

PARADE

—By—

Evelyn Campbell

WNU Service

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THE STORY

Linda Haverhill's father, never-do-well, dies when she is seventeen, leaving her to face the world with little money or prospects. Her sole possessions are some worthless stock certificates which her father's friend, Senator Converse, agrees to dispose of. She instinctively dislikes the senator. Linda becomes engaged to Courtney Roth.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Pearls like these are a passport anywhere," Amy Ralston said. Then she made a curious remark, slightly humorous, slightly vulgar, and intensely prophetic if she had known. "With your looks and those pearls no one would ever dare hand you a bill, Linda."

Bills! They both smiled. It was so unlikely that Linda would ever again be troubled with bills!

The wedding was the smallest, selectest affair imaginable. Linda's looks made it unique. Her proud face seen on the society page of the right paper said that small sudden weddings were the only sort to have.

The bridegroom was a proud and happy man. He was a true product of the fevered times, and there were features to this wedding which nobody knew about and which gave him new thrills of irresponsibility.

Twenty-four hours have made changes in many a love affair. Linda was married on Tuesday, and by Wednesday night she was wondering why she had never noticed that Roth's manners were not all that they should be and that he was more than had tempered. Men's should have been served by a genie, and no service ever pleased.

Really, if it was going to be like this—Linda shrugged her beautiful white shoulders. They were in Boston and she was surprised to find herself at a hotel whose name meant nothing to her, and she had been in Boston many times.

"I thought anything would do for the few hours we will be here," her new husband said hurriedly. "The big places are always full at this season and we don't want a fuss, do we?"

"You could have telegraphed for rooms," she protested, puzzled.

Roth began to pace the floor nervously. His color was high and the impatience she was beginning to know came into his eyes.

"Now look here, Linda. They've kept you in cotton wool too long. I wanted you because you're different from other women. You've got an air that makes everything you do seem right. Even this second-rate hotel would seem smart if you made a habit of coming here."

Linda was bewildered. She knew he was trying to tell her something without committing himself, but she could not guess what it was. She felt annoyed and a little cheated.

"But when there is no reason for second-rate hotels?" she murmured.

He flushed a deeper crimson and screwed up his eyes in a way she particularly disliked.

"Reason? There's jolly well reasons enough—" He clapped his hands on his pockets with an odd boyish gesture that touched her through her bewilderment and dawning fear. It reminded her of Jim Haverhill. Then he grinned at her sheepishly.

"Fact is, dearest, I'm stony. Oh, I know you're shocked, but you'll get used to shocks. It's rather a lark. If you look at it from the right angle. Married to a beautiful, luxurious creature and hardly a bean in your pocket. Gad, it makes a fellow sit up. Linda, don't look like that!"

"Why did you marry me? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why—do you think I'm a cad? Leave you sitting on the church stoop? I'd say not. Besides, I didn't plan it. I cabled for money and expected plenty, but the old wire came back like a knock behind your ear. No more money. I'd spent it all."

Linda's head whirled. "How could you have spent all your money without knowing it?" she managed to say. She had never known until that moment how much she had counted on Roth's fortune. He had seemed secure as a stone wall. She felt him staring at her, and suddenly she saw behind the high lights of his dominant gray eyes merely a boyish boastful something that brought contempt stronger than fear into her being.

"It's a good thing you don't have to depend entirely on me."

Linda was enveloped in a blaze of swift indignation. "You married me believing I had money!" she accused, and writhed in shame and self-disgust. "It's just that old joke about the bitter bit—"

But he shook his head. "No, Linda, I knew all about you. I looked you up, of course. You're taking too tragic a view of it all. It doesn't require actual money to get along. There's ways of getting everything you want. You possess something that's worth more than money, and I've a little of the same thing. It got over with you and your people, which proves it. We don't need money, you and I. We can have everything without it."

She was struggling with a sensation of utter collapse. Certain phrases he used humiliated as facts appalled her. His "I looked you up, of course," filled her with loathing for him and for herself. He had looked her up, but she had been a fool and taken him on trust. Worse than a fool—a failure.

"Why, you are just an adventurer!" she cried scornfully.

"Perhaps," he shrugged, "but not bourgeois. I am afraid, my dear, you have more to learn than I thought. You haven't found out that it's not what you are but what people think you are that counts. All clever persons know that, or they're not fit to meet the world."

