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PARADE

by Evelyn Campbell

(Copyright by Evelyn Campbell.)
WNU Service

CHAPTER VII

Love's Labyrinths

Her step lagged a little, but she stiffened as she entered the hotel. The elevator was directly before her and she could have gained it with a few steps. She turned, however, and walked toward the gridded enclosure where a gentleman, a lesser gentleman with other dinner figures, was stalled in that curious haughty silence that is peculiar to high-priced hotels.

Linda's walk was one of the rarest qualities she possessed. She was so tall and slender that she seemed at ways about to bend and break under the demand of effort. Her wraps were always slipping from her shoulders but never did. Her eyes, half veiled, appeared to see nothing, but she had seen distinctly the looks that followed and greeted her. The bellboys on their perch were watching her furtively; the second gentleman at the desk leaned on his pointed elbow to listen to her, and watch. All of them saw the new expensive hat and the pearls slipping from her rich fur.

"My letters, please," Linda's voice was sweet and very low. She spoke as little as possible to such persons as these. The letters were in her hand, and she was turning away before he said "Thank you" in a negligent tone as though that gridded group had no meaning for her.

They looked after her hopelessly. She seemed rich and prosperous. The clerk looked doubtfully at a letter that had been separated from the rest; finally he tucked it away in a private pigeon hole. It would not do to make a mistake in this case.

But Linda knew nothing of this. She passed on to the elevator, leisurely examining the letters in her hand. Linda no longer occupied Cousin Amy's house when the family were away. The fiasco of her marriage was a half-told secret, discreetly ignored by her relatives, whose number seemed to have dwindled perceptibly. It is one thing to chaperon and champion a young girl, very beautiful and pathetically poor, but quite another to be responsible for a widow, however young and beautiful, whose affairs, to say the least, are in a muddle and deeply mysterious.

Cousin Amy Ralston told some of the others that she always felt a cold chill down her back when she heard Linda's voice in the hall, so it happened that by degrees her own voice became so cold, so brief, that Linda, not wishing to give pain, refrained almost wholly from communication with her sensitive relations.

She had plenty of friends. Any woman free and pretty, dressing more than well and seen at her best everywhere, is bound to have friends and invitations. Only to Linda the people who took her about and entertained her seemed oddly less like friends than adversaries. It was a curious feeling that had grown upon her lately. She was always on guard, always standing off a little while she smiled and talked softly. It was as if a hundred pairs of eyes were seeking for a crack in her armor which she was determined they should not find.

For a long time she had had a splendid time. She was not in the strict sense of the word a woman of society. Rather, she took what she wanted of society and let the rest, the bores, the dull parties, the committee, alone. The people she was seen with were usually charming, though some were a little vague about them selves. There were always plenty of hosts, dazed by the ease, the grace of Linda and her friends, who were quite ready to pay for the party.

It had puzzled them all that she had not married again. There must have been plenty of men to marry her—rich, desirable men who could give her the setting she deserved. But Linda was faintly amused by this wonder. Talk of marriage always brought indignantly before her the vision of the aftermath of her twenty-four hour honeymoon, for it had lasted no longer than that, she knew.

But after she met Brian Anstey she began to think of marriage again.

Not consciously, though. Marriage as a form or ceremony did not enter her mind. She would have checked the idea in its birth. If her conscious self had not been dragged by the artful subconscious that knows so well how to take its victims unaware, Linda could have argued herself out of love with a poor young man if love had not stolen upon her and blinded her eyes with beauty and silenced her lips and deafened her with dreams. She never thought of marriage but she began to chafe at the life she led.

The handsome rooms she occupied strewn with costly trifles, primed her restlessness. She wearied of going about and wearied of her gowns and the meaningless lurch of her friends. She began to think of quiet, cool, simple spots; to visualize what she had never known. She found herself remembering every step of that pilgrimage made with Brian Anstey in that snowy dusk, and the little houses with their lamps and red fires. She would argue herself from these memories, try to elude them, try to hate them, but it was no use. Time and time again they returned, each time with the humble plea of peace. She dressed herself carefully for that first dinner with Brian. It would

be simple, because he must not spend much money entertaining her. She constantly remembered that he was poor.

She chose the plainest frock in her wardrobe, and had a misfortune to look more lovely than ever against its plainness. Her beauty shone starlike; she had not quite lost that faint exaggeration of every point that women always found a flaw. At the last moment she flung the double strand of pearls—Courtney Roth's sardonic present—around her neck. She was transformed at once to splendor, but when she saw this she tore them roughly off and tossed them into their case. She wanted nothing like that to have a place in their hour.

