

PARADE

by Evelyn Campbell

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WNU Service

It is an old saying that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Until recently it had always been applied to the poorer half—the so-called submerged section—for there was little mystery or uncertainty in regard to the livelihood of the rich, or those regarded as being in the prosperous class. But all things change, and the security of wealth is not so great as it once was. Market upheavals, new inventions and the tendency to add more speed to the swift pace of modern affairs may change in a day's time, the complexion of a business and shake the foundation of a fortune.

The man with a job is often better placed than the one with a top-notch commercial rating. Instead of a poor man's wondering where he is going to get tomorrow's breakfast, it is more than ever the case that such a distressing problem confronts the so-called rich man. One has only to look around to note many executives of yesterday who are job-seekers today.

One tendency has not changed, namely, that of striving to be a part of the parade—maintaining appearances—keeping up the bluff. The mystery as to how these paraders live is even greater than that which surrounds the livelihood of the unpretentious poor. Their story is an interesting one and is handled with fine dramatic insight by the distinguished novelist, Evelyn Campbell, in her book entitled "Parade."

Here is action of the day—action of an absorbing and enlightening sort. In Linda Haverhill the author has drawn a heroine who commands the reader's prompt understanding, sympathy and regard. Her temptations, adventures, defeats and triumphs comprise a record that will linger long in the memory.

CHAPTER I

Behold the Lily

It was Linda's father, Haverhill, who planted the idea so firmly in her mind that it took the root of all noxious weeds and flourished there. He loved the child, and the hardest thing about dying was the thought of leaving her; yet she had to live and face life and he honestly believed that he was telling her the truth.

They were together in the big third floor front bedroom that looked upon the avenue. Sounds came dimly there but far away, breaking through the sullen murmur of the streets, they could hear a hand playing. It was the sixth of September, and that year it fell upon a Monday.

The house was not their house. It belonged to a distant cousin of Linda's mother who had lent it to the Haverhills while she was in Europe. She did not know that she had provided a place for Jim Haverhill to die in.

Linda was just then seventeen, with all the promise of the great beauty soon to be hers. Everything about her was a slightly exaggerated scale—her silliness, the excessive grace of her young body. Her eyes were a trifle too large and deep—too black. Her pallor and the pathetic line of her red lips were too compelling. One looked at Linda with suspended breath, pitying her for her loveliness, because it is well said that women who are too beautiful are never happy, and Linda was of that sort.

It was a warm day with the uneasy mitness of September. Linda's long white arms had drawn the daybed close to the window, and her father lay there gasping for the elusive air, lapped in the staid magnificence of the borrowed house and longing through his unruly spirit to be out and away from it all, even while his flesh clung to the girl beside him. He was the spectacular ruin of what had been a charming person, too fine for what had befallen him, but not big enough to evade it. Even now he wore a purple silk dressing gown, and his linen was so pure that even the intense humidity could not degrade it. He was as carefully dressed as he had ever dressed for dinner, and he looked with disapproval at his daughter's crushed frock and open collar.

"There is time to change before luncheon," he said with the faintest reproach, "but, my dear, you should not be negligent because we are alone."

"You know, father, that there aren't any servants. I shall have to cook the luncheon myself."

Haverhill shuddered. He infinitely preferred no luncheon at all, and told her so.

"If an unfortunate circumstance compels you to perform such—a duty—treat it as play—make a jest of it, my dear—never admit even to yourself that there is necessity. That is the only way you can conquer—conquer—His cough overtook him, and was smothered by a square of soft linen delicately perfumed.

When this was over Linda sat with her perfect chin cupped in her hand gazing into the almost empty street—white hot, breathless.

"I wish, father, I wish—"

"What, my dearest?"

"I wish we didn't have to pretend."

"By October it will all be over," he said with another cough threatening.

Not even dreaming of the pathetic truth he uttered. "You will forget all this—" He sent a contemptuous glance around the handsome room as if in his eyes its comfort was squandered.

"It has merely been a little resting up for us both. Once I get my health again it will be so easy. With my connection—"

Jim Haverhill had been a financier; that is, he sold his good name, his impeccable appearance, and a few other things for stock in various enterprises that might or might not have been selling gold bricks or their equivalent.

alent. Nobody but himself knew how varying his success had been, but when the string snapped it caught him with empty pockets and a vast and poignant regret. He was sorry he had ever had a child.

"I could get hold of enough to see you through—until you are married," he said, looking piteously at Linda.

She wanted to hide her tears. "Look, father," she cried gaily, leaning over to peep into the street beneath the haughty brown and ochre awnings. "Look! There's the mounted police and there's a band—the first one, and dozens coming. What a funny drum major. Aren't they queer—so far down—like lead soldiers?"

Linda was young enough to be thrilled. It was really a magnificent sight and costly enough to command



Linda Was Just Then Seventeen, With All the Promise of the Great Beauty Soon to Be Hers.

respect. The city had lent every public spectacle it possessed. The cheering became prolonged.

