

PARADE

—By—

Evelyn Campbell

WNU Service

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

—13—

"So it is the boy," he said, showing his yellowed teeth. "You've taken to playing about with the lads. A bad sign in a woman! You're not old enough for that."

"He admires you!" Linda cried scornfully.

"He does, eh? Well, then, he'd better let you alone." There was something half-threatening, half playful in his voice that left a scratch upon her soul. Now and then he had let her feel the tightening of a bond that did not actually exist, and she always resisted like a desperate fly caught in a web.

"You cannot choose my friends!" she cried furiously.

"But I shall have a word to say about your lovers," he smiled, delighted by her impotent anger.

But he decided that Brian Anstey must be sent out of the way. One day he had a talk with Simon, and found the financier strangely reluctant to fall in with his plan.

"The boy has been keen about a career," said Fentress, "but I don't know—I don't know. Politics has ruined many a man and he'll be a fine institution some day if something—money, or vanity, or women, don't put an ear in and spoil what is well begun."

"You've changed your tune considerably," Converse said rudely. He could afford to be rude to almost anyone.

"Well, perhaps I have. But second thoughts are sometimes a lot better than the first. My daughter thinks—"

His daughter! Converse nearly laughed aloud. What a fellow this Anstey was! One woman holding him back and another sending him on. He was bitterly envious of the other's youth and at the same time contemptuous. Why should women care for a figure pushed about here and there at the will of others?

"There are dangerous women at home as well," he said significantly.

He told Linda of this conversation. "Why, the fellow's a d-d sawdust doll," he cried. "He hasn't enough backbone to choose for himself."

But she, knowing what she knew, smiled.

What a game of blindman's buff life can be, she thought. Cross purpose! Brian Anstey was so far from weak that he was ready to give up his ambitions because they came to him from Simon Fentress' hands; Fentress, who was his friend! Yet he would blindly accept the same gift from Converse who tossed his name about like a child's bubble and would set his heel upon it when it pleased him!

She tried to warn Brian subtly against Converse's seeming friendship, but she discovered at once an unlooked for opposition.

"You are all woman in your judgment," he told her. "He is rather unlovely, I'll admit. If you consider externals, but as a man, he's big! Think of the things he's done. To be sponsored by him is a guarantee of one's sincerity."

Linda lowered her eyes. Were men always blind to one another? she wondered. Could they never see with a woman's eyes? She caught her breath with a sensation of dread, remembering back to the time when she had first known Converse. Had it been she who led the way, tantalizing him with glimpses of desire that would never come to fruition?

She was appalled by the fleeting vision of what she saw. Love was unveiling her eyes. "Am I like that?" she asked herself with sharp contempt.

The appointment was a settled thing. Brian was going to Madrid. Brian had stepped over the heads of men who had spent years in the service. It was a beautiful appointment, far enough away from the seats of the mighty to veil his inexperience; close enough for him to benefit by the mistakes and failures of others.

Daisy Fentress, the one objector, was becoming reconciled.

"Father says that if Brian makes no mistakes, no false moves, he will be made in a few years," the young girl said wistfully.

Her secret was there in her eyes for all to read. She was a humble little hero worshiper in spite of her millions and her undoubted charm. She would have been quite content to be a doorman for the man she loved, if he had wanted to walk upon her.

"If he makes no false moves," she repeated as if the words had some baleful charm.

Linda stirred restlessly.

"What possible mistake could he make? The stage is all set for him."

Daisy chanted, "Father says there are so many pitfalls for a young statesman—extravagance, the wrong friends, the wrong woman."

Their eyes met. Daisy's were as

innocent as her name. She had meant nothing.

Something melted in Linda's heart. A flood of sorrow that she could never offer the gifts that this young girl possessed without knowing that they were hers. From the years one event leaped out at her which seemed to remove her for all time from the aura of youth and happy innocence, the blow across her face from Courtney Roth's hand seared as if it had been struck yesterday.

"Let us believe, if we can, that the woman he loves will be the right woman," she said gently.

CHAPTER VIII

Call to Action

From Washington Brian wrote in a way that revealed his heart with almost cruel clarity. Linda could find no doubt there; only the humility and reverence with which some men approach the women they love. This attitude touched her profoundly. Tenderness was new to her.

But what was to come of it all? When that question persistently arose to torment her she tried to put it aside with all the easy excuses that are the habit of the procrastinator. Brian would go away. Circumstances would separate them; they would both forget. But in these reflections there was no solace; instead, far from forgetting, she found the need for him growing day by day.

There were other troubles. Money. The delayed check arrived from the broker with a stiff notation of the deduction that was credited to Senator Converse. Her cheeks burned when she saw that, and recalled her humiliation. For a moment she felt a stinging desire to look the truth in the face—to be honest with herself. She was not deceived with this elaborate pretense, but unless she accepted it nothing remained but chaos.

