

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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SYNOPSIS

James Lambert tries in vain to dissuade his beautiful foster-daughter, Leonora, from marrying Don Mason, a young "rolling stone." 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. 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 jumpy, he cannot sleep at night, he is too tired to go out much with Nora. Nora soothes him with her music. 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 obstinate 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 tires of her bargain it will be useless to come to him for help. Later Don and Nora discuss the situation. Don promises to buck up and take life more calmly. "We'll stick it out," he says. With the coming of spring, Don is full of unrest and wanderlust, and takes long walks at night. One evening a poor girl speaks to him, and in his pity for her, he gives her money. A car passes at that moment, flashes headlights and moves on. A terrific heat wave washes in the summer, and Nora refuses to go to the country with her father. Ned, meanwhile, insinuates to his father about Don's evenings away from Nora, but Lambert refuses to listen. Ned broods over the undermining of his morale.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Don answered, a curious dryness in his throat: "Too hot to go out, not to mention eating."
"I'll say it! We had our sent in. But we're likely to get it hotter come July. Father says they're moving to the country on Monday. You can't work without food, Mason. Better skip out and get a bite. I."

His voice trailed off as he came nearer. Now, pausing beside the desk he lifted the newspaper and stared down a while, utterly unconscious of Don's tense attitude. With maddening accuracy his lean white finger found the elusive error. "You've made a mistake there, Mason." He might have been correcting some small boy. "That six should have been a sixty. See?" He sauntered idly to the window, gazing down at the mass of sweltering humanity below while Don suppressed a murderous impulse to throw him out. But Ned had turned again—was speaking.

"See here, Don. There's something I feel I ought to say to you." The young man braced himself. "If it's about my work, I can save you the trouble," he replied brusquely. "I know I'm a dumb-bell at this sort of thing—always will be. Suppose you keep those comments for a day when the mercury's somewhere below one hundred. There are limits, you know, to what even a cog in this machine can endure without exploding; and for your sister's sake I prefer to keep my temper."

Ned sat down slowly on the window ledge. He didn't speak for a moment, and regarding him closely Don wondered how many times that morning the man had changed his collar. The thought made him conscious of his own much wrinkled linen trousers, and he slid his long legs under the desk to hide them. "You happen to be on the wrong track," Ned replied. "My comments have nothing whatever to do with your work here. You do as well as most beginners, I suppose. What I refer to is a different matter altogether. I've no desire to meddle with your private life, Mason. Get that straight. But Father tells me that Nora sends you home early; and twice I've caught you nodding by three o'clock. It stands to reason that a man who gets to bed before midnight, ought to be able to keep awake through the next day. I can only surmise . . ."

"Well?" Don prodded, ominous quiet in his voice. "I can only surmise," repeated Ned, "that—well to speak plainly, that you don't go home after you leave Nora."
"I see," said Don. He was desperately angry, but making a brave attempt to hold his temper. "May I ask where your active imagination sees me passing the night hours?" Ned flushed, looking hot, thought Don, for the first time that stifling day, though he answered calmly: "Sarcasm won't help, Mason, because as it happens, I've got the goods on you. Do you understand?"

"Most certainly I do not! Make yourself clear, please."
"I'll be only too glad to!" Ned spoke briskly, as if concluding some successful business deal. "I don't like beating about the bush myself; and you can't deny that you were with another girl late Friday evening, because I saw you."
"The hell you did!"
Don's eyes were blazing, while seven thousand imps seemed to be pounding the top of his head with tiny hammers. Where, he was asking himself frantically, had he been on Friday? Of course there was no

girl; but he must produce an alibi and he couldn't seem to think. Nora's brother was accusing him of being untrue to her . . . It was beastly, horrible, and . . . Then he heard Ned say, a triumphant ring in his usually level voice: "You don't deny it? Then perhaps you'll admit what Corinne suspected at the time: You were giving her money?"

To the man's complete surprise, instant relief sprang into Don's harassed face. Money! That girl on the bridge, of course! The kid he had talked with! Those blinding headlights that had lingered on him. So Ned Lambert and his wife had been behind them. Gosh! what a situation! Perhaps under the circumstances it wasn't so strange—the thing they'd thought about him. He said, almost laughing in relief: "Yes, I gave her money. She set me back a whole month's board—poor kid! You see . . ."

