

PARADE

by Evelyn Campbell

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

"You came because you could not stay away—when I called you, Linda, and because we are never going to be parted again. Linda, we love each other! Could anything be as wonderful as that? Let me tell you something, dear. I was beginning to think that life had played me an ugly trick. I was beginning to doubt and question what was real and true. I was ready to throw it all away because of a pride that would not let me take from another man. And then I was made ashamed when they gave me you. When I found that out I learned how to be grateful and humble. I knew that one gift was but the preparation for another. I knew that I had to win if I had you—"

She laid her fan against her lips to conceal that she had bitten them deeply. Now she had to be cruel, so cruel that she dared not plan words but must let them come as they would, impelled by the bitterness of her soul. And he must never know that this hatred was for herself and not for him.

"Are you trying to tell me that you love me?" she cried, and burst out laughing.

He drew back, hard hit. "You have always known that," he said quietly. A silence fell upon their warfare, for it was that. Men and women are so close to hatred when they love! She was trying to . . . and kill his love with all the weapons at her command. It was a thing that must die here and now, if all that was good in her died with it.

"Have I? I wonder." She appeared to search her mind for proofs. "But how could I believe you meant it? Young men—like you—are always falling in love with women like me." As if by accident she lifted the string of pearls and held it before her like a little swaying bridge of beauty to her white breast. The movement was symbolic; she needed to say nothing more, but she could not stop there.

"Let me get all this right. First, I have come to Washington because of you—because I love you, to be exact. And then, as if that were not enough, I have been given to you by an over-generous deity as special inducement to success! Good heavens, could youth go further than that?" She laughed at him again, letting her cool unlaughing eyes mock him for a moment. "Go on. You had reached the point where the world was at your finger tips! Oh, this is fun. Better than dancing in that hot room. Or do all young men feel like that when they gain a good appointment?"

But she had gone too far. He suddenly freed her hands and leaned back studying her white face from which the delicate rouge stood starkly out revealing its falsity. She shivered beneath that scrutiny but managed in some way to preserve her shield of scornful calm.

"I cannot believe you," he said. "You could not have changed in a day to this."

She made a gesture of weariness. "What? That I am not an idealist? Some of her pain found its way to her tired voice. "After all, what do you know of me? What right have you to choose for me?"

"The right of love," he said stubbornly, and then he told her what she had known all along she would hear. All about his swift love for her and the wonder she was to him and the dreams he had had for them both. All the foolery that men believe when they speak it to the one woman and forget so easily. But as Brian told it, it was very true and real and Linda had to shut her eyes tightly to hide her tears and her lips more tightly still to keep from saying that she believed it all and would take her chance like any other woman. That was what she had meant to say a few hours ago—but not now!

"Well, then—" she cried desperately, for she was nearly to the end. "What must I say—that you amused me for a little while and that it is all over? I cannot laugh at you any longer. It is all too absurd. Because I have been kind to you. Try to see how ridiculous it is. Could you give me anything like this?" She lifted the pearls and held them before him. For so long they had been a part of her play that the gesture came naturally. The pearls were a defense. She could hide behind them as she had before.

He stopped her with a look. He was stupefied by the situation which was developing into tragedy for him. It seemed impossible that she could be saying these things that were hurrying them apart. The whole scene began to be nightmarish to him. The pale woman who was insulting him so determinedly could not be the Linda who yesterday had blushed and smiled under his eyes. There must be something that would explain this madness and make it clear.

"Linda," he said softly, "won't you tell me what it means?"

He thought her lips quivered; he thought she was about to speak and then the swiftest change of all came over her. She was looking beyond him and her eyes dilated and then turned to ice as if all the tenderness had gone out of her forever.

"Is there to be an end to this? I would like to go back. I would like to dance. I would like to be colder than her voice."

And now he saw that she meant it. This incredible scene was based upon something deeper than pique. He began to be afraid.

"You mean that I've been wrong to hope—to believe that you love me?"

"More than that." She stood up making ready to go. It was nearly over now. Soon she would be free. "If you have believed that, you have been more presumptuous than I thought. You had no right to think of me at all. You have made an absurd error—your vanity is responsible for that, no doubt. But—I am tired now. I must go back—go back—"

Behind him a face suddenly appeared in the banked greenery at the end of the room. That face, expressionless and unmoved, seemed to be sending her a message from lips mute as one of the bronzes that brooded

from their half concealed pedestals. She tried to keep the dread from her own face but it escaped in a little cry smothered at her lips. There was a sharp rattling sound. The rope of pearls had broken in her twisting fingers and the released stones showered in a milky rain upon the floor, rolling everywhere.