The check was comparatively small, but it came at a moment which exaggerated its importance. As if warned by telepathy, poor Linda's creditors seemed to have chosen that morning for a united foray. She was facing a pile of bills and letters, some of them even threatening in a deadly polite sort of way, when the dove of peace dropped the blue slip bearing the signature of Stevens into her lap.

The money vanished.

"How did it happen? Linda. Who thought she had learned the lesson of prudence, discovered her purse almost empty once more. Some new pride within her rebelled against subterfuge with these people who had trusted her, and she paid it freely out to dressmakers and milliners while it lasted. They were placated, and urged by her to buy again, but she would not, although spring peeped temptingly through the new little leaves of the gray trees in the park. The shops were full of lovely things, but she bought nothing. The hat she had chosen on that walk with Brian had been the last purchase. A feeling that in some manner an invisible n was closing around her persisted, and there was nothing in the immediate outlook to raise her spirits.

Time crept by, and brought March. She was still in the city—alone, so far as her circle of friends was concerned. For the frightful weather had driven every one away. But she did not miss them. She was marking time until Brian would be gone.

Then, she believed, she would be safe. It would be possible then to come to some conclusion—to look things in the face; return to her old way of living and thinking or to find that other channel her soul was dimly striving for.

But not while Brian was there with his pedestals. That would make it much too hard; better to be silent; far better to let him think of her cold, indifferent, while he was near.

Converse wrote her a brief note from Washington, where he had gone into session.

"Why not run down here for a few weeks? There's lots going on and you might amuse yourself playing chaperon to your friend Anstey and little Miss Fentress."

She was astonished at the surge of feeling those few sentences aroused in her. She had coupled Brian and Daisy in her own thoughts, but this was different. This was seeing them through the world's eyes. This made possibility of conjecture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lost Property

It was kit inspection, and the soldiers had their things laid out on their beds. The orderly "talked into the room and approached Private Brown.

"Three shirts, Brown?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. One on, one in the wash and one in the box," replied the private.

"Two pairs of boots?"

"Yes, sir, one pair on and one pair in the box."

"Two pairs of socks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir; one pair on and one pair in the box."

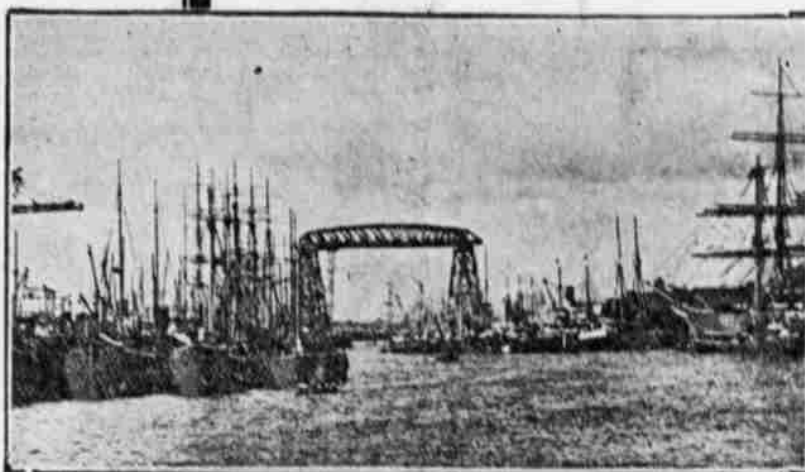
"Good! Now, where's the box?"

"Dunno, sir; I've lost it."—London Answers

Food Requirements

According to Prof. V. H. Mottram an adult woman needs but 2,500 calories a day. An adult man engaged in sedentary occupation requires 3,000 calories daily. A man doing hard work should have 5,000 calories. The physiological reason given is that the female organism utilizes food more economically than man. A child's food should not be proportioned according to his age, as he requires more than half the food of an adult. Boys and girls of fourteen are to be considered as adults in food utilization.

Argentina's Capital



Congested Shipping in the Harbor of Buenos Aires.

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

BUENOS AIRES, in the world's eye because of the recent governmental changes in Argentina, is like a person of retiring nature, whom you must know long and well to appreciate. It reveals itself little by little to you and twines itself about your heart, till ere long, and so gradually that you have not realized it, its subtle charm has made a lasting conquest.

Your first view shows great white grain elevators in rows along the shore, with one skyscraper of fourteen stories looming up behind them. The great size of the city is not evident, for the land is flat and the warehouses and office buildings close to the busy docks hide all that lies behind.