He told the story, eagerly, excitedly. He told it well. It had seemed a colorful experience—a bit out of the heart of life, to Don. He did not realize how it would seem to Ned, until at its close the man said dryly: "And you really expect to put that over on me, Mason?" Don stared at him, amazement in his eyes.

"Put it over on you! Do—do you mean to imply . . ."
Anger was surging through him, hot waves of anger. Never had Don felt anything just like them. He arose, slowly, his dazed head pounding. Did Nora's brother actually doubt his word? It was unthinkable—some hideous mistake. He gripped a chair, his nervous fingers tense, as Ned, who had also risen, answered: "I imply nothing. I have no use for implications in such a



Ned Lambert never finished that sentence.

matter. But for you to expect me to believe that any man in his senses sees a girl for the first time—the first time, mind you, and because she tells him a flimsy sob story, hands over his whole roll—well, it simply won't go down, young fellow. A yarn like that doesn't hold water. People don't meet by chance on bridges and confide their life histories to each other, not in this age. And decent girls don't accept money from complete strangers, anyhow. I hate to say this, Mason, but after all, Nora's my sister, and if you've been double-crossing her—running around till morning with some cheap jane who isn't fit to—"

Ned Lambert never finished that sentence. Something as hard as it was unexpected came in contact with his jaw, and he went down. When, furiously, he regained his feet a moment later, a white-faced Don exploded: "Will you take that back?" "Damned if I will, you lazy—"
"Take care!" warned Don, "or you'll get the mate to it!" He reached for his hat—set it firmly upon his head. "Well, I'm through here now. I've that to thank you for." He moved toward the door, then turned, forcing himself to say: "Look here, Lambert. For Nora's sake I apologize for hitting you, though I'd probably do it again under the same provocation. But you'll do well to remember that I'm not a liar; and if you're unaware that your sister's the sort a fellow doesn't double-cross, I advise you to make her acquaintance."
"And I advise you," Ned thundered, his hand nursing an aching jaw, "to take the first train out of town!"
"Nothing," said Don, with a calm, ironic little bow that enraged his adversary, "would give me greater pleasure. Good afternoon."

A sense of joyous release possessed Don Mason as he closed the door of that hated office behind him. In fact, he stormed down three flights of stairs before realiz-

ing that he was six stories above ground, and paused to await an elevator. But as he stood there watching for a red signal, all his elation in the combat vanished suddenly, leaving an almost physical nausea in his wake.

For in those first ecstatic moments he had forgotten Nora. Now, at thought of her, his own small triumph was completely lost in the knowledge that it would make things harder for her, make them, indeed, well nigh unbearable. What had he brought her anyway, he asked himself, save trouble and problems? Perhaps the kindest thing that he could do was to obey her brother's furious command and go away.

Half dazed, Don went out into the mid-day sunlight which beat down pitilessly on his throbbing head. Yes, he would go away—leave Nora to the life of ease and luxury that should be her portion. But (his fighting spirit rising) damned if he'd go before she'd heard his version of this morning's trouble. And there was no time to lose. Already Ned and his father might be on their way to her. But he could telephone—prepare the girl for what was coming; and wouldn't it hurt less to say good-by if he did not see her?

Hot and breathless though the small booth was, Don closed the door. No one save Nora must hear what he had to say. If she were out. But no, that was her own "hello" coming across the wire. He said, making the words as light as possible: "That you, Nora? I had to call to tell you some bad news. A half hour back I lost my temper—knocked down your estimable brother, so—so I'm on my way." There was a silence. Then: "Your—your way where, Don?"

"Anywhere—out of this cursed city," he answered, his voice gruff because the consternation in her own had made him a little sick. "Your father's right, Nora. I'm no good. That's why I'm leaving; not because His Royal Highness ordered me out of town. Remember that."
"But—what possessed you to do such a thing, Don?"
Her voice was steadier now, which gave him courage. "That's why I called you, Nora," he said quietly. "I wanted my side of the story to reach you first. I—I tried my darnedest to be fair, dear. He saw me talking to that girl I told you of—the kid I gave the money to, you know. Soon as I realized what he was driving at I told him the whole story; but—well, he didn't believe it, Nora. That's all, I think."

