## SHINING PALACE

## By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER X-Continued -13-

After a while she drew the manuscript from its envelope. For weeks Nora had been too worn and tired to peruse the articles her husband was sending out. Now, reading critically, her heart sank still lower. The editor was right. This wasn't on of Don's joyous narratives. It was the work of a harassed, half sick man, driving himself on because the need of money was imperative.

Part of the thousand dollars James Lambert had tucked into her gold mesh bag had paid the charges at the nursing home in London. The rest (long saved for an emergency), melted away during the months of sickness in South Africa. Dreading to run up bills, Nora had paid the Cape Town doctor at every visit, not realizing that if the man possessed a conscience he would doubtless have deducted something from the sum total. There had been medicines, too, expensive medicines; and nourishing food that cost real money. And now Don, burning the candle at both ends in a desperate effort to provide for his loved ones, was failing to make good. She would not show him that letter. She could not.

What Nora did was to sit down at the kitchen table, spread out the rejected manuscript and proceed to imbue it with the missing charm. And because she knew her husband's style so well-because she had listened spellbound while he talked of his adventures, she did it superbly. Her tired eyes lighted as she read it over, knowing by in-stinct that her work would "get across." And then she made the wisest move of all: wrote simply and honestly to the London editor (she had to check herself from beginning the letter "Dear old lifepreserver"!), confessing what she had done to this Cape Town Letter -telling him something of the unforeseen troubles which had descended on them-agreeing to watch over her husband's work, speaking quite frankly of the reason why they must return to England at the time planned. And at the end: "You will understand, of course, why you must send no answer to this letter: but if in its present form you find the article available for publication, kindly forward a check to Mr. Mason as soon as possible . . ."

"And never let anyone persuade you," she said months later when Don learned the truth, "that Englishmen, for all their cold exteriors, haven't the warmest hearts in the whole world!" For just when her husband was beginning to worry about the missing check, a letter arrived bearing the familiar heading. The editor, it seemed, had learned of his contributor's recent illness, regretted it deeply, and suggested not trying to write till he was quite himself. Enclosed was a check for the last article (an especially good one), as well as for the three to follow, "on which, my dear fellow, you are at liberty to take your time." And with kindest regards to Mrs. Mason, he remained very cordially indeed . .

"But how in thunder," asked Don, lifting puzzled eyes from this welcome missive, "did the old boy learn that I've been sick? And why does he lug you in all of a sudden?" "Well, don't ask me!" responded

Nora, so guilelessly that for the time being Don hadn't a suspicion of her intrigue.

After that things really did improve. The tension lessened. Don did better work. The little son was growing rosy; and Nora, rested herself, admitted (although it went against the grain to do so!) the surpassing beauty of Cape Town harbor - the grandeur of Table mountain rising majestically behind the city.

Thus a day arrived when she braved the eyes of a scandalized community, and stopped at the house of a woman who, like a ministering angel, had appeared one chill, gray dawn to offer help.

"Whoever sees me will be horrified, I suppose," she said to Don, "but after all, why should that matter? I was at the breaking point when she helped me out, you know. It wouldn't be decent not to say good-by to her."

"Of course it wouldn't." Don turned from locking a steamer trunk to add: "I'll go with you,

dear." But Fate had other plans. Because of some error about their stateroom Don was called away;

and Nora went alone. "I just dropped in to say goodby." Her hostess, obviously astonished at the call, was leading her into a small, tidy living room. Nora had not expected its surprising neatness. Then she saw that the woman herself looked neater-more selfrespecting, and continued: "We leave for home tomorrow; and I've

never half thanked you for all you did for us." "You don't need to, lady." The voice sounded a shade breathless. "It wasn't - nothing. I -" The woman, seated across the little room, arose suddenly. "I heard you folks was pullin' out tomorrow and

I got somethin' for you-a-a sort | dishes; scrubbed floors; patched; | where we stood. I'm not asking you o' good-by present, if you don't darned; ironed; but on one finger mind. I was goin' to carry it over blazed a thing of undying beauty: after dark."