Nearly every traveler is impressed first of all by the cleanliness of the capital of the Argentine republic. The industries of the city are confined largely to port activities and trading. Partly for this reason and partly because Argentina has no coal, and hence cannot manufacture cheaply, hideous chimneys and smoke-grimed factories are not numerous. There are no slums. Naturally there are districts of poverty, but the tenement, as we know it, does not exist. In even the poorest quarters, such as the "Boca," the streets are clean and well paved, and the houses, only one or two stories high, all have patios behind them. The houses are tinted cream or yellowish tan and face directly on the streets, with blank or nearly blank walls.

One drawback to the older part of the city is the narrowness of the streets, and especially the sidewalks, which are often three feet or less from wall to curb. There is no excuse for this, for when the city was laid out the whole vast expanse of the pampas lay open behind it. The newer streets are much wider, often with a ribbon of shrubbery and grass down the center.

How the City is Laid Out.

Buenos Aires is roughly circular in shape and of immense size, covering some seventy-five square miles. Two of its sides are formed by the Rio de la Plata (so wide that it seems like a muddy sea) and a small stream, the Riachuelo. Along both of these, but principally the former, are the numerous docks, basins, and warehouses. Avenida Rivadavia, starting at the waterfront and running almost due west, divides the city into two roughly equal portions.

Over the greater part of the city the streets intersect at right angles, and it would be a very easy place in which to find one's way around were it not for the fact that the streets are all named instead of numbered, most of the names being historical or geographical. Every country in the world has a street named for it, and every Argentine president, general or other important personage. Another habit is to name streets for dates, of which there are several roughly corresponding to our Fourth of July. Thus there are Avenida de Mayo, Calle 25 de Mayo, Paseo de Julio, and Parque de las Tres de Febrero.

Much of the city is uninteresting, consisting of block after block of low plaster-covered brick buildings and innumerable small almacenes (groceries), cerveterias (beer saloons), cafes (coffee houses; here a cafe is not a restaurant, as in the United States), cigarrias, and loterias (shops where lottery tickets are sold).

Two Interesting Streets.

The chief artery of the city is Avenida de Mayo, stretching from the President's home to the capitol. The Casa Rosada (Pink House), corresponding to our White House, is a great pink pile, with imposing entrances and handsome carvings and bas-reliefs. It faces the Plaza de Mayo, where on May 25, 1810, Argentine independence was first proclaimed.

This avenue, under which the subway runs, is lined with hotels and fine shops and has many cafes with little tables out on the sidewalk under awnings, a la Paris.

Another interesting thoroughfare is Calle Florida, the street of restaurants and jewelry stores. It is so narrow that there is barely room for two cars to pass, and in the late afternoon all traffic is stopped, so that the people may promenade in the street.

Buenos Aires was founded in 1550, after colonization efforts in 1534 and 1542 had failed. From the first it had to fight against apathy and even open hostility on the part of the Spanish rulers.

For generations regulations were in force preventing direct commerce be-

tween Buenos Aires and Spain, so that goods had to be shipped overland across the Andes, through Bolivia and Peru, thence by vessel to Panama, and transferred across the Isthmus.

Statuary From Other Nations.

Thus handicapped, it is no wonder that the port grew slowly. It was not till the last half century before the Spanish yoke was thrown off that Buenos Aires began to come into its own. Once independence was achieved, it grew rapidly, and when in 1910 the hundredth anniversary was celebrated, it had a population well over a million.

Much of the city's beauty dates from this centenary in 1910, at which time many countries presented Argentina with commemorative statuary symbolic of the occasion. As is fitting, the gift of the Spanish people is the most conspicuous. In the center of the broad Avenida Alvear, the city's loveliest promenade, rises a great white marble pedestal, crowned with an angel of victory. Below are many other figures and friezes, while the four corners of the pedestal bear bronze groups symbolizing the Andes, the Pampas, the Chaco, and the Mesopotamian region (between the Parana and Uruguay rivers).

France's contribution is among the finest and also stands beside the Avenida Alvear. It is of rose-colored granite and white marble, with exquisitely carved figures.

America's gift is not in keeping with her importance, and, standing in a rather obscure corner of one of the parks, is missed by many tourists. It is a bronze life-size figure of George Washington on a severely plain pedestal of pink Vermont granite.

The English commemorated the occasion by the gift of a great red brick clock tower, in the center of the beautiful Plaza Britannica, opposite the Retro railway station. Germany's gift was a broad white marble fountain; while Italy, in the Plaza Italia, has a large equestrian statue of Garibaldi.

Throughout Argentina, in every city and in many towns, may be seen equestrian statues of San Martin, Argentina's greatest national hero. Among the best is the one in the center of the Plaza San Martin, with bronze battle groups and bas-reliefs, in an excellent setting of palms and formal flower beds.

Where the British Live.

