

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Ned nodded, admitting: "They were darned good. I remember sitting up late to finish one. But I've never seen any of them since, Dad. Have you?"

"Not one." The old man's eyes grew vaguely troubled. "I watched for them too. Nora wrote as if there were no uncertainty about their publication—it was an assignment, I believe. She seemed happy; but her letter must have been two weeks old before I saw it. I was down with pneumonia just then, and all my personal mail was laid aside until I could attend to it myself. She wrote from a boarding house, I think, not a hotel. They were leaving in a day or two, as soon as Don attended to some business and the city got dug out of a blizzard."

Ned raised his head, quickly, as if reminded of something.

"You say this was within three years? Are you absolutely sure, Dad?"

"Sure? Am I likely to forget that wretched sickness? It was three years next month when the letter came, Ned; and since then nothing but silence. Such a thing never happened before. I didn't answer Nora's letters, but she's always written. Sometimes regularly, sometimes with several months between. I tried to persuade myself that their plans changed suddenly, especially when Don's articles failed to appear. I thought they might have gone to some out-of-the-way country and stayed there. I suppose I was just trying to 'kid myself,' as the boys say. I even tried to believe that since they were apparently successful she had forgotten me—given me up as a bad job—but that's not—Nora. I've been very unhappy about her, Ned. Very troubled. And tonight something that Martha said has made me more so."

James glanced up, conscious that his son was inattentive. Ned said, thoughtfully: "Do you remember a terrible catastrophe in Chicago, when the roof of a theater collapsed under a weight of snow?"

His father was suddenly erect.

"You don't mean—"

"I don't mean that anything happened to Nora," broke in Ned. "The thing occurred, as I remember now, when you were too sick to see the papers. I only glanced at the headlines myself. I loathe such details. But Corinne revels in 'em, you know. She even read part of the story aloud at the table—a fellow who was in the audience and got out safely, went back into the doomed place and spent hours under a collapsing balcony trying to rescue a child who was pinned beneath the wreckage. It was very luridly told. The reporter claimed to have been an eye witness. Said the man refused to quit even when warned. He saved the child, I believe, but failed to get out himself. And his name was Mason. He was caught under the timbers."

"Killed?"

"No; but I judged from what the paper said that he'd better have been. If it were Don—"

James turned on his son angrily.

"Why wasn't I told of this? Then, his voice softening: "But Mason's a common enough name, Ned. Why should you think it was Nora's husband?"

"Only because the paper said Dan Mason—not Don, you understand, but so near that a misprint might have been possible. I didn't speak of it because you were so sick just then. I couldn't worry you, Dad; though I see now that I should have investigated the matter myself. My only excuse is that it was the very time when Junior got into that scrape at college, and Corinne was—well, she felt it was all my fault. She thought I was too strict—didn't understand the boy at all—said he forged that check because I didn't give him enough allowance and—Oh, I was snowed under! I went through things I never told you, and never will. My home very nearly went on the rocks, Dad; though that's over now, thank God! But it put everything else out of my mind at the time—the awful worry of it. And later, when I remembered, I supposed of course that if Nora were in real want she would have appealed to you."

"Oh, no she wouldn't!" The bitterness in James Lambert's voice was toward himself. "I lost my temper one day and warned her not to. And Nora's got pluck. Always did have. And character. Did I ever tell you . . ."

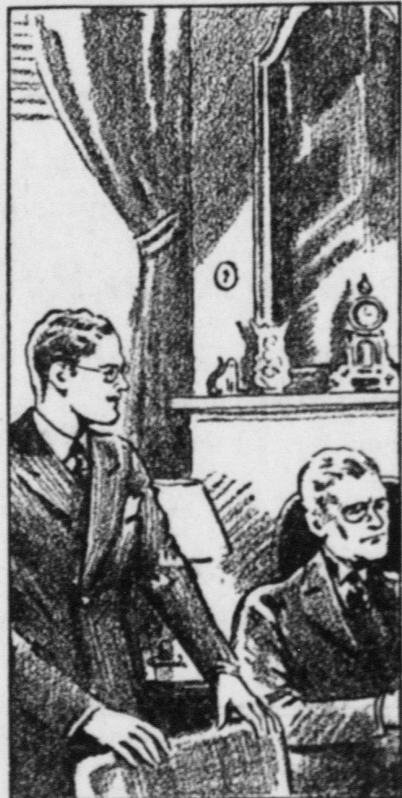
It was then that Ned heard the story of courageous little Nora, sitting for hours beside the body of her mother, waiting for the father she had never seen to take her "home." He was plainly touched.