Linda parted the geraniums until a little tunnel gave them uninterrupted view. "O, dear, the nice, shiny ones have all gone by," she said, as if she had been speaking of pebbles.

The procession changed its character. The horses, the glitter and the dancing drum major vanished and other men were coming now, walking abreast in eights; marching men in ordinary drab clothing; red faces, pale faces, awkward hands. Some of them stumbled; some lifted their feet gingerly as if they hardly knew how to use them. Like a long, gray turd stream they merged into the dimness of the street that was presently lost in the cavernous distance. These outnumbered their gay leaders a hundred, ten hundred to one, yet they were content to follow dumbly trying with a sort of pitiful eagerness to keep step to the music.

"Who are they?" cried little Linda with a child's eagerness. Then she drew a vivid picture with a couple of words. "They remind me of a grub and a butterfly. Those men—"

Jim Haverhill looked long and steadily at the never-ending procession.

"The first Monday in September," he said slowly, "Labor day. The one day in the year when the workers of the world come out to show themselves and see what they have done."

Linda lost interest. "O, they are just workmen," she said. "How many there are! Where do they live? What do they find to do?"

Haverhill gave her a strange look. It may have been that in that moment he glimpsed her profound ignorance and glimpsed his own iniquity in leaving her so. But it was too late. He uttered his short, hacking laugh the most mirthless, sound imaginable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oyster Cultivation

Oysters are now planted and cultivated like so much corn or turnips. Herbert F. Frytherch of the United States Bureau of Fisheries tells us that the oyster industry of the United States now constitutes its most valuable fishery, yielding annually about 73,000 tons of food, employing over 65,000 persons, and producing each year a crop valued at over \$14,000,000 as it is taken from the water. It is conducted, he says, in every seacoast state from Cape Cod to the Rio Grande and from Puget sound to San Francisco.

Ascribed to Franklin

"Ca Ira" was a popular song of the French revolution. The words are of uncertain origin, one version probably being the composition of Ladré, a street singer. The air was a popular carillon by Baccourt, and a favorite of Marie Antoinette's. French writers say that Benjamin Franklin in speaking of the American revolution often used the expression "Ca Ira," which means "It Will Succeed." The phrase was caught up by the French.

One's Best Demanded

No job is too small to take pains with; no task is too little to do well. If you can't drive a nail straight, you're going to make a fizzle of building a house. No man jumps into greatness; he works his way steadily upward.—Grit.

LACE TRIM IS FASHION FEATURE; NEW SILHOUETTE GAINS FAVOR

IN LACE used in a trimming way designers are finding a most intriguing proposition. Not just a casual thought, a passing fancy, is this lace trimming note. Rather is it being made one of the outstanding features in dress design. With the vogue for lace used with fabric at its beginning, the prospects are that "the best is yet to be" when fall and winter fashions get into full swing.

The picture presents a very lovely printed chiffon frock, its brilliant flower colorings contrasted by insets of exquisitely sheer black chantilly lace. This gown has one of the new

explanation is that it's smart to be quaint.

When it comes to dressy dress as distinguished from sports costumes, all fashionable Paris has gone quaint and we are getting that way over here in America, too—wearing big bonnet-shaped hats and long black suede gloves and shoulder-cape effects and fichu-like collars and long skirts and short bodices with ribbon tied about the waistline. The picture tells it better than words, for each of these details is featured in this ensemble.

As to the skirt of this white-and-black crepe model, which, by the way,



Lovely Printed Chiffon Frock.

skirts with an extremely wide hemline which is fitted snugly at the hips with stitched down pleats. The latest theory among fashionists is that no matter how full a skirt be at the hemline it must contrive in some way or another to be tight fitting at the hipline.

Evidences of a profuse use of lace made up with fabric are given in advance styles recently displayed. One very gracious gown combines black transparent velvet with black lace, using the latter for yoke, sleeves and a deep bounce on the skirt. To say that this alliance of lace and velvet is effective but mildly expresses it.

Not only is all-black lace used on black, but ecru tones are sponsored. The newest sleeves in afternoon milk frocks are of lace from the elbow down. Dresses of this fabric or that will, this fall, be lavishly detailed with lace gilet, deep revers, yokes, insets and all sorts of fancy fantasies.

That charming custom of trimming with yards and yards of lace edging

is a Jenny creation, the matter of it's snug-fitting hipline is highly significant. A close observation will reveal the fact that the very latest dresses make a point of a molded-to-the-figure silhouette when it comes to the tops of their skirts with hemlines accentuating a super fullness. This is accomplished by means of yokes, of stitched-down pleats, godets set in below the hipline and innumerable other devices.

The idea of wearing gloves, not the time-honored buttoned types, but soft nonchalant wrinkled-at-the-wrist pull-ons, is taking a definite stand in the world of fashion. To be ungloried is to ignore an important style mandate. So gloves it is, whether sleeves be short or long or minus. As to the washable cotton slip-on gloves in pastel tints to wear with summer frocks, counters where they are sold are being besieged by smart young things who delight in engaging in all the latest style "stunts."

