up when I asked where it came from. He didn't answer right away, so I turned around and—honestly, Corinne, he looked as if someone had struck him. Then he pulled himself up and said: 'It came from a country auction down in Maine. It was a rainy day. Only one antique dealer to compete with and he didn't know his business. I got that bed for forty dollars.'

"I said: 'You certainly got a bargain, and any time you want to get rid of it . . .' "

"Well?" prodded Corinne as her husband stopped.

"That, it seems, was my mistake. Father said, and his voice was exactly as cold as if I'd been some smart Aleck trying to get the better of him in a business deal,

"What do I care about a son."

'That bed is not mine to get rid of, as you unpleasantly put it. It belongs to my daughter.' Just that, Corinne."

Ned's wife sat up so suddenly on the chaise longue that the great American novel dropped unheeded to the floor.

"He has no right to answer you like that, Ned. I hope you told him so."

"Oh, calm down, my dear. I didn't have to. I guess he saw by my face how awfully surprised I was, for he came over and put his arm across my shoulders—said I mustn't pay any attention to him—that he was upset about something. We didn't quarrel. Never have, you know. We sat down again and talked about nothing in particular—the stock market—the weather—anything in fact, except Nora! He promised to go to bed soon as I left."

But James Lambert didn't go to bed just then. He sat quite still in Nora's big wing-chair ("I want one big enough to curl all up in, Daddy!") until he heard the front door close and knew that he would not be interrupted. Then he drew from a pocket the letter he was reading when Ned came in. Not that he didn't know it pretty well by heart, having already perused it a dozen times, as he did all Nora's letters. His eyes lingered on the signature—those childish black crosses below it. James knew instinctively that she had kissed them as she used to in the days of little-girlhood. The same Nora, and yet not the same . . . Never, never, he vowed with stubborn bitterness, would she be the same to him . . . Never again would he let her get near enough to hurt him . . .

And then, softly: "I wonder if she could possibly have seen me, there on the pier . . . I don't believe so . . . I kept well back until the very last, and there was such a crowd . . . But it was strange, too, the way she waved at the last moment . . . very strange . . . I could have sworn, even at that distance, that her face brightened . . ."

CHAPTER IX

—

It is a wise Providence that blinds our eyes to what lies ahead. Nora little thought as she stood on the deck of the Larino with Don's hand on hers, that she would be twice a mother before she saw her native land again—that she was to descend into the shadow of death herself—that she was to watch fine lines etched by the ruthless hand of Care gather about Don's happy, sea-blue eyes—that she was to fight for the life of a little boy tossing with fever in far off Cape Town.

Her first son was born in England on a May night. The winter had gone well. As Carl Venable promised, Don's "Letters from Capri" were welcomed with enthusiasm by the London editor; and the same letters (supplemented by thumbnail sketches by the great Venable) found a ready market in America.

And living in Italy was inexpensive. Nora soon made a home of the tiny pink villa with its glimpse of sapphire waters and rocky hillsides, which Constance Venable had ready for their arrival.

"This is the most heavenly spot," (she wrote her father) "and I'm fast becoming a thrifty Italian housewife, or should be if I weren't compelled to stop my work every few minutes to drink in the beauties of this twin-humped camel of an island, kneeling so gently in the blue, blue waters of the Mediterranean. It's well worth the effort of climbing the million or so steps that lead to our front door (I can hear you say, 'Don't exaggerate, Nora. It's a bad habit'!), to gaze down on this wealth of flowers and foliage. Nature was in a lavish mood when she fashioned Capri. I wish you could see it, Dad. In fact, the only thing needed to make me supremely happy would be to look out some day and discover that my handsome father had overcome his prejudice against every country not flying the Stars and Stripes, and was climbing that rocky path, though he wouldn't have breath enough to kiss me when he reached the top . . .

"The Venables are only five minutes walk (perhaps I should say climb!) away; and if you could look upon the seascape Ven's painting now, you'd mortgage the house to possess it. Incidentally, they have a beautiful piano on which they seem to consider it an honor for me to practice; so my fingers won't grow stiff, as I had feared they might. There are four young Venables ranging from sixteen to six—such jolly youngsters! And their mother is every bit as good a mother to me as she is to them, though she can't be fifteen years my senior . . ."

This was quite true. Nora had not counted on Constance Venable in vain. "You say it's to be in May?" the older woman questioned thoughtfully. And then: "We must take you to England. Not that bambinos don't arrive daily in Italy!" she smiled; "but my Phil was born in London and I had a most skillful doctor. The nurse was a wonder, too. I'll write at once and engage her for you, Nora. I'll arrange everything. You'll want a room in a nursing home; and I'll write the doctor. We were planning to sail for New York the first of May. I must tell Carl to put it off another month."

