



PARADE

—By—

Evelyn Campbell

WNU Service
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CHAPTER VI—Continued

Their isolation grew as he talked. What had these hurrying people, intent upon their own silly affairs, to do with them? It was growing dusk, a dusk that vanished as it came, before the flood of brilliancy that flowed like a river upon the street. Shops that had been but shops an hour ago were splendid now, and their wares were more splendid still. Faces silhouetted by the flattering light became beautiful and young and spiritual. Electricity is kind to lips and skin. The street became an enchanted street with a man and woman walking in enchantment, feeling it all while they saw nothing.

"I always liked the service," said Brian. "When I was a boy I had crazy ideas about glory and princesses and hand kissing—that sort of thing. All bunk, of course. But I still wanted it when I got old enough to have some sense. Wanted it and got it. But somehow I didn't get it the way I wanted it. Horribly hard to make anyone understand." His eyes searched for hers again.

"What does it matter so you got what you wanted?" her clear voice, a little hard, came back to him.

He returned an indulgent smile. "Child! it seemed to say."

"The way I wanted was not the way it came to me. I have a family—he slighted this as some men always slight the fact that they belong to a class—not rich folk, awfully hard up, to be frank; but it's the sort of family that can do miracles if they want—make the lion lie down or sit up and beg. That sounds awfully egotistical, but vulgarians might say that they know where the body is buried and maybe, he grinned reminiscently, "the vulgarians would be right. My dad and Simon Fentress fished in the millpond together when they were kids, so you can imagine what Fentress did when he slipped it that I wanted an appointment." He made a wry face, and turned to her for sympathy.

"They managed it for you," she hazarded.

He nodded. "They did—with a vengeance. And it simply took the bluish of the rose. You see, I wanted to do the thing myself. I had already gone to Senator Converse. He promised to put it through."

Linda was puzzled. "But what is the difference? It was only pulling wires, no matter how it was done."

"They were talking at cross purposes. Brian tried to make himself plain."

"Don't you see? Fentress tossed it to me like a plaything! Influenced! It was a bad taste and, of course, I'm an ass. Everybody does it—everybody uses everybody else if they can, and are jolly well glad to, but it wasn't my boyhood dream by a long shot. He laughed shamefacedly and added a bromide that took some of the seriousness out of the discussion. "I don't know why I am telling you all this."

"Perhaps because you never before met a woman who understood," she returned instantly.

When their laugh was over, they talked on in silence for a half block, and then Linda surprisingly responded to be subject.

"I wonder why Senator Converse's influence would be different from Mr. Fentress," she said thoughtfully. She really wanted to know; it was amazing to find that Brian, young and clear minded and a little romantic, regarded the senator with anything but aversion.

"It is different," he said, and they went on slowly. "I don't believe I can make you understand, but I will try. Put into words it sounds fantastic or what I thought—sentimental. There it's out!" He became shamefaced again as men are when they are forced to reveal their inmost thought that have to do with valing. "I wanted to earn my spurs myself. I wanted to make them notice me because of my own brains, not the brains or money of somebody else, but I found that didn't weigh a penny's worth beside the fact that Simon Fentress favored me and my grandfather controlled a large-sized vote in his community. If somebody else had been my father's son it would have been the same, don't you see? Not myself—but what I stood for. I had to take my medicine or leave it."

"And if Senator Converse had backed you," said Linda in a low voice.

"He wouldn't, if he hadn't believed in me. I was on my own with him, and that made all the difference. His mind was not controlled by anything but his own judgment."

"Ah. He was not influenced by your connections then?"

"I don't believe he knew I had any," said Brian simply.

"You admire him?" she asked, thinking of what Converse had said last night. She could hardly keep the as-re from her voice.

"Heaps" said Brian, and she had one of those Alphonse glances of what men may be to one another and what they may be to a woman at the same time.

The great facade of a hotel was suddenly before them. A liveried lunko stood before the revolving door. His blank gaze was fastened upon the distance, but it was inescapable that he knew Linda and expected her to enter.

"I live here," she reminded her companion, pausing.

"Won't you walk a little farther? I haven't said half I wanted to. What a fearful bore I've been." She let him draw her on.

"I want you to understand of all people. I know that what I've said sounds like a prig or—a boor, which is nearly as bad, but if it's going to be like that, I wonder if I really want it. I haven't any money and I'll need a lot. They'll expect me to live up to Simon Fentress." He laughed with a tinge of bitterness.

She spoke impatiently. "O, but if you loved it—if it was your dream—so few of us get our dreams even in a tangled way!"

He looked at her hopefully. It seemed that she had miraculously voiced his half-framed thoughts.