"Yes, she's got character," he admitted. "She showed it when she gave up a fortune (or thought she did) because she loved that fellow and knew he needed her. There've been times these last few years, Dad, when I've felt responsible for the whole racket. If Don Mason

hadn't knocked me down that day in the office, the break between you and Leonora might never have come about."

James, staring into the fire, said nothing because there was no denying this aspect of the case; and after a silence Ned went on:

"You see, I thought that story he told me was just bunk. I supposed he was trying to pull the wool over my eyes; and I as much as told him he lied. I couldn't imagine (can't now, for that matter) how any sane man could be so easy as to hand over a roll of bills to a girl he'd never seen before, without making some sort of investigation. But I suppose it takes all kinds of people to make a world; and my—my own kids, now they're old enough to think about it, tell me I haven't any imagination. And if



"You see, I thought that story he told me was just bunk."

Don wasn't lying (and I doubt now that he was), you can hardly blame him for seeing red, can you?"

"He didn't lie," said James, "but the fellow had no business to lose his temper to—to that extent," he added hastily, remembering occasions when his own temper had exploded too violently for the comfort of those concerned.

Surmising his father's thought, Ned smiled a little; and then went on: "Well, that's ancient history now; and since then other things have hurt me so much more that that old experience doesn't seem worth remembering—certainly not worth bearing grudges for. What troubles me is that I've gone on all these years without trying to bring you and Nora together. And I might have. You can't deny that, Dad. I've known you were missing her; but I've never lifted a finger to bring her back. Years ago Martha told me how dead the whole house seemed without her. She hinted that I ought to talk with you about it; but somehow I couldn't. It was the night I made the mistake of trying to buy Nora's four-poster! Do you remember?"

James looked up, a pathetic smile in his worried eyes.

"Did I hurt your feelings, son?"

"Not so they stayed hurt. You never have, Dad. It's because you and I have always been so close and understood each other, that the gap between my boy and me has seemed so tragic. Even the girls (whom I sometimes feared I was spoiling) tell me I never see their side—that I'm unsympathetic. I suppose I am, in a way. I was unsympathetic to Nora, always; though it took a number of hard knocks to open my eyes to the fact."

James murmured, as if his mind had wandered a little from what Ned was saying: "If—if I could only know where she is now!"

"I know where she was six weeks ago," was the amazing rejoinder.

"You do!" James Lambert's voice sounded belligerent.

"I heard not half an hour before I started over," Ned told him. "Corinne was at a tea this afternoon and gave one of the other women a lift home—Mrs. Ed Whitney, whose niece was in school with Nora, you'll remember. She and some friends were on a motor trip through Maine a while ago. They stopped somewhere for lunch and couldn't get away for several hours—some trouble with their car—and to pass the time they wandered into the hotel ball room to watch a dancing class—children of the summer population, I suppose. And Nora was at the piano!"

"She was!"

Ned nodded.

"Mrs. Whitney didn't recognize her at first. Said she looked a good deal older, and—and pretty rocky. She was going to speak, but on second thoughts decided it would be kinder not to. But she made some inquiries of the hotel people who

were natives of the place. They said that Nora was trying to support her family. That she played the organ at church, and gave music lessons, and made cakes to sell during the summer season; and—"

Ned hesitated, as if uncertain whether to finish, "and—well they said, Father, that she was living in an old barn or garage or something, down near the water."

James stared at him.

"My Nora living in a barn?"

