SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

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Nora laughed, and Jim Perkins, finding his voice at last, exploded: "Well, I'll tell the world you can play, Mis' Mason! I never heard nothin' like it except over the radio; and if you ask me, you've got that feller named Hoffmann beat to a frazzle!"

Leonora arose from the packing box to acknowledge his honest tribute with a curtsey; while Don suggested: "Give them some more, Nora, before they leave," and for twenty minutes Nora played to as appreciative an audience as any artist could desire. Indeed, the Portland men would accept only the minutest payment for their services.

"It wa'n't nothin'," declared the older man as they arose to go. "Nothin' at all; and the music was pay enough anyhow. Wasn't it, Joe?"

"Joe," still dazed, assented with a mute nod. They departed munching Nora's molasses cookies, and, Don told her (when Tom Littlefield had returned to the box stall which he was converting into the north end of a "banquet hall"), with "their souls refreshed."

And next morning, as if Fate were really trying to make up for past unkindnesses, Don received a note from the editor of an American weekly, to whom he had sent one of his "Letters from Cape Town." The article, it seemed, had filled a long-felt want. Check for American magazine rights was "herewith enclosed," and they would be glad to run the entire series during the coming year.

The check, compared with those received from England for the same material, was almost dazzling; and they both appeared to go a little mad. Nora rushed to the piano, while Don, to the exceeding joy of his small sons, proceeded to dance the Highland Fling.

When the music ceased and he dropped breathless into the red lacquer chair, Tom Littlefield, who had arrived during the commotion, inquired if he should call the doctor, "or are you comin' out o' that coniption fit all right alone?"

In answer Don tossed him the incredible check.

"That's yours, Mr. Littlefield. You can blame that innocent strip of paper for this vaudeville act of mine which was put on merely to celebrate the fact that, for the time being, anyhow, the dark cloud of financial worry has vanished from the horizon. We're sane again now, and I'll get back to the shingling if that's what you want."

Not until the last possible moment did they leave the place. Never had they left any place with such regret. The weather had been almost miraculously perfect for that time of year, a fall long remembered by the natives. Tom Littlefield, possessed of minute directions from Leonora, planned to go on with the work when other jobs were scarce.

"It'll be a real life-saver to me, Mis' Mason," he assured her. "There ain't much doin' here come wintertime, and I get restless. I'll be more'n glad to keep an eye on the place and do a day's work now and then; and when you come back next spring things'll be ship-shape. I declare, I—I'm downright sorry to see you go."

"And I'd give almost anything to stay, Mr. Littlefield," Nora confessed. "After all, there's no place like home, is there?—and I've never had one of my own before. Not for worlds would I have Mr. Mason suspect it, but I don't mind owning up to you that I dread to leave."

She did; yet a happy winter with Constance Venable (who had sold the ill-fated island where Carl met his death, and for financial reasons was staying abroad indefinitely) lay just ahead. Things were going extremely well when they returned to Maine for another summer; and as a complete surprise Nora discovered not only running water in her box stall kitchen, but a small and shining bathroom, the result of an intrigue between her husband and the old Maine builder.

Not until that summer did she hint to her father of this permanent abiding place. Going to the beautiful antique desk which they had purchased of "our egg lady," as the boys called her ("Because," the woman explained when Don told her honestly that it was worth much more than he could give, "them antique dealers is makin' my life miserable anyhow, and Mis' Mason never forgets to ask after my sick boy")—going to that desk Nora constructed the postal card that was to play an important part in her life some three years later. Glancing over her shoulder as she finished it, Don smiled a bit sadly at what he feared was merely another disappointment.

It was, he observed, a fantastic postal. First came the verse from which the old notary had quoted the day they signed the deeds. Below this Nora had written her address, followed by: "If taxi is unavailable, take trolley car to end of line and proceed as follows," after which was a tiny map drawn in red ink.

She said, turning to look up at Don: "That verse about the shining palace is an invitation, and if it arrives when Dad's in a relenting mood, he may accept it."

Don said nothing. It sometimes troubled him that in all these years Nora had never lost hold of the conviction that her father would reach a moment of surrender. Personally, Don didn't believe it, not after the old man's silence when informed of the arrival of his namesake, James Lambert Mason. It was hard for Don to forgive that silence when he recalled how, spent with the hours of fear and anguish, Nora had looked up at him from her narrow berth on that storm-tossed ship, to say: "If—if it's only a boy, dear, so we can name him for Father, I sha'n't mind—anything. It—it will bring us together."