And no protest on the part of Leonora would make her change.

"Of course I shall stay with you!" she said, almost indignantly. "Don't you know that our Alice wouldn't be here if it weren't for Don? He kept on working over her when everybody told him it was useless. Nothing you ever ask of us, Nora, will be too much."

What Don and Nora never knew, was that half the expenses incurred by the arrival of this first son of theirs, were paid by Carl Venable, who would have paid them all had it been possible to do so without arousing Don's suspicions. All the young couple ever knew was that the bills were far, far less than they'd anticipated; for Nora was very sick indeed.

Don sometimes wished he could forget that nightmare time when the firm hand of an English doctor thrust him unceremoniously from the bare, white room which sheltered Nora.

"Get outside and sit down, my dear chap," he commanded briskly. "She won't suffer any more."

He had a very English accent, that doctor, which made Don wonder if the man were quite efficient! There was a bench in the corridor and he sank down on it, very weak as to knees; wondering how long this horrible business would go on; why the universe had to be populated in such a manner; and what for had they sent him out and let Connie Venable stay inside?

And after an interval which seemed hours, there came from beyond that door a cry like nothing he had ever heard before, but Don knew it instantly for the wail of his first-born. It was then that all the remaining strength went out of him, and he wiped the sweat from his forehead and said: "Thank God it's over!" But no one came from Nora's room except a nurse. She had a blanket-wrapped bundle in her arms, and was hurrying so fast she didn't see him; but when she returned a minute later without the bundle, Don caught her skirt, and though his question wouldn't seem to come, the girl appeared to understand and told him hastily: "It's a boy. A splendid little boy, but . . ."

And with that "but" he was left alone again. The door closed, though during the moment it had opened a strong and sickish scent of ether drifted out to him. It was Constance Venable who came next (after a lifetime, it seemed to Don, with that nurse's ominous "but" still ringing in his ears); and with one look into Connie's face his heart stopped beating. Literally. He told Nora afterwards that he died for a minute. And then Constance sat down and took his hand. She said: "You've a son, Don—a beautiful little boy—" and he broke in harshly: "What do I care about a son? What's happened to Nora?"

Constance was still stroking his hand as he'd seen her stroke the hands of her children when she wished to calm them. She answered: "Nora will be all right, Don. I don't care what they say, she will be all right! There were—complications — something no one had foreseen. Just at the last we very nearly—lost her; but she will be all right."

Then, after another aeon, the door opened. It was the English doctor—the man with the accent. He threw one significant glance at Connie and laid his hand gently on Don's shoulder.

"She needs you, old man," he said—just that—but Don knew, and Constance knew, what he was thinking; and Connie still held Don's hand when he crossed the threshold of that quiet room.

He stood there looking down on Nora, a Nora as white as the bed on which she lay—as white as marble. Her eyes were closed. Don could not see her breathe. He wondered . . . And then the doctor spoke, softly: "I'd take her hand, my dear fellow, if I were you."

His voice, despite the accent which had sounded so la-de-da an hour before, was very kind. And because no one had thought to bring a chair, Don dropped to his knees beside the bed and took that white, strangely transparent hand into his own. He had forgotten the nurses, the doctors, and Constance Venable. He said (so Connie told him later), "Come back, Nora. I can't go on without you. Come back, dearest . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Procrustean Act Doubles Oil Supply; Research Is Credited for Big Increase

Most boys and girls have read in the old Greek myths about Procrustes, who welcomed travelers at his home in a lonely spot beside the road. Procrustes had only one bed, but he always made his wayfarers fit the bed. If they were too long, he chopped off their feet. If they were too short he stretched them on a rack. Finally, he was slain by Theseus.

Saucer-eyed as are youngsters reading the exploits of Procrustes, even grown-ups blink in amazement at the achievements of chemists in the petroleum industry in stretching, shrinking and reshaping petroleum molecules. Nature has given this country a bountiful supply of crude oil, but some of the oil molecules are too large and some too small to fit the requirements for gasoline in modern high-compression motors.

Petroleum chemists have discovered effective methods to break down the fat molecules into smaller ones. Chemists also are able by other methods to rebuild molecules to a desired size and composition.

What this juggling means to the average person is just this: if the petroleum chemists were unable to perform a Procrustean act, an additional 1,000,000,000 barrels of oil would have to be brought to the surface every year to meet the gasoline demand of the 25,000,000 motorists in the United States. Chemical research in the oil industry has had the practical effect, by reducing the amount of crude oil needed, of doubling the oil reserves of the United States. Without these chemical achievements of the petroleum scientists, the price of gasoline would be beyond the means of millions of families.