"That's what Mrs. Whitney said; but she's one who makes the most of a good story, Dad, so don't let that worry you. What riled me was that she told Corinne she thought we ought to do something about it. She implied, as politely as possible, that we'd treated Nora outrageously. Corinne was so mad she didn't have sense enough to ask the name of the town; but I'll call Mrs. Whitney on the telephone and find out. Even Corinne thinks that something should be done—that is" (a cynical smile curved Ned's lips) "she's afraid there'll be talk unless we do it!"

For a moment or two James Lambert did not respond. Then he arose and unlocked a beautiful cabinet of Chinese lacquer. As the doors swung open Ned saw that it contained letters—neat piles of letters held together with elastic bands, and a somewhat surprising pair of silver slippers, tarnished now, from being laid away. "Nora's!" he thought; and then his father turned, extending the postal written so long ago.

"I got this in the early summer, three years back. I guess she was poking a little fun at me. I'd told her, you see, that to survive a house must be founded on a rock. She says:

"Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand;
Come and see my shining palace
built upon the sand!"

"Except for a hint the first time they went to Capri, it's the nearest thing to an invitation she ever gave me. I wish—" The old man paused, then finished thoughtfully, in all reverence: "I wish—to God—I'd gone."

Ned was studying the postal—its quotation—instructions, and the small red map.

"A shining palace," he observed. "That's not the idea Mrs. Whitney gathered—not at all. Corinne said that she appeared quite horrified. Well, Dad, these directions are plain enough. I'll go to Maine tomorrow."

But James, who had resumed his seat before the fire, shook his head.

"No, son, I'm going myself. I dare say I'm the stubborn old man that Martha showed me this evening; but I'm not too stubborn to ask forgiveness of the only daughter I ever had, nor too old to take a journey of a few hours. If they turn me out—and I can't imagine Nora turning her father out, Ned—I can come away again; but I want to see the situation with my own eyes."

He arose, moving briskly, alertly (as if, Ned told himself, there were something to move for!), rummaged in his desk for a few minutes, and then said: "I thought there was a timetable around here, but evidently Martha's been cleaning house. Will you call up for me, Ned, and engage a Pullman chair on the first train? I want to get off early. And before you leave ask John to have the car here at the proper time."

"That won't be necessary, Dad. I'll run you down to the station myself. I'd like to."

"That'll be fine!" ("How bright

Licking Stamps, Envelopes, Fingers Dangerous Practice; Germs in the Gum

There are many ways in which the tongue is misused—for example, in licking stamps and envelope flaps, moistening the thumb or forefinger before dealing cards, sorting papers, turning the leaves of books. Licking the thumb or finger is a bad practice, and should be abandoned for two good reasons—out of respect for the tongue and out of consideration for the next person, says London Tit-Bits Magazine.

Just think it out. Stamps when bought are pushed across a counter of very doubtful cleanliness; they are carried in a waistcoat pocket, in a purse or handbag, with all the usual conglomeration, be it clean or dirty. Stamps are lined with gum—gum which picks up dust and the germs which may be part and parcel of the dust—and the tongue that licks the stamps collects this miscellany.

Envelope flaps may be less dirty than stamps, but they are likely to be dusty. A student recently collected samples of dust from ordinarily clean surroundings—from tables, window ledges, coats and so on. The samples were sown on suitable growing media, incubated, and examined under a microscope; sev-

eral varieties of dangerous disease germs were found, despite the fact that none of the objects examined would have been considered dirty. It is more than likely that envelopes might collect similar samples of dust.

The habit of moistening the thumb again and again when touching cards or papers may cause germs to be transferred from one person's mouth to that of another. Even the cleanest mouth is far from germless; the average mouth and throat form a kind of hot-bed for microbes, to the activity of which the owner may be immune from long contact and an acquired tolerance. But when such germs are transferred to another person they are likely to attack with all possible virulence.

Newton, Great Mathematician

One of the world's greatest mathematicians left school at an early age (fifteen) to work on a farm, but didn't stay there. This was Sir Isaac Newton. Finding he was useless as a farmer, his parents sent him to college, where he developed some of his most famous theories.

his eyes are!" Ned was thinking.)

"I'm going to turn in now, if you don't mind. Good-night, son."

"Good-night, Father."