Touched, and a trifle puzzled, Nora watched her open a bureau drawer and take out a small box tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon.

"Will-will you promise me some-thin'?" she asked, her voice still "Why not?" said Nora. "Weren't you a real friend in time of need?" "Friend!" echoed the woman, a nervous, unsteady laugh escaping her. "Well, lady, it's this I want:

Promise you won't open this box till you're out at sea; and-and that you won't never try to get it back to me, noways." "That's easy," smiled Leonora, anxious to put the other at her ease.

"Why should I want to send it back?" "You'll know when you see it. Your man might not like to have you take it—from me, you know. But you tell him that if I was to kick off sudden some guy would steal it off me most likely. Andand I wanter give it to you-'most more'n I ever wanted anything. I-"



"Let's get back to the barn."

she hesitated, then broke out passionately: "Say! you're the first good woman that's spoken a kind word to me for 15 years! I'm dirt to 'em all; but if they knew how I got this way— Well," her voice dropped, dully—"that don't matter now. I'm used to it. But you keep that safe, lady. I come by it honest. A man give it to me onceonly decent fella I ever knew . .

And next morning, a bright, clear morning as if Cape Town were doing its best to overcome an unfortunate impression, they set forth in a second-class cabin (Oh, shades of Leonora Lambert!) on what was to be a most momentous voyage. Safe in the depths of Nora's handbag lay a small white box tied with a scarlet ribbon. The English boy. reluctant to see them go, was on the wharf. His was the last face they saw in Cape Town. His the last voice they heard. Above the confusion of departure it reached them clearly: "Good-by and Good Hope!" South Africa's farewell to the departing voyager.

How near, and yet how infinitely far away that year seemed now! Thus mused Nora as she watched the rising tide encroach, slowly, but surely, on their resting place. What things one lived through and emerged from unbroken! And here they were where they started life together, she and Don, back at "the shack," a very crowded dwelling place, "because," said Don, regarding Carl Venable's last gift to Nora, because, my dear, with a babygrand and two grand babies, there's hardly room to come in out of the rain!"

Yet Leonora was so happy at being home again-so lost in ecstasy over the piano, that nothing else was a long, long cry from that day six years before when she had regarded mere cobwebs and the lack of running water with such keen dismay. What inconveniences hadn't she put up with in those six years? Nora smiled at the thought, and ob- he can be aroused only by many served abruptly:

"What a parlor ornament I once was, Don! Do you remember that until you brought me to the shack I'd never known the want of a kitch-

en apron?" Don turned his head, and without disturbing their younger son, who sat astride him, reached out and lifted one of Nora's hands, her right hand. It was the delicately formed, sensitive hand of a musician-longfingered, slender. Nothing could mar its perfect contour; yet it was also the hard, brown hand of a woman who had labored at tasks that leave their scars. It was a hand that had washed innumerable

a matchless Kimberley diamond, the "good-by present" of a woman

in far off Cape Town. Don kissed the palm of that workworn hand, and said, addressing his small son: "She's a wonder, isn't

"A perfec' wonner," agreed the baby; and they both laughed before Don questioned: "Where's brother vanished to?"

Nora glanced down the beach to where a small boy in a scarlet bathing suit was beginning operations on a tunnel that was to reach "Aunt Connie way over in Capri!"

"He's constructing a subway to Italy, I believe. The U. S. A. agrees with the kiddies, doesn't it?" This question, innocent in itself, was, as developed later, merely an opening. "Even this single month has made a difference in them," Nora continued, choosing her words with care. "Jimsy has gained a pound, and Donald, two. I almost dread