Yellow-Bellied Sea Snake

Though the yellow-bellied sea snake may not be ferocious-looking, it is nothing to get gay with, according to a writer in the Washington Post. A member of the dreaded cobra clan, it is among the most deadly of poisonous reptiles. In captivity it is particularly dangerous, becoming sullen and striking at everyone. It is the only poisonous sea snake found in the waters around America, although there are 49 other species just as deadly, elsewhere. As the name indicates, this slender snake is a brilliant yellow underneath, though its top side is black. It has no gills, must come to the surface to breathe. It is sometimes caught in fishing nets.

Important Spring Fashions

A TWO-PIECE tailored dress for street and business, and a softly detailed afternoon dress that's especially becoming to large figures. Even if you're not an experienced sewer, you'll en-

joy making them, for the patterns are easy to follow and each includes a complete and detailed sew chart.

Dress With Jacket-Blouse.

Exactly the style you want for street wear, shopping trips and business. The jacket blouse is so attractive, with its puff sleeves, fitted waistline and saucy little peplum. It can be worn with your spring suit skirt, too. Make it up in flat crepe for immediate wear and later in linen or pique, using all one color or a printed blouse and plain skirt, as pictured.

For Large Women.

A very graceful dress with slenderizing lines, thanks to the smooth shoulders, the cape sleeves, always flattering to plump arms, and the skirt that's narrow round the hips and slightly wide at the hem. Gathers beneath the raglan shoulders make the blouse soft and becoming. In georgette, flat crepe or polka dot silk, this will be your spring favorite. Later, during hot weather, it will be a cool joy in dotted Swiss or voile.

The Patterns.

1477 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material for the jacket and 2 yards of 39-inch material for the skirt.

1499 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards of 39-inch material. If contrasting collar is wanted, it requires ⅔ yard.

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 you 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.

Colorful Apron for a Gift or Bazaar

Chockful of flattery, gaiety, practicality is this apron with its easily appliqued tulip-shaped pocket and flowers. Outline stitch completes the design. Pattern 1635 contains a transfer pattern of

Pattern 1635

apron, a motif 8½ by 9½ inches and applique patch pieces; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York.

Spray Roses Frequently

"I find that there is one simple point in aphis control that is overlooked by a majority of rose growers," says Melvin E. Wyandt, rose specialist of Painesville, Ohio. "It is simply that they should spray often. Now don't misunderstand me. Practically all rose growers know that they must spray with a good insecticide to control aphis, but they do not realize that aphids multiply rapidly."

An effective spray for aphis control is made by mixing one to two teaspoonfuls of nicotine sulphate in a gallon of water and adding a little dissolved laundry soap. Nicotine sulphate is a poison which kills by contact—the method necessary with sucking insects such as aphis—and in addition, being volatile, it gives off fumes which also kill, making it doubly effective.

TIPS to Gardeners

General Garden Care

MOST flowers should have little or no artificial watering until they are at least half grown.

To get better and larger flower blossoms, cease watering when buds have formed.

For a continuous bloom, pick flowers regularly. This is most important with sweet peas and pansies, less so with petunias.

Avoid the common mistake of letting vegetables grow too large before picking.

Root crops—radishes, carrots, beets—are at their best when hardly half grown.

Pick peas just before pods fill out completely. Pick corn just at the "milk" stage, when the kernel, gouged with the finger nail, yields a milky juice. Use summer squash when they are small, just after the blossom has dropped off.

Certain other vegetables, of course, must be allowed to mature. Tomatoes should be ripened well on the vine, as should winter squash.

"Black Leaf 40"
KILLS INSECTS
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS
VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer
3644

Small, but Mighty

Small bodies with velocity have a greater momentum than large masses without it.—Bacon.

FREE
4 cups of GARFIELD TEA
to show you the easy way to
KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!
You'll like the way it snaps you back, overnight, to the feeling of "rarin' to go" fitness and inside cleanliness! Helps eliminate the left-over wastes that hold you back, cause headaches, indigestion, etc. Garfield Tea is not a miracle worker, but if CONSTIPATION bothers you, it will certainly "do wonders!" 10¢ and 25¢ of drugstores—or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES of Garfield Tea and Garfield Headache Powders to: GARFIELD TEA CO., Dept. 16, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.
You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.
In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use *Doan's Pills*. A multitude of grateful people recommend *Doan's*. *Ask your neighbor!*
DOAN'S PILLS

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

GUIDE-BOOK to GOOD VALUES
● When you plan a trip abroad, you can take a guide-book and figure out exactly where you want to go, how long you can stay, and what it will cost you. To save you time, the obliging author has marked especially interesting places with a star, or two or three—so that when you land in Europe, you know exactly where to go and what to look at. The advertisements in this paper are really a guide-book to good values .. brought up to date every week. If you make a habit of reading them carefully, you can plan your shopping trips and save yourself time, energy and money.