

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—In Chicago en route West, a movie theater collapses under a heavy snowfall. Don and Nora escape, but Don goes heroically to the rescue, and is carried out a broken man. Three years later, on old Martha's birthday, she reveals to Lambert Nora's remembrance over the years, and shows him her last gift, a handkerchief yellow with age and mended. She worries over what has befallen the girl, and reproaches Lambert for his stubbornness.

CHAPTER XIII—Lambert talks to Ned about his will and Nora's three-year silence. Ned reveals that he had read the story of the theater crash, while Lambert was ill with pneumonia, and also that he had heard that Nora was playing the piano at a Maine dancing school. Lambert shows Ned the specially designed postcard, and prepares to go to Maine immediately. An old driver tells him Mrs. Mason plays the organ in a church, gives piano lessons and bakes cakes for a living. Walking along, Lambert meets a little boy whose resemblance to Don he recognizes. The boy, not knowing his grandfather, tells him the whole story.

CHAPTER XIV

So Nora's father was left alone in her "shining palace." He stood by the fire, letting his eyes roam slowly around the "ball room." It was an unusual room, a room of extraordinary beauty; yet James had never seen anything just like its curious blending of poverty and riches.

In one corner stood a baby-grand piano. He was glad that Nora had kept up her music, but—a baby-grand, when the stuffing was coming out of that old chair! Incongruous. Evidently this improvident couple believed in spending when there was anything to spend. That rug now—that bit of cloisonne—the Russian candelabra on the mantel. Only real money could procure such things.

The old man moved forward, passing his hand over the lacquered chair, its mother-of-pearl inlay shining dimly. Leonora had written him about that chair at the very first.

Something her husband had picked up during his wanderings. Japanese, of course. No one surpassed the Japanese when it came to lacquer. His own Chinese cabinet (of which James was rather proud) couldn't for one minute compete with work

like this, he admitted honestly. And here was a nest of tables to match it. Beautiful! Those tables belonged in a museum; yet on the smallest stood a set of tiny dishes, put out, evidently, in anticipation of a doll's tea party! Did Nora's children play with things like this? Extraordinary!

James turned again, his eyes caught by a painting of a clipper ship above the fireplace. That was a ship! One could almost feel the wind filling its sails. A Venable, of course. One would recognize it anywhere. Well, Carl Venable had been a friend of Don's, he understood. The picture may have cost them nothing. Too bad the artist had been cut off in his prime—a man with a gift like that. It was a marvelous painting—worth a great deal of money; yet here it was in a room where the bookshelves were nothing but boxes, packing boxes piled one upon another and stained to match the woodwork.

Books, books, and still more books. A pretty penny they must have spent on books, those two; and yet, Nora's father admitted almost with reluctance, the books furnished this big room as nothing else could—gave it atmosphere. Their varied bindings made him think of a camel's hair shawl his mother used to wear. How softly they blended with the fine old rug that hung above them!

Well, he must sit down for a while. That walk from the car had tired him unaccountably. Despite its worn upholstery the big chair by the table looked inviting; but he must get nearer the fire—stretch out on the davenport a moment.

James paused, staring down at what he had taken for a divan. Why, it was nothing in the world but a pew out of some old church! Who ever heard of putting such a thing into a living room? And yet—by George!—it seemed to fit the place—belong here! What beautiful carving on those old posts. One seldom saw such work in these days. Well, this was certainly the strangest yet. A pew out of some old New England meeting house! But it looked surprisingly attractive with its thick crimson cushion and pillows of the same warm hue. And it looked comfortable. "A great deal more comfortable," James told the empty ball room, "than those modern, overstuffed affairs one can't get up from without a helping hand."

For a tired moment the old man sat down and closed his eyes, wondering wearily if this strange home of Nora's possessed a guest room. His sense of humor, grown rusty since she went away, lifted its head as he soliloquized:

"Perhaps they'll allow me to curl up in the watch tower!" James chuckled. "The enemy in the watch tower would be something new!" Then remembering that the boy had said his picture was on Nora's desk, he forgot his weariness and arose briskly.

There was a desk by the south window, a desk that any antique dealer who knew his business would give much for. It looked to James' discerning eyes like something brought over from England ages ago. A beautiful antique. And sure enough, here was the photograph! No wonder his small namesake hadn't recognized him. This picture was taken when Nora went to college. Here was her husband, too—an enlargement made from a snap shot. Don was just starting for a climb, his rucksack slung over one shoulder.

Recalling the wheel-chair, James Lambert winced, and laying the picture down as if it hurt him, lifted another. The children, of course. His grandchildren! A thrill of pride stirred in the old man's heart. Here was his namesake; an older boy; and baby Iris. A flower indeed! She seemed to resemble faintly that other Iris whom James had loved so dearly that he could forgive the unforgivable, and still think of her with tenderness after all these years. He was glad that Nora had not forgotten her mother. When Ned's first daughter had arrived and he ventured to suggest the name of Iris, Corinne had been appalled. What! call her baby after a woman who had deserted one child and had another by her lover!

James smiled tolerantly at this old memory. Best not go back to it. After all, Corinne was a good woman, a good housekeeper, and always invited him to Sunday dinner! If she were inclined to be uncharitable to the erring, well, time was already fixing that—time and a

boy she had spoiled with too much money and too little work.

He wondered, mildly amused at the idea, what Corinne would think of this big room. She would undoubtedly spot the packing boxes and the shabby chair. No such detail ever escaped her. And the family photographs! Her father-in-law could hear her say: "Photographs! Is it possible that Nora's not aware that photographs of that sort are taboo, save in a bedroom? Why, Father Lambert, it simply isn't done!"