This was all oddly familiar. Talk she had heard before; talk in a dream. She sat still, pressing her fingertips against her pale lips—thinking of what she should do. Of course, she could leave Roth, but she rejected this thought as it came to her. She was not an adventurer if he was, and

side from that it was impossible to admit to her friends and to Cousin Amy that she had been a fool in spite of her attitude of cleverness. She thought of Senator Converse and the sureness of what he would say, and this thought made her shudder. In some indefinable way she seemed to be closer to him now than before her marriage. He was so close that she could touch his hand. Something within her warned that one mistake now, one more error, and she would not escape from him as she had in the past. Of course she had not been blinded to the fact that he admired her, that he would have paid any price for her Cousin Amy's world had not left her in ignorance of that.

Roth felt sorry for her, though he was far from reading her thoughts. She was so lovely and childish with that droop to her lips. He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Don't fret, dear. When you worry you let people behind the scenes and you've got to watch out for that. It's a wonderful game, once you learn how to play, and you'll find a lot of clever amusing people playing it with us. Let the duds with the bank accounts pay the bills while we amuse em, eh? It's a profession in itself, making the other fellow pay and teaching him to like it."

Her tears dropped upon the pearls on her breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Subjection of Wives
Some 400-year-old rules for handling wives have been published in London in connection with the new book on Rabelais.

The rules were drawn up by Tiraquenn, friend of Rabelais, who had considerable experience with wives.

First of all, he sets forth the dicta that "woman is man's inferior."

Having established his premise, Tiraquenn goes on to say, "She is not to be struck or mistreated in any way."

"The wife is to be educated by example and by caresses mingled with severity. She may be threatened when necessary."

A Simpler Way
He rounded the bend at close on forty. A sudden skid, and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together unharmed, alongside the completely smashed car. He put his arm lovingly about her waist, but she pulled it away.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of petrol?"—London Answer.

Sahara's Oases
Five of the great oases of the Sahara desert were known and occupied by the Egyptians as early as 1000 B. C.

Scraps of Humor



FOR PREFERENCE

The two tramps were making very slow progress along the windlax country lane.

"Ah," sighed Dusty Rhodes, gazing at a distant landscape, "ain't that really lovely! It makes me feel like the poet." He waved his arms in the air. "I long for the wings of a dove!" he recited.

His companion, who was wondering where the next meal was coming from, grunted miserably: "I'd much rather have the breast of a chicken and a couple of drumsticks!" he remarked.

IT WAS POSSIBLE



"Can you imagine George kissing a girl?"

"I don't have to imagine it, I've experienced it."

Time for Talk

When plentiful argument arrives
The real strife must cease.
So long as conversation thrives
We're certain to have peace.

Professional Feeling

A lawyer had just completed a wretched defense of a young Virginian accused of a crime. His summation was worse, but he painted a vivid picture of the poor boy's mother and of Virginia in the smoky, fall haze. Suddenly an old gentleman began sobbing. The lawyer went over to him.

"Are you a Virginian, sir?" he asked.

"No, young man," he sobbed. "I'm a lawyer."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Go the Limit

Mrs. Telleim—"They make me tired. They'll do anything just to be different."

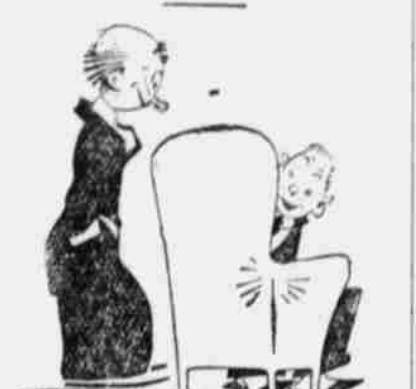
Mrs. Knowem—"Huh! They even save up for what they want so they can pay cash, instead of buying it on the installment plan, merely to be able to boast about it."

The Changing Styles

Mr. Pester—"Silly practice, isn't it, for women to alter their figures to suit the styles?"

His Wife—"You men needn't talk. Ever since the eighteenth amendment went into force I've noticed the men padding their hips."

HEART TROUBLE



"My heart is troubling me—I'm going to the doctor and have it pumped."

"Why not phone the undertaker before you go?"

Merely Preliminary

The orator makes hairs turn gray. When he exclaims, light-hearted, "And in conclusion, let me say—"

He's only getting started.

Amateur and Professional

"My boy, I'm afraid your father will have to lose his right hand."

"Gee, Doc, how soon will he be able to learn to sign checks with his left hand?"

And It's So Hot

He had just stolen a hurried kiss. "Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly.

"Sure!" he replied. "But they take more time."