She knew from the first that Brian adored her, and so sweet was the knowledge of this unaccustomed gift that she yielded deliberately, closing her eyes to consequences. She thought she could draw back in time.

One night there was a party with the Ferrisses, and she watched the pretty blond girl grow pale and flush under a word or look from Brian, who was entirely unconscious of it all.

"She loves him," thought Linda. "Poor little thing! She has everything, she has done everything to please, and I who have done nothing—"

She felt suddenly humbled and ashamed. She ought to go away and



"Because She Has Money," Linda Finished as Frankly as He.

leave these two alone. They would come together as naturally as two birds alone in the sky.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said Simon Ferriss at her ear. He was watching Brian and Daisy with a rather sardonic smile that he afterward turned upon Linda.

"Youth is always charming," she said.

How those beady black eyes looked into her.

"Now, you are young, too, only a couple of years older than Daisy, and yet you are not youthful. You've been taught things my girl will never know."

"Because she has money," Linda finished as frankly as he.

"Not entirely. It isn't in the child to know. She likes muslin frocks." His eyes traveled over her long, graceful figure. "How shortsighted nature is! If you had been born my daughter—" His kindling face, held with the light of adventure, said what a splendid life they would have had! What worlds would have been conquered!

"You think I hate muslin gowns?" said Linda with her faint smile.

"Unless they are made in Paris."

"You think I could not endure poverty?" she persisted.

He looked at her a long time. "It would be a great waste, my dear," he said gently, as if he was sorry for her.

Senator Converse did not remain in ignorance of all this. He fell at first into the natural error of imagining that Linda was attracted by the glamor of the Ferriss millions, but this impression did not survive watching her dance with Brian Anstey one night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scotch Freebooter Made Hero of Song and Story

Rob Roy (Robert McGregor or Campbell), Scotch legendary hero, was born in Buchanan parish, Scotland, 1671; died at Balquhittern December 28, 1734. He was the younger son of Donald McGregor, a lieutenant colonel in the army of James II. He got his name Roy from his red hair, and adopted Campbell as his surname. After the accession of William III he obtained a commission from James II, and in 1719 made a descent on Strathgairn. In 1712 he was evicted and outlawed on a charge of embezzlement. He became a Highland freebooter, and was included in the act of attainder of Argyll he continued to levy blackmail on the Scottish gentry. He is the subject of a novel by Sir Walter Scott, published in 1818; of an opera by Flotow (1832) and of several plays—Washington Star.

Wrong Start

If more and better home training were given to youngsters between the ages of one and six, less responsibility and blame would be laid upon school teachers for giving them a "wrong start."—Country Home.

HURRICANES and TORNADOES



What a Tornado on Land Looks Like.

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

WEST INDIAN hurricanes are not new factors in the life of the Caribbean. In the season that is peculiarly their own (there are "hurricane-growing months" just as there are "corn-growing months") they have probably been blowing up from the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean sea and the tropical Atlantic since those bodies of water and the American continents have existed—a matter of some hundreds of thousands of years. The first such storm on record devastated parts of Cuba in 1494. But only a relatively few of these many potential destroyers actually work their destruction on land and even fewer reach the territory of the United States. These destroying winds are confined almost wholly to a period of three months of the late summer and early autumn.

Thus they leave the West Indies, Florida and the other gulf states free from danger during the late autumn, the entire winter, and the early spring when that area attracts its greatest crowd of visitors.

The warm seas eastward and south-eastward of the Gulf of Mexico are the birthplaces of the hurricanes. They are the creatures of atmospheric pressure and temperature; and these two factors are varied by the sun beating down on the expanses of Atlantic water and the land mass of our continent.

They are probably gentle little eddies of air at first, but gather momentum owing to differences in temperature and air pressure, until they become gigantic whirls sucking air toward their central vortices like gargantuan vacuum cleaners.

Swirling Winds of Great Speed.

The observer in the path of a hurricane can hardly believe that these destructive winds are swirls. He sees the effects of, and feels, a straight blast of air moving at great speed, overturning ships, trees and buildings. If he watches long enough, he will see this destructive blast almost completely reverse its direction. These winds are created by the pumping force of the central swirl; and while the center itself may be moving across country at the leisurely rate of eight or ten miles an hour, the winds rushing inward from all directions to disappear up the "spout" reach terrific speed. The usual maximum speed is 100 miles an hour. The fact that the hurricane at San Juan, Porto Rico, a few years ago blew at a rate of 132 and perhaps 150 miles an hour stamps this storm as of extraordinary violence.