All about the city are suburbs, with which there is good communication by the frequent suburban trains. Of these residential districts Belgrano lies closest and is the best known. It is especially popular among the many British residents, and in some portions, were it not for the Spanish street signs, one might imagine himself set down in England. On one corner is a boys' boarding school, and in the open lot behind it English lads in "shorts"—their Eton jackets and broad white collars laid aside—are engrossed in cricket or football. On another corner is an ivy-clad Episcopalian or Presbyterian church, a bevy of pretty English girls chatting on the steps. Even the native policeman greets you, "Good morning, sir," instead of "Buenos dias, señor."

The city with its suburbs has nearly two million inhabitants, almost one-fourth the population of the country. It is the third largest city in the New World and the second Latin city in the whole world. It is sometimes called "The Paris of the New World" and sometimes "The New York of South America." In beauty of buildings and parks, the first name undoubtedly is descriptive, and in financial and commercial importance the second is equally so.

Another resemblance to New York is in its cosmopolitanism. In nearly any popular restaurant one may hear diners chatting in Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English; perhaps also in Russian, Swedish, or Portuguese.

Good Place for Immigrants.

Like New York, it is a city of opportunity for the immigrant. Many of the largest businesses are owned by foreigners who landed with their belongings on their backs.

While Buenos Aires is thought of as a Spanish city, true Spaniards are not in a majority.

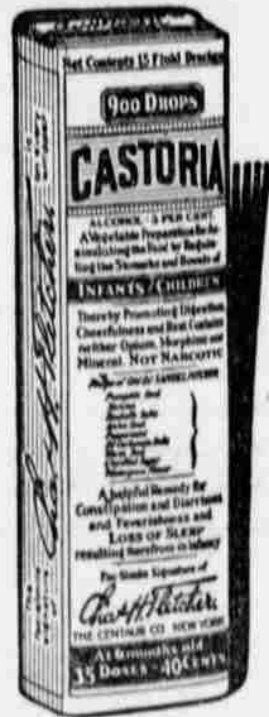
The capital of Argentina is pre-eminently a city of wealth and pleasure. Unlike wealthy Americans, who have their places of business in the city but live in the country, many of the richest land owners, who number their acres by the tens of thousands, have their palatial homes in the heart of Buenos Aires and only at infrequent intervals visit their immense ranches, which are managed by overseers.

Can't PLAY Can't REST

—child needs Castoria

WHEN a child is fretful and irritable, seems distressed and uncomfortable, can't play, can't sleep, it is a pretty sure sign that something is wrong. Right here is where Castoria fits into a child's scheme—the very purpose for which it was formulated years ago! A few drops and the condition which caused the trouble is righted; comfort quickly brings restful sleep.

Nothing can take the place of Castoria for children; it's perfectly harmless, yet always effective. For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old reliable preparation always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an every-day aid. Its gentle action will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. In more liberal doses it will



effectively help to regulate sluggish bowels in an older child. All druggists have Castoria; it's genuine if you see Chas. H. Fletcher's signature and this name-plate:



Record That Somehow

Made No Hit With Dad

Speaking about records, one of the Hunter brothers, who made a flying endurance mark, declared that knowledge was the prime requisite for success.

"Whatever it is, you have to know your stuff; have had plenty of experience and above all, know what to do in case something goes wrong. I am afraid that there are too many record chasers like Billy Johanson. A friend stopped Billy's father on the street one day and remarked: 'I thought your boy was going to set up a record with that new motorcycle of his.'"

"He did," snorted the father, "eight times in the hospital in two months."

WOMEN SHOULD LEARN USES OF MAGNESIA

To women who suffer from nausea, or so-called "morning sickness," this is a blessing. Most nurses know it. It is advised by leading specialists:

Over a small quantity of finely cracked ice pour a teaspoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Sip slowly until you are relieved. It ends sick stomach or inclination to vomit.

Its anti-acid properties make Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quick relief in heartburn, sour stomach, gas. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement. Used as a mouth-wash it helps prevent tooth decay during expectancy.

How the Time Was Spent

Artist—You'd be surprised to know how much time was spent on this painting.

Friend—Yes, I've heard that people stand here by the hour trying to make out what it represents.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Vain Regret

"And why does the death of the rich Mr. Goldman affect you so deeply?"

"Ah! If I had married him I should now be his widow."



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Vulnerable

"Oh, you big, handsome brute," "Now, honey, you know I'm no brute."—Capper's Weekly.

INDISPOSED?



Headaches come at the most inconvenient times, but there's one thing that will always save the day. If you have some Bayer Aspirin you can soon be on your way. The sooner you take it the less time you'll lose—the less you'll suffer.

Shopping frequently brings on a headache. Over-exertion of any kind. Eye-strain. Or just "nerves." Often it's the time of month. Regardless of the cause, you want relief. And you get relief when you take Bayer Aspirin. Take promptly! It will relieve the pain at any stage, but why wait until you are miserable? Bayer Aspirin

can't harm you, because there is nothing harmful in it.

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