As It Was in the Beginning

Mrs. Bonechisel—"All the women are wearing furs this summer. Can I wear your cave bear skin?"

Her Husband—"No. You'll wear it out gadding about and I'll have nothing to keep me warm next winter."

Free of Duty

"Did you see much poverty in Europe?"

"Yes, indeed. A good deal. In fact, I brought some back with me."—Montreal Star.

Great Rivers



Flood Waters Raging Through a Break in a Mississippi Levee.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

NATURE played favorites in apportioning the great rivers of the world. Of the dozen largest, six are in Asia and three in Africa, leaving only three for the two continents of the New World. And among the twelve leaders, Europe and Australia are wholly unrepresented.

The longest single river is the Nile, measuring some 4,000 miles from head to mouth. The Nile is further distinguished in that it has no tributaries for the last 1,500 miles of its course to the sea. During this stretch its waters are considerably reduced in volume by evaporation and irrigation, so that it grows smaller instead of larger toward its mouth.

Other African rivers among the length-scoring twelve are the Niger and the Congo, both fed by the tropical rains of hot regions near the Equator. In a general way they more nearly resemble South America's representative, the Amazon, than the great streams of the colder northern continents.

Of Asia's six longest rivers, four are in Siberia, the Ob, Yenisei and Lena, flowing north into the Arctic ocean, and the Amur emptying into an arm of the Pacific. The other two are the Yangtze and Hwang, or Yellow, river of China.

These twelve river basins represent the greatest variety of climate and civilization. The Amazon and the Congo flow through lush equatorial jungles inhabited by birds of brilliant plumage, wild animals and savage tribes, while the mouths of the Yenisei and the Lena are above the northern timber line and their valleys support the sparsest population. The Mississippi and the Yangtze flow through established, if divergent, civilizations, with rich cities along their banks like jewels on a string. The Nile is one of the cradles of world history; the Mackenzie is still a frontier stream.

Five of the dozen rivers flow to the north. These are the Nile, Mackenzie, Ob, Yenisei, and Lena. The Mississippi and Niger flow south. The Amur, Yangtze, Hwang and Amazon run eastward. Only the Congo points toward the west.

Difference in Floods.

All these streams overflow their banks at intervals but the results are strangely different. In the case of the Mississippi and the Yangtze, floods are national disasters bringing untold suffering to millions. The annual overflow of the Nile with resulting fertilization of the valley by the deposit of silt is the source of the wealth of Egypt. The Hwang, or Yellow river, from its habit of overflowing its banks and changing its entire course at intervals is known as the "scourge of China."

The Amazon and the Congo lie almost under the Equator, and the other ten longest rivers are in the northern hemisphere. Four flow into the Arctic ocean. A reason is not far to seek. The greatest land masses are in the northern half of the world, and without large land areas long rivers are impossible. The smaller continents of Australia and Europe are not represented in the dozen. Similarly, the reason for the longest rivers flowing to the north and east is that the longest continental slopes extend in those directions.

The Yangtze and the Mississippi are lined with wealthy cities largely because of their location in the temperate zone. The tropic Amazon, Niger, and Congo are too hot; the Mackenzie and the Siberian rivers are too cold for the favorable growth of towns. The Nile valley beyond Cairo is a mere strip of green from 15 to 30 miles wide between two burning deserts. The Hwang is too variable in its habits to encourage navigation or river ports.

From the earliest times these long rivers have furnished high roads for the exploration of continental interiors. Nero sent an expedition to discover the headwaters of the Nile, which failed to reach its objective. Russian penetration of Siberia followed the great river beds. The Amazon and the Congo are still high-ways of discovery. Head reaches of the Yangtze are veiled in Asiatic obscurity. The Niger was the river of romance in the great days of Timbuktu. The histories of the world's river basins have been the history of the world's empires. A great river is both a roadway and a source of life.

Menace of the Mississippi.

Although North America can claim only two of the world's dozen longest

rivers, it possesses in the Mississippi-Missouri the longest of them all. This magnitude of the Mississippi is becoming more and more of a menace because each flood seems greater than the preceding one. Why this should be true has been a problem to some laymen; but one of the chief factors is plain enough: It is the usually laudable effort of Americans to develop and build up their country.

Aside from the fact that several decades ago there were fewer people living and fewer dollars invested in the regions subject to overflow in the lower Mississippi valley, the flood stages were actually lower in those days. They were lower, to consider one important fact, for the very good reason that then less water was fed into the Mississippi's 100,000 tributaries in a given space of time. Forests and woodlands that do not now exist held a large part of the rainfall and fed it slowly into brooks and creeks and rivers. Irregularities in the lie of the land formed puddles that later evaporated, or sent rills in tortuous paths that slowed up the runoff.

