

# SHINING PALACE

By  
**CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER**

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WNU SERVICE

## THE STORY

**CHAPTER I**—James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter, Leonora, from marrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone," whom he likes but of whom he disapproves according to his conventional business-man standards. 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.

**CHAPTER II**—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 show-down. 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 so jumpy, he cannot sleep at night, he is too tired to go out much with Nora, and admits to her that he feels stifled. Nora soothes him with her music. He falls asleep and his face is more peaceful than it has been in many weeks.

**CHAPTER III**—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 tries to bargain it will be useless to come to him for help.

## CHAPTER IV

It seemed to Nora that things did go better for a time. Don appeared less tired. He even accompanied her to one or two informal parties with some show of enthusiasm; and was, according to their hostess, "a perfect life-saver" at a dinner given in honor of a renowned explorer, recently returned from the Arctic.

"The affair would have been a complete washout if your young man hadn't been here, Nora," she said with gratitude. "No one else present could talk intelligently with our lion on the subjects nearest his heart, you know."

That evening was something of a triumph to the girl. As she watched her lover conversing so easily and naturally with the guest of honor, comparing experiences, putting questions, answering others which the great man put to him, her eyes shone with happy pride. Even Ned, sitting across the table, was obviously impressed though he essayed to hide the fact. And Corinne, observing that others appeared to be listening with interest to "that queer boy Nora has taken up with," listened herself, and wondered if her ears deceived her when she heard the distinguished guest invite Don to dine with him next night.

"And can you tell me," she asked Ned petulantly as they rode toward home, "what a man like that can have in common with Don Mason?" Indeed, she had to repeat the question before her husband, who was deep in thought, roused himself to reply:

"Possibly he wants to book him for his next expedition."

Corinne brightened. "I wish to goodness he would! Don could never resist such an opportunity; and an absence of that sort would settle Nora! Did you see that Kemp Corless acted extremely struck with her tonight? They say he's worth ten million."

Ned shrugged. "I can't see our fastidious sister falling for a bald head and fifty years, my dear."

"She'd be a fool not to, with all that money into the bargain," Corinne retorted.

"Nora is a fool more ways than one," observed Ned with brotherly candor, "but she's perfectly aware that Dad'll never let her suffer from want of cash. And there's more to Don Mason than I supposed, Corinne. He's got uncommonly good manners, too. Did you notice—"

"Oh, yes, I noticed," broke in Corinne impatiently. "He simply monopolized the guest of honor, if you call that manners."

"It appeared to me," maintained her husband with honesty which would have astonished Leonora, "that the guest of honor was monopolizing Don!"

For a while there was silence, a thoughtful silence on the part of Corinne before she ventured: "I wonder if the man would dine with us if he understood that Don would be there."

Being not utterly blind to his wife's social ambitions, Ned threw her an ironic glance.

"Better not try, my dear," was his advice, "and save yourself a disappointment. I've heard he turns down almost everyone."

So things went better for a time. What Nora did not suspect was the heroic effort Don was making to conceal his unhappy state of mind. He was bitterly ashamed to have her know how let-down he really was—how intolerable the situation had become to him. Often he felt that could he talk freely—get the sense of rebellion at this way of living out of his system, it would ease the strain; but Nora was worried enough as it was, he argued. Why add to her troubles? Let her



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think, if she could, that he was at last becoming inured to this hectic existence which his fellow men regarded as the natural thing. Don felt that the fault was all his own. And to make things harder, spring was in the air and on the tree-tops—spring, which always played the devil with him!

Just the scent of a blossoming lilac stirred something in the very depths of his being—an almost irresistible desire to be away—it didn't matter where—just away. . . . And he was chained to a ledger, as securely chained as were those slaves in the old galleons. . . .

To Don, life was a spring wanderlust, the long days seemed interminable, and the office little better than a prison cell. There came an evening when he could not go to Nora for fear she would suspect the terrible unrest that had possession of him. Instead he tramped for miles into the country, trying to find peace from the stars—the cool of evening—the wild, sweet scent of growing things.

It was late when he turned his steps toward town. Peace had eluded him. He could not find it. Reaching a bridge he paused to rest a moment, gazing down into the infinite blackness of moving water. Peace must be there, he mused. Peace and coolness; release from this ghastly treadmill that men called life. After all, did the cowards have the best of it? Or in that somewhere beyond did they look back regretfully, sorrowfully, wishing they'd played the game—wishing. . . .

"Thinkin' about ending it all?" came a voice close at his side.