Well, mused Don, turning away from his wife's eyes, it was a boy, and it had not brought them one inch nearer. Jimsy was more than three years old, and his grandfather had not expressed the slightest interest in his existence. It wasn't

"There's our theater ahead now."

in Don to comprehend how anyone could be so stubbornly resentful—so unkind. Impatient at the situation he once said as much, and Nora answered:

"It's not just that, Don. You see, he loved my mother above anything on earth, yet she hurt him unspeakably. And, though it wasn't my fault, perhaps, I hurt him, too. I think he doesn't dare let me get near him any more. Don't you understand? He's afraid of being hurt again."

So she mailed her postal, hoped for a time, and then decided that the hour of relenting had not come. But despite this disappointment Nora was very happy that summer. Don was always glad to remember how happy she had been. As the months passed, her new home became almost as perfect as she dreamed it could be; and even Tom Littlefield admitted that the "ball room" was not too big.

"And it's cozy, isn't it?" prodded Leonora, determined to make the old carpenter give in.

"O, it's cozy enough," he assented, albeit grudgingly; "but I still think, if you was to ask me, Mis' Mason, that it's all out o' proportion to the size o' the kitchen."

"But we don't live in the kitchen," Nora retorted.

"And I ain't ever heard o' anybody livin' in a ball room, either," snapped the old man.

He was a frequent caller, as was the notary at the Port. The latter had a standing invitation to Sunday dinner, which was quite as likely to be served on the beach as in the banquet hall. Afterwards he would find his way into the big living room and browse among the books, sometimes reading aloud from his beloved poets to Nora, sometimes reading from "Peter Rabbit" to the boys.

"He's as good as a grandfather," said Don one Sunday afternoon when he found the old man with both children in his lap; and then wished he hadn't spoken because Nora's face clouded at the words.

The summer drifted by. September came, and with it the chance Don was hoping for, something he had kept secret from his wife fearing to cause her disappointment should it not work out. For Nora had hinted to the little boys that Santa Claus might possibly bring them a "baby sister," and Don was determined that their mother should not be dragged to Europe if such a step could be avoided. He knew that the "Letters from Cape Town" had proved even more popular than the American editor expected. There was no reason to think he would not be amenable to the suggestion that there was a vast amount of interesting material on their own West. Don planned a series of articles called "Seeing America First," submitted the idea, and waited impatiently for the verdict.

Not knowing that the great man was away on a vacation, the letter seemed long in coming; but it brought good news. The editor considered this plan "most interesting," and requested that Don stop off in Chicago on the way West to consult a personal friend of his who had been over the ground recently and might give him some valuable data . . . And would he plan so that the first article could be run in February?

Nora wept with relief when she heard the news—Nora, who so seldom gave way to tears.

"I've been dreading so awfully to start out again," she told him, "but this is different. If, as you say, we can stay at San Diego until after New Year's, everything will be easy. I can settle you somewhere, and then go to a hospital for the event. And next spring we can come home for a long summer. Don't mind my crying, Don. It—it's only the heavenly relief."

"You poor dear nomad!" said Don tenderly. And then added: "If all goes well, darling, we'll install a furnace here next summer so we can stay as late as you want to in the fall."

"I believe," smiled Nora, winking away the last of her foolish tears, "I believe you've discovered the advantages of a home yourself, Don!"

CHAPTER XII

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They reached Chicago on a bleak November morning. Wind was blowing across Lake Michigan in wintry gusts, and the weather man predicted snow. It came, a blizzard out of the north. For two days they were storm-bound in a boarding house run by an old nurse of Constance Venable's—one of the many whom Carl's unfailing generosity had helped.

On the third afternoon when the city was digging out of snow drifts and the sun was making a half-hearted effort to show its face, their hostess said: "Why don't you two go for a little walk? I'll look after the children. I'd really like to; and a breath of outdoor air will do you good."

"Come on," said Don, brightening at the prospect of some activity. "If you get tired, Nora, we'll drop in at a movie for an hour."

"That's right," urged the woman, glad to be of service to these friends of her beloved Venables. "You'll find a theater three blocks down. It's a cheap place, opened only a week ago; but it'll do to get warm in."

"Sure!" agreed Don, "and a lurid picture won't hurt old folks like us!"

The wind sprang up again as they started out; and the sun, discouraged, retired behind a cloud.

"I guess three blocks'll be about enough!" Don laughed as they ducked their heads against the weather. "Those Italian winters have spoiled us, Nora; but I hear we're liable to fry in Arizona. That's one place I haven't been, my dear, and I'm crazy to see it. There's our theater ahead now. Looks cheap all right. I bet the snow's packed solid behind that false front roof. There's weight to this snow, Nora. I hope—"

What Don hoped was lost in a gust of wind that fairly blew them into the lobby of the theater.

