

PARADE

—By—

**Evelyn
Campbell**

WNU Service

(Copyright by Evelyn Campbell.)

THE STORY

Linda Haverhill's ne'er-do-well father dies when she is seventeen, leaving her little beyond some worthless stock certificates. These she takes to her father's friend, Senator Converse, to dispose of. After a whirlwind courtship Linda marries Courtney Roth. Too late she discovers he is a penniless adventurer living by his wits. Roth dies in Switzerland. Linda continues to live like a woman of wealth. The senator supplies her with money, keeping up the fiction that her stock is yielding it. On a trip she meets Brian Antsey.

CHAPTER III—Continued

They talked about everything but the weather, which proved at once that they were unusual people. Linda discovered at once that her companion was from Oregon; that he was going to Washington and would be there for a month or two. She discovered other things—charming things about him. That he liked dogs better than automobiles, and the morning before seven o'clock; that he preferred simple flowers and the mountains to the sea.

It began to grow cold in the coach. Outside was a dense wall of whiteness, and by straining necks dim glimpses of shapeless things might be had—a house buried under snow or the twisted form of a tree, grotesquely burgeoning. Passengers huddled in wraps and rugs, and their grumbles grew louder as the air became staler.

"Would you like to walk a little?" Brian asked, and Linda assented eagerly.

But as they were starting he made her return to her section.

"You can't go into snow dressed like that." He was looking so sternly at her slim, suede clad feet that Linda broke into gay laughter. He laughed with her, and this put them on an informal basis. He turned to his own section and unbuckled a bag, returning presently with a pair of dark red morocco slippers and a couple of scarfs. Linda put out her little feet and allowed him to fasten the moccasins upon them with a few efficient swirls of the scarves.

"You tie beautiful knots," she said, "but it is a shame to spoil your nice scarf—that blue one especially."

She was surprised at her own docility. A cup of hot tea and two or three pillows would have been more to her taste, but there she was, stumbling along through the snow with her feet done up like bunnies.

"If we keep to the beaten path it will be easier, I think," he said, and she followed, half laughing, half annoyed, at her own clumsy progress.

The prospect outside was not very good. People were running about helplessly giving advice that nobody heard, but the train crew was taking it very easily; they knew that human power could do little against the tremendous force of nature that opposed them. The snow, banked higher than the engine, resisted every effort to penetrate it. There was something aloofly contemptuous about that impassivity. The great black bulk of machinery, so devastating in its flights, stood appalled, like a shiny beetle drawing in its claws.

Brian Antsey talked to the train men. They answered courteously, not ignoring him as they had some of the others.

Linda heard all that was said. The train could not move until the snow plows came, and that might not be until the following day, for the storm had been worse farther along the line and there were other tie-ups.

Linda's teeth were already chattering, and the terrible cold found and seized upon her body beneath her furs. At that moment her spirit was low, indeed. The delay would disarrange her plans hopelessly. The chances of a month at Miami, delightfully cared for by the Gregsons, was gone glimmering. She tried to adjust her mind to this misfortune, but her thoughts refused to coagulate. Physical discomfort dwarfed all her mental processes.

"How stupid I am," she thought angrily. "I've been in worse predicaments than this. Some way will be found." But still she felt like a desolated child.

The strange young man with the kind eyes was speaking to her, "I've secured a place for you on the sledge," he said. "We must go back and get your hand luggage." He spoke in the same quiet, sure way that had accomplished the morocco slippers and again she yielded to his suggestion.

But when she was settled in the ungainly conveyance with half a dozen women, all whimpering, she found that Brian Antsey was going, too. He stood on the step and talked to the driver, occasionally jumping off to help shovel snow when the horses floundered into deeper drifts.

Linda found watching him irresistible. He actually seemed to enjoy the effort of dragging the great horses about. She had always hated snow; it reminded her of a particularly disagreeable period of her life. But this snow was different. There was something crude and pristine about it. It was not a theatrical snow, where one may break one's neck on a neatly constructed slide; it was homelike, making one think of warm fires and pipes and fleecy blankets. Not that Linda knew any of these things from personal experience, but they had their nook in her imagination with other fancies.

As he helped her from her seat, she asked him why he had come, and his answer brought swift, unexpected color to her face.

"To look after you, of course," He spoke so simply that she was ashamed of her subterfuge.

The hotel was as crude as the Nebraska snowfall.

