

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

There was a desk by the south window, a desk that any antique dealer who knew his business would give much for. It looked to James' discerning eyes like something brought over from England ages ago. A beautiful antique. And sure enough, here was the photograph! No wonder his small namesake hadn't recognized him. This picture was taken when Nora went to college. Here was her husband, too—an enlargement made from a snapshot. Don was just starting for a climb, his rucksack slung over one shoulder . . .

Recalling the wheel-chair, James Lambert winced, and laying the picture down as if it hurt him, lifted another. The children, of course. His grandchildren! A thrill of pride stirred in the old man's heart. Here was his namesake; an older boy; and baby Iris. A flower indeed! She seemed to resemble faintly that other Iris whom James had loved so dearly that he could forgive the unforgivable, and still think of her with tenderness after all these years. He was glad that Nora had not forgotten her mother. When Ned's first daughter had arrived and he ventured to suggest the name of Iris, Corinne had been appalled. What! call her baby after a woman who had deserted one child and had another by her lover! James smiled tolerantly at this old memory. Best not go back to it. After all, Corinne was a good woman, a good housekeeper, and always invited him to Sunday dinner! If she were inclined to be uncharitable to the erring, well, time was already fixing that—time and a boy she had spoiled with too much money and too little work.

He wondered, mildly amused at the idea, what Corinne would think of this big room. She would undoubtedly spot the packing boxes and the shabby chair. No such detail ever escaped her. And the family photographs! Her father-in-law could hear her say: "Photographs! Is it possible that Nora's not aware that photographs of that sort are taboo, save in a bedroom? Why, Father Lambert, it simply isn't done!"

The old man laughed softly at this vivid picture. Often enough he had felt annoyed at Corinne; but now she didn't seem to matter, not in the least. He believed there was something soothing about this room. It was so friendly, as if it bid you to be comfortable. One felt instinctively that those who lived here loved one another and were happy together. The shabby upholstery of the old chair—the worn hangings at the windows, were of no consequence. A healing sense of peace pervaded everything. This was a home. Ah! That was the explanation, James reflected. Stable or palace, this was a real home.

Suddenly his head lifted. His heart quickened. A door had opened—closed again softly. Light footsteps sounded—were coming nearer. He wanted to turn—must turn to face the door, but found he could not. And then a dear remembered voice broke in upon him:

"You wished to see me? I am Mrs. Mason. Jimmy says you are a friend of—Why, Father!"

It was then James turned—stretched out his arms . . .

He was holding her close, his little Nora. It took him back to that long-gone, tragic day when he had first held her, comforted her, and all unknowing comforted himself. A sense of that same comfort flowed through him now, healing the wound of those ten years without her. And though she wept, as she had wept that other time, all that her father found to say was: "Nora . . . Nora . . ."

"You've been a long time coming, Daddy," she told him when at last she could find words; and looking down into her upturned face, James saw, a quick pang of regret stabbing his heart, all that those years had done to Leonora. Something he'd loved and hoped to see again was gone; yet meeting her tear-wet eyes the old man knew that his daughter's girlhood beauty had not vanished. It had only changed—changed into something more to be desired—more beautiful . . .

"You've been a long time coming," she said again; and James responded:

"I've been a stubborn old idiot, my darling. When you stopped writing I told myself that you'd ceased to care—grown tired of a father who had failed you. And yet I worried, Nora—watched for your letters—hoped . . ."

She drew him to the old pew by the fire. Her hands, those hard, brown hands James scarcely recognized, trembled a little.

"How could I write?" she asked as they sat down together. "We needed help too badly—don't you see? You told me, Father—"

He stopped her with an impatient gesture that she remembered.

"Oh, you needn't repeat it! Were you really foolish enough to think I meant that threat? And how was I

to know you needed help, dear, when you did not tell me? I didn't dream how things had gone with you, not for a minute."