Don started guiltily, having been too lost in thought to hear approaching footsteps. Now the bright starlight showed him that a girl had spoken, her small, thin, pointed face looking up at him without fear, yet without boldness.

"Not seriously," he answered, as if there were nothing unusual in her question. "Is that what you were considering, this time of night?"

The girl shrugged, the cynical shrug of a bored flapper: an imitation, possibly, of some cheap actress of the screen.

"I tried it once," she confessed quite simply. "Honest I did; but a cop got in the way."

Don turned to look at her more closely, his interest rising.

"So you find life as desperate as that?" he questioned.

"Sometimes I do. Some days I don't care nothin' about livin'. Say!" she broke off suddenly, "have you got a girl—I mean a steady?"

He nodded, thinking how Nora would appreciate the appellation.

"But you ain't married. Anyone with half an eye could see it. You don't look tied."

"Don't I?" Don smiled at this description. "The truth is, I'm tied to a ledger—an immense and horrible black book chock full of figures that persist in dancing before my eyes when I want to sleep, and getting into the wrong columns day-times, just to be spiteful."

"You better be thankful they don't smell bad," the girl retorted. "I work in a dye house. Some days I can't hardly eat my lunch. How long you been goin' with your sweetie, anyhow?"

Don was beginning to enjoy himself. To be revealing his life history to an utter stranger, with no thought of the conventions, brought back the days of easy vagabondage that had once been his. Besides, this encounter would be something to tell Nora—something amusing. He answered, dropping with ease into the vernacular of his companion, a habit which endeared him to chance acquaintances: "We've been going together more'n a year now, sister."

"And you ain't tired of her?"

"Not so's you'd notice it!" grinned Don.

The girl drew in a breath which seemed, somehow, laden with discouragement.

"I bet she's got a lot o' swell clothes then, boy."

Not moving his head, Don turned his eyes a little. The moon had come from behind a bank of clouds, and he saw distinctly the much-washed, sleazy frock the girl was wearing. Even a patch under one arm was visible as she raised her elbows to the parapet, and, looking down into the dark water, repeated the statement she had just made: "I bet she's got a lot o' clothes."

Don said, a vision of Nora's silver slippers and gay chiffons rising before him: "I'll say she has! But believe me, girl, I'd think as much of her without 'em."

"A lot you would!"

She laughed, a dreary, yet somehow brave attempt at mirth that hurt Don strangely.

Where, he pondered, had he heard a laugh like that—a laugh that hurt him? The sound recalled something—wakened a memory. . . . He had it now! That lovely little dark-eyed Eurasian at Shanghai. A cad named Norton had played around with her—till he found out. Quite by chance Don had been present when the man repulsed her, openly, brutally, before people. . . . And the girl had laughed. Laughed to keep herself from weeping. That laughter had haunted Don for weeks. And now. . . .

With an effort he dragged himself back from the Orient to hear this other girl affirm, her young voice bitter:

"Maybe you think you would. Maybe you never seen her till she was all dolled up. I bet she don't work in no dye house anyway. What's her job?"

"She—" Don paused, then finished with sudden inspiration, "She plays—plays the piano, and—"

"The piano! Say, are you tryin' to kid me? The piano went out when the talkies come in, boy. Didn't you know that? I had a chum that could pound the ivories to beat the band. Played in a movie theater and dressed like she was Gloria Swanson. Why that girl had her nails fixed up in a beauty parlor every Saturday. Honest, I ain't kiddin'." (Don saw with pity the dyestained fingers clutching the rail.)

"And then the talkies come in and she lost her job. Tough luck, wasn't it? She worked in a bakery for a while after, but I guess she hated it most as much as I hate the dye house. I never see no one so crazy about playin' the piano. Used to play to herself nights after she come from work. But she lost her job again and had to sell the piano to pay room rent; and after that I guess she thought there was no use trivin' and—"

The girl's voice trailed off, her eyes seeking the water, and Don said: "What happened? What happened to her after that?"

"What would ha' happened to a girl like her?" Hopelessness deep as the water below them was in the answer. "She ain't respectable any more, that's all. My mother says she'll turn me out if ever she catches me talkin' to her again; but I ask you, honest, what could the girl do? Sometimes I dono as it pays to be respectable anyhow. I met Cora (she's the one I'm tellin' about) a day last winter when I was freezin', and b'lieve it or not, she was wearin' a fur coat!"

Don advised soberly: "I'd stay respectable just the same, sister, if I were you."

