

THE PALACE

CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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WVU SERVICE

She answered, her low voice very gentle: "I think you exaggerate your figure, Don. Only today Ned told me that you were doing well. He's not discouraged with your progress, dear; but Ned makes you nervous. And why shouldn't he? I've felt his scorn, too, Don. I know how it hurts. For a long time I've suspected that he despises me a little because of my birth. Ned's so conventional. He can't help feeling a bit uncomfortable as I suppose, that anybody born as I was should be his sister."

There was a silence before Don said grimly: "If I believed that, Ned, I—I think I'd kill him with my bare hands!"

"Thanks, dear; but that wouldn't help matters," Nora spoke lightly, and the tension of the moment broke, as she wished it to. "Besides, Ned has his own good points, you know. He's devoted to Dad, unselfishly devoted, I am sure; and his morals are—impeccable! There are even moments when he's lovable—when I could love him myself, if he'd let me. But you mustn't look for understanding in a man of Ned's type, darling. It may not be his fault that he sees only one side of life. He was probably born that way, and nothing has happened since to change him. Gee! isn't that breeze delicious? Perhaps tomorrow will be more bearable. I'm going to take you home this minute, Don. You need sleep more than conversation. How's the head now?"

"Better, beloved, thanks to your ministrations."

This was a lie told cheerfully in her behalf; but Nora, her eyes on a spasmodically twitching eyebrow, was not deceived.

CHAPTER V

Despite a refreshing coolness in the air as they rode toward home, the mercury soared next day. Promising though the breeze had seemed, it came to a discouraged end before Don got to sleep, and after a few short hours of restless slumber he awakened to a sense of suffocation. The only window of his small room faced east, and already the sun, streaming across his bed, felt scorching.

The day before on seeing a woman walking the street across with a "summer fur" thrown over her shoulders, Don had judged her "an imbecile." Now, with a glance at his own dark suit hanging neatly across a chair, he called himself something even stronger, and risked, delved into his trunk in search of some long-packed linen trousers, the work of a native tailor in Jamaica. The fact that they needed pressing was immaterial. At least, they would be more bearable than serge. A glance into the hall showed him that miracle of boarding houses: an empty bathroom; and after indulging in a shower and donning the minimum of garments, he left the house, unable to contemplate the inevitable dish of sloppy oatmeal that awaited him in the dining room below.

A roll and glass of milk at the nearest cafe made life look brighter for a moment; and out of sympathy for the waitress (twisted, even at this early hour) Don's tip was twice the cost of his simple meal. He surprised himself by "Isn't this a mistake, mister?" brought a glimpse of the engaging grin that had been absent from his countenance, for many days.

"It's a feeble attempt to counteract the weather," he responded, flitting. "Blow it in on ice cream soda, if you survive," and the girl's spontaneous smile of amazed gratitude stayed with him a while, the one bright spot in the hectic subway lane.

So the day began, a day that was to be of vast importance to Don, to Nora, and to her father also. By ten o'clock the sidewalks swarmed with shirt-sleeved figures. By noon the ambulance siren was sounding with alarming frequency. When one of the stenographers collapsed and was sent home in a taxicab, Don envied the girl. He found it well nigh impossible to get down to work—to concentrate. Yet there was an error somewhere, which, he thought nervously, must be located before Ned Lambert happened in. And to make things worse his head began its infernal hammering. Perhaps when the others were out at lunch and things were quieter, it would clear up.

They were gone at last. The noisy typewriters were silent; and save for the rumble of traffic far below, the room was still. Don stood at a window in an effort to fill his lungs with better air; but it was too hot to breathe, and back at his desk again discouragement engulfed him, bleak and impenetrable as a London fog.

Four months more! He could never stick it—even for Nora. He was no good—absolutely. That wise old man had certainly shown him up. Nora once said that she wasn't worth all that these months had cost him. Well, he mused bitterly, was she? Was anything worth this terrible inertia? Was anything worth taking the joy from life?

Joy? Don started, raised his head as if awakened rudely from a bad dream. He was a fool—a damn fool not to see things clearer. What joy would he find anywhere—without Nora? What sacrifice was too great—for her? He had been right last evening when he said that his morale was slipping. Why else should he have such thoughts? He must buck up.

It came to him then with a sense of healing that the opinions of others didn't matter. If Nora understood. And she did—bless her loyal heart! His girl knew that he wasn't a weakling. She didn't scorn him because his nerves were jumpy and he couldn't sleep. She realized the truth, if no one else did: that nothing in life had fitted him for a job of this sort, and that when the damnable year was over and he got away from everything—

Don turned, nerves quivering again, and with a gesture intent to appear casual, covered his open ledger with the morning paper. Ned Lambert, apparently cool, obviously untroubled, looked up at him. Something about his smug, immaculate appearance maddened Don, though the older man said pleasantly enough: "Have you been to lunch?"

