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3644

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NEW YORK

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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SYNOPSIS

James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter Leonora from emarrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone," whom he likes but of whom he disapproves 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 brough 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. 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 showdown. When Nora suggests the possibility of running away with Don. Lambert threatens disinheritance. Don agrees to the job.

CHAPTER II-Continued

lost his appetite. At the end of three he had lost ten pounds. Later still, when a strained expression gathered about his eyes, Nora began to worry, though, scorning himself for this reaction to "a steady job," Don had not complained. Then came an evening when he telephoned that he was too tired to come out, and heard her quick-drawn breath of disap-

pointment. "But, Don, it's the night of the Careys' dance and I'm all dressed!" "It is!" Dismayed surprise showed in his tired voice. you don't mind being a bit late

She broke in then with sudden understanding: "Of course we won't go if you're used up, Don."

"But you wanted to go, Nora!" He spoke in genuine distress. "You've been looking forward to it -a lot. See here, would you go without me? Tag along with Corinne and Ned? Honestly, darling, I'm all time.

in. Too tired to eat." Said Nora, very quietly: "Are you keeping something back, Don? Are

A reassuring laugh came over the

"Of course not! But I haven't been sleeping well for weeks, if you want the truth; and last night was rather the worst on record. I didn't close my eyes till daylight. I'll be O. K. tomorrow; but-don't think me a piker, will you?"

"Crazy!" "And you'll go to the dance with

Ned? Promise?" Ehe laughed and told him to sleep the clock around; but she didn't go to the dance.

Next evening the girl said out of a

silence: "Don-it's appalling." Watching her lover closely she had observed, with something of a shock, how those months of confinement had changed his whole appearance. It had been a gradual change, of course, and seeing him daily Nora had not realized the growing hollows below his cheek bones, or that the tan born of years in the open was quite gone, leaving his face with an unnatural pallor. Even his sea-blue eyes that made her think of sun-lit, dancing water, were more opaque, more lifeless; and his feet which always seemed to touch earth lightly, dragged now as he crossed the room to sit beside her.

"What's appalling, beloved?" "You," said Nora. "I-" (her voice trembled) "I'm not worth the price, Don."

He kissed her, not pretending to misunderstand.

"I'm the best judge of that, dear. Play to me, won't you—something that'll make me believe there are things in the world like brooks, and birds, and wind on the prairie? I'm stifled."

It was the first admission of the sort that he'd allowed himself to make.

Nora played for an hour, lilting troubled spirit far away to the 'green pastures and still waters' for which it hungered.

The music grew quieter . . . Old things . . . things one remembered . . . Rubinstein . . . Mendelssohn . . . Ah! Beethoven! The Moonlight Sonata, played as only Nora played it . . . So quiet; so sure; so firm

and yet so tranquil . . . When the last note of that matchless lullaby had died away, Don was asleep, his head pillowed on one arm, his face more peaceful than it had been for many weeks.

CHAPTER III

Nora grew noticeably thoughtful after that evening. Don had slept for a long time while she sat beside him gazing into the fire, as if its slowly fading glow might light her way. It was all so futile-this whole experiment, she mused. The time-worn simile of the round peg in the square hole came back to her. That was Don, poor boy! She knew full well that the year's sentence James Lambert had imposed on him would make no difference in their future; yet unless he stuck it you, my dear?"

out the older man would look upon

him as a failure—a ne'er-do-well. What was her duty? the girl pondered. It was useless to expect a product of the metropolis like her father, to understand or even make allowances. His whole world was the well-ordered world of the successful business man. His horizon was bounded by city streets. What more should one ask of life than a steady job and a salary which supported in comfort those one loved? was his sole argument. He saw no other. He could not comprehend what such an existence meant to Don, nor dimly vision that call of the Gypsy trail which tugged at the young man's heart, leading him onward, making of life a glorious adventure.

So the girl grew more thoughtful, By the end of the first month Don's nerves were taut and he had darling. What's happened?" and Nora laughed at him. But when her father questioned her one evening, a night when Don, pleading a dull head, had gone home early, she made no effort to evade the answer. He said: "Something's upset you lately. What's the matter,

> "Life," said Nora. James smiled.

"What's wrong with life, dear?"
"What's right?" countered the girl, shrugging.

Her father's eyes grew puzzled as he regarded her.

"Have you and Don been quarreling?" he asked. Nora laughed softly.

"It would be hard work to pick a fight with Don," she answered. "No, we haven't quarreled; but—I'm worried about him, Dad."