One of the most striking facts in regard to West Indian hurricanes is the marked concentration of the really destructive ones within a few weeks of each year. A study of the hurricanes that had occurred since 1857 was made by the United States weather bureau a few years ago and it was found that in this long period not one storm of known hurricane intensity had visited the West Indies and Gulf regions during the months from December to May inclusive. Two other months can practically be eliminated: November, with only two hurricanes in nearly forty years, and June, with six. Not all of the few November and June storms reach American territory.

July itself is rather a poor hurricane month. Less than a dozen July hurricanes have been recorded in the last forty years and only part of them reached shore. The real hurricane season starts in August, reaches its peak in September, and ends during October. One reassuring fact is that when the hurricane season is at its height the greatest percentage of the storms fails to reach the gulf or Atlantic coasts. Many curve back into the ocean even as far east as the Bermudas.

Their Origin and Course.

Between July and October of every year from 6 to 10 hurricanes are born somewhere between Florida and Africa, usually to sweep westward, then northward, and finally back northward, their paths forming pretty accurate parabolic curves. The primary factor in the careers of these storms is believed to be an area of high atmospheric pressure, or "high," that exists practically permanently over the Atlantic north of the tropics. In other words, a great blanket of heavy, sluggish air lies continually over this area. Along its southern edge in the tropics heated air, rising, causes little swirling disturbances which are the seeds of possible hurricanes. But there is a certain infant mortality among these stormlets, especially in winter and spring. Then the Atlantic "high" extends in a broad band on into the North American continent, forming in effect a wall of heavy air which the storms cannot pass. Confined to the tropics, they are dissipated without causing the United States any concern.

But when the heat of summer has warmed up the land the "high" withdraws to its ocean home, jutting out like an air peninsula toward America. The atmosphere over the land becomes an arena for shifting "high" and "low." It is as though an atmospheric football game were in progress. The newly born storms of the tropical Atlantic regions seek, because of the general drift of the atmosphere, to move northward. The "highs," whether stationary or in motion, furnish the interference which they must dodge. The weakest place in the defense is between the permanent mid-Atlantic "high" and the American coast. A great many tropical hurricanes, therefore, move east to avoid the mid-ocean barrier and then dash northward well east of the coast, causing no damage on land. Once around the end of the "high" they swing northeastward, and some continue on even into Europe.

Some of the storms do not have such plain sailing. If the Atlantic "high" extends further westward than usual the disturbances must swing over the land to round the end. It is upon such rather infrequent occasions that the Atlantic and Gulf coasts suffer.

Tornadoes Are Local.

Quite different from hurricanes are the tornadoes that cut narrow swaths from time to time in the interior of the United States. The favorite haunt of tornadoes in the United States includes the states of the lower Mississippi valley and the eastern portion of the Great Plains states. Both to the west and east their occurrences are fewer.

Tornadoes are strictly local storms, bred usually by sultry and humid weather. They strike most often in the afternoon, and almost always take a path from southwest to northeast. This direction in the United States results from the fact that "lows" drift across the eastern part of the continent almost always from southwest to northeast and that the tornado (a secondary disturbance attached to the "low") takes the same direction. The rapidly swirling column of air which is the heart of the tornado is usually marked by a funnel-shaped, black cloud of vapor. This whirling mass sucks air from all sides to its lower end and then upward. Even heavy objects fly toward the column as dust particles and bits of paper fly into the throat of a vacuum cleaner.

Most of the destructiveness of tornadoes is traceable to their reduction of air pressures when their centers pass over or by an area. The pressure being suddenly reduced outside a building, the air inside it expands and pushes the walls down or the roofs up—the buildings really explode because of the release of what amounts for the moment to the "compressed" air within them.

Sometimes tornado clouds do skip-ping or bounding along, working havoc where the lower end touches the ground, and leaving everything unharmed where the end lifts.

A Distinction Must Be Made Between the Velocity of the Air Rushing into the Funnel, and the Speed of the Funnel Itself Moving Over the Earth.

It has been pointed out that the former velocity, close to the funnel, may be that of a rifle bullet. The funnel itself, however, seldom moves more rapidly than 30 or 40 miles an hour.



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