Don answered, a curious dryness in his throat: "Too hot to go out, not to mention eating."

"I'll say it! We had ours sent in. But we're likely to get Rieber come July. Father says his re-

moving to the country on Monday. You can't work without food, Mason. Better skip out and get a bite. I'll be home in an hour."

His voice trailed off as he came near. 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 meant to say he was 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 cock in this machine can endure without exploding; and for your sister's sake I prefer to keep my tongue."

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. He thought made him conscious of 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. 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

H&H CASH SYSTEM

WOODVILLE, TEXAS

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND MONDAY, MARCH 11, 12, AND 14, 1938

Crackers, Saxets 2 pound box	19c	Sugar, Imperial Cane, 10 lbs.	49c
Milk, Rice Hotel, 3 tall or 6 small	21c	Grapejuice pint bottles	15c
Hominy, No. 2 1/2 cans 2 for	15c	Lima Beans, No. 2 cans 2 for	25c
Corn, No. 2 cans 3 for	25c	Mustard	12c
Swifts Tomato Juice 14 oz cans, 2 for	15c	Quart Jars	15c
Pickles, Sour or Dill, quart	15c		
Pinto Beans, 3 pounds	19c		
Lima or Navy Beans, 3 pounds	17c		
Pork and Beans, 4 cans	19c		
Fruit Cocktail, Del Monte 16c		Peas, Del Monte 15c	
Appriots 14c		Niblets Corn with Peppers 15c	
Vanilla Sausage, 2 cans 15c		Cheese, Full Cream, pound 20c	
Tex Joy Coffee, pound package	28c		
2 pound package with premium	63c		
Lard, 4 lb carton 45c		8 lb carton 85c	
Vigoro, Plant Food, 25 lb sack	\$1.45		
White House Flour 44 lb sack \$1.65		Maize 100 lb sack \$1.49	
White House Flour 24 lb sack 89c		Shorts, Good Grey 100 lb sack \$1.45	
Jersey Queen Flour 48 lb sack \$1.60		Bran 100 lb sack \$1.39	
Jersey Queen Flour 24 lb sack 84c		Ham Scratch Feed 100 lb sack \$1.85	
Up To Date Flour 48 lb sack \$1.55		Laying Mash 100 lb sack \$2.19	
Up To Date Flour 24 lb sack 79c		Sweet Feed, 11% 100 lb sack \$1.25	
Big Chief Flour 48 lb sack \$1.35		Cotton Seed Meal 100 lb sack \$1.53	
Big Chief Flour 24 lb sack 69c		Hulls 100 lb sack 75c	
Plant Food, 25 lb sack \$1.59		Dairy Feed, 24% 100 lb sack \$1.85	

We have a complete line Field & Garden Seed

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 his 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. "Old 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 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, if money won't go down, young fellow, I'll give you that direct hold water. People don't meet by chance on bridges and wouldn't their life histories be so interesting, and in this age, and in this town, accept money from a girl who had never met him?"

Don 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 girl's a fellow doesn't double-cross, I advise you to make her acquaintance."