"There's nothing to worry about, my dear. Things are not going badly. I'll make a business man of Don Mason yet, Nora, if you'll give me

"You'll make a corpse of him more likely," the girl retorted with so much bitterness in her voice that James raised his head, looking at her in blank amazement.

"What do you mean?" "I mean that all his nerves are raw-on edge, Dad."

"Nerves!" The contempt in her father's exclamation cut Leonora to

James said, after a tense silence: 'See here, Nora, it's absurd to think that a year in a well ventilated, modern office can cause a breakdown such as you hint at. That young man is, was anyway, the picture of health. If there's anything bothering him now it must be, as you say, a case of nerves, which seems, to my mind, almost nonsensical. If he'lt make an attempt to pull himself together-get the best of the trouble instead of dwelling on it-"

"Dwelling on it!" broke in Nora with indignation. "Why he's never mentioned it! But I'm not blind, Dad, and the signs are there for anyone to read. I think you ought to call 'time up,' don't you?" "Time up?"

"I mean it, Father. This simply can't go on. Don's lived in the open since he was eighteen. Office life stifles him; and Ned . .

She paused, while her father observed gravely: "We'll leave Ned out of this discussion, if you don't mind." "How can we?" the girl demand-

ed with intrinsic honesty. "Ned's half the trouble. He makes Don frantic, pouncing on him unexpectedly-watching everything he does -snooping-"

"That's both insulting and unjust," James interrupted angrily. 'Ned means to be helpful. If his methods are upsetting to this young man it's not your brother's fault, Nora, but his own. And considering that-that-"

"That Ned would welcome an excuse to throw Don out the door?" finished Leonora. Then, as her father snorted, she went on: "Now Gypsy strains at first that led Don's | don't explode, Dad. It gets us nowhere, besides being bad for you. Perhaps I have no right to ask a favor anyway, but I'm asking one now: If you've any love at all for me, darling, and I know you have, I ask you to show it by putting an end to this experiment."

But James was obdurate. He was also angry. "I gave him a year, Nora. I don't like a quitter."

Two red spots flamed like twin banners on Nora's cheeks.

"That's not just, Father. Don's never suggested giving up. But there's something in him that you and Ned can't understand, I suppose. He's not impatient, Dad. I think he scorns himself a little for chafing at things which other men accept so naturally. And that's bad for him too. Don't you see, Father, it's like whipping a tired horse to keep a man of Don's sort tied to a ledger. It stifles him. And I warn you now that rather than see his spirit-the thing I love about him, crushed and broken unnecessarily,

I'll go away with him.' The man's lips tightened. "And forfeit all I mean to do for

"How should you know, who've never been without it?" he retorted. 'Ned's right. I've spoiled you, I regretted later. "Well, take your choice; but if the fellow quits, and you, Nora. And when the cupboard is bare-when the lack of silk stockings and silver slippers becomes hateful and you're tired of your bargain, don't come to me for help. Remember that."

Had he struck the girl, he could not have hurt her more.

Never before had her father felt such anger at Leonora. That she should even contemplate the idea of eloping with Don Mason, after what he considered his forbearance in giving the young man a place in trip de luxe, by George! A trip his own office, was utterly beyond



"I don't wonder your father hates to give you up."

James Lambert's unimaginative comprehension. Since that longgone, tragic day when the girl discovered their real relationship, her foster-father had felt that she was grateful for everything he had tried to be to her. Now he wondered; and, wondering, grew bitter. Yet in a pathetic, lonely way James could not bear to be at odds with Leonora, his wife's last gift to him. Tossing restlessly on his bed that night, he longed to go to this dearly loved daughter whom he could not always understand-to make his peace and ask her to forget his harshness; but because of a stubborn streak deep in his nature, the man could not do it; and this illumined moment which would have brought them infinitely closer,

passed and was gone. It was, however, no small measure of comfort that the girl's morning greeting was unchanged. If Nora's night had been as restless as her father's, nothing revealed the fact. She kissed him as usual; poured his coffee and chatted am ably of nothing in particular. But that evening James, who had been thinking, invaded the room where Leonora was playing to her lover, and sat for a half hour watching the young man closely.