"Perhaps we'd better go right back," gasped Nora. "The wind is certainly getting worse. It wouldn't surprise me if it stormed again."

"Me, either; but you're completely out of breath, dear. Let's get inside and rest for a few minutes. It'll be easier going home with the wind at our backs, you know. We can sit in the last row, Nora, and slip out any time we're bored. You need to rest after that fight with the elements."

This was sane logic, so they went inside.

"Looks as if all the kiddies of the neighborhood had come in out of the storm," Don whispered as their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness. "Why didn't we think to bring the boys?"

Nora smiled. Don always regretted his sons' absence when other children were in evidence. She said, softly: "They're better off where they are. There's such a crowd, and the air is terrible. Why!—Why what—"

Her voice rose a little. Her head lifted. Later Nora was to remember that she had thought herself ill because the whole building seemed to tremble and the roof looked as if it were crumbling up, slowly. The most curious sensation, a sort of chill, ran over her—all in a second, of course, for Don was already on his feet, holding her wrist in a grip that tortured. Just as they reached the lobby the crash came. And then a cry went up behind them—a cry that was to ring in Nora's ears for months. It sounded, she thought, like an awful and terrifying wave of protest from a single throat . . .

They were in the street . . . Already a throng of morbid onlookers had gathered . . . People (Oh, fortunate people!) were pouring out of the doomed theater . . . Policemen, dozens of them, it seemed to Nora, sprang up like magic . . . Firemen were there, trying to rope off space . . . pushing them back.

It was then that Don, who had been stunned into a horrified silence, roused himself with a convulsive shudder. He turned to Nora—looked down into her upturned face—stared into it so curiously that she grasped his arm, crying: "Oh, thank God we are safe, Don!"

And still he looked at her . . . An ambulance gong sounded . . . Somewhere beyond the rope a woman screamed . . . A man pushed by them, wild-eyed, dishevelled . . . Above the tumult a child's terrified voice cried out: "Mother! Where's my mother?" . . .

Don said, still staring down with that extraordinary gravity: "But I must go back, Nora. Those children . . . They might be ours . . . I've got to help . . . You must go home now, darling. Go home to the little boys. They need you . . . Don't you see that—that I have got to help?"

Before she could say one word, he stooped—kissed her—was gone, eluding the quick grasp of a fireman—unheeding the shout of protest from another. Those feet, those buoyant feet which had borne Don so joyously on his adventures, were bearing him now on still another, bearing him swiftly, swiftly, lest they falter . . .

Nora was standing there three hours later when they brought him out. Three hours of horror—three hours of numbing cold—three hours of torment. He was the last to come, his broken body carried tenderly by two firemen. Nora, close to the ropes, cried out at sight of him: "Don! Dearest! I'm waiting for you. I—I am here, Don!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Smart Crow Often Has to Fight Other Birds, but He Always Calls for Help

The natural enemy of the crow is the hawk. Blackbirds, bluebirds, swallows, and at times robins, will fight them viciously. However, the crow is smart—smarter than most of the feathered world—in that he will fight only when backed by a company of his kind. Virtually all other birds and animals hunt alone.

The crow will feed alone, but when trouble arises he begins cawing for help and a whole platoon of his companions is soon on the scene to help. Because of these gang methods, however, the crow furnishes excellent sport for the shooter because he is easily decoyed.

Anyone armed with a crow call can have excellent sport calling and shooting the black robbers. There are several ways in which to hunt them, advises a writer in the Chicago Daily News.

A stuffed or live hawk or owl is an excellent decoy. The decoy should be placed in the open and the gunner should hide in near-by woods. Then he should blow his crow call lustily. He soon is rewarded by the approach of crows.

Another method is to locate a roost, where the crows come in by the thousands for the night. This takes some time and quite elaborate preparations. Once the roost is located the shooter should watch the line of flight of the crows and build himself a blind in a woods or field in line with this flight. Then around the blind he should stake out decoy crows, silhouettes or stuffed imitations of the black birds.

When the flight to the roost starts in the afternoon the shooter occupies the blind, calls lustily at the approach of the crows, and decoys and kills them much as a hunter kills waterfowl.

Crows, conservation departments declare, are excellent eating.

Grant Not Interested in War

Ulysses S. Grant, one of the strangest characters in all history, made a mess of everything he undertook till near middle-age, to become commander in chief of the Union armies and President. And perhaps the oddest thing in the odd story of an odd nature was his lifelong distaste for the military life in which his reputation was made. He always disclaimed the calling of warrior, and when visiting Eu[illegible] after the war he told the astonished Bismarck that he took no interest in military affairs.