Brian Anstey bent instinctively to collect them and felt a jarring crunch beneath his foot. He looked and saw a fine powder mingled with larger particles where two of the pearls had been. Silently he gathered the debris into his hand, shifting it about. It was very plain. The pearls were imitation—not too good a one at that—not worth stooping to recover. He looked at her then and saw her watching him with a strange expression, holding the broken strand against her breast.

"I'm sorry—" But it was not for the broken stuff in his hand that he was sorry.

She twisted her mouth in a sort of smile. "You have the truth you were asking for a while ago . . ." she said. "I'm a sham—like my pearls. I'm false, you know. Women like myself can't afford to love—it's much too expensive. . . . Or if we do it must be some one who can make these real." . . . She touched the poor beads that clung to her bosom as if they hated to leave there; then with contempt she released the string and let them fall. "Why wouldn't you let it stand as it was? It was so much prettier. . . ."

She turned away slowly and left him. He saw her silhouette slender and slightly drooping but altogether lovely as she moved away among the green arms of the palms to the open golden door of the ballroom. She left him casually as if he were worth no better parting than that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thought He Had Vision of the "Good Old Days"

There is an old-fashioned inn in the little village of Walmingham that attracted my attention one day when I was out for a country ramble. It still has an atmosphere of stirring times in the past. A highwayman's haunt, no doubt.

Swords used in the good old days still hang over the mantelpiece of the huge chimney piece in the center of the heavily beamed room, and the inn keeper himself can recount many tales of duels and robberies.

At the end of the garden I noticed two limp objects hanging, swayed to and fro by the wind—lifeless skeletons! No longer a frame for warm flesh and blood. They hung with feet dangling. I shuddered and ran my fingers round my collar at the thought of a ghastly and all its horrors.

Just then a door banged and a woman came hurrying down the garden uppeggled the two stockings hanging on the line and took them in.—Passing Show, London.

Heredity
The Galton law or filial regression states that the tendency of the children of unusual parents is to approximate more nearly to the common type of the family or stock. Hereditary characteristics are derived as follows: One-half from the parents, one-quarter from the grandparents, one-eighth from the great-grandparents, etc.



MUSICAL BURGLARY

The turn was over, and the orchestra was silent for a while. "I say," said the conductor, leaning down to speak to his first violin, "whatever key were you playing in?" "Skeleton key," returned the violinist readily enough.

"Skeleton key," echoed the conductor, "whatever do you mean?" "Fits anything," was the reply.—Wentworth Blade.

GOOD PAINT JOB



"Is she really as bad as she's painted?"

"Gosh! Y' don't call that a bad painting job, do you?"

Delay
Investigations, like as not, Will mystify the average man. Before they're finished you've forgot Just how the trouble first began.

Little Loss
"Mr. Meier, your maid has fallen down the cellar stairs with a bottle and cut herself badly on the pieces of glass."

"Was she going down or coming up?"

"Going down."

"Thank goodness. At least the bottle was empty."

Deeply Interested
"You seem very much impressed by all these explanations I have been giving you about banking and currency."

"Yes, Charley dear," replied young Mrs. Turkin. "It seems perfectly wonderful that anybody could know as much as you do about money without having any."—Washington Star.

Those Billboards Again!

Visitor—What is the idea of pasting all those advertisements in your photo album?

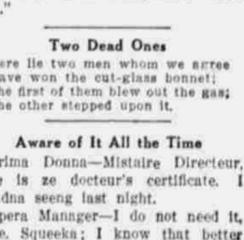
Returning Tourist—Just to remind me of what I saw on my recent motor trip.

Not Good Eating

"He seems to be worse. Did you give him the porou plaster?"

"Yes, doctor, but he would only eat half of it."

WHEN IT RAINS



"What makes the water of this spring so hard?"

"This spring flows only after a hard rain."

Two Dead Ones

Here lie two men whom we agree Have won the cut-glass bonnet; The first of them blew out the gas; The other stepped upon it.

Aware of It All the Time

Prima Donna—Mistralle Directeur, here is ze docteur's certificate. I opera seeng last night.

Opera Manager—I do not need it, Mme. Squeeka; I know that better than he does.

Exactly as Represented

Mr. Pester—I bought 10,000 shares of Dryhole Oil Co. stock today. The broker assured me it was a good buy.

His Wife—And I'll bet he told the truth. It's a good-by to your money.

Draftsmanship

"Do you draw as large a salary as you are credited with in print?"