Don moved to scan her face for a stealthy moment. "I've been rather expecting that,

my dear," he said. Nora laughed, touching his hand as if to reassure him. "Afraid I'll turn domestic?" she

queried lightly. "You are domestic," asserted Don. "That's one of the reasons why I love you. You can create a home in the barest of hotel rooms, darling. Haven't I seen you do it numberless times? Haven't I seen you take a tumble-down villa overlooking the Lake of Como, and with the aid of a couple of Italian blankets and a brass candlestick transform it into such a place of peace and beauty that even Mussolini (if he had the good luck to get inside), would cease to dictate for a moment and let himself relax? If we were to occupy an igloo in the Antarctic, I've no doubt you'd make it so attractive that the penguins would stand 'round begging to come in! You are a wonder, Nora, just as I observed a moment since. Why, I'll wager you could take that weather-beaten old barn back there beyond the dunes and make a home

"I could!" said Nora. Two words. Two words spoken with such a triumphant ring that in a flash Don comprehended things that had been puzzling him: a recent preoccupation on the part of Nora; a day when he found her staring, dreamy-eyed, at the old barn; a trip to the Port that

seemed unnecessary He sat up suddenly; deposited his outraged baby on the sand, and exploded with undue violence: "Nora, you can't mean it! You're crazy! That hideous old stable!"

"It's a lovely stable," defended Leonora, "and we can buy it for almost nothing. The owners moved to Portland years ago when the house burned, Don. They're tired of paying taxes and waiting for a summer colony to spring up next door and boom land values. They'll take \$300 for the whole place-an acre facing the broad Atlantic! Imagine that! And the barn's thrown in. They don't consider it worth mentioning."

"It's not," said Don. His face was just a bit forbidding. "And it strikes me, Madam, that you're rather astonishingly well informed."

Nora was forced to laugh at this merited attack. "I've taken pains to be," she ad-

mitted honestly. "Not to deceive you, Don, or to put something over on you in an unguarded moment, but because I had to know just

to settle down forever, dear (How could you earn a living in such a spot?), but I'm homesick for a place to call my own-a refuge in time of need-a nook to hold the lovely things we just can't help collecting -a haven when there's a baby to be born. It's no fun bringing a child into the world during a storm at sea, as-as I did Jimsy."

Don looked at her in silence for a moment. When he spoke there was a trace of anger in his voice.

"Are you implying that I don't know it? That I underestimate the horror of that experience-for you, my dear? Do you think I'd have risked waiting so long to sail (even though we thought there was time to spare) if we hadn't been so damnably hard up that I felt I must squeeze every possible shilling out of South Africa? Why, I even considered sending you on earlier, alone, Nora, and was afraid you couldn't stand the trip with the boy to look after! I wonder if you've the least conception of how I felt that night when you woke me to say that things were imminent and I found the ship rocking like a cradle and the only doctor on board too sick with fever to lift his head off the pillow. I-I was sick myself, Nora, sick with fear, I mean, remembering what you went through before. You don't know me if you think I'd let you take a chance like that again. You don't-"

"Oh, come!" broke in Nora, smiling a little. "One would think I'd accused you of neglect! And I didn't need a doctor with that marvelous Norwegian nurse you dug up from among the passengers and my capable husband, who took her orders like a soldier. It's you who's the wonder of the family, Don. You never let me see that you were nervous-not for a minute. I remember thinking: 'Don wouldn't be so calm if things weren't going right'; but I was frightened just the same, terribly frightened, especially when the storm was at its height and my vivid imagination pictured the ship just ready to go down. And if everything hadn't been normal this time-Well, let's forget that possibility. Let's get back to the barn."

"Pony?" questioned James Lambert Mason with what appeared to his admiring father as rare intelli-

"You hear that, Nora?" he asked grimly. "Why, even the kiddie understands that a barn's intended to shelter only cattle." Nora laughed.

"Since when have ponies been considered cattle, darling?"

"Oh, you may laugh," said Don, and his wife knew instantly that something hurt him, "but when I me, Nora, the thought of your living in a stable-"

"The Christ Child was born in a stable, Daddy."

They both turned, startled, not having heard the approaching feet of their elder son. He stood behind them, his scarlet bathing suit a patch of gorgeous color against the dunes, his big, brown eyes regarding his parents soberly.