"You have been so kind—you will dine with me?" she murmured at the foot of the stairs.

He laughed. "I'd love to, only I will be supper in this place. There will be ham and eggs and four kinds of bread and I hope you won't be ill from the experience."

She felt a little shock. He was laughing at her! In a second she realized how she must look to him—exotic, superfluous, too fine for rude contacts. She managed to make her mouth look tremulous and sweet as she answered gaily:

"Anything—so that it is warm!"

The other women did not like Linda. They eyed her fur coat and her ankles with equal disapproval, and when she found that she was to share a room with one of them she protested in such a way that the proprietor at once gave her another.

"Naturally you'd want to be with your husband," said the discarded roommate with embittered sweetness, and Linda, off guard, repeated blankly, "My husband?"

The other simulated confusion, "Oh, isn't he? I thought—"

As Linda sat beside Brian at their corner of the long table she said to him indifferently, "They're gossiping already, so you must not be so nice to me if gossip annoys you."

The women crowded together at the other end of the table as if they feared contact with other diners were all of the kind that are to be seen in pullman cars and nowhere else. Comfortably dressed but you wondered where they bought their clothes. In every big department store in the country, hundreds like them milled like cattle from nine to four every day of the year around, yet it was only at a time like this that such faces stood out; such personalities became obvious. They were all terribly frightened at the publicity suddenly thrust upon them. They objected while they secretly swelled with importance. But they were determined to remain completely virtuous and upright in the face of unconventionality.

Brian Antsey glanced at them, and then smiled at Linda.

"It's their chance to air their opinions and be listened to," he said, and she added in a drawing cold voice that did not suit her glowing, girlish face, "and their opportunity to make a show of their morality."

"Don't be severe. They are all home women, bound to be a little narrow. In a simple life this must be an adventure—close quarters with unknown neighbors."

"That is why you cannot really admire simplicity or naturalness; it is all so hateful just under the surface."

"Do you think so?" he frowned. He looked much older when he was serious, she decided. She did not really care what these women thought; she would never see one of them again, but she meant to tease him a little more. "You must not confuse silly, chattering women with simplicity and naturalness," he said sternly, and glanced again at the group, who became conscious that they were under discussion and were scandalized. "You will find their sort everywhere."

"But much worse in simple little towns."

"I will not admit that. It is because cities are more indifferent." She shook her head. "You are wrong. Cities are not indifferent. They judge with manners and morals, but the city cares only for appearances. It is much easier to live up to. You can always buy appearances and have them delivered to your door in a box."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Current Wit and Humor



BEST MUSIC FOR HER

Mrs. Gotcashe (engaging an orchestra)—What's the very best music you play?

Leader—Um-well, I suppose the very best things we play are the Beethoven symphonies.

Mrs. Gotcashe—Very well, I want you to play a lot of those throughout the evening—one for each dance. I won't have anything but the best, you understand.

DIRE RESULT



"Jack kissed me last night."
"Bet he got painter's colic. You'd put it on thick."

Forbearing Mechanism

My dial phone behaves with grace. Though numbers are in doubt, It looks one sadly in the face, But never bawls me out.

Always Practical

"Have you never given any thought to what posterity will say about you?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I long ago arrived at the conclusion that posterity cannot make you as much trouble as one of your next-door neighbors."—Washington Star.

A Satisfied Customer

"I notice that customer you just attended to didn't buy anything yet he seemed pleased," said the eagle-eyed floorwalker. "What did he want to see?"

"Me at eight o'clock tonight," replied the pretty clerk, blushing.

An Impression

"Do you think that wealth is essential to happiness?"

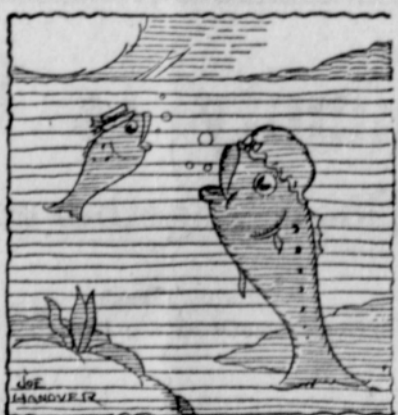
"From some of the letters I receive," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I am inclined to think a number of people consider some of my wealth essential to their happiness."—Washington Star.

Save a Lot

"What's the use of you having a timetable if your rotten trains don't run to it?"