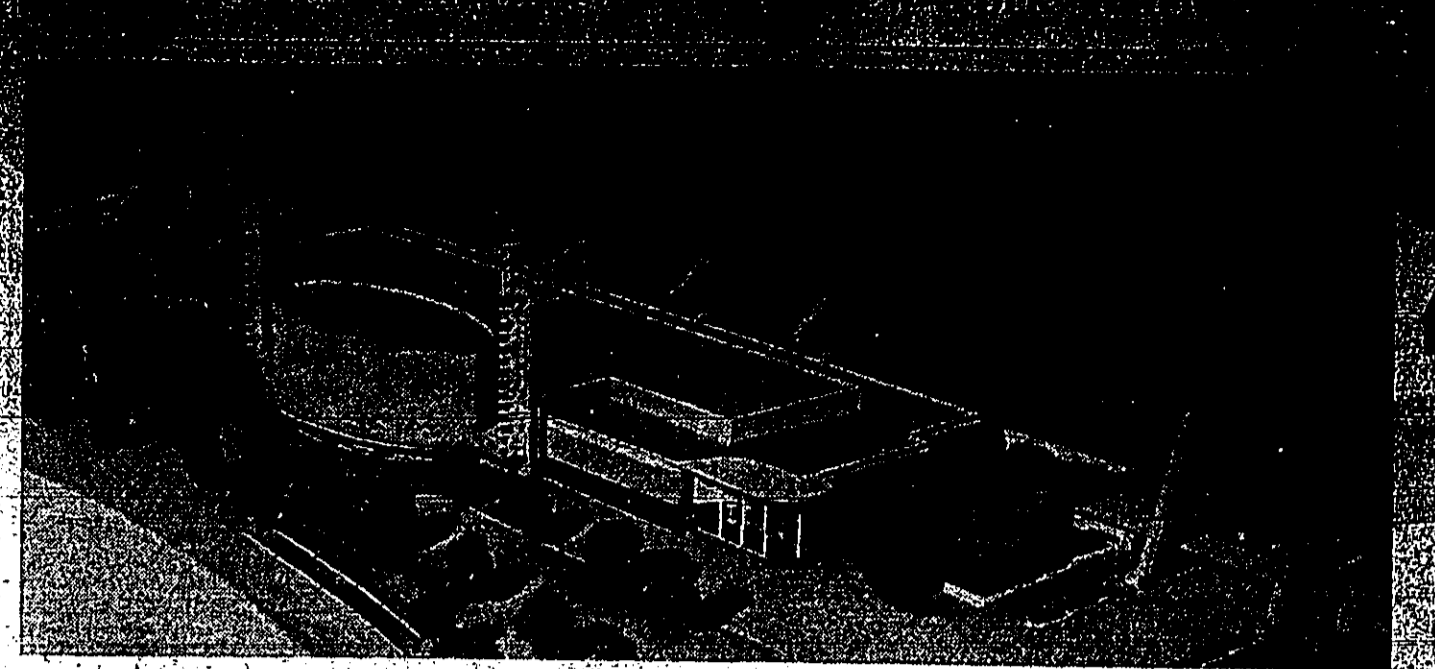
"And I advise you," Ned thundered, his hand nursing an aching jaw, "to take the first train out of town!"

"Nothing," said Don, with a calm, ironic little bow that enraged his adversary, "would give me greater pleasure. Good afternoon."

To Be Continued



Ned Lambert never blushed that sentence.



NEW YORK—The two pairs of pylons which are on opposite sides of the plaza may be the first objects you will notice when you approach the New York World's Fair 1939, for they mark the entrances to the Transportation Zone. Similar decorative pylons will accentuate other portals to the exposition. The futuristic building between the entrances above will contain a huge, free focal exhibit.

Harbor visited Mrs. Jones' mother, Mrs. Williams of Beaumont Tuesday.

Mrs. Jim Matthews moved to Warren one day this week. Mrs. Jack Holt are visiting the B. Holt and G. Haynes homes this week.

Mrs. Bertha Liddon of Maxwell Field, Ala., and Miss Marie Longston of Beaumont are visiting their mother, Mrs. John Tolar.

Visitors in the J. M. Swearingen and W. M. Maddox homes over the week end were Mrs. C. H. Perryman, Mrs. J. O. Potts and daughter, Mrs. Liblam, and Mrs. Jimmie Patts, all of Beaumont, Mrs. Tharp Jordan and family of Beech Creek.

Mrs. J. P. Collier of Popeville visited her son Cordell Collier and sister, Mrs. Nan, Enloe Sunday.

Miss Allison and Jewell Week had a painful car accident Saturday night when the car they were in hit a culvert. Both got several bad bruises on their faces. Otherwise all are glad to report they are o. k.

Miss Mollie Kirby of Warren was a visitor in Hillister Monday.

Chas. Spurlock of Houston visited the parents, Mrs. Chas. Spurlock Sunday.

The Misses Velma and Hazel Holt were Sunday visitors in Port Arthur.

Mrs. W. W. Anderson has returned home from Lake Charles, La., where she has been visiting for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Emmitt Walls was in Warren Tuesday to teach the W. M. U. ladies the book "Fruits of the Year."

Mrs. W. M. Maddox made her official visit to Deweyville on Thursday. Those from Woodville attending were Mrs. Clyde E. Smith, Mrs. Clyde Phillips, from Doucette Mrs. Davis and Mrs. J. M. Lewis of Hillister.

Miss Dorothy Foxworth of Doucette is working in the Hillister cafe.

Visitors in the Will Ferguson home Sunday were Mrs. B. V. Ferguson and children of Woodville.