In late years a constantly increasing population has been busy changing these conditions. Every tree cut, every roof built, every street paved, every drainage ditch dug, and every culvert constructed in the vast area drained by the Mississippi river system has done its bit toward pouring rainfall more quickly into the great river.

Not only has man helped to put more water into the Mississippi; his works have helped to confine it there. When De Soto and his followers first knew the Mississippi it spread out at each flood season over a wide area. Sometimes in its lower reaches it was 20, 30, and even 40 miles wide.

The fact that the flood waters spilled away at numerous places into swamps and lowlands kept the flood crest down in the lower river. In 1717 three-foot levees protected New Orleans. Now they rise 25 feet or more above the city. Even as late as 1882 the highest flood stage at New Orleans was 16 feet. In 1922 it was above 22 feet. One reason, at least, for this, is that more efficient levee maintenance for many hundreds of miles along the river has herded the flood waters past New Orleans as well as other lower river points in the regular channel.

Levees Protect Vast Areas.

More intensive development of the lowlands has made this levee system necessary. Now some 20,000 square miles are dependent on the levees for protection. Breaks still occur, and when they do they drain off some of the flood waters and so relieve in some measure the strain on the banks farther down stream. But it is not the innocuous affair that it was in the days of De Soto. Now towns and plantations, railways and industrial plants lie in the lowlands, and any "relief" that a levee break may occasion to down-river points is at a cost of many lives and much valuable property.

On the whole a considerable quantity of water finds its way from the lower Mississippi through levee break and bayous. The most important natural safety valve is the Atchafalaya river or bayou which flows away from the Mississippi at the mouth of the Red river, and finds its way directly to the Gulf of Mexico some 50 miles west of New Orleans. In flood times this out-flowing stream takes from the swollen Mississippi as much as 350,000 cubic feet of water each second—an amount equal to more than half the average flow of the Mississippi. It is because of such losses as this, coupled with the much greater depth of the channel in the lower river, that the flood stage can be between 50 and 60 feet at Memphis and Vicksburg, and only a little more than 20 at New Orleans.

The Mississippi river system is truly a continental feature draining a million and a quarter of the three million old square miles of the United States. Thirty of the 48 states send a greater or less contribution of water to this great stream.

The main Mississippi river is more than 2,500 miles long, while the Mississippi-Missouri is 4,200 miles in length—the longest river system in the world. The great scale on which the Mississippi is built becomes evident when one considers the time required for floods to pass down its course. About thirty days are required for the surging flood crest to pass from the mouth of the Ohio to New Orleans, and from ten days to two weeks from Greenville, Miss., to New Orleans.

LUMBAGO?

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Frank

A census taker had a hard time getting into an apartment. He finally went up to the roof, and down a fire escape to get in, but once he had identified himself, the pretty young matron willingly gave him full information.

"You've been so frank about answering my questions, that I'm wondering why it was that you wouldn't let me in," the enumerator remarked as he folded up his blanks.

"I thought you were my husband," replied the girl apologetically.

Deficient

Uncle Sam's census enumerator in the Central avenue district had some funny experiences among the darky population. He went into one tiny hush house, the sole resident in which was the cook.

"I've come to take your census," said the man.

"Honest to goodness, Ah swear Ah ain't got no census!" declared the cook eloquently.—Los Angeles Times.

Biggest Hotel for London

London's new Thames house is to be the largest hotel in Europe and the biggest commercial building in the world outside America. It will have 2,000 rooms with baths, the number of baths being another innovation for hostleries in Europe.

Willing Giver

Collector—Have you anything to give us that would do for home for aged females?

"Yes, take my mother-in-law.—Berlin Lustige Biwaetter."

Passive

"Why don't you look for a job, huh?"

"Several of my friends are looking for a job for me."

Nothing is terrible, except fear itself.—Bacon.

TIRED WHEN SHE GOT UP

Strengthened by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Paul, Minn.—"I used to be as tired when I got up in the morning as when I went to bed. I had fainting spells and palpitation. Of course it was my age. I read a Lydia E. Pinkham booklet and started taking the Vegetable Compound three times a day. I am now a well woman. Three of my neighbors know what it did for me so they are taking it, too. I will write to any woman if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help her as it did me. I feel like a young woman now and I thank you."—Mrs. H. C. HENRY, 286 Fuller Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