As to the matter of black-and-white or white-and-black, Paris is loath to



Showing the New French Silhouette.

sewed row and row has been revived. Young girls are wearing winsome, quaint frocks this midsummer of orange, blue, or batiste, not forgetting chiffon, the full skirts of which are adorned with one row after another of val edging arranged in graduated groups, the lace edgings bordering the neckline and finishing the sleeves.

The New Silhouette

In the lower picture is shown a perfect summer afternoon costume—that is as Parisiennes see it. The

depart from it. Leading French couturiers continue to exploit the combination with sustained enthusiasm. Among the black-and-white modes are such interesting expressions as half-in-half frocks, that is, the yoke, sleeves and lower portions of the dress is of white chiffon, the rest of the gown being of black chiffon.

Especially in "first" hats for mid season and early fall is emphasis placed on black with white.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY

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The KITCHEN CABINET

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The foundation of education consists of training a child to work, to love work, to put the energy of his entire being into work; to do that work which develops his body, mind and soul; to do that work most needed for the elevation of mankind.—Parker.

WHAT TO EAT

A simple dessert well made and daintily served gives just the finishing touch to a plain dinner. Here are a few desserts that may be helpful in planning a luncheon and the dinner menus:

On baking day when the oven is not too well occupied, prepare and bake a pastry shell or two, or bake the shells on patty tins for individual pies. These will keep well for a few days and it will be found most helpful to put in a filling of lemon, cover with a meringue and have a dessert in a very few minutes. These shells may be filled with crushed fruit, topped with whipped cream, or they may be filled with a butterscotch filling or chocolate, thus having any kind that seems desirable or is well liked.

The following will be another filling that takes but a few moments to prepare:

Marshmallow and Fruit Pudding.—Soak one-fourth of a cupful of candied cherries and pineapple cut into pieces either in the pineapple juice or any fruit juice either canned or fresh for an hour or more. Use marshmallows and their own sirup if preferred. Cut one-half pound of marshmallows into six pieces each. Beat one cupful of whipping cream until stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar gradually, then a half teaspoonful of almond with a few drops of vanilla. Mix the marshmallows with one-half cupful of pecan meats broken into pieces and fold all together. Chill and serve in the pastry cups.

A Dainty Luncheon Dessert.—Spread the round butter crackers with marshmallow cream and in the center of each place a teaspoonful of pineapple or orange marmalade. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and dry, add one-fourth cupful of powdered sugar and with a pastry tube pipe this meringue around the edge of the cracker, then set a rose of meringue in the center. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and brown delicately in the oven.

SUGAR, SPICE, ALL THINGS NICE

The delicious cinnamon or pecan roll which may be made with one base is a most delicious bread to serve on many occasions.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Take one cupful of scalded milk add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half tea-

spoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of shortening to the hot milk. Cool until lukewarm and add an yeast cake softened in one-fourth cupful of warm water. Mix with sufficient flour to handle and knead thoroughly, then allow the bread to rise until treble its bulk. Cut down and fold and let rise again. When light roll into a sheet one-half inch in thickness and spread with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll and slice into one-inch slices. Place in a baking pan and allow to rise again. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

For the pecan rolls place a generous portion of butter and brown sugar with a half cupful of pecans in the bottom of the pan. Place the rolls and bake when light. Turn upside down and serve.

Spiced Hot Cross Buns.—Prepare the above mixture, make the rolls into rounds after adding one-half cupful of currants or a mixture of currants and raisins, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of allspice. Cut a cross on the top of each with a sharp knife just before baking.

Spice Cake.—Sift two and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour with one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of each allspice, nutmeg, mace and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon. Sift three times. Cream one-half cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of sifted brown sugar and cream together until light and fluffy. Add two eggs well beaten and the flour mixture alternately with one cupful of sour milk. Beat well after each addition and bake in a greased tin eight by eight inches. Bake fifty minutes.

There are so many short cuts and much saving of time that one may use in preparing dishes. When making a covered pie one day prepare enough pastry for a pastry shell which may be baked at the same time. The shell may be used two days later, if carefully kept, with a filling of lemon, butterscotch or fresh fruit topped with cream.

The serving of a green vegetable at both luncheon and dinner or supper meals is necessary to keep the body in good condition. Spinach, chard, broccoli may all be grown, with lettuce, radishes and peas in the backyard garden.

Neelie Maxwell

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Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

"On Top of the World"

The "steepest railway on earth" will be completed to the top of the Royal gorge at Canon City, Colo., according to the builders. The railroad will take sightseers up a steep grade over a third of a mile track to the amusement park at the top of the gorge.

Not Good at Figures

"I lent you two eggs yesterday, Mrs. Brown. You only brought one back."

"Only one! Then I must have made a mistake in counting them."—Luzige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.

Economy is mostly practiced, not from principle, but because one hasn't the money.

After lending an ear the charitable man lends a hand.



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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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