TODAY'S STORY

Lord Macbeth Found Similar To Gangster

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

IF YOU were to take the man Macbeth out of William Shakespeare's play, he would make a modern gangster. He strongly resembles Al Capone and John Dillinger.

Macbeth was unfit for organized society, he did not adapt himself to the scheme of things, but rather he tried to fit the world around himself. Selfishness ruled his thinking, he wanted that which belonged to others. His ego desired to be the head of the outfit. After he had gained his position of power, his life continued to parallel that of a gangster. He suspected all men of being murderous. To protect his life he employed the most extensive system of spies. Yet his days were lived in constant fear. As do many criminals, he thought he could beat the laws of right and wrong, but a fearful life and violent death showed him that he was subject to the same world as other men.

Elizabeth James

Most everyone recalls the plot of "Macbeth" either from the book studied in school or from some stage production. A sketch will reestablish it.

Wife Leads Plotters.

Macbeth, a general in the king's army, won a great victory, as the play opens. The king honored his favorite subject by planning to spend that night at his castle. Immediately Macbeth and his wife reveal that this is the opportunity for which they have been planning. They will murder the king in their own castle, and no one will dare to suspect Macbeth, the hero.

When her husband faltered in his scheme, Lady Macbeth forced him to the deed by calling him cowardly, for she knew how much he wished to be king. She prepared all the details of the deed, even drugging the bodyguards. She said that she would have stabbed the king herself, but he resembled her father as he slept.

Macbeth killed the sleeping king, and was the loudest in his surprise and sorrow when the deed was discovered the next morning.

Banquo, close friend and fellow officer, dared to show Macbeth that he suspected the truth. Macbeth later had him taken for a ride and murdered because he knew too much.

Life as king did not bring joy to Macbeth. Fear mounted in his own heart, and he increased the number of spies in the homes of his noblemen. Murder followed murder. As soon as he felt that any man disliked him, he notified his killers. Hatred of Macbeth grew on all sides of Scotland. Finally the time seemed ripe, and Macduff went to England for help. From personal spite, Macbeth had the helpless wife and children of Macduff murdered.

Lady Macbeth Dies.

Life for Lady Macbeth was one long punishment. She had to watch her husband's degeneration, knowing all the while that she might have prevented it. Finally, her subconscious mind got the upper hand. Sleep was not restful, but was dominated by thoughts of the murder of King Duncan, whose blood she kept seeing on her hands. She became totally insane.

In the last act of the play she died, and when Macbeth heard the news he said, "She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word." She would have died anyway! (But it might have been at a more convenient time!)

Justice and revenge work together, when in hand-to-hand fight, Macduff kills Macbeth.

If Shakespeare lived today, he would be skillful with the horror movie. In "Macbeth" there are witches who prophesy direful happenings. A storm is background for murder. In a cave filled with bats, a fire smoulders beneath a cauldron.

The elements of tragedy are many. Macbeth violated every duty: to his king, to his subjects, to his wife, to God. As hatred and murder increased in his soul, love and sympathy decreased, until his wife became to him as a stranger, who should have died when it would not have disturbed his activity.

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HE DIED RICH

The life span of William Shakespeare, from 1564 to 1616, was almost identical with that of Queen Elizabeth, great ruler of the English Renaissance.

Of his life not enough is known to satisfy the world's interest. There are legendary tales, besides written evidences left by his friends. To his boyhood belongs the incident of his poaching, to his youth the relationship with Ann Hathaway, and to his manhood, his rise from lackey at the play houses to owner and producer of plays. He accumulated over quarter of a million dollars. Of his contemporaries, some envied him, some loved him.

Dresses for Street and Home Wear!

TWO dresses, as practical as they are pretty—one for shopping and general street wear, the other ideal for round the house, and made on slenderizing lines. Notice that they both use the smart front closing. Both these patterns are quick and easy to make up, and each is accompanied by a complete and detailed sew chart.

Frock With Girdled Waistline.

Fashion says everything must have a certain amount of soft detailing this season, and this

charming tailored dress obeys with draping at the neckline, the girdled waist, and bust fullness beneath smooth shoulders. Easy sleeves, cut in one with the shoulders, make it a cool style for summer.

House Dress for Large Women.

It's a diagram dress, so that it may be made in just a few hours. The long, unbroken, unbelted line, the utter simplicity, the v-neck, make this dress extremely becoming to women in the 36 to 52 size range. Short, pleated sleeves give plenty of ease for reaching and stretching. Make this up in pretty cottons that will stand plenty of wear and washing—percale, gingham, seersucker, broadcloth.

The Patterns.

1489 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material, plus ⅞ yard of contrasting for girdle.

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