"So He was," said Don, and his eyes met Nora's. This serious first-born of theirs, whose five short years had been spent almost entirely among elders, possessed an uncanny way of getting at the heart of things. Sometimes it awed them,

as it did now. "Cows?" questioned the baby, and sat down again, this time on Nora.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Black Bear in Real Stupor Throughout Winter: Woodchuck Is One of His Rivals

for the chipmunks, bears, raccoons and others of the tribe which holes up in the winter time and goes to sleep. Best known of all the wintersleepers, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, is the Michigan black bear, who crawls into a shelseemed of the least consequence. It | tered hole under the root of some fallen tree for the winter. When he first goes into his den, his sleep is natural and he is easily aroused. If he is left undisturbed, his sleep develops into a real stupor. When he is in the midst of the winter sleep proddings of a sharp stick.

The woodchuck or ground-hog rivals the bear for popularity as a winter sleeper. Woodchuck dives underground late in September, and remains hidden until early in spring, when some bright day, he again begins to look around.

Unlike the woodchuck, who goes underground sharp on time, the chipmunk's disappearance is prompted entirely by the frost. The chipmunk postpones his departure until some cold day, after which he passes the rest of the winter in a death-like sleep, to reappear again trait painting. Gainsborough por-

Cold weather holds little terror | courages many a popular belief about animals, lists a total of "seven sleepers" to include the skunk, raccoon, jumping mouse and bat. All of these except the bat hole up during part of the winter when the weather is severe. The bat merely hangs itself head down on a convenient peg in a barn or sheltered spot, and remains in this position until warm weather comes.

Gainsborough, Society Painter Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788), the first of the distinctly English school of painting, was the most celebrated society painter of all time. His procedure was to have his sitter patiently wait while he painted the most attractive woman he could imagine. After that he began to work down to a point that approached the appearance of the lady in question. When she began to see a resemblance, he quit. He confessed to George III that he preferred to paint landscapes, his works of which as art rank as high or higher than his portraits, but his wife's extravagant demands made him turn to the more lucrative porsome bright warm day in spring.

Ernest Thompson Seton, who entones of blue and green. Floyd Gibbons

**ADVENTURERS' CLUB** 

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

> "The Particular Thief" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

And who's the guest speaker at our Adventure banquet today? Well, sir, it's Mrs. Anna Robinson of Bronx, N. Y. And what's she going to talk about? Why, Anna is going to tell the strange tale of the thief who didn't want money.

That thief certainly made things complicated for Anna. If he had wanted money, it would have been simple. Anna could have given it to him, and he'd have been satisfied. But when a man demands something you haven't-and threatens to kill you if you don't give it to him-

Well, if you're ever in a spot like that, I hope you make out as well as Anna did.

It all happened in a doctor's office in the little upstate New York town of Jeffersonville. In 1927, Anna was working there as a nurse. It wasn't a hard job, but it was a lonesome one, for the doctor was out on calls most of the day, leaving Anna in charge.

One quiet afternoon in March, though, Anna had a caller. The doctor was out as usual when the door bell rang, and Anna answered the ring to admit a tall, ragged stranger with a desperate look in his eye. One look at him told Anna that this was an emergency case-but little did she dream that the emergency would be her own!

This Caller Just Wanted "Coke."

The man pushed his way past her and hurried into the office. "Is the doctor in"? he wanted to know.

That's where Anna gave the wrong answer. The man was obviously in a hurry. The doctor wouldn't be back for several hours. Anna told him she wasn't expecting the Doc to return for quite a while and suggested that he try at the office of another doctor nearby.

It was just what the stranger wanted to know. A change came over his face, and a crafty look gleamed in his eyes. "So you're alone, eh"? he said.

