THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR :-: By PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by Author of "The Kindred of the Dust" Told in Motion Pictures, Locw's Palace Soon.

The Story Thus Far

THE story opens on the Rancho Palomar, an extensive tract in Southern California.

It is the estate of the Farrels, an ancient California family dating back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores, and enlivened with a dash of Irish.

Old Don Miguel Farrel, alone on the heavily mortgaged rancho with only his last faithful retainer, Pablo Artelan, and the latter's expansive wife, receives a telegram from the War Department at Washington announcing the death in battle in Siberia of his only son, Don Mike.

False news, as the subsequent scene at the Presidio army field shows. There Don Mike is mustered out of the service and takes leave of his captain. On the train, homeward bound, he encounters a party of three, Okada, an overbearing wealthy Japanese; Mr. Parker, a prosperous-appearing American with a down-East accent, and the latter's beautiful daughter, Kay.

This great story has been created into a wonderful photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Frank Borzage, and featuring Forest Stanley and Marjorie Daw. It is a Paramount picture.

THEN, with the faintest possible little move of disapproval, she seated herself beside the Japanese. The other man took the seat in front of the girl, half turned, and entered into conversation with the Jap.

Farrel studied the trio with interest, decided that they were traveling together, and that the man in the gray tweeds was the father of the girl. She bore a striking resemblance to him and had inherited his handsome features a thousandfold, albeit her eyes were different, being large, brown, and wide apart; from them beamed a sweetness, a benignancy, and tenderness that, to the impressionable Farrel bespoke mental as well as physical beauty. She was gowned, gloved and hatted with rich simplicity.

"I think that white man is from the East," Farrel concluded, although why that impression came to him, he would have been at a loss to explain. Perhaps it was because he appeared to associate on terms of social equality with a Japanese whose boorishness, coupled with an evident desire to agree with everything the white man said, proclaimed him anything but a consular representative or a visiting merchant.

Presently the girl's brown eyes were turned casually in Farrel's direction, seemingly without interest. Instantly he rose, fixed her with a comprehending look, nodded almost imperceptibly toward the chair he was vacating, and returned to his seat inside the car. Her fine brows lifted a trifle; her slight inclination of the head was robbed of the chill of brevity by a fleeting smile of gratitude, not so much for the sacrifice of his seat in her favor as for the fine courtesy which had moved him to proffer it without making of his action an excuse to sit beside her and attempt an acquaintance.

From his exile, Farrel observed with satisfaction how quickly the girl excused herself to her companions and crossed over to the seat vacated in her favor.

At the first call for luncheon, he entered the diner and was given a seat at a small table. The seat opposite him was unoccupied, and when the girl entered the diner alone and was shown to this vacant seat, Farrel thrilled pleasurably.

"Three long, loud ones for you, young lady!" he soliloquized. "You didn't care to eat at the same table with the brown beggar; so you came to luncheon alone."

As their glances met, there was in Farrel's black eyes no hint of recognition, for he possessed in full measure all of the modesty and timidity of the most modest and timid race on earth where women are concerned—the Irish—tempered with the exquisite courtesy of that race for whom courtesy and gallantry toward woman are a tradition—the Spanish of that all but extinct Californian caste known as the gente.

It pleased Farrel to pretend careful study of the menu. Although his preferences in food were simple, he was extraordinarily hungry and knew exactly what he wanted. For long months he had dreamed of a porterhouse steak smothered in mushrooms, and now, finding that appetizing viand listed on the menu, he ordered it without giving mature deliberation to the possible consequences of his act. For the past two months he had been forced to avoid, when dining alone, meats served in such a manner as to necessitate firm and skilful manipulation of a knife—and when the waiter served his steak, he discovered, to his embarrassment, that it was not particularly tender nor was his knife even reasonably sharp. Consequently, following an unsatisfactory assault, he laid the knife aside and cast an anxious glance toward the kitchen, into which his waiter had disappeared; while awaiting the aid of this functionary, he hid his right hand under the table and gently massaged the back of it at a point where a vivid red scar showed.