Don's voice was crisp, hard, brittle. Recalling the insult, hot rage ran over him like little flames. Said Nora, breathlessly: "You don't mean—you can't mean, Don, that Ned called you a liar?"
"Not in so many words, perhaps, but what he said amounted to the same thing. Oh, he had it coming to him, Nora! I'm not even sorry, except for your sake. He's got the idea firmly planted in his head that after I say good-night to you, I—Well, fill in the story for yourself. It's not pretty, but it doesn't require a great deal of imagination."

"Oh, Don! He—he couldn't have meant that!"
"He did, my dear. I want you to know that I had provocation. I apologized afterwards, if that matters; but of course this puts an end to—everything."
There followed a pause, a noticeable pause before he heard her say: "Meaning—me, Don?"
He answered, forcing his voice to steadiness: "I'm afraid so. I can't let you quarrel with your father for my sake, Nora."

Glass Made to Protect Documents From the Sun; an Aid to the Museum Curators

The production of "document glass," which is designed to protect valuable manuscripts from the deterioration caused by harmful light rays, is announced, says Scientific American. Developed to meet a growing demand by museum directors and curators of collections of rare manuscripts, document glass filters out the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum, exposure to which causes discoloration or paper and fading of ink, at the same time giving complete visibility by transmitting the visible light rays.

Development of document glass was based on the fact that the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum is most destructive to paper stocks and inks of various kinds, as established in research activities carried out at the Swedish National Testing institute in Stockholm. The most active light rays are those beyond the range of the visible spectrum in the short-wave region of ultra-violet (shorter than the 400 millimicrons).

After considerable experimentation with chemical ingredients designed to transmit the visible light rays and filter out the ultra-violet, document glass was perfected.

"Doesn't it take two to make a quarrel, Don?"
"Not with a man like him. Besides . . ."

"Besides what, dear?"
"Only what I've said before. I guess he's right—about me, Nora. He's shown me up in my true colors. I'll never be that important member of society—a good provider. I'm just a wash-out; and in the end you'll be better off if you let me go."

The girl said, after a moment in which something told her lover that she was fighting tears: "Is that what you want, Don? Are you so—so weary of everything that I seem a burden?"
This was too much. Don simply couldn't bear it.

"Oh, Nora!" he said gently. "Nora—my dear!"
It was the heartbreak in his voice that decided Leonora. She said, drawing a quick breath: "Listen Don. (It's all right, Central. I know we're talking over time.) Listen, dear. Have you had lunch yet?"

This practical question brought him a little smile, as one smiles sometimes in the face of tragedy. "Not yet. Forgot completely. It's not every day I knock a fellow down, Nora! And it's so hot. My head—"
"Is it still bad?"
"It's fierce, Nora."
"Well, get some bread and milk, Don. You need it. (This call will set you back a whole week's pay, darling!) Then go to your room and pack. I'll be outside there in a taxi as soon as possible. If I'm late, wait for me. I've got to see you. Promise you'll wait, Don?"

What else could he do?
As for Nora, she hung up the receiver and sat quite still for a time, thinking. It seemed incredible that after all Don's patience and forbearance, this was the end! Another tragedy for her father. (How could she bear it?) Happiness tarnished by regrets for herself and Don. Yet there was no other way—could be no other way for them now. James would believe Ned's version of the encounter. He would be angry past all forgiving. Nora knew. Anything she might say to him would be quite futile—useless. A scene would only hurt them both; but could she do the easy thing—leave him as her mother had done so many years ago with merely a letter of farewell? Being Nora, remembering the refuge his arms had been to a frightened child who had watched with death, she could not. Her father deserved better than that, though he would be unyielding. Nora knew how unyielding he would be . . .

She arose at last, going up the wide staircase slowly, almost reluctantly. Somehow this home had never seemed so dear to her, nor so desirable. Passing her father's room she paused a moment, recalling the many times a little girl, waking to bad dreams, had scampered into his big bed for comfort. And now she must leave him—hurt him cruelly. Would he understand some day—forgive her?

Nora packed, slipped into the cool, dark dress that would be her wedding gown; forgot her father's picture (the one taken specially for her when she went to college); opened her suitcase and placed the photograph where it would not be broken. A queer, hard lump rose in her throat. It hurt her. She worked fast—fast, so that she would not weep; and when all was done, stood at the door a while, letting her eyes dwell lovingly on every detail of the room—her own first room. (TO BE CONTINUED)

AROUND THE HOUSE

After Peeling Onions.—Dry mustard rubbed on wet hands after peeling onions removes all odors.