"But the papers, Father!" Nora's eyes widened with surprise. "The story was there for all the world to read. I thought you'd come when you knew how Don was injured. I thought you'd forgive us. I lay in bed after our little girl was born—so frightfully worried about Don—too weak to go to him, and every time a bell would ring I'd think: 'Perhaps that's Father! He wouldn't leave me to face all this alone. He'll come. He'll see that Don has everything he needs. He will take care of us.' And—and you didn't come, Father. Not that it matters now you're here at last, but—"

"Listen," James interrupted, his voice shaking. "I was sick, dear child, down with pneumonia at the time of that catastrophe. I never read those papers, not one of them. It was no longer front-page stuff when I recovered. To be sure, Ned saw something that made him suspicious; but the name was misspelled and he didn't want to worry me about it then."

"You must forgive him, Nora. The boy was going through troubles of



"Remembering what I had to face alone, he kept on fighting."

his own at that time, serious troubles. I dare say he forgot everything else. Don't blame him any more than you can help, dear. We all do the wrong thing at times. And once in a great while—thank God—we're given the opportunity to make amends. Last night, you see, Ned realized that I was troubled. I'd been talking with Martha. She had been crying when I went up to see her birthday gifts, crying because of you. For the first time in all these years, Nora, we talked about you; and in her own, kind, carefully respectful way, she showed me myself—told me the truth that I had long suspected.

"I went down at last, and sat on the old davenport where you and I so often threshed things out together, trying to think how I could find you, dear. And I should have found you, Nora, if you'd been at the North Pole! Then Ned came in. He had heard news of you—it doesn't matter how. He wanted to come himself but I refused to let him, I was so hungry for a sight of you! For you are my little girl, darling. Nothing has altered that, nor ever can. When I think what you've been through—Tell me," he broke off abruptly, "how did you manage? What kept you going? Who helped you when you needed help so desperately?"

Said Nora, a far-away look creeping into her eyes: "A woman in South Africa, Father. The sort of woman we're supposed to 'pass by on the other side.' It's too long a story to go into now, but she gave me a diamond. It was very beautiful—so beautiful that, though it was saving us, I wept a little when I gave it up!"

Nora paused thoughtfully a moment; then went on: "You see, Father, things were very bad indeed. All we had saved had gone into this home. There were only a few hundred dollars in the bank when we started West, but we weren't worrying. There was plenty to see me through my confinement, and more was promised. We had never felt so sure about the future—so light-hearted."

"And then—the avalanche! For weeks the doctors thought Don would not live. For months he could not leave the hospital. He lay on one of a long, long row of narrow beds—nothing to hear but sounds of sickness and clamor of city streets—nothing to see but four bare walls; and he so loves beauty! Only to think about it tore my heart in two. And the pain—grinding, unceasing, wearing away his splendid strength as water wears away the stones upon a beach. I think all that he

wanted then was to die, Father, to end the struggle; but remembering what I had to face alone, he kept on fighting."

"It was very terrible. I couldn't even run in to cheer him at odd times, for he was in a ward. I couldn't buy him a single flower. For the money was going—melting away so fast it frightened me; yet how could I leave the babies to earn more even if I had known some way to do it? Constance Venable, who would have shared her last crust with us, was far away. I had no one to turn to. I sold some of the trinkets you'd given me; but could not get half their real value and what they brought only staved off the inevitable for a little while."

"And then one night when I was counting the endless hours, it came to me like an inspiration that my diamond was worth money—real money. It saw us through. Dad—kept us going—brought us back home when Don was able to be moved. Such a joy to be where he can watch the sea and feel the wind on his face! Almost from the first minute he started gaining. He's writing again now—a book—but the work goes slowly. You see, there is still much pain; and his nerves aren't steady. But he tries so hard to get the better of them, Dad. He's so courageous . . ."

Her voice died down as if fears threatened again; and James said, his own voice husky with emotion: "See here, Nora. I realize that you can forgive me a great deal because you understand. You know that though I was too stubborn to admit it, I have always loved you—missed you unspeakably. But how will your husband regard me now? In his eyes I have betrayed a trust—let you bear burdens too heavy for your shoulders. Can he forgive me too, or—"

"In just a moment," broke in

Nora softly, one hand thrown out in an expressive gesture, "I—I think we'll know."