As Ned stood for a moment watching the old man go upstairs, he realized that the vibrancy, long absent from his father's voice, was back again. His face too, looked different than it had an hour ago, extraordinarily different. Its apathy had given way to hope. Its harassed lines seemed to be resting. It was, for the first time in years, a peaceful face.

"He looks," thought Ned in a moment of rare intuition, "he looks like a man who has fought a good fight and come out victorious."

It was well past the middle of the next afternoon when James Lambert found himself trudging along a highway in the state of Maine, with Nora's postcard in his pocket, and something akin to misgiving in his heart. For how would she receive her father after his long silence—his long neglect? James wondered, and wondering, his subtle fear increased.

As her card had hinted might be the case, he found the Port's one taxi out of commission, and following those three-year-old instructions, had taken a joggling, one-man trolley to the end of the route. After a couple of giggling schoolgirls left the car he was its only passenger; and despite the familiar warning: "Don't talk to the motorman," James went forward and spoke through the little window.

"Do you know a Mrs. Donald Mason who lives somewhere around here?"

The man's face brightened.

"Sure I do! Hold my car five minutes for her every Saturday night when she goes down to rehearse the choir, and ten every Sunday mornin' when she goes to church. As I says to her: 'The Shore Line Electric Railway company won't never be any wiser, Mis' Mason, and it don't need the extra time so much as you do.' That's what I said; and if the president of the company was to call me down for runnin' off schedule, I'd keep right on doin' it because the year my wife died Mis' Mason made a birthday cake for my little girl. It had fancy pink frosting on it same as the high priced ones she makes for the summer folks, and five pink candles all ready to light up. I don't how she knew when the kid's birthday was, but that's what she done and I'd hold my car a good half hour if she was to ask me."

"So would I," said James. "And you mean she plays the organ at some church?"

"The Methodist-Piscopal at the Port. Gosh! that woman can play to beat the band. Folks that never set foot inside a church before, are reg'lar attendants since she took over the music. Yes sir, she plays like a breeze! She gives piano lessons too; and makes bakery stuff to sell durin' the season. She's a smart woman, Mis' Mason. You can tell to hear her talk that she's got a real good education; but she's common as own folks for all that—don't high-hat no one. Here's the end o' the line now. You just keep goin' till you see their mail box. Name's right on it. It ain't only a short half mile and you can't miss it. Yes, ocean side, only the house don't show from the road. It's way in, enclage to the dunes—made out of an old barn they bought cheap. Terrible cold place to live come winter, seems though."

The conductor, his garrulous conversation and his trolley car, jogged out of sight, and feeling somewhat lonesome, James started forward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FARM TOPICS

GIVE FLOCKS BEST
HOT WEATHER CARE

Ample Range, Shade, Green
Feed Are Important.

By C. F. Parrish, Extension Poultryman,
North Carolina State College,
WNU Service.

Poultry authorities agree that adequate range, shade, and green feed are three essentials for well-managed flocks during the hot summer months.

When growers are ready to market their birds, those who have been careful to observe these essentials will find they have been well paid for their efforts.

Where home-mixed rations for pullets are used, the following growing mash is recommended: 35 pounds No. 2 yellow corn meal, 20 pounds standard wheat middlings, 20 pounds No. 2 heavy oats finely pulverized, 12 pounds standard wheat bran, 4 pounds fish meal (55 per cent protein), 2 pounds meat meal (55 per cent protein), 2 pounds dried skim milk, 2 pounds ground limestone or oyster shell, 2 pounds bone meal, and one pound iodized table salt.

Farmers having an adequate supply of milk may omit the dried milk recommended in the above ration. Because it is a valuable food, milk should be given to poultry in some form.

However, when fed as a liquid, it should be placed in clean, easily accessible containers. Surplus milk should not be allowed to remain in the containers since it attracts flies.

Plenty of water should be available at all times. If possible, it should be kept in a shady place.

Along with the mash, birds should have all the grain they will eat each morning.

'Blind Stagers' Among Summer Horse Ailments

Hot weather is the time when the horse disease encephalomyelitis, sometimes called "blind staggers," "brain fever," or "sleeping sickness" is most likely to appear, says Dr. R. A. Craig, head of Purdue's veterinary department. The disease affects the nervous system of horses and mules. In recent years, especially during the summer months, it has caused serious losses in the West, Middle West, and several states along the Atlantic coast, but may strike anywhere.