Too Salty Soup.—A slice of raw potato added to soup to which too much salt has been added, and boiled in the soup for a few minutes will absorb much of the salt.

Ironing Soft Collars.—When ironing men's soft collars iron on a Turkish towel doubled four times and they will iron much easier.

To Clean Picture Frames and Glasses.—Wash with warm water and ammonia (a teaspoonful to a quart of water). For gilt frames, use the water in which onions have been boiled, as it will restore their brightness.

Preserving Books.—To keep books on shelves or in cases in good condition, sprinkle occasionally with powdered camphor.

Improving Canned Fruits.—Always open canned fruits an hour before serving. Fruits become richer in flavor after they have absorbed oxygen.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

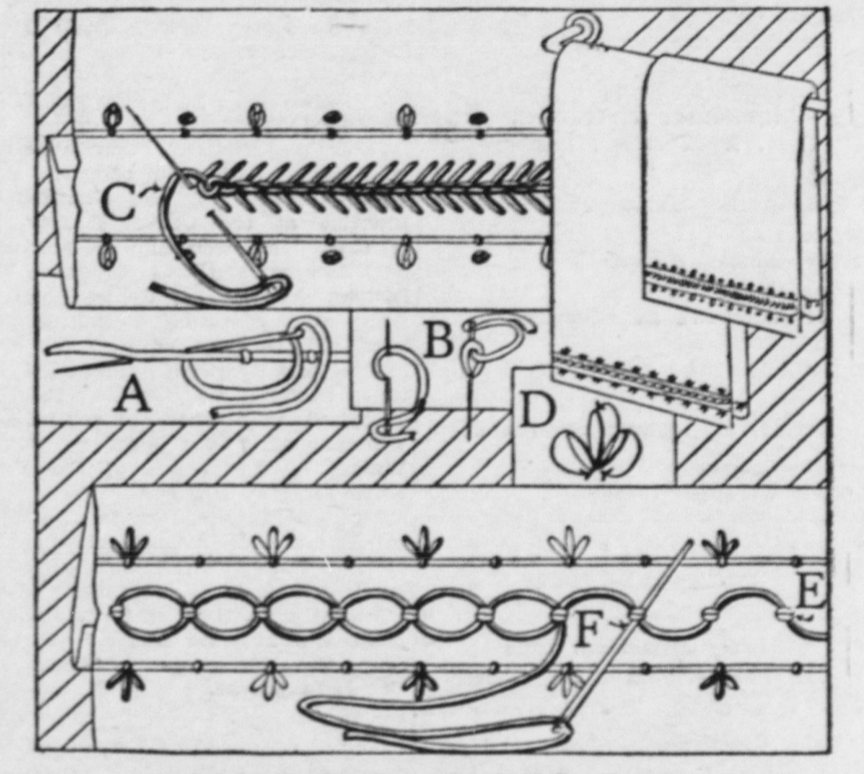
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HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



Bright Embroidered Borders for Towels

THESE borders you will find easy to make. All six strands of six-strand mercerized embroidery thread are used. Crease 1 1/2 inch hems first. Draw threads of the material to make straight guide lines for the embroidery. Sew the hems by hand after the embroidery is done.

The top border is royal blue and turkey red. To make the straight lines at the sides, couch blue thread in place with red as at A. The loop stitches along the edge are made as at B. The vertical loops are red and the smaller horizontal loops blue. The fish-bone stitch in the center is made in red as at C.

The lower border is light yellow and orange. The edge lines are yellow, couched in place with orange. The alternating groups of yellow and orange ray stitches along the edge are made as at D. For the center chain make evenly spaced yellow stitches in double thread as at E, then weave orange thread through them as at F.

Readers who have received their copy of Mrs. Spears' book on Sewing, for the Home Decorator, will be pleased to know that Book No. 2 is now ready. Ninety embroidery stitches are illustrated; fabric repairing; also table settings; gifts; and many things to make for yourself and the children. If you like hand work you will be pleased with this unique book of complete directions for every article illustrated. Price 25 cents postpaid (coin preferred). Ask for Book 2 and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplains St., Chicago, Ill.

ASK ME ANOTHER? A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. What was the Charter Oak?
2. What is the world's most ancient democracy?
3. How and when did the United States acquire Florida?
4. What is the total world's production of radium?
5. What ancient philosopher prophesied the income tax?
6. Was there a political party in America named Locofocos?
7. What does Tia Juana mean?

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