"I was taken aback," says Anna. "I said, 'Yes, I'm alone,' but the minute I said it I could have bitten off my tongue. If I'd only thought first-told him there were other people in the building-I could have saved myself the trouble that I was evidently in for. But the damage was done, and all I could do was stammer, 'What do you want?' He said: 'Oh, I'll get it myself,' and started walking toward the inner

At first Anna thought ne was just a petty thief, and as the man walked toward the office she remembered something the doctor had often told her. "If ever a tramp or a thief comes in," he had said, "don't try



"Where's the coke?" he cried angrily.

to oppose him. Let him take what money there is and get out." But the stranger didn't seem to be interested in money. He passed straight by the desk, went to the medicine cabinet and began staring at the labels on the bottles.

He stared a long time while his forehead knitted in a puzzled frown. Evidently he couldn't understand the labels. At length he turned angrily on Anna and cried: "Where's the coke?"

Ready to Kill for the Drug. That explained things-and at the same time it threw Anna into a panic. This man was no petty thief who would be satisfied with money. He was a dope addict, crazed by a craving for cocaine. He would robkill-do anything to get that precious "shot" of narcotic, and to her disremember all you gave up for-for may, Anna realized that there wasn't so much as a grain of cocaine

in the place. "We have no cocaine," she stammered. The man turned on her in a rage, his eyes blazing, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides. "Don't lie to me," he shouted. "Get it. Get it or I'll—" And

he took a step toward her, raising his claw-like hands to her throat. Says Anna: "I was terribly frightened. My thoughts ran in circles. He stood between me and the telephone, madness and murder in his eyes. I could not hope that someone would come in, as the local people knew the doctor's office hours were in the evening. Screaming would do me no good, for screams coming from a doctor's office might only mean that some poor devil was having a broken bone set. And if I even tried to scream, those terrible claw-like hands would close about pulled the scarlet figure down on his knee. Across the child's dark head defense God gave to women—talk."

She Talked Him Into Submission.

With fear clutching at her heart, Anna began to talk quietly to the stranger. She explained that few doctors kept pure cocaine-that they used derivatives like novocaine instead, and that novocaine wouldn't give him the effect he wanted. She told him a lot of other things about drugs, too. As she talked, her fear of the man wore away, for the madness had gone out of his eyes and he sank into a chair, head hanging and dejected.

Then Anna switched to another tack. She began talking against the use of drugs, painting a terrible picture of what they would do to him if he kept on using them. She told him the best thing to do would be to go to the local health officer and take a cure for drug addiction-told him that if his system really needed cocaine, the health officer would give it to him. And believe it or not, the dope addict agreed with her. He waited while Anna called the health officer on the phone, and went along peacefully when the officer came to get him.

After he had gone, though, Anna lay down on the couch and cried hysterically. When the doctor came back he gave her a sedative and

sent her home. All that was quite a few years ago, and Anna has been away from Jeffersonville a long time. She's married now, she tells me, to a New York policeman, but I doubt if that cop husband of hers ever did a finer bit of police work than Anna did with her tongue when she talked that drug-crazed maniac right into the hands of the law.

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Wiped Out by Indians The first English-speaking settlement in Ohio, established at the mouth of Laramie creek on the Great Miami river in what is now Shelby county in 1749, was wiped out

Hair Combs Long in Use Hair combs are of great antiquity and specimens made of wood, bone and horn have been found in Swiss lake dwellings. Among the early Greeks and Romans they were made of boxwood and in Egypt of

Purchased Sandringham Palace Sandringham palace, a favorite residence of British royalty, was purchased in 1862 by the prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, for

Name of Lake in Massachusetts Chargoggagoggmanchauggogoggchaubunagungamaugg is the name of a lake in Massachusetts. It was named after the terms of an Indian fishing treaty, and means: "You fish by French and Indians three years on your side, I fish on my side, no-later.

> Shock of the Electric Eeel Those who have investigated the strength of the shock of the electric eels of the Amazon river reported that it was not strong enough to kill human beings, but will sometimes stun them as well as larger animals, such as horses.

> Flocking Birds Choose Sentinel Flocking birds of the more intelligent kinds, such as wild geese, commonly designate a sentinel, he selecting the next one by touching or