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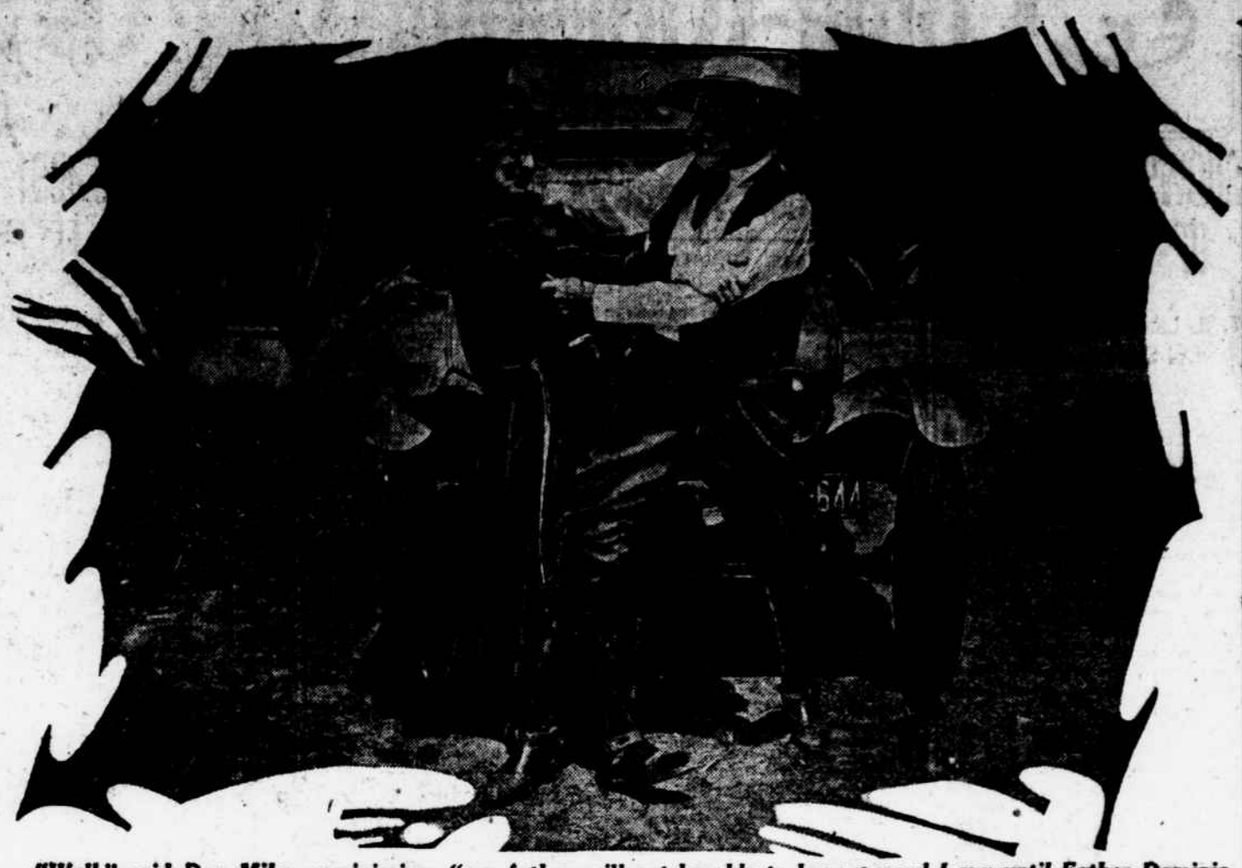
To Be Continued Tomorrow.



"Well," said Don Mike, reminiscing, "my father will not be able to hear a word I say until Father Dominic shuts off his motor; so my father will go out and ask him what the devil he's doing out there and to come in the house at once." James Barrow (Father Dominic) and Joseph Dowling (Don Miguel), in a colorful scene from the Cosmopolitan production that will be shown for the first time at the theaters soon.

THE VENGEANCE OF HENRY JARROMAN

By Roy Vickers

THE STORY SO FAR.