P. C. Howell of Beaumont was a business visitor in Hillister Friday afternoon.

MISSIONARY VISITS SON

The Rev. Chas. F. Stapp, who is in the States on a year's furlough from missionary work in Brazil, spent part of last week here with his son, Prof. Robt. Stapp. He will return to his work in May after he attends the Southern Baptist convention in Richmond, Va. With him was his brother-in-law, Rev. Troy Brooks of Nederland, who had visited them in Austin and was enroute to his home.

Petkovseks, and when the time came, he felt brave, pulled a gun and demanded the cash, and, as a second thought, the shooting irons belonging to the place.

That was the main cause of his downfall. If he had just naturally backed out into the darkness, he could have commanded a car, and even now, if he was lucky, half the rangers in the State would be looking for a roughly dressed man who wore

an evening suit under the Big overalls.

The social security worker made another mistake in not going on through with the binding together of the Petkovseks in the back yard. He changed his mind, and some how, some way, folks imagine he seriously regrets the amateurish manner in which he attempted to get something for nothing.

If this justifiable homicide stuff continues to be parceled off in incidences of this kind Tyler county is going to be let alone, severely, by the light-fingered coterie.

WEEKLY FIRE REPORT FOR CAMP P-56

3-1. Two fires in Southeast part of the county; 162 man hours were used and approximately 150 acres were burned.

3-2. Four fires, Two in north-west part of the county in Carter's pasture; 163 man hours were used and approximately 125

acres were burned off. Two fires in south part of county in locality of Village Mills; 118 man hours were used and about 60 acres were burned.

3-3. One fire in central part of county; 10 man hours were used and approximately 10 acres were burned.

2-4. Three fires in north part of county, in vicinity of Rockland; 136 man hours were used and about 180 acres burned.

3-5. Three fires in Southeast part of the county 66 man hours were used and approximately 180 acres were burned.

3-6. Sunday. Six fires. Five of these fires were in the north-east section of the county. One in the south east part of the county, 180 man hours were used and approximately 400 acres burned.

Atty. and Mrs. Marlin Sandlin and baby of Austin arrived Saturday for a visit with the parents, Mrs. J. D. Brown and Mrs. Betty Sandlin of Colman.

STOP & COMP

Shawnees Best Flour, 48s.	\$1.65	No. 1 quality Dry Salt Bacon, per lb	15c
Shawnees Best Flour 24s.	85c	FRUIT CALIFORNIA ORANGE Medium size, per dozen	15c
Ada's Best Flour, 48s.	\$1.50	Small size, per dozen	10c
Ada's Best Flour, 24s.	80c	Wine Sap Apples, per dozen	10c
We positively guarantee every sack of Flour we sell, no matter how low the price. A Money Back guarantee.		Bananas, per dozen	10c
SHORTENING—8 lb carton, big value	79c	BROOMS—Good Five String Painted Handle for	19c
4 lb carton, big value	40c	CIGARETTES, Chesterfields Luckies, Camels, Old Golds, per package	15c
ARMOURS STAR SALAD OIL—1 gal. can for salads and cooking	85c	Prince Albert Tobacco	10c
SUGAR—Imperial Cane, 20 lbs for	\$1.00	SPUDS—Brown Beauties 10 pounds for	19c
2 lb can Sugar Corn, 2 for	15c	MILK, Rice Hotel, 3 cans for	10c
2 lb can Tomatoes, 2 for	15c	Matches, American Sardines	
2 lb can English Peas, 2 for	15c	Macaroni or Spaghetti Salt, any three (3) for	10c
EVAPORATED FRUITS—California Apples, 2 lbs for	19c	Tomato Paste, 2 for	
California Peaches, 2 lbs.	19c	No. 1 Corn	
Prunes, Large, Juicy, 2 lbs for	15c	No. 1 Tomatoes	
GRAPE JUICE—Full quart bottle for only	25c	No. 1 Pork and Beans	
Full pint bottle only	15c	No. 1 Tomato Soup	
DESERT PEACHES, 2 1/2 lb can Packed in syrup, halves	15c	No. 1 Vegetable Soup	
No. 1 can for	10c	No. 1 Hominy	
Apricots, No. 1 can in syrup	10c	No. 1 Peas	
Qt. Jar Pickles, Mason Jar for	10c	No. 1 Mixed Vegetables	
		No. 1 Peas and Carrots	
		No. 1 Kraut	
		No. 1 Lima Beans	
		No. 1 Red Beans	
		OLEOMARGARINE All Sweet per pound	

Great Saving Sale Saturday-Monday Mar. 12

J. H. FA

THE WORLD'S GOOD NEWS will come to your home every day through THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

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HILLISTER