The old man laughed softly at this vivid picture. Often enough he had felt annoyed at Corinne; but now she didn't seem to matter, not in the least. He believed there was something soothing about this room. It was so friendly, as if it bid you to be comfortable. One felt instinctively that those who lived here loved one another and were happy together. The shabby upholstery of the old chair—the worn hangings at the windows, were of no consequence. A healing sense of peace pervaded everything. This was a home. Ah! That was the explanation, James reflected. Stable or palace, this was a real home.

Suddenly his head lifted. His heart quickened. A door had opened—closed again softly. Light footsteps sounded—were coming nearer. He wanted to turn—must turn to face the door, but found he could not. And then a dear remembered voice broke in upon him:

(Concluded Next Week)

BEHIND THE SCENES IN AMERICAN BUSINESS

(Continued From Front Page)
charts, manual test tubes and vials of fluids. Some gardeners report savings up to 50 per cent of their summer vegetable bill through this scientific "trucking."

THINGS TO WATCH FOR—Golf clubs with transparent heads, in which arrows are imbedded to guide the stroke. "A can't miss torpedo" which, in case it misses an enemy battleship, turns back and strikes the warship from the opposite side. Portable partitions for soda fountains, which move on an overhead rail and can be adjusted to divide off any number of seats from others. A germicide more potent than tincture of iodine, yet less irritating. An "elevator" car which runs up and down the side of the stairs in your home.

HEADLINES — New car registrations declined, but filling stations see upturn in business—reason: Old cars burn more gas than new ones. Miami to have movie colony—studio under construction will begin by producing cartoons and later do full length features. Cigarette production shows increase over last year. Private power companies last year paid a tax bill of \$330,000,000, or 16 per cent of gross revenues. United Business Service cites uptrend in building as brightest spot in business picture. Over 100 general magazines gained an average of seven per cent in circulation last year. Survey of 33 cities shows retail drug store sales greater in those communities having larger percentage of chain food stores. United States has 30,000,000 automobiles, or 70 per cent of world's total. More than 70 per cent of American homes now using electricity.

Common Sense

A good substitute for the term "agricultural marketing cooperation" would be "common sense operation."

Cooperation is simply sound business practice on the part of the farmer. The growth and progress of American industry was largely the result of the application of the cooperative principle. The growth of American agriculture will be largely the result of the same factor.

One farmer, standing alone, can

have no voice in determining markets, prices, agricultural policies, or other such vital matters. Ten thousand farmers, represented by an aggressive, responsible organization, can stand on their own feet and fight their own battles. That's "common sense operation."

Crimson clover as a winter cover crop and plowed under for corn by Robert Lee Neal of Reidsville, R. No. 1 Caswell County, gives promise of producing a bountiful crop this year.

NEW ROTARY OFFICERS

At its regular meeting last week the Zebulon Rotary Club elected the following officers and committees for the next year:

Officers—Paul Cashwell, President; Vance Brown, Vice-President; Robert Massey, Secretary-Treasurer; McRae Faison, Sgt.-At-Arms.

Directors—Raleigh Alford, Edison Mann, Paul Cashwell, Vance Brown, Robert Massey, Irby Gill.

Aims and Objects Committee—Edison Mann, chairman; Raleigh Alford, Hoyle Bridgers.

Club Service Committee—Judd Robertson.

Classification Committee—Vaiden Whitley.

Membership Committee—Irby Gill.

Program Committee—Vance Brown, chairman; Russell Brantley.

Fellowship Committee—Durood Chamblee.

Rotary Information—Luther Massey.

Public Information Committee—Leighton Roper.

Vocational Service Committee—Howard Bunn.

Community Service Committee—Albert Medlin.

International Service—Early Moser.

Boys' Work—Robert Massey.

Crippled Children's Committee—McRae Faison.

Attendance Committee—Raleigh Alford.

Rural Urban—Hoyle Bridgers.

Entertainment Committee—Russell Brantley.

Song Leader—Leighton Roper.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Alvin S. Bridges, who, after suffering for several months, finally succumbed on Saturday morning, June 18, 1938, laid down the shackles of mortality and crossed over the dark river of death into that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns, there to await the bidding of that Supreme Councilor who reigns on high. Therefore, be it RESOLVED:

1. By Wakefield Council No. 197, Jr. O. U. A. M., that while we bow in humble submission to His holy will, believing that He knoweth best, and doeth all things well, yet we deeply regret and most sincerely mourn the loss of so dear a friend and so loyal a brother in the interest of our council.

2. That we extend to the loved ones and especially to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and earnestly invoke God's blessings and comforts upon them in this dark hour of sore distress.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Council, that one be sent each to the Junior American, and The Zebulon Record for publication, and one to the family of our departed brother.

Committee,
B. C. BAKER
HUBERT EDDINS
J. R. JOYNER

Reports from County agents indicate that North Carolina farmers will again increase the acreage to alfalfa for hay and soil improvement this fall.

FIRE

Will Destroy Many
PACK BARNs
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The Years Gone By

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Insured



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FIRE—

Pack Barns, Dwellings, Factories, Buildings, Stocks of Merchandise, etc.

HOSPITAL—

Pays—

Doctor Bill and Nurse as Well as Hospital Expense (Rates Very Low)

HEALTH and ACCIDENT—

Pays for Every Accident—Every Illness

AUTOMOBILE—

Fire, Theft, Collision, Property Damage, Liability

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