"A chap could do a lot of good over there if he was really in earnest," he said wistfully. "It's all such a muddle, and maybe it doesn't matter much how it happens to go—"

"That is true," said Linda eagerly, as if justification were owed to her. "The result is the same, after all. If you get results," she said unconsciously quoting Comyns Roth, whom every one had forgotten. Suddenly she remembered him. It was beginning to mist in a fine, soft way. She was tired from the long walk, and they turned back obedient to a pressure from her hand on his arm. He began to reproach himself at once.

"You're tired. You're awfully white. I ought to be shot!" As they neared the hotel again he said diffidently, "I meant to ask you hours ago, but I got talking about myself like a duffer. Will you dine with me? Say that you will!"

But Linda smiled "no." She was always dining. He could not know, of course, that her free evenings were days ahead. They selected one toward the end of the week. Brian was in New York for an elastic period.

"While the Fentresses are here?" Linda suggested with sudden enlightenment. And when he admitted that as a matter of course, she asked, "Why is Miss Fentress against the appointment?"

She did not know how cold her voice sounded.

"Daisy? Oh, I think she's rather keen on my keeping on with my profession. I'm a lawyer—a sort of one, you know. Daisy hates foreign countries and all their parade. She thinks they aren't real. She's pure Auerkan."

Linda threw back her head, and laughed aloud. The gesture released the furs at her neck and a coil of the pearls she wore slipped through and lay against the dark soft collar. Her laughter was startling, a little wild. "Good-by," she said, and left him rather abruptly in the shadow of the dampened doorman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great African Lake

Lake Nyasa, which covers about one-fourth of the protectorate's entire area, is the third in size of the great lakes of central Africa. It is 340 miles long and its greatest width, which occurs at the center, is 45 miles. The total area of the lake has been estimated at 11,000 square miles. Its waters are carried into the Zambezi via the River Shire. Nyasa and its great lake were only vaguely known until 1859 when David Livingstone and the German traveler, Albrecht Roscher, explored it simultaneously. Livingstone from the south and Roscher from the east. Since that time it has been the scene of civilizing work on the part of missionaries and government officials.

Two Advantages

The house agent decided that he had better be quite frank with his latest clients.

"Of course," he began, "this house has one or two drawbacks which I feel I must mention. It is bounded on the north by the gas works, on the south by an india-rubber works, on the east by a vinegar factory, and in the west there is a glue-bolling establishment."

"Great Scott!" gasped the husband. "Fancy showing us such a place. What a neighborhood!"

"Quite so," replied the agent. "But there are advantages. The rent is cheap, and you can always tell which way the wind is blowing!"

Gatherings in a Day

When making a long voyage, at one particular spot on the other side of the world, the change is represented by a whole day, which must be added or subtracted according to the way the ship is going. On a leap year, going from Yokohama to San Francisco should the ship come to the place of change on February 29, then if a day is added, that added day is known of delay as February 30.

Old English Expression

A nine-day wonder is something that holds attention for a few days and then is forgotten. The expression is very old in England. It was used by Shakespeare. It is thought to be based on the old proverb, "Wonder lasts nine days and then the puppy's eyes are opened," referring to the fact that dogs are born blind and their eyes do not open for about nine days.

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Here's the new, exclusive Quick-Vision Dial, with all the stations in front of you and evenly separated.

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Plus the mighty power of Screen-Grid for getting far-away stations. And Atwater Kent dependability, assuring trouble-free performance. And a cabinet so beautiful and harmonious that the new Atwater Kent is known everywhere as "the kind of radio you like to live with."

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Easy to read as a clock. Greatest aid to fast, easy tuning in the history of radio.

Capital City's Growth Not According to Plan

It is true to a large extent that the more desirable avenues in Washington bear the names of northern states and the less desirable bear the names of southern states. When the streets were numbered, lettered, and named in the very beginning of the plans for the city of Washington, no one knew in which direction the Capital would grow. It was expected, in fact, that the city would grow toward the east and south. It actually happened that the city grew more rapidly toward the north and west. Some of the avenues which now run through somewhat undesirable sections of the city are so located that as the plans for the city's improvement are executed they will be perhaps the most beautiful of Washington's streets. An example of this is Virginia avenue, which at no very distant time will probably be one of the most beautiful streets. It is doubtless true that the streets around the Capitol were named first and the states for which they were named were those belonging to the Union at that time.—Washington Star.

Centenarians

Although approximately 5,000 persons in the United States claim to have reached the age of one hundred years, most of them either are mistaken or have deliberately falsified in their eagerness to gain public notice, says T. Swann Harding, an authority on science. In the North American Review, "It is significant," he points out, "that such advanced ages occur among peasant classes usually, where records are unavailable."