"Now you're all excited! How could you tell they were runnin' late if you didn't have a timetable?"

A WARNING



Mamma Fish—All right, Willie, you may play awhile, but don't go near the land—you might fall ashore and get dry!

Hymn of Hate

A guy I hate
Is Peter Blue,
You make wise crack,
He sneers, "Sez you"

Advice Won't Stop 'Em

Uncle—If you should ever think of marrying, my boy, I should like to give you some good advice.

Nephew—And what's that?
Uncle—Don't do it!—Vancouver Province.

He Might Try It

Old Man—I'm getting pretty old now and I'd like to do something big and clean before I die.

His Grandson—Why don't you wash an elephant?

Discoveries Shed Light

on Biblical Allusions

In a lecture on "Archeology and Bible History" to the Royal Institution, Prof. J. Garstang said Palestine since the war had witnessed an unparalleled activity in archeological investigation, and the results threw light particularly upon the period of Joshua and the Judges, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

All the archeological and literary evidence pointed toward the same date in the middle of the late Bronze age, and about 1400 B. C., as the starting point of the history of Israel in Canaan. Upon this basis the historical details and topographical allusions in the old sources of the Book of Joshua were found to accord with the material results of investigation; while the fragmentary picture of Israel's position under the Judges was found to fit adequately into the frame provided by Egyptian chronology and to correspond closely in certain details with the record of Egyptian relations with the Land of Canaan.

There was no reason to doubt that the traditions embodied in the old documentary sources of both books were founded on facts.

Death Ends Lifelong Vigil

With the death of Miss Isabella Henry at the age of eighty years has been revealed her broken romance. When a girl she fell in love with a youth who jilted her. She was broken hearted, and since that time she has spent most of the time at the front window of her home at Durham, England, looking, as she often said, "for her lover." She would occasionally visit the railway station and watch the arriving trains in the hope that she would see him again. But he never came.

Busy New York

In New York city a child is born every four minutes. Nine million persons scramble daily for subway seats. Fourteen persons are married every hour. On the average for a year, 23 new buildings are put up every day and six torn down. New Yorkers and their guests eat 7,000,000 eggs a day. And how the human family loves amusement! There are 800 theaters in New York city.

Shocked

Perry Greer, one of the veterans of Automobile row, had an experience the other day that had him hanging over a barrel.

"I'll pay cash for this car," a customer stated.

"Cash?" stammered Greer, "really, this is so unusual that I'm afraid you'll have to give us a reference or two."—Exchange.

Encouragement

He—I've been wanting to say something to you all day, but I don't know how to start.

She—If I were to say "Yes," would that help?—London Opinion.

According to the Billboards

Teacher—And can you tell me who is the greatest actor today?

Tommy—The one who's always coming next week.

Name Given Plain

A "piedmont plain" means a plain at the foot of a mountain.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia



PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and \$1.00 at Druggists
Hills Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hills Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FOR FIRST AID
SINCE 1846
HANFORD'S
Balsam of Myrrh

Oregon & California Directory

Hotel Roosevelt

One of PORTLAND'S Newer Hotels
All rooms have shower or tub, \$2.00 up. FIREPROOF.
221 W. Park St. Coffee Shop, Garage opposite.

Hotel Hoyt

PORTLAND, OREGON
Absolutely Fireproof
Corner 6th and Hoyt Sts., Near Union Station.

Start Now EARN BIG MONEY
\$5 to \$50 per cent paid while learning. Position secured.
Lectures weekly. 32 colleges. Write for catalog.
MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES
71 Third St. - Portland, Ore.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL
Every room with bath or shower. \$2.00 to \$3.50.
Jones at Eddy. Garage next door.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 34-1930.

Man is nature's sole mistake.—Gilbert.

Don't Cuss!

Here's the sure, quick, easy way to kill all mosquitoes indoors and keep 'em away outdoors!



Spray clean smelling

FLIT

The World's Largest Selling Insect Killer

Flit is sold only in this yellow can with the black band.

Kills Flies Mosquitoes Moths Bed Bugs Roaches Ants

because its stinging vapor KILLS QUICKER



Are You Traveling?

Use Cuticura Soap and hot water to remove the dust and grime and thoroughly cleanse your face. Anoint with Cuticura Ointment if there is any irritation, roughness or pimples. Cuticura Talcum is refreshing and cooling.

Soap, Ointment, and Talcum
Proprietors: Foster Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.