Henry Jarroman, released from prison, to which he was sentenced twenty years before for the murder of Charles Eddis, learns that John Camden, his one time friend, who stole his wife, killed Eddis, and fastened the crime on him, is dead. He has nourished his hatred of Camden all the long years in prison, and now his embittered heart bids him make Camden's daughter a victim in place of her father.

Camden's daughter, who believes her name to be Nadia Quest, is employed as a typist by the Hon. Wilfred Stranack. He loves her and asks her to marry him. Lord Doncester, Stranack's father, is startled when he recognises a ring Nadia wears and knows who she is.

Claudine Crayne, the wife who dishonored and deserted Jarroman and their young daughter, is the proprietor of a smart gambling establishment. Theed, Jarroman's rascally solicitor, visits her and tells her Jarroman desires to find his daughter. They conspire to substitute Nadia for the real daughter, with the idea of getting Jarroman's fortune for themselves.

Theed brings Nadia and Jarroman together. Jarroman, too, recognises Camden's ring and knows Nadia is not his daughter, but Camden's. He rejoices that the victim of his hate is delivered into his hands. He takes Nadia to Brighton, where she helps him compile the evidence against her father.

THEY went in silence, but Jarroman was aware of Nadia's sidelong glances. Presently their eyes met and he saw there was something softened in her expression. He guessed she was touched by what had happened. She was telling herself that after all these years of solitude and self-reliance, a father's concern for her welfare—however exaggerated—was pleasant.

He forced himself to smile at her, but his hands shook on the reins. What was this weakness that had seized him, this treacherous, whispering doubt? He dragged his mind back to its normal channel. He found his mind chanting the runes of hatred, making its points as if before some devil's tribunal, taking fresh grip of its weapons. Presently he was becoming certain that the whole thing had been an illusion.

He had become panic-stricken at the bare idea of Nadia's peril simply and solely because her death now would mean a frustration of his vengeance.

Strangely his thoughts wandered into a speculation that had occurred to him before. What was his own daughter like? Slender, young, like Nadia? More probably married to some plodding wage earner, doomed already to a groove of existence at once pretty and profound, since it held the naked realities of life. Ah, well, when his task was completed he must find her and see what he could do.

That evening the papers announced that the Hon. Wilfred Stranack had been elected member of Parliament for Creighley.

Jarroman read the statement aloud in a casual fashion, and Nadia remarked as casually that she was glad. She chatted amusingly during dinner and seemed in no way excited; but as they rose to leave the dining-room he saw her eyes sweep searchingly over the tables within her range of vision. Instantly he deduced that she was expecting Stranack's arrival in person, now that the election was over. As he followed her from the room, conscious as always of the admiring glances that followed her flowerlike beauty, he was trying to map out his policy.

The next morning passed quietly. Jarroman found time before luncheon to examine the visitors' book. Among last night's arrivals was, he noticed, Wilfred Stranack.

He said nothing as Nadia joined him, but he watched her covertly and presently saw her start, flush, and then bow composedly to a man sitting at a distant table. As they took their own seats she said, quietly:

"That is Mr. Stranack over there by the third pillar."

"Indeed?" returned Jarroman, with polite interest.

Luncheon proceeded. Nadia was dressed today in a clear shell pink that made her skin dazzling white and her eyes deep as shadowed pools under their long lashes. She kept them persistentl lowered and as a result did not see Stranack rise when he had partaken of coffee and come toward them.

"How do you do, Miss Jarroman?"

At sound of his voice Nadia's lips quivered in an uncontrollable agitation, but she did not betray it in her voice or manner. She greeted him, introduced him to Jarroman and congratulated him on his political success.

"You must have had a strenuous time," remarked Jarroman. "You deserve a holiday."

"Parliament's in recess just now," returned Stranack, "so I ran down here at once. I wanted to—well, frankly, sir, I wanted to speak to you if you could spare me half an hour."

A little gasp of protest came from Nadia, which both men ignored.

"Certainly," said Jarroman. "I shall be pleased. Nadia, my dear, shall we make a move?"

Nadia had no choice but to rise and lead the way to their suite, but at the door of Jarroman's sitting rom she murmured an apology and retreated to her own quarters. Stranack looked disappointed, but made no attempt to detain her.