"And see my boy friend goin' with another girl because I ain't got a decent rag to wear when he takes me out?" she retorted furiously. "It ain't as if I could spend what I make on clothes, like some girls can. My old man don't work steady and I have to help my mother. Once last winter I saved ten dollars for a new dress. Thought it was safe under the newspaper in my bureau drawer; but—but my old man smelt it out and took it. Ain't that a dirty trick to play on yer own kid?"

"I'll say it was!"

Don felt a consuming desire to lay violent hands on the "old man." "We was goin' to a dance that Saturday, me'n Joe." The girl spoke hurriedly, as if it were a relief to tell her story. "He thinks I look swell in pink. That's why I wanted the new dress. I didn't find out about the money till—till Friday, the day I was goin' to buy it. There was a big sale down to Raney's and I seen the one I wanted in the window, only eight ninety-five, kid, and worth fifteen if 'twas worth a dollar. It had gold lace on it."

"Well, I never got it, o'course. Seems like I never get anything I want. Joe took the Ryerson kid to the party instead o' me. Old man Ryerson's a grocer and they got money. Joe likes me better'n he does her; only—only—" (Don heard with consternation—the trembling voice) "only a feller likes his girl to look swell when he takes her places, don't he?"

Don thought, compassionately: "You're right, poor kid. A fellow does."

Stirred by a sudden, compelling impulse, he moved nearer, and grasping the girl's thin shoulders turned her about so that the moonlight fell on her bitter, upturned face.

"Look at me, girl," he said. "Are you on the level? Not kidding me? No, don't get mad" (as she shook his hands off roughly). "I'm going to help. Honest-to-goodness, I'm going to help you, kid."

(Continued Next Week)

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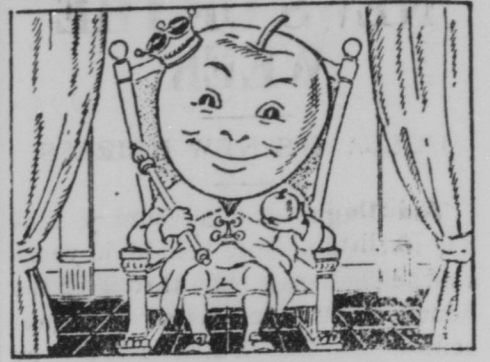
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**WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY** Second Edition

## The King of Fruit On St. Valentine's Day



By BETTY BARCLAY

The romantic tales which have been associated with the apple during its long and popular reign as the king of fruits make it the ideal dessert choice for Valentine's Day. The following recipes have been especially created for the February fourteenth party.

### Steamed-Glazed Apples

Wash and core well-shaped baking apples—Rome Beauties are excellent for this recipe. Place apples in a saucepan, fill cavities with granulated sugar, and add hot water to a depth of one inch. Cover and steam apples until tender. Remove apples carefully to a shallow pan. Skin apples. Pour enough maraschino cherry juice over each apple to tint it pink.

Drizzle with granulated sugar and glaze under the broiler. A little of the water in which the apples were steamed added to the bottom of the pan will keep the apples from sticking. Serve apples very cold with a dash of whipped cream.

### Apple Meringue Glacé

Pare enough firm ripe apples to provide one for each serving. Core and fill the core with shredded pineapple. Bake in a pan with pineapple juice until apples are tender. Cool and cover with meringue. Stick with silvered almonds, then return to oven at about 225° F. and bake until the meringue is lightly browned and crisp.

## Public Notice

On account of the growing deficit due to increased operating expenses and steadily declining passenger travel, the operation of our Rail Motor Bus trains 5 and 6 between Washington and Raleigh will be discontinued on February first, 1938.

The Rail Motor Bus was purchased at a cost of \$25,000.00 and placed in operation between Washington and Raleigh on January 6th, 1935, as an experiment, in an effort to provide more suitable passenger service to the public. We hoped to attract sufficient additional patronage to at least pay operating expenses, but after giving the added service a fair trial, extending over a period of about three years, it has been concluded that owing to the almost universal use of private automobiles and buses operating upon the highways, there is not substantial public need or the continued operation of this service.

For the three year period ended December 31st, 1937, operating expenses were \$61,940.51, while the total income amounted to only \$45,208.34, a loss of \$16,732.17.

For the first three weeks of the current month operating expenses were \$1,211.49, with total revenue amounting to only \$533.82, a loss of \$677.67.

We sincerely thank the public for the patronage received; for their friendship and good will, and for the many expressions of commendation for our efforts. This has caused us to feel that the experiment was probably justified, and has in a measure served to offset the heavy loss sustained.

**NORFOLK SOUTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY**

(Signed) M. S. Hawkins and L. H. Windholz, Receivers.  
This January 27th, 1938.

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