Nora was right, he admitted. The fellow had changed deplorably. you, or-or me, Don?' Queer that he hadn't observed it sooner. Don looked what James called "peaked." And he was very

"Money's not everything, Fa- | pale; not paler than Ned, perhaps, but shockingly paler than he had

been six months ago. Still, was there any reason for alarm? James thought not. Don's suppose; and now I must pay the pallor was merely the result of an penalty." Then, because he was hurt indoor existence. Absurd for Nora indoor existence. Absurd for Nora and angry James said something he to worry about his health. In another month or so he would become acclimated-get used to it-stop you quit with him, I'm through with | champing at the bit as he did now. And there was no doubt that Don Mason needed discipline. He'd been his own master since he was eighteen. It was high time he learned to meet responsibilities, or how was he to take care of a girl like Leonora? And they were both young enough. It wouldn't hurt them to wait a little longer. He'd give them a trip abroad as a wedding gift if Don would agree to settle down after they got back.

James smiled to himself, pleased at this new idea. It should be a such as that young vagabond had never dreamed of. Trust Nora for that! She appreciated the luxuries of travel. Only a few months to wait; and unless Don proved himself a quitter . .

He arose, roused by the cessation of Nora's music. She said: "Want something, Daddy?" "No. I've left my book 'round

somewhere; but it's not here." Don, too, had risen. He said, smiling: "Won't you stay for a while, sir? I haven't the exclusive right

to Nora's evenings." "Perhaps not," responded James, "but I haven't entirely forgotten my own youth! Besides, I want to turn in early. Lost sleep last night, and the music has made me drowsy. Good-night, daughter."

He kissed her; nodded pleasantly to Don, and went upstairs.

"I don't wonder your father hates to give you up," said Don. "If ever I have a daughter as sweet as you, Nora, I'll be forced to stifle murderous intentions toward any fellow who makes love to her.' "And yet," she answered, "Dad

hurt me last night, frightfully." "How, dear?" She told him, not all, but part of that momentous conversation. "It was cruel, Don. I-I almost left him. I came near going straight

to you and begging you to run away with me." "I'm not the sort that runs, Nora," he said.

She considered that. "Not even if I asked you to, my

Don shook his head.

"Never-unless things get more desperate than they are now." "But you're nearing the end of your rope, Don," she protested. What good will it do us to stick it out if you lose your health?"

The young man laughed, confessing: "I'm a lot more likely to lose my temper! Sometimes-"

He stopped abruptly, and Nora asked: "Has Ned been bothering?" "Oh, let's forget it!" Don said in an attempt to end the discussion. "I'm going home, Nora. I seem to sleep better when I turn in early. I don't see how you put up with mea girl like you. I never show you any sort of a good time. I even forget when I promise to take you to a dance! I-honestly, dear, I've

wondered lately . . . "What have you wondered?" she questioned as he looked away. "I've wondered if it might not be

better for us to-to part, Nora.' The girl caught her breath, then said, her voice unsteady: "Better for Sensing her hurt he took her into

his arms with tenderness. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Camel's Hair Is Used for Packing, but the Animals Weep If Carelessly Plucked

The Mongolian camel grows very that apparently does not contain long hair to protect him during the nourishment enough to keep a woodbitter months of winter, and, as the en animal alive. He cries piteously weather becomes warmer, his coat falls away in strips and patches. Whenever we wanted to pack a box of fossils, we simply pulled the necessary quantity of wool off our camels, writes Roy Chapman Andrews in Asia Magazine. No finer packing-material could be devised. and a new crop continually appeared as the weather grew warmer and the camels shed more read-

to be exercised in plucking the poor beasts; for a camel, in spite of his size, is a very delicate animal. If we removed his underclothes too suddenly, he was very likely to catch cold and to whimper in the most disconsolate way, while great tears ran out of his eyes.

The more I see of a camel, the on thorny cacti and other vegetation palms soon sprang up everywhere.

whenever he is loaded or unloaded and whenever he is asked to kneel or to rise.

To see him hurrying across the plains, his legs flying in every direcalways makes me think of Prof. Charles P. Berkey's remark that "a camel is made up of spare parts." Nevertheless, with all his peculiarities, he is wonderfully adapted for life on the desert, and there is no other animal that can But a certain amount of care had take his place in the wilds of Mon-

Royal Dreams Typified by Palms The desire of every man to be a king is typified by Rio de Janeiro's great number of royal palms. Dom Joao, king at the beginning of the Nineteenth century, had planted the first seed of the royal palm himself more extraordinary he appears to and ruled that the tree was to be me. Certainly he is not a beast of exclusively his. To preserve his our day; he is a remnant of the monopoly he ordered every seed Pleistocene. He will pass with a from it gathered up and burned, disdainful sniff the most succulent but the residents of Rio who wanted green grass and walk straight out to imitate royalty bribed his slaves on the desert, to lunch contentedly to sell the seeds. As a result royal

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