

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

The ocean was not visible from here, but the salt of it was in the air, and James heard the roar of waves breaking against rocks. As the sun disappeared behind a cloud the old man stopped, laid down his bag and buttoned his coat higher about the throat, shivering a little. In summer this road would be alive with tourists, he supposed. It was deserted now—a man-made strip of macadam that seemed curiously out of place between the rocky pastures which bordered it on either side.

Strange, James Lambert mused as he started on again, that 24 hours ago he hadn't dreamed of being here. Strange too, that despite the uneasiness he felt at seeing Nora, he was happier than he'd been for years and years. After a time he found himself hurrying a little. That "short half mile" which the conductor promised, seemed very long. Yet he couldn't have missed the place. This was a lonely stretch of road with no lanes leading seaward. He stopped again, drew Nora's postcard from his pocket and was studying it minutely when a voice startled him.

"Say, Mister, have you seen the R. F. D. man?"

Moving a step or two forward James saw that the voice belonged to a small boy who had, apparently, been swinging on a rustic gate, half hidden from view by a clump of fir trees. There was a mail box too. This must be the place! The old man's heart-beats quickened as he responded: "I haven't seen anybody since I left the trolley. Are you—"

Then, all because a sudden breeze had blown the boy's hair away from his forehead, the question died on James' lips. Where had he seen a forehead and hair like that? he asked himself, some half-forgotten memory stirring to life. Ah! now he recalled it! The door to his own library—a tall young man standing upon the threshold, youth incarnate.

"You're kind of out of breath, aren't you?" the boy was saying. "I guess you've been hurrying. If you're tired why don't you sit down on that rock? It's a good smooth one. Mother sits there when she's waiting for the postman. I hope he'll bring the money this afternoon. She'll be pretty discouraged if he doesn't, b'lieve me."

James asked, as he availed himself of the proffered resting place: "So your mother expects the postman to bring some money?"

The youngster nodded, his blue eyes very serious.

"She's been expecting it for more'n a month, and she's pretty 'sturbed about it. A lady that lives in the biggest house at the Port summertimes, owes it to her for teaching her little girl to play. Mother's a swell piano player; and she's a swell cook, too. Are you going to Norton's, Mister? It's quite a walk."

"I'm not going to Norton's," replied James. "How old are you, sonny?"

"I'll be six and three quarters before very long," was the prompt answer. "What's your name, please?"

James, doing a hasty sum in mental arithmetic, failed to respond. He said: "Then you must be—"

"I'm James Lambert Mason," put in the boy. "I'm named for my grandpa, but I've never seen him. It's sort of funny not to know your own grandfather, isn't it? But I've heard a lot about him and seen his picture. It's on Mother's desk. Do you know, if you weren't so old and didn't have so many wrinkles, you'd look something like him. That's queer, isn't it? Gee! here comes the postman! I hope he's bringing Mother's check!"

Eyes on the eager face, James echoed this hope; but the mail carrier merely tossed out a paper; and the old man saw with consternation that his grandson was fighting tears of disappointment as he picked it up.

"Was it a big check?" The question was a kindly effort to make conversation.

"It was—a-normous," replied the boy, and swallowed. "It would buy two tons of coal, and coal's expensive. Last winter we burned wood and Mother got pretty tired tending the fires. Daddy said he couldn't stand seeing her do it. Besides, now he can't move fast any more he's awfully cold. Days when the wind blows off the ocean he doesn't get warmed up at all. I've got to go now, Mister; but you can sit there as long as you want to. It's our rock."

"Thanks, sonny; but I think I'll make a little call on your mother."

The child's face lighted. "Goody! We don't have much company. If you'll put your bag on this side I'll help you carry it."

"It's not heavy," James told him. "Why—why can't your father move fast any more?"

"Because he's a hero!" The boy lifted his head proudly, and again James seemed to behold a tall young man standing in his own doorway.

"Mother's told us about it heaps of times. It's one of our best favorite stories. You see, Mother and Daddy were at a movie and the roof sort of caved in and lots of folks were hurt and killed, children, and their fathers and mothers too. That's sad, isn't it? Well Daddy grabbed Mother and got her out all safe; and then he went right back to help the others. Mother says he went where no one else would go. He saved a life."

"I see," said James. "And—where was your mother while he—saved it?"

"She was out on the sidewalk near as they'd let her get. There was deep snow everywhere, and pretty soon it began to snow some more and the wind blew dreadfully and she thought he'd never come. And when he did come two real kind firemen were carrying him; but he was hurt so hard he couldn't answer when she called. I was a little boy

then so I don't remember very much about it; but I remember one thing!"

"What was that?" James asked as the child looked up in expectation of the question.

"It was next morning. A lady came and told us boys that Mother wanted us. We jumped right up and ran into her and Daddy's room and Mother hadn't got up yet and what do you s'pose was there beside her?"