James raised his eyes. The curtains at the door had parted, and standing before them, his hair blown back in the familiar way, stood Don, his boys beside him, his baby daughter clinging to one hand.

Even that first quick glance told much to Nora's father. He saw that the once straight shoulders sagged a little, as if the effort to stand erect was now too great. He saw that the wind-blown hair was white above the temples—the eyes seemed deeper set—the cheekbones higher. But he saw also that the lines on Don's thin, tanned face were born of suffering, not self-pity; and that his head still lifted buoyantly as of old.

Unconquered! The word, so singularly fitting, sprang into James Lambert's mind as he arose. Unconquered! That was Don Mason. Never again could office walls imprison him. He had got beyond them . . .

There was a silence; then Don said gently: "Well, sir?"

Only two words, but to the old man they were a challenge, and he met it generously. Though his eyes smiled, his voice was wholly serious.

"I lay down my sword. The enemy surrenders to the better man."

And then Don laughed, a laugh that seemed to bring the clean, gay spirit of adventure into the room. Impulsively he started forward, but stopped, remembering; while James saw with quick compassion that one foot dragged.

"The enemy?" Don echoed. "I think not, sir." He glanced down, meeting the puzzled young faces that were lifted to him. "Children," he said, "attention! Salute your grandsire. The old King has come home!"

(THE END.)

Kissing Ladies' Hands Still One of the Customs of Many European Countries

Kissing ladies on the hand is still one of the customs of many European countries. But ladies' hands to be kissed abroad do not all follow the same rule. In some places it is customary to do that to the married and not to the unmarried or vice versa; it is hard to remember which, observes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Austria and Rumania you do it to all, old and young. In Austria it is most important to kiss the hand at the end of a dance. Indeed in that hand-kissing land you hand-kiss when you are introduced to a lady and also when you leave and on many other occasions. On the street, however, in Bukharest, the salute is a raising of the hat to all men and women, not a mere English "tipping of the topper," but a wide flourish of the hat.

Hand-kissing, it has been said, deters some of our rough and ready he-men from visiting Europe, as its fine graciousness does not harmonize with our pioneer individualism and wives might misunderstand. But when a European gentleman confers this gracious act on an American woman she usually is delighted. Customs strange, beautiful and

old certainly are one of the strongest attractions of Europe. To meet people whose education and environment has been so different from our own is part of the joy of living.

Americans find titles in Europe equally amusing. In several countries, notably Germany and Scandinavian lands, plain "Mr." seems to have disappeared. Instead the natives attach a high-sounding word to one's name suggestive of what he does for a livelihood. In Austria the waiter in cafe after cafe may address you as "Herr Doktor" or as "Herr Baron."

First Color of French Flag

While it is not usual to associate red with the French monarchy, it was really the first color of the king's flag, called the oriflamme. It is only because red was also adopted by the English king that the French gave it up for blue. It was under the blue flag that Huguenots came to America first as loyal subjects of the king of France. However, the red flag was preserved on the galleys of the Mediterranean fleet where terrible suffering was endured by the unhappy men who could not understand the injustice of the king.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Policemen seem to have more social security than almost anybody else, if they behave themselves, and yet about 70 of them have committed suicide in New York in the last few years.

Seek Cause For Cops' Despondency

Just why "a policeman's life is not a happy one" was not made clear by Gilbert and Sullivan, but members of the New York force are out to find out and do something about it.

Their new and unique "trouble clinic" has been investigating and prescribing. It lists eight reasons why policemen get in distress, and the list includes just eight brands of money trouble. The news today is that the department clinic has official sanction and is opening headquarters in the old World building.

Patrolman Joseph J. Burkard of the traffic squad, an energetic, resourceful self-starter, in the department 20 years, pioneers the new clinic, with the aid of a young patrolman who is a student of psychology at Columbia university.

They brought in Dr. Menas S. Gregory, famous psychiatrist, and Dr. Carmyn J. Lombardo, also widely known as a specialist in mental disturbance. The clinic already has handled 150 cases, some of them of extremely serious nature.