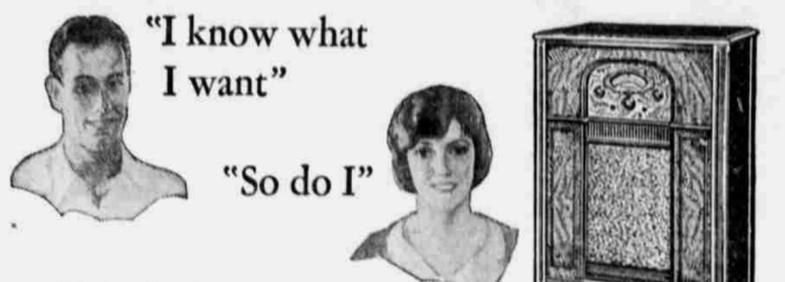
"No," answered the movie star. "For actual pay you've got to draw on the cashier and not on the press agent's imagination."

With Assistance

Two business men were overheard discussing golf. "Do you ever play miniature golf?" one of them asked.

"Yes," replied the other, "when I can get a good caddy!"

ATWATER KENT RADIO with the GOLDEN VOICE



"I know what I want" "So do I"

... and it's going to be an Atwater Kent. What we want is performance, and so far as we're concerned there's only one choice.

We want the Golden Voice of the new Atwater Kent—good, clear, consistent reception, without a lot of noise. We want power enough to bring in distant stations. We want a dial we can read easily from any position, without straining our eyes—that new Atwater Kent Quick-Vision Dial. We want the new Atwater Kent Tone Control, so that we can bring out the low notes or the high notes as we please.

We want a radio that's always ready to go when we come to the end of a day's work. We want the kind of dependability that Atwater Kent is famous for. We want a radio from the maker who insists that farm people shall have just as good performance as city people.

We want an up-to-date radio, with all the newest worth-while im-

provements—plus Screen-Grid, from the manufacturer with longest Screen-Grid experience. We want a really good-looking radio—one we can show with pride when friends come in.

We're going to put our money where our faith is, and that means one of the new Atwater Kents. When we go into town tomorrow, we're going to stop at a dealer's and order an Atwater Kent. We know what we want and we're going to get it—NOW.

The new 1931 Atwater Kent with the Golden Voice is built for either all-electric or battery operation. That's another reason why rural families all over the United States prefer the new Atwater Kent.

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At the Drug Store
"Doctor, my face hurts."
"Yes, miss. Do you want liniment or beauty stuff?"

Earthquake's Heavy Toll
The earthquake in Japan occurred on September 1, 1923. The number of lives lost was 90,031.

Salic Law
The laws of the Salic or Sallan Franks were committed to writing in the Fifth century, before the general introduction of Christianity, and that code is known as the Salian law. One chapter of the code is specifically known as the Salic law. It regards the succession to lands and limits such succession to male heirs to the total exclusion of female heirs, chiefly because certain military duties were connected with the holding of land. In the fourteenth century females were excluded from the throne of France by an extension of the Salic law.

Sweeten Acid Stomach This Pleasant Way

When there's distress two hours after eating—heartburn, indigestion, gas—suspect excess acid.

The best way to correct this is with an alkali. Physicians prescribe Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

A spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid; and does it at once. To try it is to be through with crude methods forever.

Be sure to get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. All drugstores have the generous 25c and 50c bottles. Full directions in package.

Easily Arranged
Husband—"The potatoes are only half cooked." Bride—"Then eat the half that is cooked."—Buen Humor, Madrid.

HEAD THROB?

The woman who knows, would as soon start out without her purse! She always carries Bayer Aspirin.

When your head fairly throbs from the stores and crowds, reach for that little box. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and resume your shopping—in comfort. Relief is immediate.

Most people use these wonderful tablets for something! But do you know how many, many ways they can spare you needless suffering? From the discomfort—and danger—of a neglected cold. From serious

consequences of a sore throat. From those pains peculiar to women. From the misery of neuralgia and neuritis.

Every drugstore has genuine Bayer Aspirin. The box says Bayer, and every tablet bears the Bayer cross. Tablets thus marked do not depress the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN



MODEL 70 Lowboy \$125 without tubes

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900 Drops



comfort Castoria is to mothers! Get the genuine, with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper and the name Castoria that always appears like this:



Dried Peas 10c. Apricots 15c. Prunes 20c per pound. Money refunded if not satisfied. N. E. Jacobson, Hollister, Calif.

Oregon & California Directory

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W. N. U., Portland, No. 47-1930.