"I can't imagine."

"A baby! We thought Santa Claus was going to bring her, but she couldn't wait for him. It was my little sister Iris!"

"Iris!"

"At something in the old man's voice his grandson glanced up, puzzled."

"Yep. It was my grandma's name. It's the name of a flower too; and Daddy says my little sister's more like a flower than anything he ever saw, 'cept Mother. But we boys don't think Mother's one bit like a flower. She's too useful."

"Well!" said James. The Nora he remembered might have been likened to a flower, but she surely wasn't useful.

"Don't you think Iris is a pretty name?" queried the little boy.

"Yes, yes," James murmured, but hardly knew what he was saying. A vision had come to him, a picture of his sheltered, luxury-loving little Nora standing for hours, perhaps, at that scene of tragedy . . . snow driving against her face . . . waiting . . . waiting . . . Dread in her heart and her babe about to be born . . .

He had to force himself back to the present as the boy said happily: "That's our house! See the roof over beyond those pine trees? You wouldn't think it was a barn once, would you? It's a swell house now. Mother calls it our shining palace."

"I see." The old man's heart was thudding unaccountably. "Is—is she at home now?"

"Nope. I mean no, sir. She's way down the beach with Daddy, and Donald, and my little sister. You see, Mr. Perkins the 'spressman gave us an old wheel-chair that belonged to his grandma, so now Daddy can go 'most anywhere. We push him down to the water when the tide goes out, and he walks back, going real slowly. Last year he couldn't walk hardly at all."

For a moment James was filled with a sense of horror. Confined to a wheel-chair—that boy who had found life in an office stifling! It was unthinkable! They had reached the house, and feeling suddenly very old and very tired, he said: "I'll sit down on the steps, sonny. You tell your mother—well, tell her it's someone who knows her father."

"You mean my grandpa? Gee! She'll be glad to see you! It's getting cold now, isn't it? I guess you better come inside."

He had opened the door, but

James stood for a moment regarding the exterior. So this was Nora's "palace," this weather-beaten old stable, a relic of more leisurely days when people drove horses instead of automobiles. And it wasn't, he mused, even an attractive stable! To be sure, the casement windows gave it a pleasing look, and the front door possessed a certain dignity; but there was one of those abominations known as a cupola on top! Indeed, his namesake, seeing that this unexpected caller was pausing for a view of the "swell house," came back to point out the cupola with pride.

"That's our watch tower! We can see the enemy approaching for miles and miles. Did you notice the windows? Daddy and us boys are crazy about the colors. Come on in." And as James followed him: "This is a gorgeous room, isn't it? Mr. Littlefield says it's miles too big; but we don't think so. You see, it's the ball room."

"Indeed?" responded James. "No, it's not too big, and as you say, sonny, it's—gorgeous."

It was; yet looking about him curiously, James Lambert pondered on what made it so. The place was shabby enough in a way. The builders' paper with which the walls were covered, was stained in places. A big chair needed upholstering. But on the wall opposite was a rug that would have done honor to a Rajah's palace! James went forward, touching the beautiful thing with reverent fingers.

"We picked that up in Persia," said the little boy.

His grandfather smiled at the oldly old remark.

"You did?"

"Well, I didn't, 'zactly. I've never been there. It was Daddy found it; and it's a magic carpet. That's why Mother wouldn't sell it to the rug man from Boston. You see, Daddy can lie here and look up at it, and then he remembers things—like the queer place he found it in and, oh, you know—'periences he's had in foreign countries. It makes him happier. No one would sell a magic carpet, would they?"

"I suppose not," said James; and thought: "What was it Nora told me about memories?"

"It's very old," went on his namesake. "Older than I am; and so was Mother's 'dimund that came way from South Africa. She and Daddy were on their way home with it when I as born. Did you know I was born on the high seas?"

"You were!" Nora had never written about that.

"Yep. Mother was sort of expecting me, but she thought I wouldn't come till they got to England. Daddy says I'm the only fellow he ever knew per—personally, who was born on the high seas."

The small boy stopped to struggle into a scarlet sweater.

"When I get back," he promised, "I'll show you the watch tower if—if you're young enough to climb a ladder. I've got to run now and find Mother. . . . Oh, I forgot!" He turned at the door, evidently remembering his manners. "Just make yourself at home."

"Thanks," smiled his grandfather. "I believe I will."

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-

Eskimos Are Susceptible to Ailments; Medical Services Now Check Disease

Although a healthy and organically sound race, Eskimos are seriously susceptible to ailments which ordinarily cause white people only minor discomfort. Before the coming of the white man, says London Tit-Bits Magazine, they knew nothing of such ills as colds, influenza, and other kindred ailments, and there had been no need for their bodies to build up a resistance to the attack of these diseases. Consequently the arrival of the first whaling and trading vessels each season was followed by widespread outbreaks among the natives, often with disastrous effects.