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To Be Continued Tomorrow.

NEW YORK CITY :-: By O. O. McIntyre. :-: Day By Day

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.

BENEATH the suspicious heart of Manhattan is a generosity that is paradoxical. The town is cynical toward the newcomer and has no time to cheer the struggler. Yet when one falls along the way, overcome by misfortune, New York is perhaps the biggest-hearted city in America. It has proved this time after time.

A number of years ago two well-known authors were in the bar of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. The day before Morgan Robertson, the writer, had given up the earthly struggle. His family needed funds.

The authors started to raise money. They agreed not to mention the name of Robertson. They accosted people on the street and in offices and merely explained that they needed money for a worthy cause—for the family of a fellow who was quite worth while.

In a single afternoon they raised something like $8,000. Not a donor knew to whom his contribution would go. There is an actress, once a star, who was received with silence in play after play and had become the despair of managers. Her savings were swept away and her home was to be sold at auction.

The morning of the sale she received a package which contained enough currency to save the home. It was sent anonymously and to this day she does not know the name of the donor. Paper Collar Joe, who made his living by devious ways, used to say that a man who was broke in New York was just a fool.

"All you got to do is to provide a tear-jerking situation," he said, "and pick up the shower of change." There was a push-cart peddler who used to be able to manipulate a wheel of his cart so it would fall off and spill his wares over the street. Sympathetic pedestrians invariably made up a collection which more than doubled his ordinary profit.

He was getting rich when the police saw through his trick and sent him off to Blackwell's Island. Beggars can make more on New York streets than the streets of any other city.

Families of great wealth—such as the Rockefellers and Vanderbilts — use two sets of signatures. One is for their correspondence and the other is for their checks. It is just a stumbling block that is put in the way of clever forgers.

There is a gentleman on our block, by the way, who appears very sure of himself as he leaves his lodgings each morning. His walking coat is flowered with a carnation and his top hat glistens. A hotel detective tells me he is one of the most skillful forgers in the country. He can, the detective said, merely glance at a signature and duplicate it to the smallest detail.

Young Romeos are wearing a Cavalier-ish boot these days. The boot has a fold-over top and is considered quite swank. The tuxedo which seems firmly entrenched where the swallowtail once reigned, is now faced about the lapels with black plush instead of silk. Beaunash, however, says that full evening dress is not to be scorned. Says he: "The main thing is that evening dress, be it formal or informal, should be worn."

Style seems to intrigue us today. The women have adopted the coiffure of their French sisters. The ear has come out into the open after its long retirement. The hair is oiled and brushed back slick from the face and the face is powdered a ghastly white without the slightest touch of rouge. And earrings drop to the shoulder.

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PROBLEMS OF LIFE
First Real Vacation

—By Virginia Lee—

WHEN we speak and write of love, and then, for variations on the theme, express our so-called "ideals" of love, are we always quite sincere?

We who feel our lack of love are we not inclined to grow a bit self-righteous, to blame the lack on our superiority, our "high ideals"?

Love is, after all, a very normal emotion. It may be sordid or exquisite, lasting or elusive sweet or bitter, according as we may inspire or accept it. But if it passes us by completely the fault is ours alone.

I do not believe that because a girl is a girl she should not seek the true love. The olden days, when the fair maiden waited for the knight to pass by her window are no more.

So I have little sympathy for the girls who write to me and tell me that their ideals are so high they fear they will never marry; that the ideals of modern young men are so low they do not want nor appreciate good girls, that there is really no such thing as love in the world any more; that they are unfortunately superior to the great majority of humanity and cannot stoop to the methods of other girls to obtain the affections of the opposite sex—therefore the men pass them by.

These precious "high ideals" they will not relinquish, but in self-righteous abnegation go through life starved for the one emotion they need more than all others.

And the young men who write to me that there is really nothing in love nowadays. They can't inspire it, anyway, they say. All girls are so mercenary, have such a wrong outlook on life. So they will just remain old bachelors, because they are not appreciated.

I want to say to them: You shape your own destiny.