The clinic was established under the Patrolmen's Benevolent association, of which Mr. Burkard was elected president last year. It is said to have been his original idea, suggested by similar work by the American Legion, of which Mr. Burkard is a former New York county commander.

He has been a genial mixer in the department for many years, vice president of the glee club and long active in the affairs of the P. B. A.

A friend of this writer, gathering material for a book on New York, quoted to a young police lieutenant Inspector Williams' remark that "There is more law on the end of a policeman's night-stick than there is in a decision of the Supreme court."

"That's bunk, and it always was," said the lieutenant. "College men are joining both the police and fire departments. J. Edgar Hoover, and others, are helping to bring about a new conception of a policeman. The 'flat-foot' era is ending."

And then, said my friend, the lieutenant disclosed that he was a college graduate and engaged in an informal discussion of psychiatric training and methods in connection with police work. Would the cops have made their own psychological clinic in Inspector Williams' day?

THE late Texas Guinan gave George Raft a pair of gold-plated garters. They brought him luck and he still wears them. The sleek, slow-eyed young

Tex Guinan Italian, alumnus of New York's Hell's Kitchen, has taken success in his easy dancing stride—he's an ex-hooper—but, like other moving picture stars, he's beginning to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

He doesn't like his role in Paramount's "St. Louis Blues," and the company suspends him. It is one more instance of increasing esthetic sensitivity in movieland.

In and around Hell's Kitchen, he was a professional light-weight boxer, winning 25 fights, kayoed seven times. He was an outfielder for the Springfield (Mass.) minor league team for two seasons. He did well enough, but it was a sideline of impromptu hoofing and spoofing which paced him into the night clubs and the big Broadway shows.

He achieved a sinister, reptilian suggestion in his dancing which made him known fraternally up and down Broadway as "The Old Black-snake."

He was just looking on at the Brown Derby in Hollywood when a prowling director seized him as a "type" and ruthlessly sloughed him into fame and fortune. His 1937 earnings report was \$202,666, topped only by Cooper and Baxter, among the male stars. He owns 45 suits of clothes and a piece of Henry Armstrong.

Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

Light-Colored Paints

Good light-colored outside paints contain white lead, often mixed with smaller quantities of other pigments. Colored pigments are added to the white to produce tinted paints, or used without the white to produce dark paints. It is generally recognized that the dark paints give better service under the same weather and exposure conditions.

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Washing Fine Hose.—To prevent runs while laundering fine mesh hose, put stockings in a cheesecloth bag, squeeze gently in mild soap suds and rinse several times. Hang up to dry.

Drying Fabric Shoes.—To dry wet satin or fabric shoes, stuff with soft paper, pushing it in to shape but not strain the material.

Treating a New Broom.—Before a new broom is used, soak it in a strong salt water solution and dry thoroughly. It will last longer.

For Creaming Butter.—A perforated wooden spoon is best for creaming butter. It does the job more efficiently.

Exposed Fruits.—Fruits and vegetables that wait for hours in a warm kitchen before cooking or canning lose much more of their vitamin C than those that are freshly picked or kept chilled in a refrigerator.

Corks That Fit.—If corks fall out of salt and pepper shakers, soak corks in hot water to make them swell; or use a piece of adhesive over the opening.

Cooking Doughnuts.—Add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the cold fat to be used in cooking doughnuts and the doughnuts will not absorb grease.

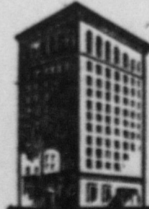
Spare the Wallpaper.—Protect new wallpaper or freshly painted area above or on the side of old-time sinks with transparent cellophane paper, put in place with thumb tacks.

Apple Complexions.—To prevent apples from turning dark when they are peeled, sprinkle orange, lemon or grapefruit juice over them and put them into the refrigerator until ready to serve. Sliced apples also may be kept in salt water to which one tablespoon of salt has been added for each four cups of cold water.

One Tear

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped away one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire, to have conquered millions or enslaved the world. — Ecce Deus.

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