

SHINING PALACE

By
CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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WNU SERVICE

THE STORY

Leonora Lambert persists in her intention to marry Don Mason although her foster-father, James Lambert, tries to dissuade her. Leonora suspects that her half-brother, Ned, has influenced their father. Lambert offers to give Don a job for a year, saying that if the pair elope, he will disinherit the girl. Don attempts the work offered but becomes nervous and tired, declaring he feels stifled. Nora is distressed and begs her father to end the experiment. Ned tries to induce her to doubt Don. When accused of having given money to a girl whom he had helped in charity Don knocks Ned down. He and Nora elope and settle down in Maine. Lambert refuses to communicate with them, but sends the girl her clothes and \$1,000. Don and Nora go to Capri for the winter. Their son is born while they are away. Don having work on a London paper. Don is sent to Cape Town, has typhoid, and his work suffers because of ill-health and worry. They return to America. A friend gives Nora a parting gift of a Kimberly diamond. They buy an old house in Maine and remodel it. They are sent to California on an assignment for the London paper.

CHAPTER XII

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 unflinching 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



"There's our theater ahead now."

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, sluding 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

to the ropes, cried out at sight of him: "Don! Dearest! I'm waiting for you. I—I am here, Don!"

He heard! Nora knew that he heard. His head turned a little. Something that tried valiantly to be a smile, flickered for one brave moment across his face. . . . A gong sounded. . . . A voice: "This way, Bill. Room for another here. . . ."

The ambulance swallowed him while Leonora struggled to get near. . . . swallowed him. . . . bore him away.

She reached out, trembling from head to foot. She touched the wet arm of a fireman.

"Please, can you tell me—is—is he. . . ."

The man wheeled—faced her. "You mean that feller we just brought out, lady? He's hurt bad. Stayed under the balcony for hours tryin' to free a child that was pinned down. Time and again he was told to quit—that any minute the balcony was due to fall—but he just stayed there—kept on workin'. And not five seconds after he passed the kid to safety the thing collapsed. Tough, ain't it? It took three of us an hour to uncover him. Say! I take off my hat to a guy like him! I never saw—My God, lady! is—is he anything to you?"

"He—he is my husband," said Nora proudly; and then, suddenly conscious of pain that rent and tore her, yet not forgetting the dear burden that she carried, sank gently down into the drifted snow.

(Continued Next Week)

NEW BUG SCREEN

A new bug screen of "invisible" design which prevents the accumulation of insects on the radiator core of Oldsmobile Sixes and Eights without detracting from the appearance of the grille, is the latest accessory offered by Oldsmobile dealers.

The screen, 18 by 24 inches, is of rust-resistant square mesh stock. It is installed between the grille and the radiator core. Installation is a matter of a few moments and requires no tools. The screen is stretched in front of the core by two pairs of hooks which fit over the top of the radiator shell and under the bottom of the splash pan. Tension springs in the top hooks hold the screen taut.

Insects passing through the grille, strike the screen before reaching the radiator core and drop to the splash pan. The mesh of the screen (64 openings to the square inch) was selected after experiments to determine what size best resisted the accumulation of

Where's Elmer?

Our Elmer was among the four Who went out sailing, far from shore,

And found a leak within the boat So large it couldn't stay afloat.

With haste and by good handicraft They built themselves a tiny raft.



But when that shark appeared in view Elmer had disappeared, 'tis true.

Mourn not; he simply swam away Remembering it was Bargain Day

at the Zebulon SUPPLY COMPANY.

bugs. The few insects which do accumulate can easily be removed by raising the car hood and flushing down the screen with a garden hose.

To congregate means about the same as to collect; but there is often a painful disparity between the congregation and the collection.

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Thursday and Friday, June 2 & 3—
JEANNETTE MacDONALD, NELSON EDDY
"GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

Saturday, June 4—
BOB STEELE
"FUED MAKER"
Chapter 2—"Fighting Devil Dogs"

Sunday, June 5—
JOAN BLONDELL, MELVYN DOUGLAS
"THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN"

Monday and Tuesday, June 6 & 7—
SHIRLEY TEMPLE, RANDOLPH SCOTT
REBECCA of SUNNYBROOK FARM

Wednesday, June 8—
LEW AYRES, HELEN MACK
"KING OF THE NEWS BOYS"

Thursday and Friday, June 9 & 10—
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, VIRGINIA BRUCE
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COMING—
"LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY"
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