Girls who slip through their twenties without having found love, may have cause to blame it on business activities, concentration on their work, indifference to men, lack of appeal to men, but never on high ideals.

As soon as they come down to earth and replace those false ideals with better understanding of the masculine shortcomings they criticise so, they will discover they are immeasurably desirable to those very men they have accused of favoring only girls with low ideals.

In order to assist the many readers who write to the Herald asking advice on matters of love and relations between men and women, the Herald has received the assurance of Virginia Lee that she will help them solve their problems. All questions should be addressed to her in care of this paper.

DEAR VIRGINIA LEE:

I AM in love with a girl a few years my junior, and she reciprocates my love. Her only objection to me is that I am a widower with two children (my children do not need much care, as they are eight and five years of age).

We meet twice a week, and she tells me that she loves me dearly, but at every parting she tells me the same thing; that it is an impossibility for us to get married, because she does not like being a stepmother. To have children around her all the time, she says, will embarrass her before her friends and people that know her.

How can I convince her that it is nothing to be ashamed of?

B. R. B.

By carefully trying to explain away all her prejudices. Persuade her to get acquainted with the children, so that she will understand them, and they will learn to love her before she attempts the role of "stepmother."

She should look upon that role not in the old-fashioned light, but as a chance to bring happiness into two little lives.

The children are young enough to become greatly attached to her if she undertakes their care now, and she is wrong about the disapproval of friends. Real friends will admire her for the undertaking.

VIRGINIA LEE.

Hiding a rash wont heal it

Attempts to conceal complexion blemishes usually fail, and only serve to draw attention to the defects.

Underneath most unattractive skins is a clear, pleasing complexion—all that is needed is the proper treatment! It is surprising how often a brief use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap will clear away blotches, redness and roughness and give the skin its natural freshness and charm.

Ask your druggist for Resinol.

Resinol

Latest Word From Paris
By Marie Suzanne

(Copyright, 1922.)

PARIS, France.

IN spirit with the mode that shows the drapery placed at the back of the waistline, a French house creates this gown of silver cloky with an interesting "suspender" treatment of jade green velvet that finishes with a flat bow and ends. Points of velvet and cloky compose the train.

MOLYNEUX has made some of the loveliest evening wraps of the season and one of her newest is of cobalt blue chiffon velvet, with a puffy collar and whorls of the velvet in rose effect banding the broad sleeves. The head dress, designed to accompany this model, is of steel cloth and embroidered lace, finished with long blue tassels.

HERE ARE VALUABLE HOME RECIPES.

HERE are some tip-top recipes for desserts and after-dinner sweets. They are especially suitable for autumn days when the air is bracing and appetites are keen:

FRUIT CAKE.

1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 3 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1-2 cup orange peel, cut in pieces, 1-3 cup citron, cut in pieces, 1-3 cup dates, cut in pieces.

Cream butter and add sugar, creaming them together. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder together and add to egg mixture, alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Add vanilla and floured fruit. Bake in round cake pan 1 to 1¼ hours in moderate oven.

Ice all over with plain white icing ornamented with pieces of citron and candied cherries.

LEMON NUT BRITTLE.

2 cups granulated sugar, 1 cup blanched almonds, 1 cup English walnuts, ½ cup lemon peel.

Melt sugar over slow fire, stirring constantly. Cook until a light brown, being careful not to burn it. Pour at once over the nuts and fruit which have been arranged in a well buttered pan. Mark in bars when partly cold.

Interesting Facts.

At the age of 15 years a dog is more decrepit than a man of 80.

Lions and tigers are too weak in lung power to run more than half a mile.

Three hundred thousand worlds of the size of this earth could be stored inside the sun.

A fraction of a grain of musk will scent a room for years, and the curious thing about it is that at the end that time its weight is not diminished by the smallest fraction.

Fashion Hints.

The Russian blouse effect appears not only on street frocks seen on Fifth avenue and dinner dresses but also on the luxurious topcoats for which this season bids fair to be famous. One black coat worn today is a wool fabric with a satiny texture and has a Russian blouse made entirely of brown fur, the same fur being used to form the high collar.

The Latest Thing.