It is an infectious disease and the symptoms generally occur in three phases. The first stage may escape notice as it usually is only a mild indisposition commonly accompanied with a rise in temperature. The second stage is characterized by distinct nervous symptoms which may or may not be accompanied with fever. In the last stage the horse may go down and be unable to rise, sometimes thrashing violently with the legs and head. Death usually follows when these symptoms develop.

Encephalomyelitis may be easily confused with other diseases, Doctor Craig points out. The symptoms are similar to other ailments of the central nervous system, and a veterinarian should be called at the first indication of sickness. Although the chances for cure are greatest in the early stages of the disease, there is no remedy effective in all cases.

About Raising Turkeys

Turkey-raising is not difficult when properly handled, but there are some principles which should be observed. Turkeys should be allowed to remain in the open as much as possible, and never hatched by hens, says the Montreal Herald. Breeding stock and young stock should be kept away from barnyard hens, so as to keep them free from disease. If there is any disease in breeding turkeys hatch the eggs in an incubator, and rear the poults in brooders.

Feeding the Pigs

If you feed your pigs too many peanuts or soybeans, you haul soft pork to market and are penalized two cents a pound, says the Country Home Magazine. Packers know there is not much bacon left after soft pork is fried. But a peanut-fed hog can be finished off with corn. The soybean-fed hog can be saved from disgrace if the oil is first extracted from the beans. The beans should be fed as meal along with a regular balanced ration. Then there is less loss between the packing house and the dinner table, and less fat in the skillet.

Storing Eggs

Chopping dollars off the yearly food bill isn't so very hard, if you know the short-cuts, says the New York State College of Home Economics. For instance, a large part of the money spent yearly for eggs can be saved, if quantities of eggs are bought when prices are lower, and stored in waterglass for later use. Absolutely fresh eggs stored this way keep their flavor, whip well, and can be satisfactorily cooked in almost every way.

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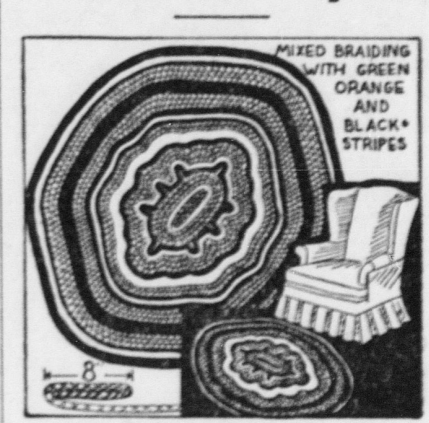
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Braided Rug Design From New England



By Ruth Wyeth Spears

SO MANY readers have expressed interest in rag rugs that I know many of you will want to copy this one. I discovered it in a village on Buzzards bay where, a century ago, whaling ships put out to sea. In the book offered below there is a knitted rag rug found one time on a trip through Ohio. I have not yet done a special book on rag rugs. It does seem that there should be a way to exchange designs from different parts of the country.

The center medallion of the rug shown here is its outstanding feature. The braiding is fine and tight. The braided strips should be sewn together with strong linen thread or about size 8 cotton thread used double. The center round should be 8-inches long as shown. Sew around and around until the center oval is 14-inches long, then make the eight loops shown in the next round—three along each side of the oval and one at each end.

These loops should be 2-inches long. In working around the loops with the next rows, the trick is to "ease" the inside edge of the braided strip in just enough to keep the work perfectly flat, and to give the scalloped effect shown. As you work around, the scallops gradually straighten out and the rug becomes more oval in shape.

NOTE: Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' book SEWING, for the Home Decorator. Forty-eight pages of directions for making slipcovers and curtains; dressing tables, lampshades and many other useful articles for the home. Price 25 cents postpaid. Ask for Book 1, and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

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Wary of Choices

Look out for choices. They run into habit, character, destiny.—Maltbie W. Babcock.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.
You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.
In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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