Today the medical services in the Far North take particular care upon the arrival of vessels to check the spread of these diseases. Modern hygiene has been a contributing factor to the physical well-being of the natives, and by instructions about proper diets doctors have reduced considerably the number of deaths from dietary causes. A most striking success has been made in the correction of methods of feeding infants and older children, with the result that happy-faced, vigorous children now form a considerable portion of the population.

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 cloisonné—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 blent 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! Woe 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

★ Pearl Was Canny

★ Gargan Reduces

★ "Willie" Flops

—By Virginia Vale—

PEARL WHITE'S death brought out an odd fact, when her father denied that she was forty-nine. She was forty-one, he said, and added that she had just tacked on a few years, long ago, "to keep ahead of Mary Pickford."

A woman who interviewed the serial star in the heyday of her popularity was talking about her recently. "She was an amazing person," she said. "Think of her having sense enough to save money, back in those days when to be a movie star meant throwing it around. I'll never forget, either, going to see her one day, and finding her reading a French book—in French."

It seemed odd, too, that Warner Oland, who so often played the villain in Pearl White's pictures, should have died soon after she did. He was famous in those days, but of course his great success came with his creation on the screen of the character of "Charlie Chan."

"The Crowd Roars" not only gives Robert Taylor a chance to give an excellent performance; it also brings Bill Gargan back to us in a good picture, minus some 20 pounds. Leslie Howard sent for him to come



BILL GARGAN

to England and play in "Alias Mrs. Jones," which he is producing, before Gargan made a hit in the new Taylor picture. But the name of the production will have to be changed, probably, when it is shown in this country, otherwise people are going to think it's just another of the Jones family pictures.

If you've seen Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers" you probably have wondered whether she will be one of our A-1 movie stars in a year or so, or will just be making pictures that are nothing special. And if you've seen the announcement that Josef von Sternberg has been engaged to direct her first picture for Metro, probably you're still wondering. Of course, Mr. von Sternberg may not have been responsible for slowing Marlene Dietrich down so that she seemed to be doing nothing but stand around, but sometimes he's been blamed for it.

There are a lot of good pictures at large nowadays; better make a list of them. Include "The Crowd Roars," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "The Rage of Paris," and, if foreign pictures come your way, "May-erling."

Charlie McCarthy has been such a success on the air here that the British Broadcasting Company tried out the idea of having a Charlie of their own. They called the puppet "Willie Winkett." And "Willie" was a flop. Which proves how clever Edgar Bergen really is.

Incidentally, Bergen is working on another puppet—figuring that, no matter how popular you are, there's always a time ahead when the public grows tired of the same old thing.

ODDS AND ENDS—Watch W. C. Fields make a come-back as author of, and actor in, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and make Paramount regret releasing him . . . Isn't it good news that Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are to make a picture together again . . . Harold Lloyd is threatening to turn producer—though he'd still act in a picture occasionally—and is also considering making his next picture in England . . . After having too much excitement, seeing too many people, and having the door of a car slammed on her finger, Shirley Temple was actually glad to end her vacation and get back home . . . Lots of people didn't believe that Simone Simon would really sail off to France without signing a new contract, though the only contract that offered seemed to be one for appearance at a New York night club.

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Left-Over Juice.—Save the juice from canned pineapple and the liquid from maraschino cherries to use when making fruit punch.

Clean With Soda.—If there is a constant smell of burning when cooking is going on, examine gas burners. They are probably filled with sediment from "boilovers."

Economy Note.—Pieces of ribbon that come on gift boxes may be utilized in making shoulder straps for underwear. Cut them into six or eight-inch strips.

Putty That Sticks.—To make putty stick to window panes use a small quantity of white lead; mix thoroughly with the putty.



When the grocer says he prefers DWIN he is speaking with authority. He has hundreds of insect killers from which to make his choice. Do as the grocer does—choose DWIN to kill insects in your home. It is also effective for many plant insects in the garden. DWIN is first choice among millions of customers from coast to coast.

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Vain Learning
How vain is learning unless intelligence go with it.—Stobaeus.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Faith's Own
Give to faith the things which belong to faith.—Bacon.

WORMS quickly removed from children or adults by using the famous remedy, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" Vermifuge. No castor oil or anything else is needed after taking "Dead Shot." 50c a bottle at druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., New York, N. Y.

Give to the Living
The living need charity more than the dead.—Arnold.



WNU-4 35-38

Were you ever alone in a strange city?



If you were you know the true value of this newspaper. Alone in a strange city. It is pretty dull. Even the newspapers don't seem to print many of the things that interest you. Headline stories are all right, but there is something lacking. That something is local news.

For—all good newspapers are edited especially for their local readers. News of your friends and neighbors is needed along with that far off places. That is why a newspaper in a strange city is so uninteresting. And that is why this newspaper is so important to you.

NOW is a good time to get to . . .

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