The "bustle" has returned, but is now worn outside instead of inside the skirt. The wire cylinder, which is the form it takes, is covered with the same material as the dress; wide ribbons pass through it which fall in cascade ends at the side. For evening dresses that is all very well, but it looks rather out of place on a three-piece toilette, the third piece being an abbreviated fur coat.

NOT ALWAYS FOUND IN OUR TEXT BOOKS

The phrase "the strenuous life" was uttered in a speech delivered before the Hamilton Club, of Chicago, April 10, 1899, by Roosevelt: "In speaking to you men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life—etc."

The age of the earth is almost as secretive as that of a woman who has passed thirty. Several years ago a celebrated astronomer said that the age of the earth is placed by some at five hundred millions of years; by others, one hundred million years; and still others at ten million years. None seem to estimate the age of the earth lower than ten million years.

The distinction of the first royal visitor to the United States belongs to William IV, son of George III, who came to the United States in 1782 as midshipman in a British line-of-battle ship, one of Admiral Digby's fleet sent over to conquer us as a rebellious colony. An effort was made by colonial troops to capture the prince while his vessel was lying off New York, but the scheme failed and the prince lived to become King of Great Britain, and uncle of Queen Victoria.

Columbia College, which was first known as King's College, was established in the middle of the eighteenth century, and save for a few years during the Revolutionary War, it has carried on its work in the city of New York. It was the college of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Robert R. Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Hamilton Fish, and many other outstanding figures in the history of the nation.

WHAT THEY SAY
America and Mothers

CHARLES E. MITCHELL, president of the National City Bank of New York—"Talk of another war in Europe is wholly unfounded. According to my recent observations in six countries abroad, conditions are improving rapidly. Europe has unquestionably made progress in the last year, with labor more cooperative and comparatively little unemployment. Harvests have been fair and, except in a few localities, food is not lacking. Tariff barriers set up in some countries are being frustrated by a growing recognition that prosperity in any country is dependent upon the movement of the exportable surplus and that wants cannot be satis?ed if doors are closed to imports. There may be more dark hours, but Europe is on the road that leads to sunshine."

MRS. WILSON WOODROW, writer.—"Bickerings over the family budget bring more couples into the divorce court than any other one cause. And I do believe that the independent woman who does her own thinking and earns her own living is actually shrinking from married life because of the sordid squabbles over money in which it is likely to involve her. That is why I so heartily indorse the idea of the business partnership in marriage. I believe that the basis of all financial arrangements between husband and wife should be an absolutely fair business partnership. And I believe that the terms of the partnership should be arranged before marriage—that is, before the business of home-making is actually opened."

GREATEST DESIRE OF WOMAN.

ADMIRATION?

Feature Page Editor: What is it that a woman desires the most? After much careful thought and deliberation, the answer seems to be admiration!

"She" may have beauty—fame—millions, but if "she" does not compel admiration she never has that "satisfied feeling."

Is the little mother, seemingly wrapped up in husband and babies, altogether happy? Hardly. Every one I ever met in my experience is secretly envious of the "Follies" girl. Would or could there be any glamour to the stage if it were not for the admiration it excites?

A woman may have all the beauty of Helen and Lillian Russell and not hold claim to admiration. We women, every one of us, long to have the irresistible "something" that makes us fascinating to other people.

If I remember my Chaucer correctly, Goeffrey and I agree that admiration is necessary to a woman's happiness.

M. H.

PET PEEVES

All girls' peeves today. Tomorrow we'll give the men a chance. What's yours? Send it to the Pet Peeve Editor NOW!

Dish washing.

GRACE.

* * *

My initials are C. V. B. My friends insist on calling me "B. V. D." in front of my gentlemen friends.

MISS B. V. D.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To keep a polish on brass after polishing in the usual way coat with clear varnish.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar added to a gill of mustard is a great improvement, while the addition of a little raw cream softens the flavor.

Cuticura Talcum Soothes And Cools

After a warm bath with Cuticura Soap there is nothing more refreshing for baby's tender skin than Cuticura Talcum. If his skin is red, rough or irritated, anoint with Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for all toilet uses.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 28F, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.