Mr. Harding shows that although a few cases of persons who have passed the century mark have been authenticated, many more such claims, particularly ages as one hundred and twenty years and upward, have been disproved by marriage, military and other records. Only .003 per cent of Americans, he shows, reach eighty years of age.

Baby's Right to Cry

The judges of the court of appeals of Manitoba have agreed that "the cry of a baby is the natural consequence of being a baby," and the appeal of Hari Johanson, apartment house proprietor, who wanted to end a lease on a suite because the infant of Harry Belman disturbed the other tenants by its crying, was dismissed. The court upheld the decision of Chief Justice MacDonald at the original trial, that "babies have a right to cry, and would not be babies unless they did."

Clever, These Monkeys

In a German test monkeys rushed toward a yellow light as a sign that food was ready, but paid no attention to their colors. Police commented that they showed more intelligence than autoists who disobey traffic lights.—Country Home.

We'll Be Good Friends

Mistress-Jane, when I ring the bell I expect to be answered. Superior Maid—Indeed, madam! Well, we all have our little complexes, to be sure.—London Opinion.

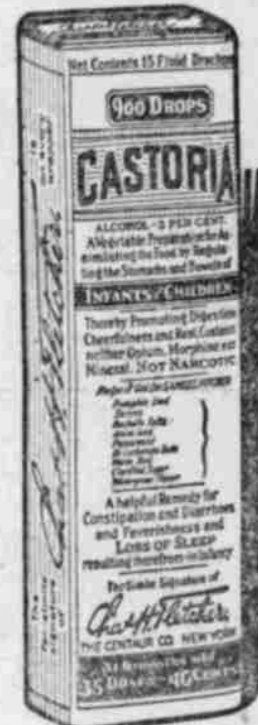
Most men make fools of themselves, yet a lot of fools are not self-made.

He who praises men and flatters women has many friends.

For TEETHING troubles

FUSSY, fretful . . . of course babies are uncomfortable at teething time! And mothers are worried because of the little upsets which come so suddenly then. But there's one sure way to comfort a restless, teething child. Castoria—made especially for babies and children! It's perfectly harmless, as the formula on the wrapper tells you. It's mild in taste and action. Yet it rights little upsets with a never-failing effectiveness.

That's the beauty of this special children's remedy! It may be given to tiny infants—as often as there is need. In cases of colic and similar disturbances, it is invaluable. But it has every-day uses all mothers should understand. A coated tongue



calls for a few drops to ward off constipation; so does any suggestion of bad breath. Whenever older children don't eat well, don't rest well, or have any little upset, a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation is usually all that's needed. Genuine Castoria has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Doctors prescribe it.

Music in the Air

One million boys and girls are now playing in amateur orchestras and it is estimated that one million more children are taking piano lessons.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Concession

Henry W. Peck—Well, I bought out the business today and now I'm my own boss. His Wife—Yes; during business hours.

HEAD HURT?

WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Bayer Aspirin. It never fails.

Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Bayer Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer any needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatism. Lumbago. Bayer Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There is hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically;



they are always to be relied on for breaking up colds.

Buy the box that says Bayer, and has Genuine printed in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin doesn't depress the heart. All druggists.

BAYER ASPIRIN



for Coughs

Take Boschee's Syrup and coughing stops at once! Relieves where others fail. Contains nothing injurious—but, oh, so effective! GUARANTEED.

Boschee's Syrup

At all drug stores

Famous Observatory

Mount Wilson observatory is about eight miles in an air-line northeast of Pasadena. Mount Wilson is one of the higher Sierra Madre peaks, rising to an altitude of 5,704 feet above sea level.

It is better to crawl out than to be thrown out.

Don't audibly notice that a man is old. Let him do that.



Doctor's 3 RULES Big Help to Bowels

What a joy to have the bowels move like clockwork, every day! It's easy, if you mind these simple rules of a famous old doctor:

1. Drink a big tumblerful of water before breakfast, and several times a day.
2. Get plenty of outdoor exercise without unduly fatiguing yourself.
3. Try for a bowel movement at exactly the same hour every day.

Everyone's bowels need help at times, but the thing to use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You'll get a thorough cleaning-out, and it won't leave your insides weak and watery. This family doctor's prescription is just fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other helpful ingredients that couldn't hurt a child. But how it wakes up those lazy bowels! How good you feel with your system rid of all that poisonous waste matter.

Clean up that coated tongue, sweeten that bad breath, and get rid of those bilious headaches. A little Syrup Pepsin will soon free the bowels from all that waste matter that makes the whole system sluggish. You'll eat better, sleep better and feel better.

You'll like the way Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin tastes. The way it works will delight you. Big bottles—all drug stores.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative